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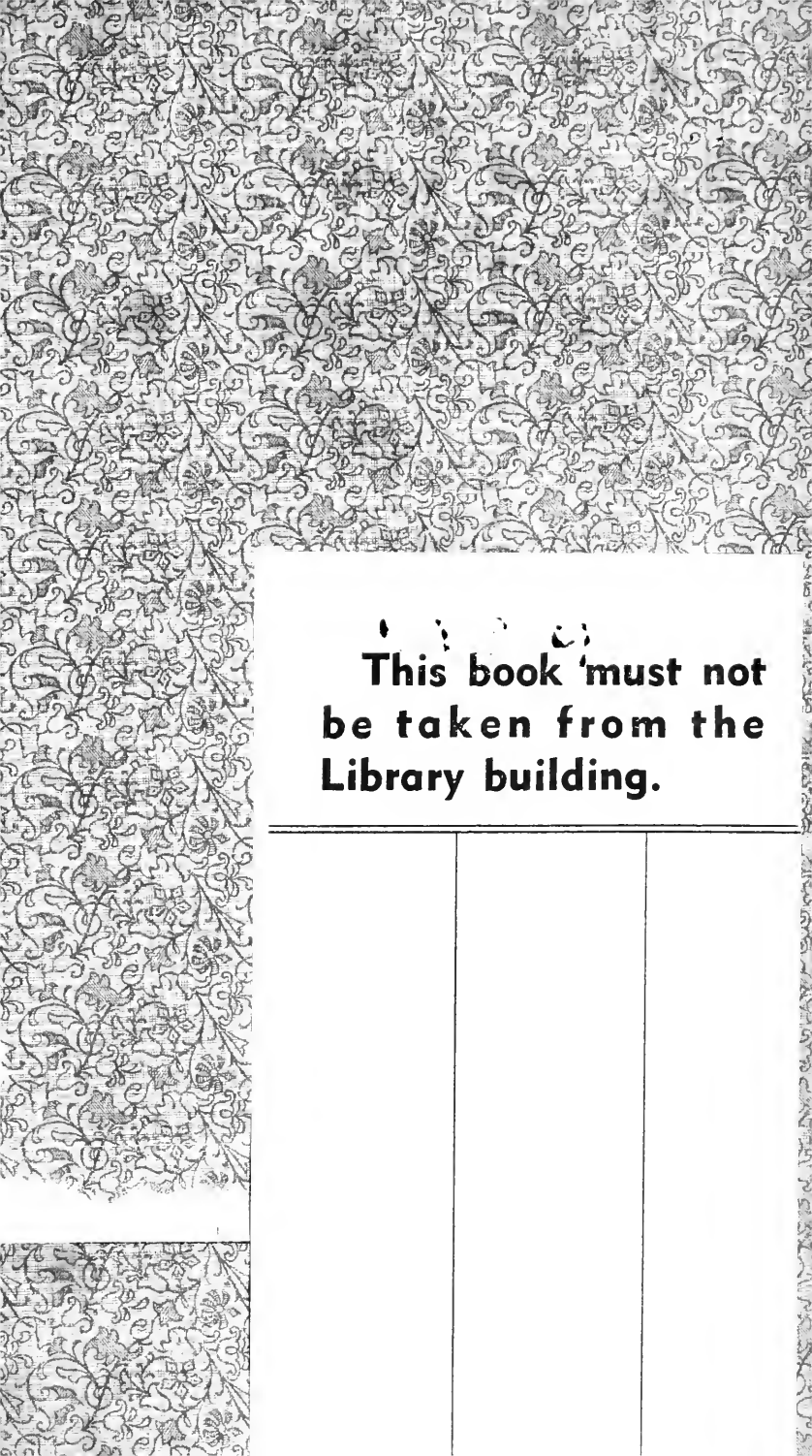
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THE  
NEW ECLECTIC  
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VOLUME V.

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JULY—DECEMBER, 1869.

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THE  
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JULY, 1869.

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*The Saturday Review.*

DOVECOTS.

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**T**IMES must be very bad indeed if a faithful few are not still left to keep the sources of society sweet and wholesome. When corruption has gone through the whole mass and all classes are bad alike, everything comes to an end, and there is a general overthrow of national life ; but while some are left pure and unspotted we are not quite undone, and we may reasonably hope for better days in the future. In the midst of the reign of the girl of the period, with her slang and her boldness — of the fashionable woman, with her denial of duty and her madness for pleasure — we come every now and then upon a group of good girls of the real old English type, the faithful few growing up silently among us, but none the less valuable because they are silent and make no public display — doves who are content with life as they have it in the dovecot, and have no desire to be either eagles dwelling on romantic heights, or peacocks displaying their pride in sunny courts. We find these faithful few in town and country alike ; but they are rifest in the country, where there is less temptation to go wrong than there is in the large towns, and where life is more simple and the moral tone undeniably higher. The leading feature of these girls is their love of home and of their own family, and their power of making occupation and happiness out of apparently meagre materials. If they are the elders, they find amusement and more in their little brothers and sisters, whom they consider immensely funny, and to whom they are as much girl-mothers as sisters ; if they are the youngsters, they idolize their baby nephews and nieces. For there is always a baby going on somewhere about these houses, babies being the great excitement of home life, and the antiseptic element which keeps every-

thing else pure. They are passionately attached to papa and mamma, whom they think the very king and queen of humanity, and whom they do not call by even endearing slang names. It has never occurred to them to criticize them as ordinary mortals; and as they have not been in the way of learning the prevailing accent of disrespect, they have not shaken off that almost religious veneration for their parents which all young people feel naturally, if they have been well brought up and are not corrupted. The yoke in most middle-class country-houses, is one fitting very loosely round all necks; and there being no power of using greater freedom, if even they had it, the girls are not fretted by its pressure, and are content to live under it in peace. They adore their elder brothers who are from home just beginning the great battle of life for themselves, and confidently believe them to be the finest fellows going, and the future great men of the day if only they care to put out those splendid talents of theirs, and take the trouble of plucking the prizes within their reach. They may have a slight reservation, perhaps, in favour of the brothers' friend, whom they place on a pedestal of almost equal height. But they keep their mental architecture a profound secret from every one, and do not suffer themselves to let it grow into too solid a structure unless it has some surer foundation than their own fancy. For, though doves are loving, they are by no means love-sick damsels; they are too healthy and natural and quietly busy for unwholesome dreams. If one of them marries, they all unite in loving the man who comes in among them. He is adopted as one of themselves, and leaps into a family of idolizing sisters who pet him as their brother — with just that subtle little difference in the petting that it comes from sisters unaccustomed, and so has the charm of novelty if not the excitement of naughtiness. But this kind of thing is about the most dangerous to a man's moral nature that can befall him. Though pretty to see, and undeniably pleasant to experience, and though perfectly innocent in every way, still nothing enervates one so much as this idolatrous submission of a large family of women. In a widow's house, where there are many daughters and no sons, and where the man who marries one marries the whole family and is worshipped accordingly, the danger is of course increased tenfold; but if there are brothers and a father, the sister's husband, though affectionately cooed over, is not made quite such a fuss with, and the association is all the less hurtful in consequence.

The life of these girls is by no means stupid, though it is quiet and without any spasmodic events or cataclysms of fortune in any way. They go a great deal among the village poor, and they teach at the Sunday-school, and attend the mothers' meetings and clothing-clubs and the like, and learn to get interested in their humbler friends, who, after all, are Christian sisters. They read their romances in real life instead of in three-volume novels, and study human nature as it is — in the rough, certainly, but perhaps in more genuine form than if they learnt it only in what is called society. Then they have their pleasures, though they are of an unexciting kind and what fast girls would call awfully slow. They have their horses and their croquet parties and their archery meetings; they have batches of new music, and a monthly box from Mudie's, and they know the value of both; and they go out

to tea sometimes, and sometimes to dinner, in the neighbourhood ; and enjoy the rare county balls with a zest unknown to London girls who are out every night in the week. They have their village flower-shows, which the great families patronize in a free-and-easy kind of way, and which give occupation for weeks before and subject for talk for weeks after ; their school feasts, where the pet parson of the district comes out with his best anecdotes, and makes mild jokes at a long distance from Sydney Smith ; their periodical missionary meetings, where they have great guns from London, and where they hear unctuous stories about the saintliness of converted cannibals, and are required to believe in the power of a change of faith to produce an ethnological miracle ; they have their friends to stay with them — school-girl friends — with whom they exchange deep confidences, and go back over the old days — so old to their youth ! and their brothers come down in the summer ; and their brothers' friends come with them, and do a little spooning in the shrubbery. But there is more spooning done at picnics than anywhere else ; and more offers are made there, under the shadow of the old ruin, or in the quiet leafy nook by the river side, than at any other gathering time of the country. And as we are all to a certain extent what we are made, these pleasures being the only ones known to them, the doves take to them quite kindly and gratefully, and enjoy themselves in a simplicity of circumstances which would give no pleasure at all to girls accustomed to more highly-spiced entertainments.

Doves know very little of evil. They are not in the way of learning it ; and they do not care to learn it. The few villagers who are supposed to lead ill lives are spoken of below the breath, and carefully avoided without being critically studied. When the railway is carried down past their quiet nest, there is an immense excitement as the report goes that a knot of strange men have been seen scattering themselves over the fields with their little white flags and theodolites, their measuring lines and levels. But when the army of navvies follows after, the excitement is changed to consternation, and a general sense of evil brooding ruthlessly over them. The clergy of the district organize special services, and the scared doves keep religiously away from the place where the navvies are huddled. They are little better than the savages, the deputation tell them about once or twice a year, and create almost as much terror as an encampment of gipsies. They represent the lawless forces of the world, and the unknown evil of strong men ; and the wildest story about them is not too wild to be believed. The railway altogether is a great offence to the neighbourhood, and the line is assumed to destroy the whole scènic beauty of the place. There are lamentations over the cockneys it will bring down, over the high prices it will create, the immorality it will cause. Only the sons who are out in the world, and have learnt how life goes on outside the dovecot, advocate keeping pace with the times ; and a few of the more strong-minded of the doves listen to them with a timid admiration of their breadth and boldness, and think there may be two sides to the question after all. When the dashing captain and his fast wife suddenly appear in the village — as often happens in these remote districts — the doves are in a state of great moral complexity. They are scandalized at Mrs. Highflyer's costume and complexion, and think

her manners odd and doubtful ; her slang shocks them ; and when they meet her in the lanes, trailing yards of silk behind her in the mud, talking so loudly and laughing so shrilly with that horrid-looking man in a green cutaway, they feel as fluttered as their namesakes when a hawk is hovering over the farmyard. The dashing captain, who does not use a prayer-book at church, and who stares at all the girls so rudely, and has even been seen to wink at some of the prettier cottage girls, and his handsome wife with her equivocal complexion and pronounced fashions, who makes eyes at the curate, are never heartily adopted by the local magnates, though vouched for by some far-away backer ; and the doves always feel them to be strange bodies among them, and out of their rightful element somehow. If things go quietly without an explosion, well and good ; but if the truth bursts to the surface in the shape of a London detective, and the Highflyers are found to be no better than they should be, the consternation and half-awed wonderment at the existence of so much effrontery and villany in their atmosphere create an impression which no time effaces. The first clash of innocence with evil is an event in the life of the innocent which nothing ever destroys.

The dovecot is rather dull in the winter, and the doves are somewhat moped ; but even then they have the church to decorate, and the sentiment of Christmas to enliven them. The absent ones of the family, too, gather round the old hearth while they can ; and as the great joy of the dovecot lies in the family union that is kept up, and in the family love which is so strong, the visits of the absent bring a moral summer as warm and cheering as the physical sunshine. But they do not all assemble. For many of the doves marry men whose work lies abroad ; these quiet country-houses being the favourite matrimonial hunting-grounds for colonists and Anglo-Indians. So that some are always absent, whose healths are drunk in the traditional punch, with eyes that grow moist as the names are said. Doves are not disinclined to marry men who have to go abroad, for all the passionate family love common to them. Travel is a golden dream to them in their still homes ; but travel properly companioned. For even the most adventurous among them are not independent, as we mean when we speak of independence in women. They are essentially home girls, family girls, doves who cannot exist at all without a dovecot, however humble. The family is everything to them, and they are utterly unfit for the solitude which so many of our self-supporting women can accept quite resignedly. Not that they are necessarily useless even as breadwinners. They could work if pushed to it ; but it must be in a quiet womanly way, with the mother, the sister, the husband as the helper, with the home as the place of rest and the refuge. Their whole lines are laid in love and quietness ; not necessarily in inaction, but their wishes and their aims are all centred within the home circle. If they marry, they find the love of their husband enough for them, and have no desire for other men's admiration ; their babies are all the world to them, and they do not think maternity an infliction as so many of the miserably fashionable think it ; they like the occupation of housekeeping, and feel pride in their fine linen and clean service, in their well-ordered table and neatly balanced accounts.

They are kind to their servants, who generally come from the old home, and whose families they therefore know ; but they keep up a certain dignity and tone of superiority towards them in the midst of all their kindness, which very few town-bred mistresses can keep to town-bred maids. They have always been the aristocracy in their native place ; and they carry through life the ineffaceable stamp which being "the best" gives. They are essentially mild and gentle women ; not queens of society even when they are pretty, because not caring for social success, and therefore not laying themselves out for it ; for if they please at home that is all they care for, holding love before admiration, and the esteem of one higher than the praise of many. If a fault is to be found with them it is that they have not perhaps quite enough "salt" for the general taste, used as it is to such highly-seasoned social food ; but do we really want our women to have so very much character ? Do not our splendid passionate creatures lead madly wretched lives and make miserably uncomfortable homes ? and are not our glorious heroines better in pictures and in fiction than seated by the nursery fire, or checking the baker's bill ? No doubt the quiet home-staying doves seem tame enough when we think of the gorgeous beings made familiar to us by romance, and history, which is more romantic still ; but as our daily lives run chiefly in prose, they are better fitted for things as they are ; and to men who want wives and not playthings, and who care for the peace of family life and the dignity of home, they are beyond price when they can be found and secured. So that, on the whole, we can dispense with the splendid creatures of character and the magnificent queens of society sooner than with the quiet and unobtrusive doves ; and though they do spoil men most monstrously, they know where to draw the line, and while petting their own at home — as women should — know how to keep strangers abroad at a distance, and to make themselves respected as only modest and gentle women are respected by men.

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## LITTLE BAREFOOT.

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*From the German of Berthold Auerbach,*

*Author of "ON THE HEIGHTS," "THE VILLA ON THE RHINE," &c.*

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Translated for THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE RIDER OF THE GREY HORSE.

ON the evening of the same day on which John started from home, Crow-Zach went to the house of the Rodel farmer, sat with him a long time in the little back room, and read to him a letter in a low voice.

"You must give me a hundred crowns if I accomplish the matter, and you must put it in writing," said Crow-Zach.

"I think fifty crowns are enough; it is a good deal of money."

"No, not a red heller less than a round hundred, and even then I am presenting you with a fair hundred; but I am willing to do it for you and your sister, for I like to do a neighbor a kindness. In Endringen, or at the Seven Farms, I could easily get double the money. It cannot be denied that your Rosel is a true farmer's daughter, but she is nothing remarkable: one might inquire the price of such as she is by the dozen."

"Be quiet; I will not permit you to talk so."

"Oh yes, I will be quiet, in order not to confuse you at your writing. Now, write it down at once."

The farmer was obliged to yield to Crow-Zach; and when he had finished writing he said:

"What do you advise — shall I tell Rosel about it?"

"Of course you must; but she must not let it be known, and no one in the neighborhood must know it either; there must not be even a whisper of it, for every one has his enemies — you and your sister too. Rely on me. Tell Rosel to dress herself as usual, and to be milking the cows when he comes. I will leave him with you: you have seen what the farmer of Landfried writes, that he has a head of his own and would be off in an instant if he observed that there was any design upon him. But you must send over quickly, this very evening, to Lauterbach, and have your brother-in-law's grey horse sent over, and I will then send the suitor over as a purchaser for the horse. But be careful not to let anything be observed."

Crow-Zach went away, and the farmer called his sister and his wife into the little back room, and informed them, with injunctions of secrecy, that a suitor for Rosel would come to-morrow, and that he was a very prince, owning a farm that could not be matched: in a word, John, the son of the Landfried farmer. He then gave them the other directions which Crow-Zach had spoken of, and again enjoined the strictest secrecy.

But after supper Rosel could not resist asking Little Barefoot whether if she were married she would not go with her as her maid; that she would pay her double the wages she was now getting, and that then she would not be obliged to go across the Rhine into a factory. Little Barefoot gave her an evasive answer, for she was not disposed to go with Rosel, and knew that she had other motives in making her the proposition: she wished first to triumph in the announcement that she was about to get a husband, and such a grand one too, and then to make Little Barefoot keep the house in order, about which she had never troubled herself at all. This, Little Barefoot would have willingly done for her kind mistress, but not for Rosel; and she intended when she left her present mistress not to enter service again, for she preferred to be with her brother, even if it were in a factory.

And afterwards, too, when Little Barefoot was going to bed, her mistress called her and confided the secret to her, adding: "You have always been very patient with Rosel, but now be doubly careful while the suitor is here that no quarrels occur."

"Yes ; but I think it is wrong that she now intends milking the cow for the first time : that amounts to deceiving the young man, for you know that she cannot milk at all."

"You and I cannot change the world," her mistress answered. "I think you have plenty to do to look out for yourself: let others do as they like."

Little Barefoot lay down with the sad reflection that men have very little hesitation in deceiving each other. She did not indeed know who was to be deceived, but she had a deep compassion for the poor young man, and felt sad when she thought of him ; but who knows, Rosel may be as much deceived by him as he by her.

Early in the morning, as Little Barefoot was looking out of the window, she started suddenly back, as if she had been struck. "Goodness! what was that?" She hastily rubbed her eyes and opened them again, asking herself if she were still dreaming. "That is certainly the rider of the grey horse who was at the Endringen wedding: he is coming to the village for you. But no, he knows nothing ; but he shall know. No, no,—what are you thinking about? He is coming nearer, still nearer, but does not look up . . ." A double-blossomed pink falls from her hand ; it strikes the portmanteau on his horse, but he does not see it, and it falls upon the road. Little Barefoot hurried down to recover the treacherous flower ; and now the fearful thought occurred to her that he must be Rosel's suitor, the one she had spoken of last night. She had not named him, but it must be he, and no other, whom they intended to deceive. She knelt down in the barn, upon the green clover gathered for the cow, and fervently prayed to God that He would save him from getting Rosel. That he should become her own—she did not dare yield to the thought, nor yet drive it away.

She was scarcely through her milking when she was off to Black Marann's, to ask her what she should do. Black Marann lay very sick now ; she had almost become deaf, and could hardly understand a connected sentence, and Little Barefoot was afraid to cry out the secret which had been half intrusted to her and which she had half discovered herself, loud enough for Black Marann to understand it. The people in the street might hear it. Without having gained anything, she returned home again.

Little Barefoot was obliged to be in the field the whole day attending to the sowing of turnip-seed. She loitered at every step, and wished to return and tell the stranger everything ; but the duties of her position kept her at her appointed work. Then she thought, if he is so simple and thoughtless as to carelessly run into the net, he ought not to be helped, but rather deserves it ; and she comforted herself with the idea that being engaged was not being married, after all. But she was very restless throughout the day, and when having returned in the evening, she milked the cows while Rosel sat with a full pail near one that had been milked and sang loudly, she heard the stranger talking with the farmer in the stable which was near by. They were negotiating about a grey horse. But where did that grey horse in the stable come from? Up to the present time they had had none. The stranger now asked: "Who is that singing?"

"It is my sister," said the farmer ; and as he replied, Little Bare-

foot joined in and sang second clearly and defiantly, as if to compel him to ask also who that was ; but this inconvenience accompanied her singing, that she could not hear at the same time whether he actually inquired. As Rosel went with her full pail across the courtyard where the horse had just been led out to be inspected, the farmer said :

"There, she there ; that is my sister. Rosel, put away your pail and prepare something for our supper. We have a kinsman as a guest ; I will bring him up directly."

"And that little girl there, she probably sang second?" inquired the stranger. "Is she a sister of yours, too?"

"No, she is only a kind of adopted child ; my father was her guardian."

The farmer knew very well that such liberality would give the house a fine character ; he therefore had avoided calling Little Barefoot a mere servant.

But Little Barefoot was delighted that the stranger now at least knew of her. If he were a prudent man, she truly thought, he would come to her to get information about Rosel, and that would make a commencement, and he would at least be preserved from danger.

Rosel carried the supper up, and the stranger was much astonished that she had been able to serve up so fine a repast so quickly ; he could not know that it had all been prepared beforehand, and Rosel excused herself that he must put up for the time with such slender attendance, as he must be accustomed to much better at home. She judged not without cleverness, that this allusion to his family's reputation and wealth would please him.

Little Barefoot had to remain during the rest of the day in the kitchen, and hand everything to Rosel ; and she often asked her : "Tell me, won't you, who it is?—what his name is?" But Rosel did not answer her, and her mistress at last disclosed the secret, saying : "I may as well tell you now, it is John, the son of the farmer of Landfreid. Did you not get a trinket, Amrei, from his mother?"

"Yes, yes," said Little Barefoot. She was obliged to sit down on the hearth, for her knees would no longer support her. How wonderful it all was ! There he was, the son of her first benefactress. "Now I must help him, and even if the whole village should stone me, I will not permit it," she said to herself.

The stranger went out accompanied by his host, but when still upon the steps he turned about and said : "My pipe is gone out, and I like to kindle it best from a coal." He evidently wished to see how the kitchen looked. Rosel pressed in before him and handed him a coal with a pair of tongs ; she stood exactly in front of Little Barefoot, who sat in the chimney corner.

Later in the night, when all in the house were asleep, Little Barefoot left it and ran to and fro in the village. She was seeking some one to whom she might tell it, so that John might be warned ; but she knew no one. Stop, there is the churchwarden, he is an enemy of the Rodel farmer, and knows how to contrive things cunningly ; but you cannot go to your master's enemy, and especially not to any one here. You have already enemies enough since the session of the town-council on account of Dami. Yes, there is Dami, he might do it. Why not? A

man can speak more easily. What secret can be intrusted to him? And John—yes, that is his name, he will not forget him; yes, and then Dami will get a protector, and a good one. Such a fine man. Such an excellent family. He will not be in want any more. But no, Dami dare not go into the village. Alas! he is banished. But Mat might do it, and perhaps even Dami too.

Her thoughts wandered to and fro like a will-o'-the-wisp, and she herself strayed along the paths without knowing whither. She felt so timid to-day, as is always the case when the mind leaves the world and roves in the realms of thought; she started at every sound, the frogs in the pond croaked so dreadfully, and the missel bird uttered such malignant notes, and the trees loomed out so black in the night. There has been a storm to-day in the direction of Endringen. The sky is overcast with flying clouds, and only now and then a star peeps out. Little Barefoot hurries through the field to the forest; she intends going to Dami's; she must at least talk it out with somebody. How dark it is in the forest! What bird is that which flies twittering through the night, almost like an ousel returning to her nest at night? "I come—come—come—come soon—come soon!" it cries. And now the nightingale begins its beautiful song without pausing to breathe; it seems to come from its very heart,—bubbling, gushing, softly rippling, like a forest spring which bursts from the depths of the earth.

Little Barefoot's thoughts ran more and more confusedly through each other, like the tangled roots on the forest path.

"No, my plan will not do, I must go home again," she said at last, and turned around; but she still wandered for a long time about the fields; she did not believe in will-o'-the-wisps, but she went to-night as if one was leading her to and fro. To-night, too, for the first time, she felt that she was wandering about in the dews barefooted, and her cheeks felt hot and flushed. Heated and exhausted, she at length reached her chamber.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### BANISHED AND SET FREE.

WHEN Little Barefoot awoke in the morning, the necklace and ornament which the farmer of Landfried's wife had given her lay beside her on the bed; she had to consider for a long time before she recollected that she had taken it out herself the night before, and had gazed at it for a long time.

When she was about to get up, all her limbs felt as if bruised, and clasping her hands together with difficulty she complained:

"For heaven's sake, I must not be sick now. I have not the time for it. I cannot be sick now." As if in anger against her body, and forcing it by the strength of her will, she got up; but how she shrank back when she beheld herself in the little glass! Her whole face was swollen. "That is a punishment for running about so last night, and wishing to call strangers, and wicked ones too, to my assistance." She struck her smarting face as if in chastisement, and then wrapping it carefully up she went about her work.

When her mistress saw her, she desired her to go to bed again ; but Rosel said it was only badness on Little Barefoot's part, that she wished to appear sick now, and that it was all a trick because she knew that she was now needed. Little Barefoot did not answer a word, and when she had gone to the barn and was throwing the fresh clover into the racks, she heard a clear voice addressing her : " Good morning. Busy already ? "

It was his voice.

" Only a little," answered Little Barefoot, and bit her teeth together in vexation at the envious spirit which had so bewitched and disfigured her so that it would be impossible for him to recognise her.

Should she now make herself known to him ?

No ; she must bide her time.

As she now went on with her milking, John asked her all kinds of questions. First about the capacities of the cows for yielding milk, and whether they ever sold them, and in what way, and who made the butter, and whether any one in the house kept an account of these things.

Little Barefoot trembled with excitement ; it was now in her power to get rid of her rival by showing her as she was ; but how curiously are the threads of action interwoven ! She was above all ashamed to speak badly of those she lived with, although Rosel would have been the only one hurt, for the rest were excellent people ; but she knew that it would be disgraceful in a servant to expose the family affairs. She therefore evaded it by saying that it didn't look well in a servant to pass judgment on her employers ; and besides they were " all good-natured," she added with a feeling of truthfulness ; for despite Rosel's violent and despotic nature, she could not be termed ill-tempered. A happy thought now occurred to her. Should she disclose Rosel's true character, he would be off at once ; he would then indeed be saved from Rosel, but still he would be gone ; she therefore cleverly said :

" You appear to be as cautious as your parents are reported to be. You know well that you cannot judge of the qualities of a cow in a single day ; so I think you ought to remain here a while, and after we two are better acquainted we can discuss it with each other, and if I can be serviceable to you I will help you. I cannot imagine why you ask so many questions."

" Oh, you are a little rogue, but I like you," said John.

Little Barefoot started so that the cow stepped back and almost upset the milk pail.

" And I will give you a handsome present besides," John added, letting a thaler which he held in his hand fall again into his pocket.

" I will tell you something more too," Little Barefoot proceeded as she went to another cow. " The churchwarden is an enemy of my master ; I warn you of this in case he should attempt to overreach you."

" Yes, yes, I see that I can talk with you ; but you have a swollen face, and it is bound up, and you won't help it any by going about barefooted as you do."

" I am accustomed to it," said Little Barefoot, " but I will take your advice. I thank you."

Steps were heard approaching. " We will speak together hereafter," the young man said and went off.

"I thank you, you thick cheeks!" she said, caressing her swollen face, "you have been very prudent; by means of you I can now speak to him as if I were not present, and as if masked for a carnival. Ah, that is excellent!"

It was wonderful how the joy she now felt drove the fever from her; she only felt tired now, unspeakably tired, and she felt glad and sad at the same time as she saw the head servant greasing the little Berne wagon, and heard him say that his master intended to drive the stranger across the country. She hastened to the kitchen, and while there heard the farmer say to John in the sitting room: "It will be better, John, if you were to ride on horseback, and then you, Rosel, can sit beside me in the wagon, and John can ride next to you."

"But your wife is going too," John added after a pause.

"I have a child to take care of and cannot go," said the farmer's wife.

"And I, too, do not like to drive about the country on a work-day," added Rosel.

"Oh, pshaw! When you have a cousin here like this, you can take a day's holiday," urged the farmer, for he did not wish that John should pay a visit to the farmer of the Seven Courts, unless in Rosel's company, lest he should endeavor to entrap him for his own daughter; at the same time he knew that a little excursion like this would have good results, and throw the young people more together than a week's stay in the house. John said nothing, and the farmer, prompted by his desire, urged him on, saying half aloud: "Speak to her yourself; it may be that she will be more easily persuaded by you and go with you."

"I think," said John aloud, "that your sister is right, in not desiring to drive about the country in the middle of the week. I will harness my horse with yours, and then we can see how they go together, and we will be back by supper time, if not before."

Little Barefoot, who heard all this, was obliged to bite her lips in order to keep from laughing at John's speech. "Yes," she thought, "you have not him in the halter yet; you will have to hold an easy hand on the reins, for he is not going to be paraded before the world as engaged, so that he will be unable to draw back."

She removed the wrapper from her face, her joy made her so warm.

That was a rare day for the house. Rosel, half vexed, related what queer questions he had asked her, and Little Barefoot secretly rejoiced; for all that he wished to know, and of which she correctly judged his purpose in asking, all that she answered in every particular. But what was the use? He knew her not, and if he did she was only a poor orphan and in service, and nothing could ever come of it. He does not know you, and he will not ask you.

At evening when the two men returned, Little Barefoot had been able to remove the handkerchief from her head, and she only retained the one about her chin and temples, drawing it over her face.

But John appeared to have neither word nor look for her now. On the other hand, his dog stayed by her in the kitchen, and she fed him, caressed him, and spoke to him: "Yes, if you could only tell her all, you could give him a true report."

The dog laid his head in Little Barefoot's lap, looking at her with

intelligent eyes ; he then shook his head, as if to say : " It is hard, but alas ! I cannot speak."

Little Barefoot went then to her chamber and again sang all kinds of songs to the children, although they had been long asleep ; but most of all, she hummed the waltz she had once danced with John. John heard it as if bewildered, and appeared absent in his conversation. Rosel went up to the room and told Little Barefoot to hush.

Late on the same night, when Little Barefoot, returning with a pail of water which she had filled for Black Marann, was going towards her old home, John met her as he was on his way to the inn. With a suppressed voice she said : " Good evening."

" Ah, is it you ?" said John. " Where are you going at this time of night with water ?"

" To Black Marann's."

" And who is she ?"

" A poor bed-ridden woman."

" But Rosel has told me that there were no poor people here."

" Alas ! there are more than enough ; Rosel certainly only told you so because she thought it would look bad for the village. She is good-natured ; that you may believe ; she willingly gives much away."

" You are a good apologist. But do not remain standing with that heavy pail on your head. May I go with you ?"

" Why not ?"

" You are right ; you have a long way to go and need protection, and you have nothing to fear from me."

" I am afraid of nobody, and least of all of you. I have seen to-day that you are good."

" How ?"

" Because you advised me how to get rid of my swollen face ; it was of good service, for I have now shoes on."

" It is good in you to take my advice," said John, with pleasure ; and the dog, too, appeared pleased, for he sprang towards Little Barefoot and licked her disengaged hand.

" Come here, Lynx," commanded John.

" No, leave him alone," Little Barefoot answered ; " we are already good friends ; he has been to-day with me in the kitchen ; my brother and I are very fond of dogs."

" So ? then you have a brother ?"

" Yes ; and I beg you, for God will repay you, to take him into your service ; he will certainly serve you faithfully as long as he lives."

" Where is your brother ?"

" Below there, in the forest ; he is at present a charcoal-burner."

" We possess and make no charcoal, but I might take him as a herdsman."

" Yes, he would suit well for that. But here is the house."

" I will wait till you come out," said John ; and Little Barefoot went in to leave the water, to arrange the fire, and make up Marann's bed.

When she came out John was still there, and his dog sprang forward to meet her, and they stood for a long time under the mountain ash ; it whispered and swayed its boughs so softly while they talked over many things, and John praised her discretion and active disposition,

and said: "If you ever wish to change your place, you would suit my mother exactly."

"That is the greatest praise that any one could give me," she assured him; "and I still have a keepsake that she gave me." She now told him what had taken place in her childhood, and they both laughed when she remarked that Dami could never forget that his mother owed him a pair of leathern breeches.

"He shall have them," John assured her.

They now entered the village together, and John gave her his hand as he said good-night.

Little Barefoot felt like telling him that he had already given her his hand once before, but as if frightened by the thought she flew away into the house. She did not answer his good-night at all! With thoughtful and confused mind, John went to his lodgings at the Woodcock Inn.

The next morning Little Barefoot found that the swelling in her cheeks had entirely disappeared, and merrier singing was never heard in the house, the courtyard, the stable, and the barn than on this day; for to-day would decide the matter, to-day John would have to declare himself. The farmer would not permit his sister to be talked about any longer, perhaps for nothing.

Almost the whole day John remained in the sitting room beside Rosel; she was engaged in sewing, and towards evening the parents of the farmer's wife and other relatives came in. Something decisive would certainly take place.

The roasting joint spluttered and the pine wood crackled, and Little Barefoot's cheeks glowed from the effects of the excitement as well as the fire. Crow-Zach went to and fro with bustling officiousness; he acted as if the house belonged to him, and even smoked out of the farmer's own pipe.

"Then it must be decided!" said Little Barefoot sadly to herself.

Night drew on, and many lights were lit in the house. Rosel, dressed in her best, went to and fro from the sitting room to the kitchen, but did nothing. An old woman who had formerly served as a cook in the city, was called in to assist with the cooking. Everything was now ready.

The farmer's wife now said to Little Barefoot: "Go up and dress yourself in your Sunday clothes."

"Why?"

"You will have to wait to-day, and you may thus get a better parting gift."

"I would rather stay in the kitchen."

"No; do what you are told, and make haste."

Amrei went to her chamber, and, tired to death, sat down on a chest in order to regain her breath; she felt so nervous, so sad,—oh, if she could but fall asleep now and never wake! But duty called, and she had scarcely taken the first article of her Sunday dress in her hand when a feeling of joy arose in her, and the setting sun, which sent a bright ray into her attic chamber, trembled upon her flushed cheek.

"Dress yourself in your Sunday clothes!" She had but one Sunday dress; it was the one which she danced in at the Endringen wed-

ding, and every motion and rustle sounded forth the joyous waltz which she had then danced ; but as night came quickly on, and as she was dressing herself in the dark, she repressed these feelings of joy, saying to herself, that she was only dressing to honor John. In order to show him how highly she esteemed whatever came from his family, the last thing she put on was the necklace.

Little Barefoot thus came down from her chamber dressed and adorned as she had been at the Endringen dance.

"What is this? What do you mean by dressing yourself up so?" Rosel screamed, full of vexation and anxiety because her betrothed remained away so long. "What do you mean by putting on all your finery? Is it proper for a servant to wear a necklace and token like that? What will he think of it! Take it off at once."

"No, that I will not; his mother gave it to me when I was still a little child, and I wore it when we danced together at Endringen."

There was a step on the stairs, but it was not noticed, for Rosel screamed out:

"So, you cunning, worthless witch, you would have gone in rags if we had not taken pity on you; you wish to take my betrothed from me."

"Do not call him so before he is," Amrei answered, with a curious expression in her voice; and the old cook cried from the kitchen: "Little Barefoot is right: you must not call a child by its name before it is baptized, or you will endanger its life."

Amrei laughed, and Rosel screamed:

"Why are you laughing?"

"Shall I cry?" said Little Barefoot. "I have cause enough, but I won't."

"Wait, I will show you what to do," cried Rosel. "There!" and she pulled Little Barefoot down on the floor and struck her in the face.

"I will take off the dress, only let me go," Little Barefoot said; but Rosel let her go without that, for John stood suddenly before her as if he had sprung out of the floor.

He was as pale as death, his lips trembled, and he could not utter a word, but he laid his hand protectingly on Little Barefoot, who was kneeling on the floor. At last he cried, with labored voice:

"Say, is it really you? The girl of Endringen? You are here?—in this house?—and this is the way they treat you? Speak but a word! but a single word!"

"John!" cried Little Barefoot. He raised her up with both arms, and said, in a firm voice:

"So, now I know where I am. Yes, and you shall go with me, for you are mine! Will you? I have found you and yet did not seek you! And now you shall remain with me as my wife. God has decreed it."

If one could have seen the expression of Little Barefoot's eyes! But no mortal eye has ever fully observed the lightning from the sky, and no matter with what steadiness the eye awaits it, it will be dazzled; and there are flashes in the eyes of men which can never be steadily viewed, and emotions in the mind which can never be apprehended; they overleap the whole world and cannot be stayed.

A beaming look of pleasure, like that which might shine from one

awakening in heaven, shone from Amrei's face. She covered her face with both hands, and the tears trickled down between her fingers. John had kept his hand upon her.

All the family came in and saw with astonishment what was taking place.

"What is all this about, Little Barefoot? What is it?" said the farmer, loudly.

"So? Little Barefoot is your name?" John said, laughing passionately, and he cried again: "Now, come, will you have me? Say it here at once; there are here witnesses who must confirm it. Say yes, and death alone shall part us."

"Yes, and death alone shall part us!" cried Little Barefoot, throwing herself upon his neck.

"Well, then, take her out of the house at once!" cried the farmer, foaming with rage.

"It is unnecessary to tell me that, and I thank you for your hospitality, cousin, and if you ever pay me a visit, I will make it even," was John's answer. He put both hands to his forehead and cried: "Oh, mother, mother, how you will rejoice!"

"Go up, Little Barefoot, and take your chest away at once, for nothing of yours shall remain in this house."

"Certainly, and it might be done, too, with less fuss," John answered. "Come, I will go up with you, Little Barefoot. What is your real name?"

"Amrei."

"I was recommended to one Amrei, the Butter Countess, and you are my Salt Countess. Now, come, I will take a look into the chamber where you have lived so long; you will hereafter live in a much larger house."

The dog, with his hair bristling on his back, kept moving about the farmer, for he noticed that the farmer would have liked to throttle John on the spot; but it was only when John and Little Barefoot had gone up the steps that the dog followed them.

John left the chest where it was, because he could not take it on his horse; and he packed all Little Barefoot's property in the sack which she had inherited from her father. As he was doing so, Little Barefoot related to him all its history, and the whole world was compressed into an instant and became a thousand years' wonder. She saw with surprise, with what joy John greeted the copy-book she had kept from her childhood, saying: "I will take this to my mother, for she foretold it; there are wonders still in the world."

Little Barefoot asked no more about it. Was not all this a miracle that had happened to her? And, as if she had a presentiment that Rosel would immediately tear up her flowers and throw them away, she passed her hand once more caressingly over them, feeling the cool touch of the night-dew which lay upon them. She then went down with John, and just as she was about to leave the house, some one silently pressed her hand in the darkness; it was the farmer's wife, who thus bade her farewell.

As she passed the threshold, Little Barefoot cried, putting her hand against the door-post against which she had so often leaned and dreamed: "May God requite this house for all the good it has done,

and forgive it all the evil!" But she had scarcely gone a few steps when she exclaimed: "Alas! I have forgotten all my shoes; they are upstairs on the shelf." The words had scarcely left her lips when the shoes, as if following her, came flying down from the window into the street.

"May you go to the devil in them!" cried a voice from the attic window. Its tones were deep and hoarse, and yet they were Rosel's.

Little Barefoot gathered up the shoes, and she and John, who had the sack on his back, carried them to the inn.

The moon shone bright, and all was silent in the village.

Little Barefoot did not wish to remain at the inn.

"And I, too, would rather go on at once," added John.

"I will stay at Marann's," answered Little Barefoot. "It is my parents' house, and you can leave me your dog. You will stay with me won't you, Lynx? I am afraid lest they may try and do something to me if I remain here."

"I will keep watch before the house," said John; "but I think it would be better for us to go away at once. What more have you to do here?"

"Above all things, I must first go to Marann. She has been a mother to me, and I have not seen her for a whole day, nor been able to do anything for her; and she is still lying sick. Ah! it is cruel that I must leave her alone. But what can I do? Come, go with me to her."

They went together, hand in hand through the sleeping village, that lay white in the moonlight. Not far from the house Little Barefoot stopped and said: "Do you see? It was upon this very spot that your mother gave me the necklace and a kiss with it."

"Ah? Then here, take another, and another."

Full of happiness, the lovers embraced. The mountain ash rustled gently,—the song of the nightingale sounded from the forest.

"That's enough now. But one more, and you must go in with me to see Marann. Oh, how glad she will be!"

They went together into the house, and as Little Barefoot opened the room door a ray of moonlight, just as formerly of sunshine, fell upon the angel on the tile stove, and he appeared to laugh more merrily than ever, and even to dance. Little Barefoot then cried in a loud voice: "Marann! Marann! wake up. Blessings and happiness have come, wake up!"

The old woman sat up; the moonlight shone on her face and neck; she opened her eyes wide and asked: "What is it? what is it? Who calls?"

"Rejoice, for I bring my John to you."

"My John!" cried the old woman, in a shrill voice. "Oh, dear God, my John! How long, how long. But I have you at last. I thank thee, God, a thousand, thousand times. Oh, my child, I cannot look on thee enough. Not there; give me your hand. Come here! There is the chest with the dowry in it. Take the linen. My son! My son! Yes, yes, 'tis all yours. Oh, John, my son! my son!" She laughed convulsively and fell back in the bed. Amrei and John knelt down beside it, and when they arose and bent over the old woman, she had ceased to breathe.

"Oh, God, she is dead! Joy has killed her, and she mistook you for her son. She died happy. Oh, how does all this happen so!" She sank down again by the bed and sobbed bitterly.

At last John raised her up, and Little Barefoot closed the eyes of the dead woman. She stood for a long time silent by the bedside, and then said:

"Come, I will arouse the people, that they may watch by the corpse. The Lord has been wonderfully kind to her. She would have had no one to care for her when I was gone, and God has given her the greatest joy in her last moments. How long, how long has she been waiting for this!"

"Yes, but you cannot remain here any longer," said John. "Now follow me, and let us go away at once."

Little Barefoot aroused the wife of the sexton and sent her to the house; she retained her composure so well that she was able to give her directions for the planting of the flowers which stood on her window sill on the grave, and not to forget to place Marann's hymn book and that of her son under her head, as she had always desired.

When she had finally arranged everything, she gave a sigh of relief and said: "So it is all done; but pardon me, John, that I have obliged you to share my sorrow, and pardon me, too, if I do not appear to be as I should like to be. I see plainly that it is all for the best, and God could not have ordered it more kindly; but I still feel the shock dreadfully, for death is a terrible thing; you would hardly think how painfully I have thought over it myself. But now it is over, and I will be cheerful again, for am I not, indeed, the happiest girl in the world?"

"Yes, you are right. Come, let us go. Will you ride on the horse with me?"

"Yes. Is that the grey horse you rode to the Endringen wedding?"

"It is."

"Oh, that Rodel farmer! He sent off the very night before you came to Lauterbach and obtained a match for it, that you might be induced to come to his house. Off, grey horse, and home again!" she said, joyfully. And thus she fell back again into her customary mode of thought and feeling, and learned to appreciate her happiness anew.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### SILVER STEP.

"It is no dream, is it? We two are awake together, and to-morrow will come as usual, and again to-morrow, and so for a thousand times." Thus Little Barefoot talked to Lynx, who had remained with her while John went into the stable to saddle the horse. He now came out, placed the sack upon the horse and said: "I will sit on this, and you shall sit in front of me on the saddle."

"I would rather sit upon my sack."

"Do as you please."

He mounted the horse and said: "So, now step upon my foot, step firmly upon it, and give me both your hands." She sprang up lightly,

and as he lifted her up he kissed her, saying: "You are now in my power, I can do with you as I please."

"I am not afraid," answered Little Barefoot, "for you are in my power, too."

In silence they rode out of the village. In the last house a light was still burning,—the sexton's wife was watching there by the body of Marann. John let Little Barefoot weep on without restraint.

It was not until they were riding over the alder-meadow, that Little Barefoot spoke: "Here I tended geese a whole summer, and there is the spring from which I once gave your father a drink. God protect thee, wild pear tree, and you, too, field and forest! It seems to me as if all the past has been a dream; and you must pardon me, dear John, for I would like to be glad and rejoice, but I cannot, and dare not, when I think that Marann is dead; it is a sin for me to feel glad, and a sin, too, if I do not feel glad. Do you know what I will do, John? I will say to myself that a year has already passed, and then yield to my feelings of joy; but no, the coming year is beautiful and joyous, and to-day is also joyous; I rejoice to-day, even now. We are now riding forth to a happy life. Ah, what dreams I have had here upon this alder-meadow! I dreamed that the cuckoo was perhaps an enchanted prince, and now I am riding away, and have become the Salt Princess myself. It pleased me that you called me the Salt Princess; I know that they are making jokes over it in Haldenbrunn, but it pleased me much that you so called me. Do you know the origin of the proverb: 'I love you like salt?'"

"No, what is it?"

"Once upon a time there was a king, and he asked his daughter: 'How much do you love me?' and she answered: 'I love you dear, as dear as salt.' The king thought this was a silly answer, and he was very angry. Not long afterwards the king gave a great entertainment, and the daughter caused all the dishes to be served up without salt. The king naturally relished nothing, and he asked his daughter why everything was so badly cooked to-day. Everything was tasteless. Whereupon she answered: 'Because there is no salt in the food. And was I not right when I told you that I loved you as dear, as dear as salt?' The king confessed that she was right. And hence the saying of the present day—as dear as salt. Black Marann told me that story. Alas! she can never tell another. She is lying dead over there, and listen how full of happiness the nightingale is singing. But let me try and dismiss this sadness. I will begin to be your Salt Princess at once, John. You shall feel it at once. Yes, I am happy, and it reminds me of what Marann once said: God is pleased when men are happy, just as parents rejoice when their children dance and sing; and as we have already done our dancing, let us begin to sing. Turn off to the left there into the forest, we will go to my brother; the kiln is just below, near the road. Sing, nightingale, we will sing with you.

"Nightingale, as I hear thy lay,  
My heart with thee would soar away;  
Oh, tell me in thy sweet refrain,  
How to soothe its restless pain."

And the two sang all kinds of songs together, sad ones and merry

ones, without ceasing ; Little Barefoot sang the second part as well as the first. But most of all they sang the air of the country dance which they had three times danced together at the Endringen wedding. And as often as there was a pause, they told each other of their feelings at that time, and John said :

"I had great difficulty in driving that air out of my mind, for you were always associated with it. I did not wish to take a servant as my wife, for I may as well tell you that I am proud."

"That is right, for I am proud too."

He now related to her how he had struggled with himself, but how it all seemed pleasant to him now to recollect it. He told her how he had been twice sent to the native place of his mother to get a wife ; how he had at once fallen in love with her as he was entering Endringen, how he felt it but did not wish to admit it when he heard she was a servant.

She in return told him of Rosel's behavior at Endringen, and how she had at first felt mortified when Rosel said : It is only our servant ; and how she had then let out her ill-humor against him, and afterwards dreamed of him and thought how kind it was in him to be so good to her. After they had talked of all possible subjects, John ended by saying : "It would be foolish in me to think of any other result being possible. How could it be that I should take another to my home ? How were it possible ?"

In her thoughtful way Little Barefoot answered :

"Do not think so much of how it might have been otherwise — so and so, and different. It is right as it is, and must be right for joy or woe. God has willed it so, and it rests with us to make it right hereafter."

"Ah !" said John, "when I close my eyes and hear you talk, I think I hear my mother. She has spoken just like you already. Your voice, too, is so like hers."

"She must now be dreaming of us," said Little Barefoot ; "I am sure she is." And as was her character, alive to the realities of life and yet at the same time with a mind glowing with imagination from her youth up, she now said :

"What is your horse called ?"

"He takes his name from his color."

"No ; let us give him a name. Do you know what it shall be ? Silver Step."

To the air of the dance which they had danced together, John now kept on singing the one word : Silver Step ! Silver Step ! and Little Barefoot joined in. And now the more they went on singing without words that expressed anything, the more their joy became free, complete, and boundless ; they varied their voices with all kinds of joyful shouts and cries. Then again they would sing snatches of Tyrolese songs ; for there is a chime of bells in the soul which, although they do not sound in unison nor to any certain air, are yet in accord with every mood ; and to and fro in notes of jubilation rang the hearts of the lovers. Then again they sang simple songs, and Amrei sang :

"To my true love I am staunch,  
As the bough is to the branch,  
As the apple to its seed,  
For I love my love indeed."

And John sang in reply :

"To my true love I ever shall faithful remain,  
Should Old Nick himself drag her off with his chain,  
With his chain, with his cord, with his rope and his band,  
To my true love I ever most faithful will stand."

Amrei sang again :

"My mind it doth entrance,  
To see my true love dance,  
About, about, so gay and bright,—  
To see him dance is my delight."

John sang again :

"And all the while a little merry,  
And all the while sincere ;  
Old Nick is dead and buried,  
There's no one now to fear."

And they sang together the pensive song :

"After sadness follows joy,  
The thought doth comfort me ;  
And I know a nut-brown maid so true,  
Who hath two eyes of nut-brown hue,  
My sweetheart she will be.

"And all my own is she  
None other's wife will be,  
And we will live through joy and woe,  
Till death doth deal his final blow."

How merrily rang their voices in the forest, while the moonlight fell through the tops of the trees, playing amid trunks and branches, and these two happy beings vied with the nightingale in its song.

And below by the kiln, in the silent night, Dami sat with the charcoal-burner. The charcoal-burner, who was fond of talking at night, was relating to him wonderful stories of the past : how the forest here had been so dense and extensive that a squirrel could have leaped from tree to tree without coming to the ground, from the Neckar to the Lake of Constance, and he was just telling him the history of the rider of the grey horse, who was the spirit of one of the old heathen gods, who diffused wealth, splendor, and fortune wherever he went.

There are legends and fairy tales which are to the soul what gazing into the blazing fire is to the eyes : how it shoots its tongues of flame, flaring about and playing in gay colors, now expiring, now bursting forth again, and suddenly rising up into a sheet of fire ! If you turn away from it, the night appears to be blacker.

Thus Dami listened, and thus he often turned around, while Mat went on with his story in a monotonous voice.

But he suddenly stopped, for a grey horse appeared coming down the hill, and such sweet singing came with it. Is the fairy world coming down ? And as the horse came nearer, a wonderful rider appeared upon it, so broad, and having two heads ; and it came nearer still, and now a man's voice, and now a woman's voice, cried, "Dami ! Dami ! Dami !" They felt as if they would sink into the ground from terror ;

they could not move ; and now it was here, and was dismounting, and "Dami, it is I !" cried Little Barefoot, and told him all that had happened.

Dami had nothing to say, but caressed the dog and horse, and only nodded to John when he promised that he would take care of him and appoint him his herdsman, and that he should have thirty cows under his charge and be taught how to make butter and cheese.

"You will change from the black to the white," said Little Barefoot. "One might make a riddle out of that."

Dami regained his speech at last and said : "And a pair of leathern breeches too." All laughed as he explained to them that the farmer of Landfried's wife still owed him a pair of leathern breeches.

"I will give you, in the meantime, my pipe ; take it. It is a gift from your brother-in-law," said John, handing Dami his pipe.

"Yes, but then you will have none yourself," said Amrei, half remonstratingly.

"I need none now."

Full of happiness, Dami sprang away and ran into the log hut with his silver-mounted pipe ; and you would hardly have believed that he had so much fun in him, for after a short time he returned with Mat's long coat and hat on, and a long torch in each hand. With an attitude and voice of mock gravity, he now addressed the betrothed : "What am I about ? I have here, John, two torches, with which I intend to light you home. How comes it that you are taking my sister off without consulting me ? I am her only brother, and any proposals must be made to me, and before I have assented, nothing is of any avail."

Amrei broke out into a laugh, and John formally proposed to him for the hand of his sister.

Dami wished to carry the joke further, for he liked the *role* in which he was so successful. But Amrei knew that he could not be depended on ; he might indulge in all kinds of absurdities, and turn the joke to his own harm. She already noticed how Dami caught several times, opening and shutting his hand, at John's watch chain, and then drew it back before he had seized it. She therefore said, in the firm tone with which one reproves a silly child : "Enough, now ; you have done very well ; leave good enough alone." Dami now took off his disguise, only saying to John : "It's all right ; you have a useful wife and I have a beautiful pipe." As no one laughed, he added : "You would not have believed that you were getting such a wise brother-in-law. Yes, she has not all the wisdom ; we are of the same stock ; that is so, brother-in-law."

It seemed as if he wished to enjoy fully the pleasure of being able to say "brother-in-law."

The betrothed started off again, for they wished to go to the town ; and they had gone but a little distance when Dami cried from the forest : "Brother-in-law, don't forget my leathern breeches." A gay laugh was the response, and the songs rang out again as the happy pair rode away in the moonlight.

## SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

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**W**ITHIN the last ten years, there has been made in physical science one of those extraordinary discoveries which almost revolutionise our knowledge of nature, and constitute a new era in scientific investigation. It has been found that luminous substances write down for us, as it were, their own chemical and physical nature and constitution, with an accuracy and delicacy almost surpassing the power of belief. The prismatic colours of the rainbow have been found to contain within them volumes which all the philosophers of the world cannot hope fully to read in centuries of time. No discovery of modern date can bear comparison with this spectrum analysis, as it is called, in regard of the extent and importance of the field it has opened to science.

It has long been known that if a beam of light be made to pass through a small triangular piece of glass, called a prism, the differently coloured rays of which it is composed will be separated from each other, so that if the light is afterwards received on a white screen or wall, the colours will be found to be spread out on the wall in the same order and proportionate breadth as is seen in the colours of the rainbow. This is owing to the fact that each ray is bent or deflected from its straight course in passing through the prism, and every separate ray to a different amount; those at the red end of this spectrum being bent least, and those at the violet end most. Early in this century, the well-known philosopher, Dr. Wollaston, observed that if bright sunlight were thus received on a white screen in a very dark room, being admitted by a very narrow slit, a great number of dark lines were to be seen crossing the breadth of the spectrum, as many as fifteen thousand having since been counted. A German optician, Fraunhofer, subsequently described these lines more accurately, and found that they occupied invariably the same relative position in the length of the spectrum, so that he was able to mass and number them with great accuracy. Some of them were broad and distinct, and the most important of these were designated by various letters of the alphabet; others were very narrow and fine; some were single, others formed groups; but all were invariably the same in every particular, and in their relation to each other in position. It was further found that light from a white-hot solid body gave no dark lines at all, but presented a continuous spectrum, in which the colours were shaded into each other through every possible gradation. It had also been found that the vapours of various substances exercised an absorbing effect on the solar rays, the dark spaces caused by them being lines quite similar in character to the dark spaces in the solar spectrum, though the system of lines was different from that of the solar spectrum, every different substance producing, when vaporised, its own peculiar system of lines.

Another step was gained in another direction, and apparently without much bearing on this question of the significance of these dark lines. It was found by the German philosophers Kirchhoff and Bunsen that artificial light, produced by combustion—that is, by chemical combination—also gave a peculiar spectrum, and that of a most remarkable kind, shewing neither dark lines, like solar light and starlight, nor yet a continuous spectrum, like bodies in a state of incandescence without combustion, but a spectrum composed of a few bright lines, occupying definite positions in the spectrum field, or space where the solar spectrum would ordinarily be seen, and having colours accurately corresponding to the precise portion of the continuous spectrum which would be seen at the spot where they made their appearance. It had been well known, long before, that certain substances in burning tinged the flame with peculiar colours; but what the precise shades of colour were could not be told by the unaided eye, on account of the mixing together of various colours and shades.

Thus, it was well known that salts of sodium communicated a yellow colour to any flame in which they might be present; this being, indeed, the cause of the yellowness in the flame of all our ordinary artificial lights. Salts of copper and of barium give a green tinge to flames in which they are present, and those of strontium give a crimson hue. This was well known; but it was not until the light from these and similar flames was analysed by the prism, that it was found that these colours which could not be accurately distinguished by the eye, were nevertheless wholly distinct, being the result of the blending in the light of sets or systems of bright bands occurring in totally different portions of the spectrum field, and being composed, in fact, of rays differing in refrangibility and hue, but absolutely fixed and invariable for each separate source of artificial light. Thus, when sodium or its salts were submitted to this prismatic analysis, it was found that the spectrum produced consisted of a very strong bright line in the yellow portion of the field, and of this line only, this sodium spectrum being the simplest of all known spectra, though it is found on close examination with powerful instruments that the bright line is double, consisting of two very close together. The instruments used are in general two telescopes and the prism, which is placed between them, the light being condensed on the prism by one telescope, and the spectrum magnified after refraction by the other. A microscope, with the usual reflecting mirror, may also be used, being fitted with a microspectroscope containing the prism. If a powder, containing some easily volatilised metals, such as sodium, lithium, and thallium mixed together, is placed on a slip of platinum, and introduced into the flame of an ordinary Bunsen's burner, the light being then made to pass through a microscope thus fitted, the observer will see one bright line after another crossing the field of view, as one after another of the metals becomes sufficiently heated to pass into the gaseous condition. The spectrum of the alkaline metal lithium consists of two lines—a brilliant one in the red portion of the spectrum, and a weak one in the yellow. Both are sharply defined, and by this test the metal has been found to be present in the ash of muscular tissue and of blood. The red colour observed in strontium flames is similarly found to be due to

the presence of six strongly marked red lines in its spectrum, which contains also, however, an orange and a blue line. The red line mentioned as belonging to lithium very nearly corresponds with one of these, but is distinguishable by its superior brilliancy.

Yet there seems to be some strange and mysterious connection between these two metals, some problem still unsolved in their relation to each other; for on one occasion when Dr. Tyndall was exhibiting at the Royal Institution the spectrum of lithium by means of the very high heat of the electric spark, a line not observed in the spectrum of this metal at the lower temperature of a gas-flame unexpectedly appeared, and this line was of a brilliant blue, like the blue line of strontium. This experiment was again and again repeated by different observers, and always with the same results. Professors Roscoe and Clifton at last compared the two spectra by placing one above the other in the spectroscope, and found, to their astonishment, that the blue lines accurately corresponded with each other; and not only so, but they found in both spectra two other faint blue lines, which had previously been unnoticed, and these lines also accurately coincided in the two spectra. We can hardly avoid the conclusion, that at the high heat produced by the electric spark, these two metals are decomposed into some simpler elements, one of which is common to each, and gives these coinciding blue lines.

The green tinge of barium flames is found to be due to several bright green lines in the barium spectrum; while the spectrum of calcium shews, amongst others, a single strong green and a single strong orange line. The spectrum of potassium has a continuous character, containing, however, two strongly marked lines—one in the red, and the other in the violet, the flame being tinged with a purple colour.

Four new metals have been added to our list by means of this method of chemical analysis, of which two are metals of the alkalis, thus making the number of known alkaline metals five. The two new members of the group are named rubidium and cæsium, so called from the peculiar characters of their spectra, rubidium having some red lines not seen in the potassium spectrum, and cæsium shewing two magnificent blue lines very close together. These metals are more strongly electro-positive even than potassium, but so closely resemble it in chemical properties that they had always hitherto been mistaken for it: they are found in many mineral waters, and in the ashes of several plants. The third new metal is thallium, found by Mr. Crookes in the deposit in the flue of a pyrites burner, and named from its splendid single green line, and having chemical properties intermediate between lead and the alkalis. The fourth metal is indium, belonging to the chemical group which contains iron, and recognised in the spectrum analysis by its fine line in the violet.

If the permanent gases are highly heated, as by the passage through them of the electric spark, they also give spectra peculiar to each; thus, that of hydrogen has three lines—one bright red, one green, and one blue.

The accuracy with which the presence of a given substance may be predicated by this mode of analysis is greater than that afforded by any other chemical tests, as will be perceived on considering that some

substances, such as iron, have a most complicated spectrum — as many as sixty lines or upwards, the presence of any one of which would, in most cases, be a satisfactory proof of the presence of the metal or other body ; while that any two substances, distinguishable by other tests, should present identical spectra, seems, in the nature of probabilities, unlikely almost beyond the power of arithmetical expression, and, as regards observed fact, contrary to all analogy. Yet, the accuracy of this method of analysis is almost equalled by its delicacy : in the case of sodium, the presence of a quantity less than the  $\frac{1}{180000000}$ th of a grain can be demonstrated by this method ; it is hereby found that the presence of sodium is so universal throughout the world as to be capable of recognition in every artificial flame, and a piece of wire shewn to be perfectly free from sodium is found to become covered with it by simply drawing it through the fingers ; indeed, the mere exposure of any substance to the air for a moment causes it to give the sodium line in the spectrum.

While Messrs. Kirchhoff and Bunsen were pursuing these researches on the luminous spectrum lines of different heated gases and vapours, and on the absorbent effect of gases on rays of light coming from a more highly luminous source, it occurred to them to compare with each other the two forms of spectra thus produced — namely, the bright spectrum, containing dark absorption lines, produced by the passage of the light through some gas or vapour ; and the dark spectrum-field, illuminated only by a few bright lines, produced by the same gas or vapour when brought to a highly heated and luminous condition. The bright and dark lines thus produced by the same element were found accurately to correspond. The great discovery of the nineteenth century burst upon them in its full splendour, fraught with results hardly to be imagined. The gases and vapours intercepted precisely the same rays, from a source of continuously coloured light, as they themselves emitted when brought by heat to the luminous condition ; and, of course, the different elementary bodies revealed their presence alike by their own bright bands, and by their corresponding dark lines produced in a continuous spectrum. The inference was immediate and irresistible, that the dark lines in the solar spectrum were due to the presence of certain gaseous elements in the solar atmosphere, which absorbed portions of the continuously coloured or pure white light emitted by the solid bodies known as Nasmyth's willow-leaves. By comparing these dark lines with the bright bands of the elements when brought to a gaseous condition, it was now possible to determine what elementary bodies were present in a state of gas in the solar atmosphere. This is easily done by superposing the solar spectrum with its dark lines over the bright-line spectrum produced by one element after another ; and the elements iron, magnesium, calcium, sodium, chromium, nickel, barium, copper, zinc, and hydrogen are thus found to be present in the solar atmosphere. That man should thus be able to analyse the atmosphere of the sun, placed at a distance of ninety-one millions of miles from us, with as much ease and certainty as he could analyse a measure of gas placed in his own laboratory, must surely be accounted one of the most wonderful results of science in any age.

Of course, it immediately became a matter of great interest to ascer-

tain whether similar results could be obtained in the case of the fixed stars, and whether it would be possible to predicate the existence, in these distant suns, of the chemical elements familiar to us on our own globe. With powerful instruments, this was found to be quite possible. The spectra of the stars are found to be very different from each other and from that of the sun; but they reveal the presence of many elements well known to us as existing on our earth. Thus, the brilliant red star Aldebaran, in the constellation Taurus, has been found to contain hydrogen, antimony, bismuth, mercury, and some other elements similar to those of the sun. In Sirius, the most brilliant star in the heavens, only sodium, magnesium, and hydrogen can be certainly affirmed to exist. Two strongly marked violet lines in Sirius belong to some substance not known on our earth. Antimony, though found in Aldebaran, is a metal whose bright lines are wholly unrepresented by corresponding dark lines in the solar spectrum; and gold, lithium, &c., are in the same category. The star Betelgeux, which is the brightest of the two above Orion's belt, has a very deeply lined spectrum; sodium, magnesium, iron, copper, and several other metals are known to exist in it, but no hydrogen has been discovered. This is a yellow star. We may class stars as white, yellow, and deep-coloured. Sirius, Vega, Castor, and the greater number of minor stars, belong to the white class. The presence of hydrogen appears to be a marked characteristic of their spectra. The Sun and Arcturus belong to the yellow class. Betelgeux, Rigel, Mira, Albireo, Antares, Aldebaran, and many others belong to the third class, some of which are red, and others blue.  $\alpha$  Hercules and  $\beta$  Pegasi, both of which belong to this class, have very remarkable spectra, shewing the appearance of a multitude of bright flutings separated by wide black bands: this must indicate that their atmospheres are charged with a great multitude of vapours belonging to many different substances. The colours of the stars depend, of course, on the character of the vapours in their atmospheres; if the atmosphere of a star absorbs a great deal of the violet end of the spectrum, and therefore shews many black lines towards that end, the star will have a red colour; if there are many black lines towards the red end, the star will have a blue colour; if the absorption is pretty evenly spread throughout the spectrum, the star will be white; yellow will result from a good deal of absorption at both ends, the middle being less affected. Stars of the same type are generally found a good deal grouped together. Orion abounds in stars of a green colour; white stars are found about the Pleiades and the Bear; yellow stars about the Whale.

Some stars give bright lines instead of dark ones, but these are very rare— $\beta$  Lyrae and  $\gamma$  Cassiopeia do so, and some small stars in the Swan. This indicates, of course, that actual combustion is going on in these stars, whereas the ordinary black lines indicate an atmosphere of vapour surrounding incandescent material. A very remarkable instance of bright lines occurred in a star that suddenly became very bright in May 1866. This was a telescopic star in the Crown, which, in the course of a couple of hours, attained the brightness of a star of the third magnitude. It was first observed by Mr. Birmingham at Tuam, in Ireland; a celebrated astronomer, Dr. Schmidt of Athens,

had been observing the same spot in the heavens about three hours before Mr. Birmingham, and had observed nothing remarkable. Astronomical *savans* immediately turned their attention to the star, which, however, only continued bright for two or three days, and then faded away to its original size. In the meantime, however, Mr. Huggins had turned his powerful spectroscope upon it, and had found out that it was nothing less than a world on fire, its brilliancy being due to the combustion of hydrogen with some unknown element. This was exhibited in the spectroscope by the presence of the bright lines of hydrogen along with some other bright lines, which have not been produced by any element on our earth. Several instances are on record of unknown stars suddenly blazing out in this way, and then soon fading away again.

It naturally followed that, after the stars, the nebulæ should be submitted to spectroscopic examination. These, as is well known, are faint fleecy cloud-like masses, most of them extremely minute, which stud the heavens in great numbers. Most of them are quite telescopic, but some are easily recognisable by the naked eye, such as the great nebula in the sword of Orion, lying between the two stars which, along with it, seem to hang down from the belt; the great nebula in Andromeda; and the nebula in Hercules, which is, however, much more difficult than either of the former to detect with the naked eye, although we ourselves have constantly made it out on clear nights. Though some are thus visible to the naked eye, nothing can be said to have been known of the nebulæ till after the invention of the telescope. This instrument has revealed hundreds of these beautiful objects, and exhibited their extraordinary structure. We have them ring-shaped, dumb-bell shaped, crab-shaped, and of all irregular forms. Under the high power and vast light-gathering capacity of Sir W. Herschel's four-foot reflector, many of them were found to consist of a vast congeries of stars, and hence have been considered to be star systems like the Milky-way, the star system to which our sun belongs. The distance of these systems has been supposed to be such that thousands of years must be spent ere their light travels to us. When examined by the spectroscope, they are found to have continuous spectra, doubtless because the dark lines produced by one star composing them will be illuminated by the light of another star in which the elements are absent to which the dark lines of the former were owing. The great nebula in Andromeda, spoken of above, is an instance of this kind of nebula. But some of these mysterious objects proved intractable to the highest powers Sir W. Herschel could apply; the great nebula in the sword of Orion was of this sort; it is seen as a misty cloud surrounding several bright star-like points known as 'the trapezium.' Lord Rosse tried it with his great reflector, and thought that some portions of it shewed signs of approaching resolution into stars — that is, looked as if a better instrument would shew that it was composed of stars. In his telescope it formed a most beautiful object, branching out in streamers in all directions, and extending much arther into space than had formerly been supposed. But Mr. Huggins turned his spectroscope upon it, and found that instead of being composed of stars, it consists of gaseous matter; in fact, that it is a true nebula, and

not a star system. The spectrum was not continuous, like that of the nebula in Andromeda, nor did it exhibit dark lines, like the stars, but three bright lines only; shewing that it was composed of gases in a state of incandescence. One of these bright lines belongs to nitrogen, another to hydrogen, and the third to some unknown substance; two of them are in the green, and one, that of the hydrogen, known as F, in the blue. The same result has been presented by most of the other true nebulae, so that it cannot be any longer doubted that the sagacious conjecture of Sir W. Herschel was right, that these are systems in process of condensation from a gaseous into a liquid, and subsequently, doubtless, a solid condition—a change which Laplace conjectured, and no doubt with reason, to have taken place long ages back, in the case of our sun and solar system.

Mr. Huggins has recently arrived at another result of extreme interest in connection with his spectroscopic observations of the stars, and this is, that by the aid of this instrument we can estimate the motion of the stars towards or from the earth, and the rate of such motion. We shall endeavour to explain the principle on which this astonishing discovery is based. It has long since been satisfactorily proved that light is, like sound, due to an extremely rapid succession of minute waves, which, occurring in the luminiferous ether, strike the eye, and become appreciated by it as light. It is also well known that, as in the case of sound, an increase in the rapidity with which the waves of air strike the ear is attended by a sharpening of the note sounded, while a decrease of this rapidity is attended by a flattening of the note; so in the case of light, the more rapid the vibrations of the luminiferous ether, the more the colour approaches to that seen at the violet end of the spectrum; and the slower the vibrations, the more it approaches to that seen at the red end. Now, it was suggested by Doppler, and proved by Ballot, that in accordance with this fact, changes could be artificially produced in the pitch of the same note as appreciated by the ear, that the ear could be made to hear the same note artificially sharpened or flattened. The mode Ballot adopted of experimentally proving this interesting point was as follows: he placed musicians upon rapidly moving trains, and desired them to sound continuously the same note, while they passed by other musicians stationed beside the line, to listen to this note. He thus employed the most delicate test known for the estimation of the varying or unvarying rate of rapidity of the waves of sound—namely, the trained musical ear. The result obtained was in perfect accordance with the theory—namely, that while the trains were advancing, the note sounded was heard sharpened, or, as it is called, higher than it sounded to the ear of the musician who produced it; while the self-same note, as the train receded, was heard flattened, or lower than it really was; the waves of sound being evidently shortened in the first case, and lengthened in the last, in the same proportion, compared with their natural or normal length, as the speed of the train bore to the rate at which sound travels. Obviously, the same result must hold in the case of light; but light travels with such enormous speed, that no artificial change could affect it in any appreciable degree. The rates of motion of the heavenly bodies might, however, bear some appreciable proportion to the speed of light, and this was

the question which Mr. Huggins proceeded experimentally to try ; and the result was successful ; but it put the highest powers of his finest instruments to the very utmost test. The apparatus he used produced a dispersion of light — that is, a lengthening, or rather widening out of the spectrum, equal to that produced by seven prisms of 60 degrees of dense flint glass. Now, it is clear that the eye would be wholly unable to appreciate any difference in the shade of colour produced in bright lines, as from nebulae, in consequence of their being moved slightly towards one or other end of the spectrum, as a result of changes in the rapidity of the light-producing vibrations ; but the position of the dark absorption lines from a star being accurately measured with fine micrometers, might perhaps exhibit a slight deviation towards one or the other end of the spectrum, according as the luminous body might be moving from us or towards us. And this was found to be the case, to the extent of about the two-hundred-and-fiftieth part of an inch. Of course, if the experiment were tried with only a single line, any alteration, however slight, might imply only a new substance in the star's atmosphere ; but when the same change is found to affect every line proceeding from a star, and always in the same direction, and in the same proportion, the inference is irresistible that the change is due to the motion of the luminous body. The light of Sirius, when thus tested, was found to be slightly degraded — that is, its refrangibility was lowered ; or, in other words, all the dark lines were shifted towards the red end of the spectrum ; shewing that the vibrations come to us somewhat lengthened, or made slower, than they ought to be ; and thus establishing the fact that the star is moving away from us. The result arrived at by measurement of the amount of this degradation of the light is, that Sirius and the Earth are becoming removed from each other at the rate of forty-one miles in a second of time, of which twelve miles per second was due, at the time of observation, to the Earth's motion in the same direction as the rays of light, leaving twenty-nine miles a second as the actual rate of recession of the star from us. Many other interesting facts have been arrived at by the application of this wonderful instrument of research ; but the above may suffice to explain the nature of these investigations, and illustrate the results arrived at.

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## HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

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SIX hundred years ago, in Dante's time,  
Before his cheek was furrowed by deep rhyme —  
When Europe, fed afresh from Eastern story,  
Was like a garden tangled with the glory  
Of flowers hand-planted and of flowers air sown,  
Climbing and trailing, budding and full-blown,  
Where purple bells are tossed amid pink stars,  
And springing blades, green troops in innocent wars,  
Crowd every shady spot of teeming earth,  
Making invisible motion visible birth —  
Six hundred years ago, Palermo town  
Kept holiday. A deed of great renown,  
A high revenge, had freed it from the yoke  
Of hated Frenchmen, and from Calpe's rock  
To where the Bosphorus caught the earlier sun,  
'Twas told that Pedro, King of Aragon,  
Was welcomed master of all Sicily,  
A royal knight, supreme as kings should be  
In strength and gentleness that make high chivalry. }

Spain was the favourite home of knightly grace,  
Where generous men rode steeds of generous race ;  
Both Spanish, yet half Arab, both inspired  
By mutual spirit, that each motion fired  
With beauteous response, like minstrelsy  
Afresh fulfilling fresh expectancy.  
So when Palermo made high festival,  
The joy of matrons and of maidens all  
Was the mock terror of the tournament,  
Where safety, with the glimpse of danger blent,  
Took exaltation as from epic song,  
Which greatly tells the pains that to great life belong.

And in all eyes King Pedro was the king  
Of cavaliers : as in a full-gemmed ring  
The largest ruby, or as that bright star  
Whose shining shows us where the Hyads are ;  
His the best jennet, and he sat it best ;  
His weapon, whether tilting or in rest,  
Was worthiest watching, and his face once seen  
Gave to the promise of his royal mien  
Such rich fulfilment as the opened eyes  
Of a loved sleeper, or the long-watched rise  
Of vernal day, whose joy o'er stream and meadow flies. }

But of the maiden forms that thick enwreathed  
The broad piazza and sweet witchery breathed,  
With innocent faces budding all arow, }  
From balconies and windows high and low,  
Who was it felt the deep mysterious glow,  
The impregnation with supernal fire  
Of young ideal love — transformed desire,  
Whose passion is but worship of that Best  
Taught by the many-mingled creed of each young breast?

'Twas gentle Lisa, of no noble line,  
Child of Bernardo, a rich Florentine,  
Who from his merchant-city hither came  
To trade in drugs ; yet kept an honest fame,  
And had the virtue not to try and sell  
Drugs that had none. He loved his riches well,  
But loved them chiefly for his Lisa's sake,  
Whom with a father's care he sought to make  
The bride of some true honourable man :—  
Of Perdicone (so the rumour ran),  
Whose birth was higher than his fortunes were ;  
For still your trader likes a mixture fair  
Of blood that hurries to some higher strain  
Than reckoning money's loss and money's gain.  
And of such mixture good may surely come :  
Lord's scions so may learn to cast a sum,  
A trader's grandson bear a well-set head, }  
And have less conscious manners, better bred ;  
Nor, when he tries to be polite, be rude instead. }

'Twas Perdicone's friends made overtures  
To good Bernardo ; so one dame assures  
Her neighbour dame who notices the youth  
Fixing his eyes on Lisa ; and in truth  
Eyes that could see her on this summer day  
Might find it hard to turn another way.  
She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad ;  
Rather, like minor cadences that glad  
The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs ;  
And oft the trumpet or the joust would rouse  
Pulses that gave her cheek a finer glow,  
Parting her lips that seemed a mimic bow  
By chiselling Love for play in coral wrought,  
Then quickened by him with the passionate thought,  
The soul that trembled in the lustrous night  
Of slow long eyes. Her body was so slight,  
It seemed she could have floated in the sky,  
And with the angelic choir made symphony ;  
But in her cheek's rich tinge, and in the dark  
Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark  
Of kinship to her generous mother earth,  
The fervid land that gives the plummy palm-trees birth.

She saw not Perdicone ; her young mind  
 Dreamed not that any man had ever pined  
 For such a little simple maid as she :  
 She had but dreamed how heavenly it would be  
 To love some hero noble, beauteous, great,  
 Who would live stories worthy to narrate,  
 Like Roland, or the warriors of Troy,  
 The Cid, or Amadis, or that fair boy  
 Who conquered everything beneath the sun,  
 And somehow, some time, died at Babylon  
 Fighting the Moors. For heroes all were good  
 And fair as that archangel who withstood  
 The Evil One, the author of all wrong —  
 That Evil One who made the French so strong ;  
 And now the flower of heroes must he be  
 Who drove those tyrants from dear Sicily,  
 So that her maids might walk to vespers tranquilly.

Young Lisa saw this hero in the king,  
 And as wood-lilies that sweet odours bring  
 Might dream the light that opes their modest eyne  
 Was lily-odoured,— and as rites divine,  
 Round turf-laid altars, or 'neath roofs of stone,  
 Draw sanctity from out the heart alone  
 That loves and worships, so the miniature  
 Perplexed of her soul's world, all virgin pure,  
 Filled with heroic virtues that bright form,  
 Raona's royalty, the finished norm  
 Of horsemanship — the half of chivalry :  
 For how could generous men avengers be,  
 Save as God's messengers on coursers fleet?—  
 These, scouring earth, made Spain with Syria meet  
 In one self-world where the same right had sway,  
 And good must grow as grew the blessed day.  
 No more ; great Love his essence had endued  
 With Pedro's form, and entering subdued  
 The soul of Lisa, fervid and intense,  
 Proud in its choice of proud obedience  
 To hardship glorified by perfect reverence.

Sweet Lisa homeward carried that dire guest,  
 And in her chamber through the hours of rest  
 The darkness was alight for her with sheen  
 Of arms, and plumèd helm, and bright between  
 Their commoner gloss, like the pure living spring  
 'Twixt porphyry lips, or living bird's bright wing  
 'Twixt golden wires, the glances of the king  
 Flashed on her soul, and waked vibrations there  
 Of known delights love-mixed to new and rare :  
 The impalpable dream was turned to breathing flesh,  
 Chill thought of summer to the warm close mesh

Of sunbeams held between the citron-leaves,  
Clothing her life of life. O, she believes  
That she could be content if he but knew  
(Her poor small self could claim no other due)  
How Lisa's lowly love had highest reach  
Of wingèd passion, whereto wingèd speech  
Would be scorched remnants left by mounting flame.  
Though, had she such lame message, were it blame  
To tell what greatness dwelt in her, what rank  
She held in loving? Modest maidens shrank  
From telling love that fed on selfish hope ;  
But love, as hopeless as the shattering song  
Wailed for loved beings who have joined the throng  
Of mighty dead ones. . . . Nay, but she was weak —  
Knew only prayers and ballads — could not speak  
With eloquence save what dumb creatures have,  
That with small cries and touches small boons crave.

She watched all day that she might see him pass  
With knights and ladies ; but she said, " Alas,  
Though he should see me, it were all as one  
He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone  
Of wall or balcony : some coloured spot  
His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not.  
I have no music-touch that could bring nigh  
My love to his soul's hearing. I shall die,  
And he will never know who Lisa was —  
The trader's child, whose soaring spirit rose  
As hedge-born aloe-flowers that rarest years disclose. }

" For were I now a fair deep-breasted queen  
A-horseback, with blonde hair, and tunic green  
Gold-bordered, like Costanza, I should need  
No change within to make me queenly there ;  
For they the royal-hearted women are  
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace  
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,  
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,  
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.  
My love is such, it cannot choose but soar  
Up to the highest ; yet for evermore,  
Though I were happy, throned beside the king,  
I should be tender to each little thing  
With hurt warm breast, that had no speech to tell  
Its inward pang, and I would soothe it well  
With tender touch and with a low soft moan  
For company : my dumb love-pang is lone,  
Prisoned as topaz-beam within a rough-garbed stone." }

So, inward-wailing, Lisa passed her days.  
Each night the August moon with changing phase

*How Lisa loved the King.*

Looked broader, harder on her unchanged pain ;  
 Each noon the heat lay heavier again  
 On her despair ; until her body frail  
 Shrank like the snow that watchers in the vale  
 See narrowed on the height each summer morn ;  
 While her dark glance burnt larger, more forlorn,  
 As if the soul within her all on fire  
 Made of her being one swift funeral pyre.  
 Father and mother saw with sad dismay  
 The meaning of their riches melt away :  
 For without Lisa what would sequins buy ?  
 What wish were left if Lisa were to die ?  
 Through her they cared for summers still to come,  
 Else they would be as ghosts without a home  
 In any flesh that could feel glad desire.  
 They pay the best physicians, never tire  
 Of seeking what will soothe her, promising  
 That aught she longed for, though it were a thing  
 Hard to be come at, as the Indian snow,  
 Or roses that on alpine summits blow,  
 It should be hers. She answers with low voice,  
 She longs for death alone — death is her choice ;  
 Death is the King who never did think scorn,  
 But rescues every meanest soul to sorrow born.

Yet one day, as they bent above her bed  
 And watched her in brief sleep, her drooping head  
 Turned gently, as the thirsty flowers that feel  
 Some moist revival through their petals steal,  
 And little flutterings of her lids and lips  
 Told of such dreamy joy as sometimes dips  
 A skyey shadow in the mind's poor pool.  
 She oped her eyes, and turned their dark gems full  
 Upon her father, as in utterance dumb  
 Of some new prayer that in her sleep had come.  
 "What is it, Lisa?" "Father, I would see  
 Minuccio, the great singer ; bring him me."  
 For always, night and day, her unstilled thought,  
 Wandering all o'er its little world, had sought  
 How she could reach, by some soft pleading touch,  
 King Pedro's soul, that she who loved so much  
 Dying, might have a place within his mind —  
 A little grave which he would sometimes find  
 And plant some flower on it—some thought, some memory kind. }

Till in her dream she saw Minuccio  
 Touching his viola, and chanting low  
 A strain that, falling on her brokenly,  
 Seemed blossoms lightly blown from off a tree,  
 Each burthened with a word that was a scent —  
 Raona, Lisa, love, death, tournament ;

Then in her dream she said, "He sings of me —  
Might be my messenger; ah, now I see  
The King is listening —" Then she awoke,  
And, missing her dear dream, that new-born longing spoke.

She longed for music: that was natural;  
Physicians said it was medicinal;  
The humours might be schooled by true consent  
Of a fine tenor and fine instrument;  
In short, good music, mixed with doctor's stuff,  
Apollo with Asklepios — enough!  
Minuccio, entreated, gladly came.  
(He was a singer of most gentle fame —  
A noble, kindly spirit, not elate  
That he was famous, but that song was great —  
Would sing as finely to this suffering child  
As at the court where princes on him smiled.)  
Gently he entered and sat down by her,  
Asking what sort of strain she would prefer —  
The voice alone, or voice with viol wed;  
Then, when she chose the last, he preluded  
With magic hand, that summoned from the strings  
Aerial spirits, rare yet palpable wings  
That fanned the pulses of his listener,  
And waked each sleeping sense with blissful stir.  
Her cheek already showed a slow faint blush,  
But soon the voice, in pure full liquid rush,  
Made all the passion, that till now she felt,  
Seem but as cooler waters that in warmer melt.

Finished the song, she prayed to be alone  
With kind Minuccio; for her faith had grown  
To trust him as if missioned like a priest  
With some high grace, that when his singing ceased  
Still made him wiser, more magnanimous  
Than common men who had no genius.  
So laying her small hand within his palm,  
She told him how that secret glorious harm  
Of loftiest loving had befallen her;  
That death, her only hope, most bitter were,  
If when she died her love must perish too  
As songs unsung, and thoughts unspoken do,  
Which else might live within another breast.  
She said, "Minuccio, the grave were rest,  
If I were sure, that lying cold and lone,  
My love, my best of life, had safely flown  
And nestled in the bosom of the king;  
See, 'tis a small weak bird, with unfledged wing.  
But you will carry it for me secretly,  
And bear it to the king, then come to me  
And tell me it is safe, and I shall go  
Content, knowing that he I love my love doth know."

Then she wept silently, but each large tear  
 Made pleading music to the inward ear  
 Of good Minuccio. "Lisa, trust in me,"  
 He said, and kissed her fingers loyally ;  
 "It is sweet law to me to do your will,  
 And ere the sun his round shall thrice fulfil,  
 I hope to bring you news of such rare skill  
 As amulets have, that aches in trusting bosoms still."

He needed not to pause and first devise  
 How he should tell the king ; for in nowise  
 Were such love-message worthily bested  
 Save in fine verse by music rendered.  
 He sought a poet-friend, a Siennese,  
 And "Mico, mine," he said, "full oft to please  
 Thy whim of sadness I have sung these strains  
 To make thee weep in verse : now pay my pains,  
 And write me a canzòn divinely sad,  
 Sinlessly passionate and meekly mad  
 With young despair, speaking a maiden's heart  
 Of fifteen summers, who would fain depart  
 From ripening life's new-urgent mystery —  
 Love-choice of one too high her love to be —  
 But cannot yield her breath till she has poured  
 Her strength away in this hot-bleeding word  
 Telling the secret of her soul to her soul's lord." }

Said Mico, "Nay, that thought is poesy,  
 I need but listen as it sings to me.  
 Come thou again to-morrow." The third day,  
 When linkèd notes had perfected the lay,  
 Minuccio had his summons to the court  
 To make, as he was wont, the moments short  
 Of ceremonious dinner to the king.  
 This was the time when he had meant to bring  
 Melodious message of young Lisa's love :  
 He waited till the air had ceased to move  
 To ringing silver, till Falernian wine  
 Made quickened sense with quietude combine,  
 And then with passionate descant made each ear incline. }

*Love, thou didst see me, light as morning's breath,  
 Roaming a garden in a joyous error,  
 Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,  
 Till of thy countenance the alluring terror  
 In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,  
 From out their life seeming a beauteous Death.  
 O Love, who so didst choose me for thine own,  
 Taking this little isle to thy great sway,  
 See now, it is the honour of thy throne  
 That what thou gavest perish not away,*

*Nor leave some sweet remembrance to atone  
By life that will be for the brief life gone :  
Hear, ere the shroud o'er these frail limbs be thrown —  
Since every king is vassal unto thee,  
My heart's lord needs must listen loyally —  
O tell him I am waiting for my Death !*

*Tell him, for that he hath such royal power  
'Twere hard for him to think how small a thing,  
How slight a sign, would make a wealthy dower  
For one like me, the bride of that pale king  
Whose bed is mine at some swift-nearing hour.  
Go to my lord, and to his memory bring  
That happy birthday of my sorrowing  
When his large glance made meaner gazers glad,  
Entering the bannered lists : 'twas then I had  
The wound that laid me in the arms of Death.*

*Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,  
No more than any little knot of thyme  
That he with careless foot may often tread ;  
Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime  
And cleave to things most high and hallowed,  
As doth the fragrance of my life's springtime,  
My lowly love, that soaring seeks to climb  
Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss,  
More blissful than if mine, in being his :  
So shall I live in him and rest in Death.*

The strain was new. It seemed a pleading cry,  
And yet a rounded perfect melody,  
Making grief beauteous as the tear-filled eyes  
Of little child at little miseries.  
Trembling at first, then swelling as it rose,  
Like rising light that broad and broader grows,  
It filled the hall, and so possessed the air  
That not one living breathing soul was there,  
Though dullest, slowest, but was quivering  
In music's grasp, and forced to hear her sing.  
But most such sweet compulsion took the mood  
Of Pedro (tired of doing what he would).  
Whether the words which that strange meaning bore  
Were but the poet's feigning or aught more,  
Was bounden question, since their aim must be  
At some imagined or true royalty.  
He called Minuccio and bade him tell  
What poet of the day had writ so well ;  
For though they came behind all former rhymes,  
The verses were not bad for these poor times.  
" Monsignor, they are only three days old,"  
Minuccio said ; " but it must not be told

How this song grew, save to your royal ear."  
 Eager, the king withdrew where none was near,  
 And gave close audience to Minuccio,  
 Who meetly told that love-tale meet to know.  
 The king had features pliant to confess  
 The presence of a manly tenderness —  
 Son, father, brother, lover, blent in one,  
 In fine harmonic exaltation —  
 The spirit of religious chivalry.  
 He listened, and Minuccio could see  
 The tender, generous admiration spread  
 O'er all his face, and glorify his head  
 With royalty that would have kept its rank,  
 Though his brocaded robes to tatters shrank.  
 He answered without pause, "So sweet a maid,  
 In nature's own insignia arrayed,  
 Though she were come of unmixed trading blood  
 That sold and bartered ever since the flood,  
 Would have the self contained and single worth  
 Of radiant jewels born in darksome earth.  
 Raona were a shame to Sicily,  
 Letting such love and tears unhonoured be :  
 Hasten, Minuccio, tell her that the king  
 To-day will surely visit her when vespers ring."

Joyful, Minuccio bore the joyous word,  
 And told at full, while none but Lisa heard,  
 How each thing had befallen, sang the song,  
 And like a patient nurse who would prolong  
 All means of soothing, dwelt upon each tone,  
 Each look, with which the mighty Aragon  
 Marked the high worth his royal heart assigned  
 To that dear place he held in Lisa's mind.  
 She listened till the draughts of pure content  
 Through all her limbs like some new being went —  
 Life, not recovered, but untried before,  
 From out the growing world's unmeasured store  
 Of fuller, better, more divinely mixed.  
 'Twas glad reverse : she had so firmly fixed  
 To die, already seemed to fall a veil  
 Shrouding the inner glow from light of senses pale.

Her parents wondering see her half arise —  
 Wondering, rejoicing, see her long dark eyes  
 Brimful with clearness, not of 'scaping tears,  
 But of some light ethereal that enspheres  
 Their orbs with calm, some vision newly learnt  
 Where strangest fires erewhile had blindly burnt.  
 She asked to have her soft white robe and band  
 And coral ornaments, and with her hand  
 She gave her long dark locks a backward fall,  
 Then looked intently in a mirror small,

And feared her face might perhaps displease the king ;  
"In truth," she said, "I am a tiny thing ;  
I was too bold to tell what could such visit bring."

Meanwhile the king, revolving in his thought  
That innocent passion, was more deeply wrought  
To chivalrous pity ; and at vesper bell,  
With careless mien which hid his purpose well,  
Went forth on horseback, and as if by chance  
Passing Bernardo's house, he paused to glance  
At the fine garden of this wealthy man,  
This Tuscan trader turned Palermitan :  
But, presently dismounting, chose to walk  
Amid the trellises, in gracious talk  
With this same trader, deigning even to ask  
If he had yet fulfilled the father's task  
Of marrying that daughter, whose young charms  
Himself, betwixt the passages of arms,  
Noted admiringly. "Monsignor, no,  
She is not married ; that were little woe,  
Since she has counted barely fifteen years ;  
But all such hopes of late have turned to fears ;  
She droops and fades, though for a space quite brief —  
Scarce three hours past — she finds some strange relief."  
The king avised : "'Twere dole to all of us,  
The world should lose a maid so beauteous ;  
Let me now see her ; since I am her liege lord,  
Her spirits must wage war with death at my strong word."  
In such half-serious playfulness, he wends,  
With Lisa's father and two chosen friends,  
Up to the chamber where she pillowed sits  
Watching the door that opening admits  
A presence as much better than her dreams,  
As happiness than any longing seems.  
The king advanced, and, with a reverent kiss  
Upon her hand, said, "Lady, what is this ?  
You, whose sweet youth should others' solace be,  
Pierce all our hearts, languishing piteously.  
We pray you, for the love of us, be cheered,  
Nor be too reckless of that life, endeared  
To us who know your passing worthiness,  
And count your blooming life as part of our life's bliss."

Those words, that touch upon her hand from him  
Whom her soul worshipped, as far seraphim  
Worship the distant glory, brought some shame  
Quivering upon her cheek, yet thrilled her frame  
With such deep joy she seemed in paradise,  
In wondering gladness, and in dumb surprise,  
That bliss could be so blissful : then she spoke —  
"Signor, I was too weak to bear the yoke,

*How Lisa loved the King.*

The golden yoke of thoughts too great for me ;  
 That was the ground of my infirmity.  
 But now, I pray your grace to have belief  
 That I shall soon be well, nor any more cause grief."

The king alone perceived the covert sense  
 Of all her words, which made one evidence  
 With her pure voice and candid loveliness,  
 That he had lost much honour, honouring less }  
 That message of her passionate distress.  
 He stayed beside her for a little while  
 With gentle looks and speech, until a smile  
 As placid as a ray of early morn  
 On opening flower-cups o'er her lips was borne.  
 When he had left her, and the tidings spread  
 Through all the town how he had visited  
 The Tuscan trader's daughter, who was sick,  
 Men said, it was a royal deed and catholic.

And Lisa? she no longer wished for death ;  
 But as a poet, who sweet verses saith  
 Within his soul, and joys in music there,  
 Nor seeks another heaven, nor can bear  
 Disturbing pleasures, so was she content,  
 Breathing the life of grateful sentiment.  
 She thought no maid betrothed could be more blest ;  
 For treasure must be valued by the test  
 Of highest excellence and rarity,  
 And her dear joy was best as best could be ;  
 There seemed no other crown to her delight  
 Now the high loved one saw her love aright.  
 Thus her soul thriving on that exquisite mood,  
 Spread like the May-time all its beauteous good  
 O'er the soft bloom of neck, and arms, and cheek,  
 And strengthened the sweet body, once so weak,  
 Until she rose and walked, and, like a bird  
 With sweetly rippling throat, she made her spring joys heard.

The king, when he the happy change had seen,  
 Trusted the ear of Constance, his fair queen,  
 With Lisa's innocent secret, and conferred  
 How they should jointly, by their deed and word,  
 Honour this maiden's love, which, like the prayer  
 Of loyal hermits, never thought to share  
 In what it gave. The queen had that chief grace  
 Of womanhood, a heart that can embrace  
 All goodness in another woman's form ;  
 And that same day, ere the sun lay too warm  
 On southern terraces, a messenger  
 Informed Bernardo that the royal pair  
 Would straightway visit him, and celebrate  
 Their gladness at his daughter's happier state,

Which they were fain to see. Soon came the king  
On horseback, with his barons, heralding  
The advent of the queen in courtly state ;  
And all, descending at the garden gate,  
Streamed with their feathers, velvet, and brocade,  
Through the pleached alleys, till they, pausing, made  
A lake of splendour 'mid the aloes grey —  
When, meekly facing all their proud array,  
The white-robed Lisa with her parents stood,  
As some white dove before the gorgeous brood  
Of dapple-breasted birds born by the Colchian flood. }

The king and queen, by gracious looks and speech,  
Encourage her, and thus their courtiers teach  
How this fair morning they may courtliest be,  
By making Lisa pass it happily:  
And soon the ladies and the barons all  
Draw her by turns, as at a festival  
Made for her sake, to easy, gay discourse,  
And compliment with looks and smiles enforce ;  
A joyous hum is heard the gardens round ;  
Soon there is Spanish dancing and the sound  
Of minstrel's song, and autumn fruits are pluckt ;  
Till mindfully the king and queen conduct  
Lisa apart to where a trellised shade  
Made pleasant resting. Then King Pedro said —  
“ Excellent maiden, that rich gift of love  
Your heart hath made us, hath a worth above  
All royal treasures, nor is fitly met  
Save when the grateful memory of deep debt  
Lies still behind the outward honours done :  
And as a sign that no oblivion  
Shall overflow that faithful memory,  
We while we live your cavalier will be,  
Nor will we ever arm ourselves for fight,  
Whether for struggle dire or brief delight  
Of warlike feigning, but we first will take  
The colours you ordain, and for your sake  
Charge the more bravely where your emblem is ;  
Nor will we claim from you an added bliss  
To our sweet thoughts of you save one sole kiss. }  
But there still rests the outward honour meet  
To mark your worthiness, and we entreat  
That you will turn your ear to proffered vows  
Of one who loves you, and would be your spouse.  
We must not wrong yourself and Sicily  
By letting all your blooming years pass by  
Unmated : you will give the world its due  
From beauteous maiden and become a matron true.”

Then Lisa, wrapt in virgin wonderment  
At her ambitious love's complete content,

Which left no further good for her to seek  
 Than love's obedience, said with accent meek—  
 "Monsignor, I know well that were it known  
 To all the world how high my love had flown,  
 There would be few who would not deem me mad,  
 Or say my mind the falsest image had  
 Of my condition and your loftiness.  
 But heaven has seen that for no moment's space  
 Have I forgotten you to be the king,  
 Or me myself to be a lowly thing—  
 A little lark, enamoured of the sky,  
 That soared to sing, to break its breast, and die.  
 But, as you better know than I, the heart  
 In choosing chooseth not its own desert,  
 But that great merit which attracteth it ;  
 'Tis law, I struggled, but I must submit,  
 And having seen a worth all worth above,  
 I loved you, love you, and shall always love.  
 But that doth mean, my will is ever yours,  
 Not only when your will my good ensures,  
 But if it wrought me what the world calls harm—  
 Fire, wounds, would wear from your dear will a charm.  
 That you will be my knight is full content,  
 And for that kiss—I pray, first for the queen's consent."

Her answer, given with such firm gentleness,  
 Pleased the queen well, and made her hold no less  
 Of Lisa's merit than the king had held.  
 And so, all cloudy threats of grief dispelled,  
 There was betrothal made that very morn  
 'Twixt Perdicone, youthful, brave, well-born,  
 And Lisa, whom he loved ; she loving well  
 The lot that from obedience befell.  
 The queen a rare betrothal ring on each  
 Bestowed, and other gems, with gracious speech.  
 And that no joy might lack, the king, who knew  
 The youth was poor, gave him rich Ceffalù  
 And Cataletta, large and fruitful lands—  
 Adding much promise when he joined their hands.  
 At last he said to Lisa, with an air  
 Gallant yet noble : " Now we claim our share  
 From your sweet love, a share which is not small ;  
 For in the sacrament one crumb is all."  
 Then taking her small face his hands between,  
 He kissed her on the brow with kiss serene,  
 Fit seal to that pure vision her young soul had seen. }

And many witnessed that King Pedro kept  
 His royal promise : Perdicone stept  
 To many honours honourably won,  
 Living with Lisa in true union.

Throughout his life the king still took delight  
To call himself fair Lisa's faithful knight ;  
And never wore in field or tournament  
A scarf or emblem save by Lisa sent.  
Such deeds made subjects loyal in that land :  
They joyed that one so worthy to command,  
So chivalrous and gentle, had become  
The king of Sicily, and filled the room  
Of Frenchmen, who abused the Church's trust,  
Till, in a righteous vengeance on their lust,  
Messina rose, with God, and with the dagger's thrust. }

L'ENVOI.

*Reader, this story pleased me long ago  
In the bright pages of Boccaccio,  
And where the author of a good we know,  
Let us not fail to pay the grateful thanks we owe.*

GEORGE ELIOT.

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*The Cornhill Magazine.*

THE JACOBITE LADIES OF MURRAYSHALL.

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SOME years since there lived, in an old Scottish farmhouse, three maiden ladies — Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily W——. Their father, a staunch Jacobite, had been a lawyer in Edinburgh. Upon his death they had found a home in the house of their brother, whose political opinions also favoured the Stuart cause. In their brighter days the family possessed a comfortable little estate — the Sands — on the banks of the Forth ; but, after the troubles of "the '45," Mr. W—— the younger had been obliged to retire with his excellent wife and large family of sons and daughters to Murrayshall farm, and had accepted the post of *factor* or land-steward to his relation, the Laird of P——, from whom he rented the farm on a long lease. In time, certain of his daughters married, while his sons pushed their fortunes in different ways — in trade, in medicine, and in other honourable callings ; the church, the army, the navy, the law, being closed professions to them, since they could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the House of Hanover.

Mr. W——'s income was very small when he settled at Murrayshall

—so small that people in our luxurious days would regard his condition as one of real poverty. But although there was much of self-denial, there was certainly no want in that picturesque farmhouse. Mr. W. reared his family creditably, gave a home to his maiden sisters, and supplied shelter and hospitality to many another friend and relative.

Years went past. Miss Marion and her two sisters were at length left alone at Murrayshall with their old aunt Katharine, who was bed-ridden. The three sisters alternately sat up with the invalid each night, and amused their hours of watching by writing novels: productions which have remained unpublished, however. Miss Jenny's novel — *The Earl of Tankerville* — a sentimental romance of the old school, was generally regarded as the best of the sisters' stories. Every night poor Mrs. Katharine enjoyed her glass of whisky toddy — there was no sherry or port-wine negus for invalids of limited means in those days — and then the youthful nephews and nieces, some of whom were generally staying at Murrayshall, were admitted to her chamber to say good-night and to receive their grand-aunt's blessing. Much some of them wondered when she rehearsed her nightly list of toasts — the healths respectively of all at home, of such members of the family as were in foreign parts, and last, not least, of *him* — "Over the water." Aunt Katharine died — the children grew up, married, and settled — *their* children again gathered round the home-hearth of Murrayshall, and listened with eager faces and loving hearts to the old-world stories of their good grand-aunts, Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily.

It was a home to love and remember, with its quaint nooks and corners, where, among other strange relics of a bygone age, childish eyes looked with wonder on hoops and high-heeled shoes; with its easter and wester garrets and wide ghost-like attic lobby, where dark mahogany double chests of drawers with elaborate brass handles found ample space; its sitting room, so thoroughly comfortable, yet so simple, with treasures of rare books and old pictures; its best bedroom, whose chief ornament was the back of an old chair hung against the wall — a sacred chair, for had not Prince Charles Edward sat in it? — its stone-floored *laigh* (low) room — once the lady's chamber, where more than one Laird of P — first saw the light, — it was the only gloomy room in the house, and was afterwards abandoned to the servants, — and its garden, with broad grassy walks, gnarled apple and pear trees, fragrant damask and York and Lancaster roses, beds of homely vegetables bordered by bright old-fashioned flowers, and walls clustered over with the white Prince Charlie rose, honeysuckle, and spreading currant-bushes.

In the morning, it was pleasant to hear the clamour of the jackdaws which built among the ivy-covered crags close by; while house and sheep dogs barked in chorus, and the geese, as they ran with expanded wings from the farmyard down to the willow-bordered pond under the shadow of the rock, sent forth their wild jubilant cries, all multiplied and echoed back in a strange ringing clang.

Pleasant was it, too, in the evening when the daws, with their resounding though monotonous "caw-caw," came home to their sheltered nests; the sleek kine from the clover pastures, and the patient

plough-horses from their toil in the furrowed fields. Then, as darkness came on, how brightly shone out the stars watched for as familiar friends by many an inmate of that lonely house, who could point out Arcturus and his sons to wondering little ones, or teach them where to look for the sword and belt of great Orion.

There was always "rough plenty," with a hearty welcome, at Murrayshall. No fancy dairy, but a plain *milk-house*, where large *bowens* (round flat iron-hooped wooden basins) threw up the richest cream, and stores of cheeses lined the shelves. The butter was the yellowest, the eggs the largest in the country-side; both fetched good prices at the market town of Stirling.

Orphan and invalid youthful relatives alike found a home and tender care at Murrayshall. The sad-hearted became cheery, the sickly became strong. Old friends — maiden ladies and widows, with or without a pittance, — were honoured guests at the primitive farmhouse. The Episcopalian clergy and their families were very welcome there; and welcome too were those of other denominations. The poor were cared for, no matter what their creed; the sick were nursed; the troubled in heart or spirit were helped and comforted. The most stiff-necked Cameronian could hardly look grim, though the Murrayshall ladies, in antique silk-gowns, short ruffled sleeves and long black mittens, drove past him on Palm Sunday, on their way to "the Chapel," with a bit of palm-willow in their hands. Had not Miss Jenny taken calf's-foot jelly and mutton-broth to his sick child only a few weeks before? And had not Miss Marion knitted a warm woollen cravat for the invalid boy with her own hands?

There were great gatherings in that old house at Christmas time: friends and relatives, long parted, met again at board and hearth. There was also a feast in the kitchen, not only for the servants of the house, but for the cottagers and humble neighbours of the district. There was no stint of roast-meat, short-bread, and Scotch bun, and the lowlier guests were not permitted to return to their homes empty-handed. Certain of the more privileged housewives were taken upstairs to see "the ladies," who thoroughly interested themselves in promoting the happiness of all. Above-stairs there were games, music, and cheery talk among the young folks, while the old people enjoyed many rubbers of whist.

Miss Marion, with her shrewd common sense and kindly disposition, was the mainstay of the house. She was lame, unfortunately, and so remained much at home, spinning, plying her needle, and writing letters. Miss Jenny had been, it was said, a great beauty in her youth, and, indeed, was, beautiful in old age. She possessed literary tastes, and superintended the education of the many young people who were frequently gathered under the roof-tree of Murrayshall. Miss Lily was the housekeeper of the establishment, and famous for her preserves and currant-wine. The servants were quite fixtures; they were regarded as a part of the family, and shared ever both its joys and sorrows.

Miss Marion died at a great age in 1821.

Miss Jenny, though much her junior, followed her sister to the grave, in the great snow-storm of February, 1823.

Miss Lily was then left alone with two elderly nieces, Miss Phemie and Miss Mary, who took charge of the household when their aunt became incapacitated by age and infirmity. But she was only old in years, not in heart. Those who frequented Murrayshall cannot readily forget the good old lady in her simple cap, her homely gown crossed in front over the clear white muslin kerchief, and a small Indian shawl thrown over her shoulders. In winter her chair was drawn close to the fire; in summer her place was at a sunny window where the bees hummed among the honeysuckle and the birds cheered her with their song. Her knitting-basket and snuffbox lay beside her Bible on the broad window-ledge. She worked wonderfully for so old a woman. In her youth she had elaborately embroidered more than one gown, by always taking advantage of the odd ten minutes which so many of us let slip past, because they are only ten minutes.

Kind, simple, and charitable as were the ladies of Murrayshall, party spirit, though not affecting their intercourse with their poorer neighbours, most certainly influenced their relations with the magnates of the county. Far closer was the intimacy kept up with Episcopalian and Jacobite families than with those who, besides being Presbyterians, had been staunch in their adherence to the Hanoverian Succession. When visited by any of the latter class, more state and ceremony were observable in the bearing of the good ladies. The conversation was more guarded on both sides, in the courteous anxiety of each party not to offend the other's prejudices.

Many a well-appointed equipage slowly ascended the steep richly wooded byroad dignified by the name of avenue, and drew up in the yard or court at the low massive door, the chief entrance to the house.

The Laird of C——, who had fought when a boy at Minden, returned to Scotland in 1827, a grand-looking old man of eighty, after a strange chequered life spent more on the Continent than in his native country. He deemed it right to call and pay his respects at Murrayshall, and was duly ushered into the quaint parlour, delicately scented with roses, which in summer filled every flower-vase in the room, while through the open casement came the odour of mignonette from the boxes on the windowsills. As Miss Lily, then over ninety but in the full possession of her faculties, rose to meet him, he stepped forward with the alacrity of eighteen and all the grace of *la vieille cour*; and astounded the sedate old dame by saluting her in the French fashion with a gentle kiss on each cheek. She bore the greeting, however, with more apparent equanimity than did her niece, Miss Phemie, who was scandalized and indignant that the head of a strict Presbyterian family, faithful to the reigning dynasty, and himself, it might be, a disciple of Voltaire, should have presumed to take so great a liberty. She could scarcely conceal her displeasure till the fascinating manner and conversation of the stately old laird riveted all her attention, and even called forth her reluctant admiration. An excellent woman in many ways, Miss Phemie was, perhaps, somewhat wanting in suavity, and apt to be a little bitter at times.

In a lonely spot not far from Murrayshall, and on the same estate, there had once stood a very small old Episcopalian chapel; but when half in ruins, it had been pulled down by the Laird of P——. Some

of the stones were even taken to build a wall or cottage. To this, in Miss Phemie's eyes, most sacrilegious act, was it owing, as a judgment from Heaven, that the eldest son of the man by whose orders the consecrated building had been removed, was left childless, and the broad lands of P—— were destined to pass to the younger branch of the family; while the humbler folks who had made use of the sacred stones never, according to Miss Phemie, throve afterwards. Assuredly, were she now living, the impetuous lady would regard the recent humiliation of the Kingdom of Hanover as a striking judgment on its royal race for the Elector's old usurpation of the Stuart throne.

Near where the old chapel had stood was a humble farmhouse, the tenant of which once invited the ladies of Murrayshall, and the young people residing with them, to drink tea. Among the young people were some English nieces, who, under the protection of their mother, a clever, strict, and somewhat formal matron, accompanied their Scotch cousins to the rural merry-making. After a ceremonious meal, at which ample justice was done to the fresh-baked *cookies* and well-buttered flour scones which graced the board, a certain stiffness which had hitherto prevailed, wore off—the sound of a violin was heard, and the young folks were invited to dance. As they flew with spirit through the intricate Scotch reel, the host, seeing the Southern lady sitting alone, looking less severe and unbending as she watched the pleased faces around her, suddenly walked up to her and offered himself as a partner for the next dance. On her civil but very decided refusal, he said, solemnly, “I beg your pardon, mem, for maybe ye dinna approve o’ promiscuous dancing among the sexes.”

Of a winter's evening, when the family were gathered round the fire, whose cheery crackle, with the ticking of the clock and *soughing* of the wind, were the only sounds heard, one of the Murrayshall ladies in a low clear voice would relate to a youthful audience some of her Jacobite reminiscences. The mother of the sisters was a Haldane—a scion of the Lanrick family, so long devoted to the House of Stuart. After the '45, when the Duke of Cumberland quartered a body of his soldiers at Lanrick, the ladies of the family were restricted to certain rooms, while in the corridor without a sentinel kept guard. It was a period of grave danger and trouble—the fugitive Lanrick gentlemen were in hiding in the neighbourhood. One day Miss Janet Haldane, the laird's sister, went to walk in the grounds with some of her young people, leaving her little niece Cissy in the house. As Miss Janet on her return passed the soldier in the corridor, he said to her in a low voice, without changing a muscle of his countenance or seeming to address her, “Do not let that child be left alone again. Had she shown another what she has shown to me, it would have brought you into trouble.”

On questioning the little child, she told her aunt with great glee how she had asked the soldier to go into their bedroom that she might show him their funny store-cupboard. Then, lifting up the valance of the oaken bedstead, she called his attention to a number of cheeses which were stowed there—provender that was to be conveyed gradually at night by trusty hands to the men of the family in their place of concealment.

A brother of the three sisters, at that time a little boy, made friends with the Duke's officer who was in charge of Lanrick. William W—— had a handsome silver fork and spoon which had been given him by his godfather. He showed it with childish pride to Captain ——, who admired it so much that, spite of the boy's indignant grief, he appropriated it, thinking himself, no doubt, quite entitled to Jacobite spoils. Years after, when William W—— was a merchant in London, he overheard an old red-faced military man talking pompously, at a large dinner-party, of the Scotch campaign, and mentioning the fork and spoon episode as having heard it from another person, who evidently considered the whole affair a good joke. William W—— got up, crossed over to the officer, and presenting his card, said quietly — “*You are the man, sir, and I am the boy.*”

It was dark and late one night when the Lanrick and Annet men met in conclave at the neighbouring manor-house of Annet. Suddenly they were disturbed. There was loud knocking at the door. A troop of soldiers occupied the court-yard, and an English officer demanded entrance in King George's name.

The Jacobites had little time for thought. Escape at the moment seemed impossible. The lights were extinguished, however, and the conspirators quietly esconced themselves behind a row of long greatcoats and cloaks hanging from pegs in a deep recess caused by the turn of the staircase. Miss Peggy Stuart, the elder daughter of the house, told her sister Annie to keep quiet in the parlour upstairs and not to stir on any account, whatever happened. Peggy, waving back the servants, then opened the door herself, and informing the officer there were only “lone women” at home, begged he would leave his men outside and come and search the house himself. Major —— courteously granted her request, apologizing for intruding at such an untimely hour. Peggy led him upstairs, telling him the steps were worn and bad, and begging him to be careful how he advanced. At the turn of the staircase she redoubled her attention, holding the candle very low, so that the steps might be more distinctly seen. The cloaks, the greatcoats, and the hidden men were left behind, the officer again apologizing for the trouble he gave. After ascending a few more steps, Peggy stumbled, gave a loud shriek, the candlestick fell from her hand, and they were left in utter darkness. “Bring a light, Annie — for heaven's sake bring a light!” And Peggy groaned as if in agony. “Why don't you bring a light, Annie?” she exclaimed again. And then explaining to Major —— that her sister was very deaf, she directed him to the parlour on the upper landing, whence he soon emerged followed by Annie with a lamp in her hand. The officer and Annie assisted Peggy to the parlour sofa, where she bitterly bemoaned her sprained ankle, and acted an effective little fainting scene. After due attention and condolence, the Major, conducted by Annie, made diligent but fruitless search all over the house. By this time, indeed, the Jacobite gentlemen had fully availed themselves of Miss Peggy's diversion in their favour, and had escaped by a back window. Quickly they put the wild muir and the Tod's glen between them and the house of Annet.

Miss Lily was in her ninety-third year when she was taken away in

March, 1829. After her death there was a great sale of the antique furniture and household treasures of Murrayshall.

The cattle and poultry went to other owners. The farm was re-let — strange footsteps passed up and down the old staircase, strange voices echoed through the rooms. Poor people and little children looked wistfully up at the small-paned windows. Old friends turned away sorrowfully from the deserted house. The craggy furze-clad rock and the Scotch fir-trees seem to cast a deeper shadow on the old house since that dreary morning, long years ago, when the last of the Jacobite ladies was carried forth to her resting-place in the churchyard of St. Ninian.

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*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## ON THE MODERN ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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[WHAT follows was delivered as an inaugural lecture in the Poetry Chair at Oxford. It was never printed, but there appeared at the time several comments on it from critics who had either heard it, or heard reports about it. It was meant to be followed and completed by a course of lectures developing the subject entirely, and some of these were given. But the course was broken off because I found my knowledge insufficient for treating in a solid way many portions of the subject chosen. The inaugural lecture, however, treating a portion of the subject where my knowledge was perhaps less insufficient, and where besides my hearers were better able to help themselves out from their own knowledge, is here printed. No one feels the imperfection of this sketchy and generalizing mode of treatment more than I do; and not only is this mode of treatment less to my taste now than it was eleven years ago, but the style, too, which is that of the doctor rather than the explorer, is a style which I have long since learnt to abandon. Nevertheless, having written much of late about Hellenism and Hebraism, and Hellenism being to many people almost an empty name compared with Hebraism, I print this lecture with the hope that it may serve, in the absence of other and fuller illustrations, to give some notion of the Hellenic spirit and its works, and of their significance in the history of the evolution of the human spirit in general.—M. A.]

IT is related in one of those legends which illustrate the history of Buddhism, that a certain disciple once presented himself before his master, Buddha, with the desire to be permitted to undertake a mission of peculiar difficulty. The compassionate teacher represented to him the obstacles to be surmounted and the risks to be run. Purna — so the disciple was called — insisted, and replied, with equal humility and adroitness, to the successive objections of his adviser. Satisfied at last by his answers of the fitness of his disciple, Buddha accorded to him the desired permission; and dismissed him to his task with these remarkable words, nearly identical with those in which he

himself is said to have been admonished by a divinity at the outset of his own career:—"Go then, O Purna," are his words; "having been delivered, deliver; having been consoled, console; being arrived thyself at the farther bank, enable others to arrive there also."

It was a moral deliverance, eminently, of which the great Oriental reformer spoke; it was a deliverance from the pride, the sloth, the anger, the selfishness, which impair the moral activity of man—a deliverance which is demanded of all individuals and in all ages. But there is another deliverance for the human race, hardly less important, indeed, than the first—for in the enjoyment of both united consists man's true freedom—but demanded far less universally, and even more rarely and imperfectly obtained; a deliverance neglected, apparently hardly conceived, in some ages, while it has been pursued with earnestness in others, which derive from that very pursuit their peculiar character. This deliverance is an intellectual deliverance.

An intellectual deliverance is the peculiar demand of those ages which are called modern; and those nations are said to be imbued with the modern spirit most eminently in which the demand for such a deliverance has been made with most zeal, and satisfied with most completeness. Such a deliverance is emphatically, whether we will or no, the demand of the age in which we ourselves live. All intellectual pursuits our age judges according to their power of helping to satisfy this demand; of all studies it asks, above all, the question, how far they can contribute to this deliverance.

I propose, on this my first occasion of speaking here, to attempt such a general survey of ancient classical literature and history as may afford us the conviction—in presence of the doubts so often expressed of the profitableness, in the present day, of our study of this literature—that, even admitting to their fullest extent the legitimate demands of our age, the literature of ancient Greece is, even for modern times, a mighty agent of intellectual deliverance; even for modern times, therefore, an object of indestructible interest.

But first let us ask ourselves why the demand for an intellectual deliverance arises in such an age as the present, and in what the deliverance itself consists? The demand arises, because our present age has around it a copious and complex present, and behind it a copious and complex past; it arises, because the present age exhibits to the individual man who contemplates it the spectacle of a vast multitude of facts awaiting and inviting his comprehension. The deliverance consists in man's comprehension of this present and past. It begins when our mind begins to enter into possession of the general ideas which are the law of this vast multitude of facts. It is perfect when we have acquired that harmonious acquiescence of mind which we feel in contemplating a grand spectacle that is intelligible to us; when we have lost that impatient irritation of mind which we feel in presence of an immense, moving, confused spectacle which, while it perpetually excites our curiosity, perpetually baffles our comprehension.

This, then, is what distinguishes certain epochs in the history of the human race, and our own amongst the number;—on the one hand, the presence of a significant spectacle to contemplate; on the other hand, the desire to find the true point of view from which to contemplate

this spectacle. He who has found that point of view, he who adequately comprehends this spectacle, has risen to the comprehension of his age: he who communicates that point of view to his age, he who interprets to it that spectacle, is one of his age's intellectual deliverers.

The spectacle, the facts, presented for the comprehension of the present age, are indeed immense. The facts consist of the events, the institutions, the sciences, the arts, the literatures, in which human life has manifested itself up to the present time: the spectacle is the collective life of humanity. And everywhere there is connexion, everywhere there is illustration: no single event, no single literature, is adequately comprehended except in its relation to other events, to other literatures. The literature of ancient Greece, the literature of the Christian Middle Age, so long as they are regarded as two isolated literatures, two isolated growths of the human spirit, are not adequately comprehended; and it is adequate comprehension which is the demand of the present age. "We must compare,"—the illustrious Chancellor of Cambridge\* said the other day to his hearers at Manchester,—“we must compare the works of other ages with those of our own age and country; that, while we feel proud of the immense development of knowledge and power of production which we possess, we may learn humility in contemplating the refinement of feeling and intensity of thought manifested in the works of the older schools.” To know how others stand, that we may know how we ourselves stand; and to know how we ourselves stand, that we may correct our mistakes and achieve our deliverance—that is our problem.

But all facts, all the elements of the spectacle before us, have not an equal value—do not merit a like attention: and it is well that they do not, for no man would be adequate to the task of thoroughly mastering them all. Some have more significance for us, others have less; some merit our utmost attention in all their details, others it is sufficient to comprehend in their general character, and then they may be dismissed.

What facts, then, let us ask ourselves, what elements of the spectacle before us, will naturally be most interesting to a highly developed age like our own, to an age making the demand which we have described for an intellectual deliverance by means of the complete intelligence of its own situation? Evidently, the other ages similarly developed, and making the same demand. And what past literature will naturally be most interesting to such an age as our own? Evidently, the literatures which have most successfully solved for *their* ages the problem which occupies ours: the literatures which in their day and for their own nation have adequately comprehended, have adequately represented, the spectacle before them. A significant, a highly-developed, a culminating epoch, on the one hand,—a comprehensive, a commensurate, an adequate literature, on the other,—these will naturally be the objects of deepest interest to our modern age. Such an epoch and such a literature are, in fact, *modern*, in the same sense in which our own age and literature are modern; they are founded upon a rich past and upon an instructive fulness of experience.

It may, however, happen that a great epoch is without a perfectly

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\* The late Prince Consort.

adequate literature ; it may happen that a great age, a great nation, has attained a remarkable fulness of political and social development, without intellectually taking the complete measure of itself, without adequately representing that development in its literature. In this case, the *epoch*, the *nation* itself, will still be an object of the greatest interest to us : but the *literature* will be an object of less interest to us : the facts, the material spectacle, are there ; but the contemporary view of the facts, the intellectual interpretation, are inferior and inadequate.

It may happen, on the other hand, that great authors, that a powerful literature, are found in an age and nation less great and powerful than themselves ; it may happen that a literature, that a man of genius, may arise adequate to the representation of a greater, a more highly developed age than that in which they appear ; it may happen that a literature completely interprets its epoch, and yet has something over ; that it has a force, a richness, a geniality, a power of view which the materials at its disposition are insufficient adequately to employ. In such a case, the literature will be more interesting to us than the epoch. The interpreting power, the illuminating and revealing intellect, are there ; but the spectacle on which they throw their light is not fully worthy of them.

And I shall not, I hope, be thought to magnify too much my office if I add, that it is to the poetical literature of an age that we must, in general, look for the most perfect, the most adequate interpretation of that age,—for the performance of a work which demands the most energetic and harmonious activity of all the powers of the human mind. Because that activity of the whole mind, that genius, as Johnson nobly describes it, “without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert ; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates,” is in poetry at its highest stretch and in its most energetic exertion.

What we seek, therefore, what will most enlighten us, most contribute to our intellectual deliverance, is the union of two things ; it is the coexistence, the simultaneous appearance, of a great epoch and a great literature.

Now the culminating age in the life of ancient Greece I call, beyond question, a great epoch ; the life of Athens in the fifth century before our era I call one of the highly developed, one of the marking, one of the modern periods in the life of the whole human race. It has been said that the “Athens of Pericles was a vigorous man, at the summit of his bodily strength and mental energy.” There was the utmost energy of life there, public and private ; the most entire freedom, the most unprejudiced and intelligent observation of human affairs. Let us rapidly examine some of the characteristics which distinguish modern epochs ; let us see how far the culminating century of ancient Greece exhibits them ; let us compare it, in respect of them, with a much later, a celebrated century ; let us compare it with the age of Elizabeth in our own country.

To begin with what is exterior. One of the most characteristic outward features of a *modern* age, of an age of advanced civilization, is the banishment of the ensigns of war and bloodshed from the inter-

course of civil life. Crime still exists, and wars are still carried on ; but within the limits of civil life a circle has been formed within which man can move securely, and develop the arts of peace uninterruptedly. The private man does not go forth to his daily occupation prepared to assail the life of his neighbour or to have to defend his own. With the disappearance of the constant means of offence the occasions of offence diminish ; society at last acquires repose, confidence, and free activity. An important inward characteristic, again, is the growth of a tolerant spirit ; that spirit which is the offspring of an enlarged knowledge ; a spirit patient of the diversities of habits and opinions. Other characteristics are the multiplication of the conveniences of life, the formation of taste, the capacity for refined pursuits. And this leads us to the supreme characteristic of all : the intellectual maturity of man himself ; the tendency to observe facts with a critical spirit ; to search for their law, not to wander among them at random ; to judge by the rule of reason, not by the impulse of prejudice or caprice.

Well, now, with respect to the presence of all these characteristics in the age of Pericles, we possess the explicit testimony of an immortal work,—of the history of Thucydides. “The Athenians first,” he says—speaking of the gradual development of Grecian society up to the period when the Peloponnesian war commenced—“the Athenians first left off the habit of wearing arms :” that is, this mark of superior civilization had, in the age of Pericles, become general in Greece, had long been visible at Athens. In the time of Elizabeth, on the other hand, the wearing of arms was universal in England and throughout Europe. Again, the conveniences, the ornaments, the luxuries of life, had become common at Athens at the time of which we are speaking. But there had been an advance even beyond this ; there had been an advance to that perfection, that propriety of taste which prescribes the excess of ornament, the extravagance of luxury. The Athenians had given up, Thucydides says, had given up, although not very long before, an extravagance of dress and an excess of personal ornament which, in the first flush of newly-discovered luxury, had been adopted by some of the richer classes. The height of civilization in this respect seems to have been attained ; there was general elegance and refinement of life, and there was simplicity. What was the case in this respect in the Elizabethan age ? The scholar Casaubon, who settled in England in the reign of James I., bears evidence to the want here, even at that time, of conveniences of life which were already to be met with on the continent of Europe. On the other hand, the taste for fantastic, for excessive personal adornment, to which the portraits of the times bear testimony, is admirably set forth in the work of a great novelist, who was also a very truthful antiquarian—in the “Kenilworth” of Sir Walter Scott. We all remember the description, in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of the second volume of “Kenilworth,” of the barbarous magnificence, the “fierce vanities,” of the dress of the period.

Pericles praises the Athenians that they had discovered sources of recreation for the spirit to counterbalance the labours of the body : compare these, compare the pleasures which charmed the whole body of the Athenian people through the yearly round of their festivals with the popular shows and pastimes in “Kenilworth.” “We have free-

dom," says Pericles, "for individual diversities of opinion and character; we do not take offence at the tastes and habits of our neighbour if they differ from our own." Yes, in Greece, in the Athens of Pericles, there is toleration; but in England, in the England of the sixteenth century?—the Puritans are then in full growth. So that with regard to these characteristics of civilization of a modern spirit which we have hitherto enumerated, the superiority, it will be admitted, rests with the age of Pericles.

Let us pass to what we said was the supreme characteristic of a highly developed, a modern age—the manifestation of a critical spirit, the endeavour after a rational arrangement and appreciation of facts. Let us consider one or two of the passages in the masterly introduction which Thucydides, the contemporary of Pericles, has prefixed to his history. What was his motive in choosing the Peloponnesian War for his subject? Because it was, in his opinion, the most important, the most instructive event which had, up to that time, happened in the history of mankind. What is his effort in the first twenty-three chapters of his history? To place in their correct point of view all the facts which had brought Grecian society to the point at which that dominant event found it; to strip these facts of their exaggeration, to examine them critically. The enterprises undertaken in the early times of Greece were on a much smaller scale than had been commonly supposed. The Greek chiefs were induced to combine in the expedition against Troy, not by their respect for an oath taken by them all when suitors to Helen, but by their respect for the preponderating influence of Agamemnon; the siege of Troy had been protracted not so much by the valour of the besieged as by the inadequate mode of warfare necessitated by the want of funds of the besiegers. No doubt Thucydides' criticism of the Trojan war is not perfect; but observe how in these and many other points he labours to correct popular errors, to assign their true character to facts, complaining, as he does so, of men's habit of *uncritical* reception of current stories. "So little a matter of care to most men," he says, "is the search after truth, and so inclined are they to take up any story which is ready to their hand." "He himself," he continues, "has endeavoured to give a true picture, and believes that in the main he has done so. For some readers his history may want the charm of the uncritical, half-fabulous narratives of earlier writers; but for such as desire to gain a clear knowledge of the past, and thereby of the future also, which will surely, after the course of human things, represent again hereafter, if not the very image, yet the near resemblance of the past—if such shall judge my work to be profitable, I shall be well content."

What language shall we properly call this? It is *modern* language; it is the language of a thoughtful philosophic man of our own days; it is the language of Burke or Niebuhr assigning the true aim of history. And yet Thucydides is no mere literary man; no isolated thinker, speaking far over the heads of his hearers to a future age—no: he was a man of action, a man of the world, a man of his time. He represents, at its best indeed, but he represents the general intelligence of his age and nation; of a nation the meanest citizens of which could follow with comprehension the profoundly thoughtful speeches of Pericles.

Let us now turn for a contrast to a historian of the Elizabethan age, also a man of great mark and ability, also a man of action, also a man of the world, Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter Raleigh writes the "History of the World," as Thucydides has written the "History of the Peloponnesian War;" let us hear his language; let us mark his point of view; let us see what problems occur to him for solution. "Seeing," he says, "that we digress in all the ways of our lives — yea, seeing the life of man is nothing else but digression — I may be the better excused in writing their lives and actions." What are the preliminary facts which he discusses, as Thucydides discusses the Trojan War and the early naval power of Crete, and which are to lead up to his main inquiry? Open the table of contents of his first volume. You will find:—"Of the firmament, and of the waters above the firmament, and whether there be any crystalline Heaven, or any primum mobile." You will then find:—"Of Fate, and that the stars have great influence, and that their operations may diversely be prevented or furthered." Then you come to two entire chapters on the place of Paradise, and on the two chief trees in the garden of Paradise. And in what style, with what power of criticism, does Raleigh treat the subjects so selected? I turn to the 7th section of the third chapter of his first book, which treats "Of their opinion which make Paradise as high as the moon, and of others which make it higher than the middle region of the air." Thus he begins the discussion of this opinion:—"Whereas Beda saith, and as the schoolmen affirm Paradise to be a place altogether removed from the knowledge of men ('locus a cognitione hominum remotissimus'), and Barcephas conceived that Paradise was far in the east, but mounted above the ocean and all the earth, and near the orb of the moon (which opinion, though the schoolmen charge Beda withal, yet Pererius lays it off from Beda and his master Rabanus); and whereas Rupertus in his geography of Paradise doth not much differ from the rest, but finds it seated next or nearest Heaven —" So he states the error, and now for his own criticism of it. "First, such a place cannot be commodious to live in, for being so near the moon it had been too near the sun and other heavenly bodies. Secondly, it must have been too joint a neighbour to the element of fire. Thirdly, the air in that region is so violently moved and carried about with such swiftness as nothing in that place can consist or have abiding. Fourthly,"—but what has been quoted is surely enough, and there is no use in continuing.

Which is the ancient here, and which is the modern? Which uses the language of an intelligent man of our own days? which a language wholly obsolete and unfamiliar to us? Which has the rational appreciation and control of his facts? which wanders among them helplessly and without a clue? Is it our own countryman, or is it the Greek? And the language of Raleigh affords a fair sample of the critical power, of the point of view, possessed by the majority of intelligent men of his day; as the language of Thucydides affords us a fair sample of the critical power of the majority of intelligent men in the age of Pericles.

Well, then, in the age of Pericles we have, in spite of its antiquity, a highly-developed, a modern, a deeply interesting epoch. Next comes

the question: Is this epoch adequately interpreted by its highest literature? Now, the peculiar characteristic of the highest literature — the poetry — of the fifth century in Greece before the Christian era, is its *adequacy*; the peculiar characteristic of the poetry of Sophocles is its consummate, its unrivalled *adequacy*; that it represents the highly developed human nature of that age — human nature developed in a number of directions, politically, socially, religiously, morally developed — in its completest and most harmonious development in all these directions; while there is shed over this poetry the charm of that noble serenity which always accompanies true insight. If in the body of Athenians of that time there was, as we have said, the utmost energy of mature manhood, public and private; the most entire freedom, the most unprejudiced and intelligent observation of human affairs — in Sophocles there is the same energy, the same maturity, the same freedom, the same intelligent observation; but all these idealized and glorified by the grace and light shed over them from the noblest poetical feeling. And therefore I have ventured to say of Sophocles, that he “saw life steadily, and saw it whole.” Well may we understand how Pericles — how the great statesman whose aim was, it has been said, “to realize in Athens the idea which he had conceived of human greatness,” and who partly succeeded in his aim — should have been drawn to the great poet whose works are the noblest reflection of his success.

I assert, therefore, though the detailed proof of the assertion must be reserved for other opportunities, that, if the fifth century in Greece before our era is a significant and modern epoch, the poetry of that epoch — the poetry of Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles — is an adequate representation and interpretation of it.

The poetry of Aristophanes is an adequate representation of it also. True, this poetry regards humanity from the comic side; but there is a comic side from which to regard humanity as well as a tragic one; and the distinction of Aristophanes is to have regarded it from the true point of view on the comic side. He too, like Sophocles, regards the human nature of his time in its fullest development; the boldest creations of a riotous imagination are in Aristophanes, as has been justly said, based always upon the foundation of a serious thought: politics, education, social life, literature — all the great modes in which the human life of his day manifested itself — are the subjects of his thoughts, and of his penetrating comment. There is shed, therefore, over his poetry the charm, the vital freshness, which is felt when man and his relations are from any side adequately, and therefore genially, regarded. Here is the true difference between Aristophanes and Menander. There has been preserved an epitome of a comparison by Plutarch between Aristophanes and Menander, in which the grossness of the former, the exquisite truth to life and felicity of observation of the latter, are strongly insisted upon; and the preference of the refined, the learned, the intelligent men of a later period for Menander loudly proclaimed. “What should take a man of refinement to the theatre,” asks Plutarch, “except to see one of Menander’s plays? When do you see the theatre filled with cultivated persons, except when Menander is acted? and he is the favourite refreshment,” he

continues, "to the overstrained mind of the laborious philosopher." And every one knows the famous line of tribute to this poet by an enthusiastic admirer in antiquity:—"O Life and Menander, which of you painted the other?" We remember, too, how a great English statesman is said to have declared that there was no lost work of antiquity which he so ardently desired to recover as a play of Menander. Yet Menander has perished, and Aristophanes has survived. And to what is this to be attributed? To the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The human race has the strongest, the most invincible tendency to *live*, to *develop* itself. It retains, it clings to what fosters its life, what favours its development, to the literature which exhibits it in its vigour; it rejects, it abandons what does not foster its development, the literature which exhibits it arrested and decayed. Now, between the times of Sophocles and Menander a great check had befallen the development of Greece;—the failure of the Athenian expedition to Syracuse, and the consequent termination of the Peloponnesian War in a result unfavourable to Athens. The free expansion of her growth was checked; one of the noblest channels of Athenian life, that of political activity, had begun to narrow and to dry up. That was the true catastrophe of the ancient world; it was then that the oracles of the ancient world should have become silent, and that its gods should have forsaken their temples; for from that date the intellectual and spiritual life of Greece was left without an adequate material basis of political and practical life; and both began inevitably to decay. The opportunity of the ancient world was then lost, never to return; for neither the Macedonian nor the Roman world, which possessed an adequate material basis, possessed, like the Athens of earlier times, an adequate intellect and soul to inform and inspire them; and there was left of the ancient world, when Christianity arrived, of Greece only a head without a body, and of Rome only a body without a soul.

It is Athens after this check, after this diminution of vitality,—it is man with part of his life shorn away, refined and intelligent indeed, but sceptical, frivolous and dissolute,—which the poetry of Menander represented. The cultivated, the accomplished might applaud the dexterity, the perfection of the representation — might prefer it to the free genial delineation of a more living time with which they were no longer in sympathy. But the instinct of humanity taught it, that in the one poetry there was the seed of life, in the other poetry the seed of death; and it has rescued Aristophanes, while it has left Menander to his fate.

In the flowering period of the life of Greece, therefore, we have a culminating age, one of the flowering periods of the life of the human race: in the poetry of that age we have a literature commensurate with its epoch. It is most perfectly commensurate in the poetry of Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes; these, therefore, will be the supremely interesting objects in this literature; but the stages in literature which led up to this point of perfection, the stages in literature which led downward from it, will be deeply interesting also. A distinguished person,\* who has lately been occupying himself with Homer,

\* Mr. Gladstone.

has remarked that an undue preference is given, in the studies of Oxford, to these poets over Homer. The justification of such a preference, even if we put aside all philological considerations, lies, perhaps, in what I have said. Homer himself is eternally interesting; he is a greater poetical power than even Sophocles or Æschylus; but his age is less interesting than himself. Æschylus and Sophocles represent an age as interesting as themselves; the names, indeed, in their dramas are the names of the old heroic world, from which they were far separated; but these names are taken, because the use of them permits to the poet that free and ideal treatment of his characters which the highest tragedy demands; and into these figures of the old world is poured all the fulness of life and of thought which the new world had accumulated. This new world in its maturity of reason resembles our own; and the advantage over Homer in their greater significance for *us*, which Æschylus and Sophocles gain by belonging to this new world, more than compensates for their poetical inferiority to him.

Let us now pass to the Roman world. There is no necessity to accumulate proofs that the culminating period of Roman history is to be classed among the leading, the significant, the modern periods of the world. There is universally current, I think, a pretty correct appreciation of the high development of the Rome of Cicero and Augustus; no one doubts that material civilization and the refinements of life were largely diffused in it; no one doubts that cultivation of mind and intelligence were widely diffused in it. Therefore, I will not occupy time by showing that Cicero corresponded with his friends in the style of the most accomplished, the most easy letter-writers of modern times; that Cæsar did not write history like Sir Walter Raleigh. The great period of Rome is, perhaps, on the whole, the greatest, the fullest, the most significant period on record; it is certainly a greater, a fuller period than the age of Pericles. It is an infinitely larger school for the men reared in it; the relations of life are immeasurably multiplied, the events which happen are on an immeasurably grander scale. The facts, the spectacle of this Roman world, then, are immense: let us see how far the literature, the interpretation of the facts, has been adequate.

Let us begin with a great poet, a great philosopher, Lucretius. In the case of Thucydides I called attention to the fact that his habit of mind, his mode of dealing with questions, were modern; that they were those of an enlightened, reflecting man among ourselves. Let me call attention to the exhibition in Lucretius of a modern *feeling* not less remarkable than the modern *thought* in Thucydides. The predominance of thought, of reflection, in modern epochs is not without its penalties; in the unsound, in the over-tasked, in the over-sensitive, it has produced the most painful, the most lamentable results; it has produced a state of feeling unknown to less enlightened but perhaps healthier epochs—the feeling of depression, the feeling of *ennui*. Depression and *ennui*: these are the characteristics stamped on how many of the representative works of modern times! they are also the characteristics stamped on the poem of Lucretius. One of the most powerful, the most solemn passages of the work of Lucretius, one of the

most powerful, the most solemn passages in the literature of the whole world, is the well-known conclusion of the third book. With masterly touches he exhibits the lassitude, the incurable tedium which pursue men in their amusements ; with indignant irony he upbraids them for the cowardice with which they cling to a life which for most is miserable ; to a life which contains, for the most fortunate, nothing but the old dull round of the same unsatisfying objects for ever presented. "A man rushes abroad," he says, "because he is sick of being at home ; and suddenly comes home again because he finds himself no whit easier abroad. He posts as fast as his horses can take him to his country-seat : when he has got there he hesitates what to do ; or he throws himself down moodily to sleep, and seeks forgetfulness in that ; or he makes the best of his way back to town again with the same speed as he fled from it. Thus every one flies from himself." What a picture of *ennui* ! of the disease of the most modern societies, the most advanced civilizations ! "O man," he exclaims again, "the lights of the world, Scipio, Homer, Epicurus, are dead ; wilt thou hesitate and fret at dying, whose life is well-nigh dead whilst thou art yet alive ; who consumest in sleep the greater part of thy span, and when awake dronest and ceasest not to dream ; and carriest about a mind troubled with baseless fear, and canst not find what it is that aileth thee when thou staggerest like a drunken wretch in the press of thy cares, and welterest hither and thither in the unsteady wandering of thy spirit !" And again : "I have nothing more than you have already seen," he makes Nature say to man, "to invent for your amusement ; *eadem sunt omnia semper* — all things continue the same for ever."

Yes, Lucretius is modern ; but is he adequate ? And how can a man adequately interpret the activity of his age when he is not in sympathy with it ? Think of the varied, the abundant, the wide spectacle of the Roman life of his day ; think of its fulness of occupation, its energy of effort. From these Lucretius withdraws himself, and bids his disciples to withdraw themselves ; he bids them to leave the business of the world, and to apply themselves "*naturam cognoscere rerum* — to learn the nature of things ;" but there is no peace, no cheerfulness for him either in the world from which he comes, or in the solitude to which he goes. With stern effort, with gloomy despair, he seems to rivet his eyes on the elementary reality, the naked framework of the world, because the world in its fulness and movement is too exciting a spectacle for his discomposed brain. He seems to feel the spectacle of it at once terrifying and alluring ; and to deliver himself from it he has to keep perpetually repeating his formula of disenchantment and annihilation. In reading him, you understand the tradition which represents him as having been driven mad by a poison administered as a love-charm by his mistress, and as having composed his great work in the intervals of his madness. Lucretius is, therefore, overstrained, gloom-weighted, morbid ; and he who is morbid is no adequate interpreter of his age.

I pass to Virgil ; to the poetical name which of all poetical names has perhaps had the most prodigious fortune ; the name which for Dante, for the Middle Age, represented the perfection of classical antiquity. The perfection of classical antiquity Virgil does not repre-

sent ; but far be it from me to add my voice to those which have decried his genius ; nothing that I shall say is, or can ever be, inconsistent with a profound, an almost affectionate veneration for him. But with respect to him, as with respect to Lucretius, I shall freely ask the question, *Is he adequate?* Does he represent the epoch in which he lived, the mighty Roman world of his time, as the great poets of the great epoch of Greek life represented theirs, in all its fulness, in all its significance?

From the very form itself of his great poem, the *Æneid*, one would be led to augur that this was impossible. The epic form, as a form for representing contemporary or nearly contemporary events, has attained, in the poems of Homer, an unmatched, an immortal success ; the epic form as employed by learned poets for the reproduction of the events of a past age has attained a very considerable success. But for *this* purpose, for the poetic treatment of the events of a *past* age, the epic form is a less vital form than the dramatic form. The great poets of the modern period of Greece are accordingly, as we have seen, the *dramatic* poets. The chief of these — *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes* — have survived ; the distinguished epic poets of the same period — *Panyasis*, *Choerilus*, *Antimachus* — though praised by the Alexandrian critics, have perished in a common destruction with the undistinguished. And what is the reason of this? It is, that the dramatic form exhibits, above all, *the actions of man as strictly determined by his thoughts and feelings* ; it exhibits, therefore, what may be always accessible, always intelligible, always interesting. But the epic form takes a wider range ; it represents not only the thought and passion of man, that which is universal and eternal, but also the forms of outward life, the fashion of manners, the aspects of nature, that which is local or transient. To exhibit adequately what is local and transient, only a witness, a contemporary, can suffice. In the *reconstruction*, by learning and antiquarian ingenuity, of the local and transient features of a past age, in their representation by one who is not a witness or contemporary, it is impossible to feel the liveliest kind of interest. What, for instance, is the most interesting portion of the *Æneid*, — the portion where Virgil seems to be moving most freely, and therefore to be most animated, most forcible? Precisely that portion which has most a *dramatic* character ; the episode of Dido ; that portion where locality and manners are nothing — where persons and characters are everything. We might presume beforehand, therefore, that if Virgil, at a time when contemporary epic poetry was no longer possible, had been inspired to represent human life in its fullest significance, he would not have selected the epic form. Accordingly, what is, in fact, the character of the poem, the frame of mind of the poet? Has the poem the depth, the completeness of the poems of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*, of those adequate and consummate representations of human life? Has the poet the serious cheerfulness of *Sophocles*, of a man who has mastered the problem of human life, who knows its gravity, and is therefore serious, but who knows that he comprehends it, and is therefore cheerful? Over the whole of the great poem of Virgil, over the whole *Æneid*, there rests an ineffable melancholy : not a rigid, a moody gloom, like the melancholy of *Lucretius* ; no, a sweet, a touching sadness, but still a sadness ; a melan-

choly which is at once a source of charm in the poem, and a testimony to its incompleteness. Virgil, as Niebuhr has well said, expressed no affected self-disparagement, but the haunting, the irresistible self-dissatisfaction of his heart, when he desired on his death-bed that his poem might be destroyed. A man of the most delicate genius, the most rich learning, but of weak health, of the most sensitive nature, in a great and overwhelming world; conscious, at heart, of his inadequacy for the thorough spiritual mastery of that world and its interpretation in a work of art; conscious of this inadequacy—the one inadequacy, the one weak place in the mighty Roman nature! This suffering, this graceful-minded, this finely-gifted man is the most beautiful, the most attractive figure in literary history; but he is not the adequate interpreter of the great period of Rome.

We come to Horace: and if Lucretius, if Virgil want cheerfulness, Horace wants seriousness. I go back to what I said of Menander: as with Menander so it is with Horace: the men of taste, the men of cultivation, the men of the world are enchanted with him; he has not a prejudice, not an illusion, not a blunder. True! yet the best men in the best ages have never been thoroughly satisfied with Horace. If human life were complete without faith, without enthusiasm, without energy, Horace, like Menander, would be the perfect interpreter of human life: but it is not; to the best, to the most living sense of humanity, it is not; and because it is not, Horace is inadequate. Pedants are tiresome, men of reflection and enthusiasm are unhappy and morbid; therefore Horace is a sceptical man of the world. Men of action are without ideas, men of the world are frivolous and sceptical; therefore Lucretius is plunged in gloom and in stern sorrow. So hard, nay, so impossible for most men is it to develop themselves in their entirety; to rejoice in the variety, the movement of human life with the children of the world; to be serious over the depth, the significance of human life with the wise! Horace warms himself before the transient fire of human animation and human pleasure while he can, and is only serious when he reflects that the fire must soon go out:—

“*Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lūnæ :*  
*Nos, ubi decidimus —*”

‘For nature there is renovation, but for man there is none!’—it is exquisite, but it is not interpretative and fortifying.

In the Roman world, then, we have found a highly modern, a deeply significant, an interesting period—a period more significant and more interesting, because fuller, than the great period of Greece; but we have not a commensurate literature. In Greece we have seen a highly modern, a most significant and interesting period, although on a scale of less magnitude and importance than the great period of Rome; but then, co-existing with the great epoch of Greece there is what is wanting to that of Rome, a commensurate, an interesting literature.

The intellectual history of our race cannot be clearly understood without applying to other ages, nations, and literatures the same method of inquiry which we have been here imperfectly applying to what is called classical antiquity. But enough has at least been said, perhaps, to establish the absolute, the enduring interest of Greek literature, and, above all, of Greek poetry.

## A STRANGE LEGEND OF BOHEMIA.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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**D**URING the darkest period of the Dark Ages, there lived in Bohemia a Baron, haughty, passionate, and prejudiced, who, like the giant "Earl Doorm," "compelled all creatures to his will."

He belonged to a class of lusty tyrants, well represented by the husband of the brave Godiva, who loved nothing so dearly as a flagon of strong Rhenish wine, except perhaps the baying of bloodhounds as they tracked some insurgent vassal to his last refuge in the forest. He possessed a magnificent beard, flowing after the fashion of a dark cascade down his breast, and his thick untended hair rustled angrily behind, while he strode with uneven step and bent shaggy brow under the rafters of his rugged hall.

He possessed also—the great brute!—a daughter of exquisite loveliness, of whom the arch-fiend himself could scarcely have been more unworthy. Hers was the form of a queen—tall, stately, graceful as the beech tree in spring, but her face was all sensibility, its prevailing expression being an innocent candor, which blent—oh, how charmingly!—with a look of sweet, tender, virginal diffidence.

The young squires and bachelor knights of the country worshipped Katrina. Those who had yet their spurs to win would think of her deep eyes, so inexpressibly blue, upon the eve of joust or tournament, and swear for her sake and the dear hope of gaining her love, to strike such doughty blows upon the morrow, that not Sir Tristrem, nor Sir Launcelot of the Lake, could have stood against the force and spirit put into them! And warriors of acknowledged fame came from far and wide, from Brittany and Languedoc, from Spain and Italy and Provence, from Germany, and even mist-encircled Scotland and the cold Northland Isles, arrayed in steel armor inlaid with gold, and bearing her colors on lance or helm. Unnumbered were the mimic but sometimes fatal conflicts fought, and mighty was the prowess displayed in Katrina's behalf. Indeed, things went so far at last, that the very name of this peaceful and gentle girl, who could scarcely brook the sight of blood, were it that only of a hare or bird, became the signal for mortal strife between kinsfolk, and even brethren.

Therefore, the Baron, her father, known as Robert the Rude, indulging in many blasphemous imprecations because of the trouble given him by such eager suitors, selected from amongst them a knight after his own soul,—that is to say, a winebibber and glutton, with the muscles of Anak,—whom he insisted, in his usual stern, peremptory manner, that Katrina should marry forthwith.

"By the kings of Cologne, my pretty demoiselle," he grumbled through his huge beard; "a proper man and a stalwart, with store of guilders beside, and as fond of that white face of thine" (in sooth it

was pale while the Baron spoke) "as black Bess yonder is of her pups! Gramercy, a right goodly match; so get thee ready, girl, for it lacks just five days to Martinmas, and" (chucking her with the grace of a bear under the chin) "thou must be made an honest wife of on that blessed morn,—no sooner, no later; 'tis my will!"

Alas, for Katrina! Like many another unfortunate maiden before her time and since, she could not use her heart like a puppet, nor bend her inclinations thus suddenly to this despotic command. Without daring to utter one word of reply, she crept to her little turret-chamber, and there wept exceeding bitter tears.

For Katrina, unknown to all, had now for two anxious years loved with the passionate ardor of a soft, yet profound spirit, one whose foot had never presumed to approach the threshold even of the Baron's dwelling. This was a young forester, lithe, active, handsome, and somehow with good blood in his veins, who had once saved her life and the Baron's at the dread risk of his own, when the twain, driving home through the wintry forest, were set upon by a pack of famished wolves. Scant enough, by St. Peter, were the father's thanks! but Katrina's heart swelled with grateful emotion; and when next she met Oswald accidentally in the woods, still maimed and scarred from his fearful encounter, all the woman was declared, and in a voice tremulous and slow, but divine he thought as the voice of angels, she faltered her acknowledgments, and passed in a strange flutter of agitation from view. Aye, but from his heart never more!

In lonesome walks under immemorial trees, making a twilight of high noon,—when the moon glanced shyly through opening glades or dew-lit branches,—by the pleasant fountain which seemed in its flowing to murmur her name with reverence; verily in the midst of the chase, with his arrow fitted to the bow-string, he would pause and droop, and his strong arm was lowered unconsciously to his side, and a glamour came over him wherein he saw not the fleet quarry which bounded along the hill, but glistening eyes and a pitiful pale forehead bent gently near his own.

Time went on, but did not cure his madness. In such cases it seldom does. What was worse, his infatuation was shared by another. Had he not saved her life, and to whom should a life thus rescued properly belong?

The old story, reader, the old, old story! Our high-born maiden, proud too for all her sweetness, turned from gorgeous baronial insignia, from towns, courts, and castles, from a score of equals by birth; above all, from the wine-bibbing young knight with the thews of Anak, to the humble forester whom her fancy clothed with a radiant and manly beauty she had met nowhere else on earth.

What marvel, then, that her father's command should have overwhelmed her? And since misfortunes come not singly, it happened by doleful chance that tidings of these stolen meetings in the wood were, on the self-same night, brought by a certain malignant spy to the Baron's ear. He who conveyed them shuddered at the look which the savage bandit—for he was little better—gave him in reply. Yet not a word spake he; only his steel dagger clashed with an ominous ring, as he strode heavily among his dogs.

On the next day but one, the whole country-side was alive with hundreds of spectators, who at due summons from Robert the Rude had assembled to behold an extraordinary and unparalleled trial.

There rose in the vicinity a lofty mountain of such marvellous steepness, so dangerous and full of pit-falls, that the name and the perils of it had become famed throughout Bohemia. Now, with the license of a feudal lord, in the excess of his tyrannous anger at the mean weakness, as he counted it, of his beautiful daughter, and the audacity of Oswald the forester, the Baron had issued a sort of *pronunciamento* to the following effect, causing the same to be proclaimed abroad, with many circumstances of scornful pride and ceremony:

"Whereas my daughter Katrina, untrue to her blood and lineage, has dared to bestow her affections (sought after by many noble knights with honorable fervor, and deeds of 'derring-do') upon a base-born hind, a serf, and miserable slave, we hereby declare for her punishment and his, that Oswald, known as the Forester, shall in the presence of my vassals and neighbors be compelled to carry Katrina in his arms, without any help, stimulant, or support, from the bottom to the top of Mount Kimmel; failing in which the said Oswald shall be buried alive in the deepest dungeon of my castle, there to perish miserably, as behooves in the case of a vile bondsman guilty of so damnable presumption.

"But should the said Oswald succeed in his undertaking, he shall be free to depart from my territories unmolested; and not only this, but he shall be free to bear Katrina with him, *par amour*, if it so pleaseth him, seeing that the disgraced damosel is no longer daughter of mine."

This decree having been twice read by the Baron's seneschal in a loud voice, Oswald came forward, pale, and yet with a calm, determined countenance, (for he alone of all the crowd looked not upon the venture as utterly desperate). He took the half-fainting Katrina very tenderly and slowly in his arms, and one who watched them closely might have remarked as he did so a quick tremulous thrill shoot through his whole frame, which on the next instant was straightened firmly and proudly; while the head of the girl, with its glory of golden hair, sank like the flower of a broken lily upon his shoulder. At this sight, so natural and touching, a low murmur seemed to agitate the throng, and some of kindly spirit groaned and turned their eyes momentarily away.

And now the trial has fairly begun. Clasping his precious burden delicately yet tightly to his heart, Oswald with measured footfall essays the cruel height. For more than a third of the way he labors upward, hardly pausing, and apparently quite at ease and unwearied. The Baron scowls and gnaws his lip. A breath as of intense relief comes from the silent, motionless, expectant hundreds. "Surely," thought they, "if thus far he has succeeded, the prize may yet be his." But scarcely has the thought struggled into form, when the forester is observed to stumble violently. "Is he down?" "No, no; but God's mercy, what an escape!" They have grazed the edge of a treacherous pit, partly concealed by grass and stones, with a sheer descent of three hundred jagged feet awful to look upon.

Up again, and still onward! At length, however, it is fairly perceived that Oswald suffers. His limbs drag heavily. His shoulders droop. And the Baron's dark face relaxing, he smiles with a grim irony, anticipating triumph, while here and there from out the crowd may be caught the low sobs of women.

Onward, upward still! More heavily drag the limbs, and the pauses are frequent and agonizing.

Ah, he can never accomplish it — never! But see! the brave youth — hero if ever hero lived — shifting his burden, appears to progress more rapidly and freely, until with one convulsive, gigantic, overmastering effort (the goal being fully in view), he totters up the slope, falling, it is true, but falling only when he has reached the topmost point of the tremendous eminence.

What a shout rent the air from those quivering, all but maddened spectators! Universal sympathy is enlisted on the part of the lovers. Old and young alike, regardless of danger, hastened up the mountain to cheer and aid them,—one of Katrina's former suitors, a gallant young nobleman, being conspicuous in the front rank.

They reach the great knoll at the summit; and there, rigidly locked in one another's arms, lay the helpless pair, pallid, breathless, and quite — dead.

Oswald's great heart broke in the very moment of victory; and the fair, faithful creature he loved, through the intolerable anguish of her sympathy, perished with and for him, her hair covering in a golden shower his neck and brow, and her lips, as in their last desponding kiss, pressed fondly on his own.

Of Robert the Rude, our chronicle saith, that whilst engaged upon the evening of this day of dolour in brutal carousing at his own board, there entered to him anon a knight with closed visor, who presently stabbed him across either shoulder, leaving the brutal Baron a corpse in his desecrated hall.

It hath been supposed by divers persons that his slayer was the same young knight who displayed such tenderness for the lovers,—albeit a discarded suitor of Katrina's,—on the occasion of their deathly trial.

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*The Nation.*

#### SOME HYGEISTS, OLD AND NEW.

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THERE is a certain debatable ground lying between the domain of medical science and the ordinary range of popular reading, in which a good deal of light literary skirmishing is kept up in a desul-

tory way. To so great an extent is it done nowadays, that any man, the least adventurous in this wise, can scarce fail to be induced, or rather driven, in spite of himself, by the broadside of the liniment-man or the almanac of the pill-maker or the more persistent volume of the more respectable medicine-man or doctor, to do something or other for his lungs or liver, to spare an oppressed mucous membrane, or to rescue a languishing cutaneous surface. That the public lends a willing, indeed an avid, ear to such appeals is indicated by the great number and variety of these publications. The taste for them is not unreasonable, neither is it a modern, though it seems a growing one.

Among the earliest of books upon which—as if the world would not willingly let them die—the printing-press was set to work, was that of the school of Salerno, “*De conservandâ bonâ valetudine.*” Few secular books multiplied their editions through centuries more than this; its commentaries were many and ponderous; its translations were not a few, though its original Latin is of that happy depravity that it might easily be read, one would say, by an average druggist’s apprentice. It was meant for a popular treatise on hygiene (being the advice of the faculty of Salerno to King Richard I. of England, when he passed that way in a probably crapulous and atrabilious condition), and it has many of the best characteristics of such treatises. Its speech is direct and simple. Its queer rhyming verses stick in the memory. It is eminently safe: to this day few would be so hardy as to contradict

“*Ex magnâ cœnâ, stomacho sit magna pœna,  
Ut sis nocte levis, sit tibi cœna brevis,*”

or to gainsay the advice to wash one’s face with cold water in the morning, enforced as it is with citations from Aristotle, Paulus Ægineta, Rhazes, and Avicenna. Moreover, it has the oracular air, the tone of authority, that the people so impartially loves, whether it deliver truth or its opposite. This air of authority, some cynics would have us believe, carries its owner faster and farther in popular esteem than any other quality. However this may be, we may admit that, helped by a deal of vociferation—and an undeniable spice of genius—it did so much for one quack more than three hundred years ago, that to this day, perhaps, people pray over his grave in Salzburg for help against cholera and such like disasters.

The above-mentioned *opusculum* of the school of Salerno is obsolete. Its antique vocabulary condemns it before a time-serving generation. It makes no mention of phosphates. And Alexis St. Martin appears upon none of its pages. He cannot be kept out of any modern treatise, by the greatest vigilance, later than the middle of the second chapter. However, he displaces one “Dr. Goss, who had the power of ruminating,” or (to avoid the ambiguity of this verb as applied to the human species,) of regurgitating his food at will, which must have rendered him not so agreeable as a companion as interesting in a book. Popular works on digestion used to swear, in a small and painful way, by Goss, until destiny overtook him in the person of our friend St. Martin, who, on the whole, is a rather more pleasing subject of contemplation.

The contemporary literature of hygiene is extensive and various

enough to need some kind of classification. Its *raison d'être* is strikingly diverse in one case and another. First, There are the deliverances of the apostles of what Mr. Carlyle calls "the potato gospel." It is noticeable enough that the fiercest shouts for bran and uncontaminated green-groceries proceed from a neighborhood notorious for east winds of a quality which should set well-regulated minds to thinking seriously of train-oil and tallow candles; also, that these demands are delivered with an animus that calls to mind the intense ten minutes before feeding-time in the department of large carnivora in zoölogical gardens. Dyspepsia is gastric fanaticism; it will not long exist dissociated from its moral analogue. One may properly listen delighted to hear these sages make it manifest that the regeneration of the human species is a mere matter of nitrogen and phosphorus, and bewail too late the parental ignorance that sifted the bran from out the bread of our childhood, and not only that, but bespread our slices with the insidious enemy, butter — driving, as we may say, unregeneracy into us and clinching it.

Then there are the forceful utterances, of intermittent loudness and persistence, of those who brandish the dumb-bell — who, standing somewhat aloof from the charmed circle of the P. R., take a moral but dispassionate view of the muscularity displayed therein, gaining wisdom thence that impels them to lay hold of their fellow-men with affectionate violence, till they are a terror to all of their friends who are, as Mr. Nasby says, "normal," who pummel their members and crack their joints to exorcise the foul fiends of pain and weakness. Then we have the confused cries of those who at one operation renovate the epidermis and purify the interior consciousness by the penetrating vapor of the Russian or the unearthly heats of the Turkish bath, and with these we hear the murmurs of those who are about to reform society by dry-earth sewerage.

We need do no more than mention that class of books which the "agents" hawk about the country, for no one is so lucky as not to have seen many of them. "Alexis," of course, figures in them, and diseases are always "the ills that flesh is heir to," and old age is never less than "the sere and yellow leaf," and sleep is "tired nature's sweet restorer." Let us hope that these fine expressions, and the free, if sometimes irrelevant, use of Scriptural sentences may counterbalance the ill effects of the wildly loose statements of physiological, chemical, and statistical facts that abound in these books, and of the pruriency which a large class of them do as much to excite as if they were avowedly impure. Another point we may properly mention is the uniformity with which, in this whole genus of works, the admission escapes each author that he may be found at No. so-and-so, in such-and-such a street, or that the great principles which he inculcates are carried into effect at such-and-such an establishment.

The newest book which we feel to be of what we might almost call absolutely vital importance to the continuance of the human family on any terms worth having, is one which has given us great satisfaction as combining so many of the features of hygienic literature that we have been touching on. Its naïvely ambiguous title is "How not to be Sick," which, as a large part of the book is devoted to an exposition

of a little pet "pathy" of the author's, may well be taken in an objuratory or dissuasive sense by the more cautious of his readers.

It shows the already mentioned gift for quoting irrelevant scraps of Scripture with such unhesitating freedom that a melodious snuffle runs as a diapason from preface to finis. "If children live on carbonaceous food, and the necessary elements are not furnished till the second teeth are formed, 'there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for of judgment.'" "If mothers could be made to realize" their responsibilities, "they would, notwithstanding the embarrassments, overcome all difficulties, however great, and, breaking away from the starch and grease-eating customs of society, would say, with Joshua of old, 'As for me and my house we will serve the Lord,'" etc. If it were at all worth the while, we should be glad to show how fully our author justifies what we have said about the rhetorical charms which spring so unexpectedly in this department of literature, and how, in his case, they mingle with an erudition peculiarly his own, as where, for instance, he tells us "*Hordeum* is the Greek name for barley." Those same east winds we spoke of have blown also upon this good man, and now he cannot have bran enough to his dinner, nor be too well guarded from butter. And if anybody wants to know anything more about "How not to be Sick," we beg him to ask some one whose leisure hours number twenty-four in the day.

Now, some people, whose literary range is quite restricted, read a great deal in books relating or professing to relate to the preservation and restoration of health, and the majority do so with absolute indiscrimination. There is a necessity for every man to have some theory of medicine and hygiene, even if it be, as it very generally is, a curiously erroneous one. We have known several such, each tolerably satisfactory to its constructor and proprietor, based upon the advertising columns of those religious newspapers which, while maintaining the highest standard of virtue, go so far to relieve what might otherwise be the oppressive vacancy of a well-regulated Sunday afternoon in the country. Much needs to be done by way of educating the popular mind to juster ideas in this regard. An essay in the "*Atlantic Almanac*" for the current year, by Dr. Holmes, "Concerning the Human Body and its Management," (its authorship makes it superfluous to qualify it as sensible and witty and pungent,) is a capital miniature model of what may be done by the right man in this way. Then there are the exquisite "Five Lay Sermons on Health," by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh — somewhat too much *de haut en bas*, perhaps, for the sternest of our republicans, but charming to the more grovelling mind, and full of thoroughly good advice. Dr. Bowditch's recent papers on consumption in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are another specimen of how instruction may be given to the people on special medical topics of vital importance; and a serviceable and clever little book, not republished, we believe, in America, is the "Lectures on Public Health" of Dr. Marpothor, of Dublin. We mention it with pleasure not merely for its intrinsic merits, but because it is among the first-fruits of the new professorship of hygiene in the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. Has any seat of "the new education" in this country an instructor, not merely in the art of preserving individual

health, but in the great subjects of the alimentation and hygienic government of communities? He is more needed in those institutions than in any school for medical students, who can, from their other studies, supplement the lack of special instruction in this branch.

But when all has been said, by way of instruction, exhortation, and entreaty, by wise men and by fanatics, there are two practical heroes upon whom much of our hope for the future is built — the one who is to regenerate our popular cookery, and turn it from its still too exclusive devotion to salaratus and the frying-pan, and that other who is to plant our sunniest hillsides with the vine, whose teeming wealth shall make it even more inexcusable than now for people to corrode their vitals with vitriolic spirits.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.\*

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**H**IDDEN no longer  
In moss-covered ledges,  
Starring the wayside,  
Under the hedges,  
Violet, Pimpernel,  
Flashing with dew,  
Daisy and Asphodel  
Blossom anew.

Down in the bosky dells,  
Everywhere,  
Faintly their fairy bells  
Chime in the air.  
Thanks to the sunshine!  
Thanks to the showers!  
They come again — come again —  
Beautiful flowers!

Twittering sparrows flit  
Merrily by;  
Skylarks triumphantly  
Warble on high:  
ECHO who slumbers  
So long in the glen,  
Awakens to mimic  
The song of the wren:

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\* *Poems.* By Theophilus H. Hill, of North Carolina. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

For, thanks to the sunbeams !  
 Thanks to the showers !  
 They bud again — bloom again —  
 Beautiful flowers !

The mocking-bird, too —  
 The sweetest of mimes —  
 Is prodigal now  
 Of his jubilant rhymes !  
 And my heart is so light,  
 So cheery to-day,  
 I fancy I hear  
 In his rapturous lay,  
 The music I heard  
 In those halcyon hours,  
 When LOVE to my heart  
 (Like SPRING to her bowers)  
 First came to awaken  
 HOPE's beautiful flowers !

*Under the Crown.*

### FRED'S FRIEND.

“WE ought to be hearing something of Fred, my dear,” said the Vicar of Rippleby to his wife, as they sat at breakfast together one fine morning in August.

“Yes, indeed,” said Mrs. Dacres, “he should have arrived in England by this time, if he started when he said he would. I wonder why we have heard nothing of him.”

“Ah, my dear,” said the Vicar, “you don’t know Fred ; I do. You’ve never seen him, to begin with, for he had left England some time before good fortune threw me in your way. What a fellow he was, so full of mischief and fun, and such a hand at a practical joke, and as careless and thoughtless a mortal as ever breathed. How my poor father used to pretend to be very angry with him, and yet I believe he loved him better, for his very faults, than any of us. And I’ve never set eyes on Fred since we were boys together, and now I’m a middle-aged parson, and goodness only knows what he may be. Ah, me ! how time flies. But what can have become of the postman this morning ?” — and the Vicar looked at the watch that lay on the table before him.

While he is waiting for the post, it will be as well to relate such of

his antecedents, and those of his brother, as may be necessary to the proper understanding of this story.

When the Vicar had last seen his brother Fred, some five-and-twenty years before, their father was alive. He was a country gentleman of the old style, and the two brothers had been brought up together at the old hall, had shot, fished, hunted, and gone to Rugby together, and had finally shaken hands at the lodge gates, the one on his way to Cambridge and the other to Liverpool *en route* for Canada. The elder and steadier of the pair had done tolerably well at college, had taken a rather better degree than his friends had hoped for, and had, after two or three years' hack-work as a curate in a London parish, been presented by a college friend to the living of Rippleby, in which retired village he had settled down very happily to the ordinary duties and recreations of a country parson. He had married after a time, but had no children.

His brother Fred had very soon got tired of colonial farming, and had since led a very erratic life, his letters, which were very few and far between, being dated from all parts of the globe. He never entered into any particulars of the life he was leading, but contented himself with saying that he was "bowling along pretty well," or that he had "his eye on a spec which he fancied might pay," and he would then perhaps relate, with great gusto, the details of some escapade, which did not at all accord with the refined notions of his gentlemanly and polished brother. The last letter which had been received from him, some three weeks before, had brought the startling intelligence that, having netted some dollars by a lucky speculation, he had determined to have a run over to the old country and look them up, and he ended by saying that he intended to leave New York in a day or two. No news had been, as yet, received from him, and this had given rise to the Vicar's remark at the beginning of this story.

The Vicar had finished his breakfast, and was drumming his fingers on the table, fidgeting with his teaspoon, and looking at his watch, when the servant came in with the letters.

"Here's Fred's letter at last," said he, "with the London post-mark, too; so he must have arrived," and opening it he began to read it. His wife soon saw that he was very much disturbed and annoyed at something, and when he had finished he said with a most distressed expression of face,

"Dear, dear, how unfortunate; what shall we do with him?"

"What is it?" said his wife. "I hope that there is nothing the matter with your brother?"

"Oh no, he's quite well, and——but, just read his letter, and see what you think of it."

The letter was as follows:—

"THE BROADWAY HOTEL, STRAND,  
August 17th, 186—.

"DEAR HERBERT,

"Here I am in Old England again, and a deuced queer, snail-pace-going, old place it is. I was coming down by telegraph to have a squint at you and the missis, but I am wanted up here about some confounded business. I drop you these lines, however, to tell you to look out for a very good chum of mine, who is down

your way, and will give you a look-up one of these fine mornings, and if he likes his quarters I daresay he'll stay a bit. He is Colonel Jeremiah Z. Ripper, of the Baltimore Blazers, and he and I have been for years like a couple of porkers in the same litter, and are as fond of each other as a blue bear is of ginger. He's saved my life no end of times, so—for the sake of the family credit—be civil to the old boy, and make him jolly.

"Yours always,

"FRED.

"P.S.—He was the man who was the hero in the great alligator affair, but perhaps you don't see the *New York Herald*. Ask him to tell you the story of old Aunt Phœbe and the hornet's nest."

When Mrs. Dacres had finished this epistle, she and her husband stared at each other for some minutes in blank astonishment.

"What is to be done?" said he at last.

"We must have him, I fear," said his wife, "for your brother's sake; he seems so very much attached to him."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said the unhappy Vicar, "what shall I do? I'm not at all fond of military men, and don't know how to entertain them. It really is very inconsiderate of Fred. I wonder what the alligator affair was," he added, in a very disconsolate tone.

"And there's the Confirmation, too, on Wednesday," said his wife.

At this reminder that his Bishop would shortly be his guest, that most gentle and refined of prelates, the poor Vicar did really jump out of his chair in horror and consternation.

"He cannot come," said he, walking up and down the room. "I shall put him off. Any guest would be most inconvenient now, and a man of this description will be terribly out of place. I daresay he's a Dissenter, too," he added. "I won't have him."

He took up the letter and read it again, with many a frown of disapproval at the style and language.

"He might be here at any time," he said.

"Where had he better sleep, my dear," said Mrs. Dacres—"in the green bed-room?"

"The Archdeacon always has that," groaned the Vicar, "and I have not agreed to have him here at all yet."

"If he does come," said his wife, "you might caution him that the Bishop might not——"

"Might not what?" said the Vicar.

"Well, that perhaps the story of Aunt Phœbe and the hornet's nest might not——"

But the Vicar would not listen to the end of the sentence, and went off to his study to brood over his misfortunes.

It may be well imagined how repulsive to the feelings of an unusually shy and sensitive man was the prospect of a visitor introduced in this manner, and spoken of in the terms of his brother's letter. He looked upon the whole American nation, unjustly enough, as more or less arrogant, loud, and vulgar, and this Colonel of Blazers did not promise to be any exception to the rule. If a neighbouring parson had written to say that he was coming to stay for a night, it would have put the Vicar out, and have worried him considerably—and here was a stranger, a foreigner, and a soldier, coming to invade his quiet little parsonage, and what he should do with him he could not imagine. He had been thinking over the matter for some time, when his wife came in. She

had become a good deal more reconciled to the prospect, for she felt that there would be some little *clat* in having a distinguished foreigner as her guest, and that it would sound well in the village and the neighbourhood. She could not conceal from herself that if it did happen that the bishop and the colonel were with them at the same time, things would look ugly ; but then, again, perhaps this untoward combination would not take place, and all might be well. So she went into her husband's study, determined to look at it all in as cheerful a light as possible.

"He can have the green bed-room, my dear," she said. "There's a large window, so that if he does smoke, it will all go out, and we really ought to be glad to make him some return for all his kindness to your brother."

"He must come, then?" said the Vicar, with a groan.

"Yes ; I think we must make up our minds to it," said his wife ; "and I dare say that he won't be so bad after all."

So the matter was settled, and Mrs. Dacres having gone to consult with her servants about the preparations for the Colonel's entertainment, her husband set himself down to his ordinary daily work, and tried to forget his troubles. But in this he could not succeed, and he started at every sound, and constantly took furtive looks from the window, fancying that he heard footsteps outside. That day, Monday, however, passed away without any sign of the expected guest, and the Vicar felt that if good fortune would only keep him away until after Wednesday, matters might not be so frightful after all. But this was not to be. The next morning brought a note signed "Jerry Ripper," and dated from the chief hotel in the neighbouring town, which informed him that the writer had arrived there too late to come on to Rippleby that night, but would be out with his traps some time the next morning. The Vicar had now a great mental debate as to whether he could not run away altogether, or make a little neuralgia the excuse for remaining in bed for the next week. If it had not been for his wife he would certainly have taken the one course or the other, but he could not leave her to encounter this firebrand alone, so he had to make up his mind to go through with it, and bear his misfortunes as he might.

Work that morning was quite out of the question, and the poor Vicar could only roam about the house, and let his misery have a loose rein. It was rather an aggravation to him to see that Mrs. Dacres had, since the arrival of the Colonel's note, paid some additional attention to her morning's toilette, and was evidently quite prepared and ready for the encounter.

They had not long to wait, for a little after eleven a dog-cart drove up to the door, and a tall man, very thin, with a good deal of hair about his face, and in odd-looking, ill-fitting clothes, got down ; and the Vicar heard a rather jolly voice ask if "Parson Dacres hung out there."

He had not the courage to go to the door to meet his guest, so he waited for him in his study, and while he was waiting, he heard the lad who had driven him over say to the maid who was helping him down with the luggage —

"That's about as rum 'un as ever crossed your master's door, Mary."

"Is he?" said the girl.

"He just is," said the lad; "a nice game he got up at the Dragon last night, I can tell you."

A few seconds more, and the Colonel was ushered into the room, and the Vicar came forward with—

"I am very delighted to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

"Ditto to that," said an extremely pleasant voice, and a pair of merry black eyes twinkled out of the hairy forest which surrounded them.

He was certainly a very good specimen of a class, to which the driver had given the generic name of "rum 'uns." The great peculiarity about his appearance was that, while he had a long, thin face, his eyes and voice were those which generally belong to rotundity and jollity.

"And how's the good lady? and, let's see, are there any kids?"

"Mrs. Dacres is quite well, thank you," said the Vicar; "we have no kids, but we keep a cow."

At this remark the Colonel gave a great roar of laughter, from which he did not recover for some time. At last he said—

"Thunder! you're a screecher, and no mistake. Now, you got out that there joke of yours as smartly as ever I heard. Not a grin on your mug even. D'you do much of that, now?"

The Vicar could not recover at once from being called a screecher in his own study, and as for the rest of the Colonel's speech he did not attempt to understand it, so he only smiled in a sickly and very vacant manner, and said—

"But you have not yet been introduced to Mrs. Dacres," and, leading the way, he took his visitor into the drawing-room, where the lady of the house was anxiously awaiting them.

"Colonel Ripper, Mrs. Dacres, my wife," said the Vicar.

"I am sure," said the lady, getting up and coming towards him, "that we are most delighted to welcome you. My husband's brother has written to us, and we have heard of all your goodness to him, and you will believe us when we say that we shall not forget it."

"You must stow all that, ma'am, or else I shall come out in a rash, I shall indeed. Bodger Dacres and I don't need no sticking-plaister to keep us together. He'd do as much for me any day as I have done for him, so we'll drop all that kind of thing, if *you* please."

The Vicar was beginning to get a little hardened by this time, but he could not bear without a wince that his brother's name among his associates was "Bodger." All he said was, however—

"Pray oblige us by giving us some information about my brother; he has never been very communicative, and I am very anxious to hear how he is getting on in your magnificent country."

"Wal, there's not much to tell about old Bodger. He's got an uncommon fine woman for his wife, and no mistake."

"Fred married!" said the Vicar in great astonishment.

"I should rather think so. It's his second, too," said the Colonel.

"Mercy upon us! why has he never mentioned all this in his letters?"

"His first was an octooroon," said the Colonel.

"Dear me! was she indeed? poor lady!" said the Vicar, who had a most terribly confused idea as to what an octooroon was, having until that moment imagined that it was either a velocipede, or some kind of wind. He now made up his mind that it must be a person afflicted in some way, and put in an appropriate expression.

"Why poor, sir?" said the Colonel, "in the name of all that's greased, why poor?"

"Because of her — her misfortune, sir," said the Vicar.

"She was my half-sister, sir," said the Colonel, in a tone that showed that he considered that such a relationship cancelled all defects of nature.

"Oh, indeed," said the alarmed Vicar, and immediately plunging wildly into another subject, he went on —

"A ceremony connected with our church takes place here to-morrow and I am very much afraid that I shall be too much engaged to pay you the attention I could wish, and, until the Bishop is gone, I shall have to leave you very much to yourself. It struck me that it would be a very good opportunity for you to visit objects of interest in the neighbourhood. For instance, there is Lord Salisbury's magnif——"

But the Colonel stopped him with

"No, no, I shall stay here and have a squint at the Bishop. I've no doubt he's a jolly old boy, and we may have a rare bit of fun. What makes the old bird point his beak this way?"

"It is our Confirmation," said the Vicar.

"Ah, I daresay," said his guest. "He's been and gone and done this sort of thing before now, hasn't he?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said Mrs. Dacres, "he's constantly confirming in all parts of the diocese."

"Ah, I thought so. I'll tell you what. To cheer him up a bit after it's over, he and I'll just have a quiet pipe and a yarn together in that lobby or vestry, or whatever you call it. Now, what d'you say to that?"

"What!" said the Vicar, "smoke in the vestry, ask the Bishop, yarn —. Oh! my dear sir, don't think of such a thing. Gracious powers! I never heard of such a thing in all my life. Good heavens!"

"Oh, come," said the Colonel, "you needn't rise them bristles of yours in that way. I'll manage the affair, and if I don't put his mouth a stage or two nearer his ears, why you may tie me in a knot and crack me, that's what you may do."

If this had been practicable the Vicar would probably have instantly done it; but, as it was, he did nothing but gaze horror-stricken at his guest. Had any clergyman in the diocese ever been in such a frightful position as he was, with his Confirmation coming off on the morrow, and a horrible American Colonel proposing to smoke a pipe with the Bishop in the vestry? What would the Archdeacon say, and the clergy, and what would the Bishop himself say at such a suggestion?

"Why," went on the Colonel, "there's the Bishop of Bendigo now. He and I are grand chums. You should just hear him tell his story of the grizzly bear;" and the Colonel leant back and laughed with great gusto at the recollection. The Vicar felt that, however excellent a man this bishop might be, a story of a grizzly bear was not quite the thing he ought to tell. However, his guest appeared to expect some response, so he said —

"Some adventure, I presume, that his lordship had with the animal."

"His lordship!" said the Colonel; "his coonship is nearer the mark — old Jack Bendigo, my lord! No, no, we've no lords where I come from. I call him Ben, and he calls me Rip."

During the afternoon — for, as Shakespeare says, "time and the hour run through the roughest day," and the minutes and the Vicar's misery increased together — during the afternoon a lady friend of Mrs. Dacres called upon her — a little, mild, maiden lady, who purred like a cat — and on being introduced to the Colonel, not even her natural politeness, which was usually very strong, could prevent a stare of undisguised astonishment. He saw this, and addressed her: —

"Now, ma'am, I see you want to know who I am. I'll tell you. I'm a birthday present from the King of Bonny to your Victoria, and she's handed me on to those Zoological coves in the Regent's Park. I'm due there on Monday, because they've got several cheap trips coming up to see me."

Miss Millum, who was very much alarmed, gave a feeble little laugh, and looked excessively uncomfortable. Mrs. Dacres changed the subject by giving the Colonel an account of a bazaar which was to take place, and the arrangements for which were the cause of Miss Millum's visit.

"Jee-rusalem!" said the Colonel, at last; "if I ain't got something that will just suit that amateur store of yours."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the lady, "it's really very kind of you, and it's for such a good object. You will understand how much a church and good clergyman are required in so ——" but the Colonel got up and went out of the room. In a few minutes he returned and handed Miss Millum a paper which, on being opened, was found to contain what looked like a tuft of coarse hair. "Now, mum, what d'you think that is?" said the Colonel.

"I've no idea," said the lady; "pray tell me."

"Did you ever hear of the great Injun Chief, Morning Mist?"

"I don't think I have," said she.

"Well, that 'ere," said he, "is just that critter's scalp, and you may have it."

But Miss Millum gave a shriek of consternation, and, clutching Mrs. Dacres' arm, hurried out of the room.

The Colonel was rather quieter during the rest of the day, but nevertheless by bed-time the poor Vicar was nearly worn out, and his sickly smile at his wife when she tried to whisper some words of comfort to him, was piteous to see.

On the landing the Colonel turned to him and said, "Just come into my quarters for a moment;" and the poor Vicar followed him into his room.

More than an hour afterwards, when Mrs. Dacres had worked herself up to an intense pitch of nervous anxiety, and was imagining all kinds of horrible things, she at last heard her husband's slippers shuffling along the passage, and in he came.

"My dearest life," she began, "why have you been so long? I have been so ——" but what she saw took away her power of speech.

There stood the Vicar in his dressing-gown, with his bed-room candle at an angle of forty-five degrees, and a beaming smile upon his face.

"The strain on his intellect has been too much for him," said she to herself, in horror.

"It's all right," said he.

"My dearest Herbert, what *is* the matter?"

"It's all a joke, Mary, that's not Colonel Ripper, that's not Fred's friend, it's Fred himself."

"La, my dear!" said Mrs. Dacres, for she now saw that her husband was in his senses.

"Yes, it's just a bit of Fred's fun, so like him. He always was such a hand at a practical joke. It's all put on, that vulgar manner, and speech, and all."

"If what you say is a fact, Herbert," said she, sitting up in bed, "your brother has been guilty of a most cruel and heartless piece of amusement, and I will never forgive him."

"Oh, my dear," said the Vicar, "you must not be too hard on him."

"Too hard on him," said Mrs. Dacres in great indignation—"but you come to bed at once, Mr. Dacres, or I shall be having you laid up with one of your bad colds."

Mrs. Dacres lay awake for some time meditating on the events of the day; at last she suddenly said—

"But that horrid scalp, Mr. Dacres—that was no joke."

The Vicar mumbled something.

"It was what?" said his wife.

"Piece of the dining-room mat, my dear. Good night."

It was very long before Mrs. Dacres could forgive her brother-in-law for his joke at the expense of her husband, but the Vicar himself forgot it all the next day when the Bishop said to him—

"What an extremely well-informed man your brother is, Mr. Dacres. He has been giving me some interesting particulars of the American Church."

And so, in listening to the praises of Fred, the Vicar forgave the vagaries of Fred's friend.

W. E. WILCOX.

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*The Southern Presbyterian Review.*

## AUTHORSHIP AT THE SOUTH.

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THE reproach is sometimes brought against Southern men that they have contributed less than their share to the book-making of the country. Our once rich, prosperous, and happy States have made comparatively few contributions to the standard volumes of the

libraries. It is a matter of some interest and importance to us to inquire whether or not this is a just reproach ; and if it be, what are its causes, and by what means it may, by the blessing of God, be removed.

Now, in the first place, our Southern States have usually been more intent upon the production of men than of books. We have, whether wisely or not, preferred a living and spoken voice to a dead and embalmed and printed voice. There can be but little doubt in any candid and well-informed mind that skill in popular public speaking existed to a greater extent among the educated classes of the South, down to 1860, than in any other population of the English-speaking nations. There is no doubt at all in relation to either New England or Old England. The only doubt we feel is concerning the North-western States. We have preferred the power of "men, high-minded men," to that of books ; even those of which it would have been good for us to have had more — "books which are the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." We have rather striven to emulate Demosthenes and Chatham, than Plato and Bacon. We have felt that the problems of liberty and self-government were on experiment here and now, in this land and in the present age ; and that he who could and would contribute to their maintenance on the floor of counsel and debate would deserve more of his race than even he who should have treasured up, in ponderous volume, the mental "seeds of things," which should fly through the air, and then at last lodge and germinate in many a place, but after the "summer was ended" and the experiment of free government a failure.

Observing minds every where will have noticed the great predilection of Southern men for the bar and for political life. Some sought political life through the apprenticeship of the bar, because that was the consecrated route to posts of public trust ; and many sought political life by the direct road, and for its own sake. It was because *there* lay the experiment of the age. The thing on trial in the American States, as Northern men thought, was *power* : the power of the central government to maintain itself against all claims of rights whatever, whether they were State rights or individual rights. They always took the side of a large and loose construction of the Constitution, except where their own purposes were concerned. The ear of Time has hardly yet recovered from its deep amazement at the ridicule heaped by Northern tongues and pens upon a jealous guarding of the written Constitution of the country by Southern statesmen as "dealing in *abstractions* ;" and at their derision of men jealous of all infractions of the charter of the liberties of the country, as "*abstractionists*." There never was a deeper, a blinder, a more doomed fatuity, except that of those who, in any degree, felt the ridicule. The thing on trial in the American Union, as Southern men thought, was *liberty* — constitutional liberty ; the power of the States, the power of persons, to maintain all their constitutional rights, against all claims of power whatever ; against the irresponsible constructions of the extent of its own powers by the Federal Government ; against reckless and passionate majorities ; against all overriding of rights which men in cooler moments established for their own guidance, and bound themselves by written consti-

tutions not to override. Southern men did not have time to produce books. The great battle of historic and chartered liberty, they believed, would be fought, and won or lost, before those coming generations should arise, to whom books of any intrinsic value are addressed. There never was a wiser, juster, or more beautiful system of human rights, guarded by all those checks and balances and rightful and peaceful remedies, which the watchful and studious care of the most profound political sages of any age could desire, than that which existed in this country while the Southern mind had controlling influence in it. It is the robe of Nemesis that this was what the hating fanaticism of the North called the SLAVE POWER. And the overthrow of the slave power is so manifestly the overthrow of all jealousy of constitutional right, that Northern leaders do not now scruple to own that long courses of Congressional action are "outside the Constitution," and that Northern statesmen stoop to say that war, arms, numbers — mercenary Dutch and Irish numbers — have decided the most vital points of human liberty.

The best minds of the South, in the better days of old, were occupied in a closer study than that of him who makes a book, with those plans and devices of human rights which consider how to restrain the power of mad majorities; how to protect minorities; how to establish the reign of constitution, of law, of opinion, and of the consent of the governed. And while this plan of government prevailed in this country, it created a temple of liberty worthy the high principle, the lofty magnanimity, and the unsullied public virtue of that high-mettled race who guarded and frequented it.

Our Rubicon was crossed when men, acting under the Constitution only, having sworn to *support* the Constitution, and having no rightful power of any sort but what the Constitution gave them, felt no guilt of perjury in enacting laws "outside the Constitution." There rolled the waters of the fated river. It is true we hear pæans over the death of the ancient and chartered but troublesome rights of the States and of the people. Who knows not that rights of any kind are ever vexatious and unwelcome things in the ear of unlimited power? Who does not now see that ridicule of the jealousy of the South over those rights as "abstractions," was the first and cheapest weapon for their destruction, which was tried for economy's sake before the trial of force? And in the light of the low trick of emancipation, *as a necessity of war*, admitted to be in thorough contravention of that sacred compact which formed the Union, who does not see what this nation has now to expect from any conscientious obligation of constitutions, of compacts, or of covenanted obligations? Who does not see the intended tendency of all those teachings in other days which sneered at constitutional scruples as "abstractions?"

The South has had little hand indeed in the change by which we have crossed the Rubicon; and have passed from the days of the old republic of the Scipios and the Catos, to the empire and the days of the bleeding Julius and the silent and politic Augustus. In such days, all men indeed do not even know that their liberties are lost and gone. The ancient citadel of those liberties still stands. Some puny Hirtius and Pansa still stand, wearing the ancient names of consuls. The

Senate still stands ; the laws still stand. All ancient hallowed names still haunt men's vocabularies like lifeless shadows. The only living things are *treasure* and *sword*. They are still alive. Precedent and partisan passion have made great gaps and breaches in the citadel of the ancient liberties. It is disloyal to *see* those great breaches. It is disloyal to call in question any of the acts by which they were made. All jealousy of right is disloyal. All saying or thinking that the sword is no logician ; that might does not make right ; that the righteous cause does not always triumph in one particular age, and that the voice of the people is not ever the voice of God, is disloyal. Then be it so. The Southern men were not hitherto a book-making race. They thought it their calling, as the sons of their fathers who won liberty at Runnymede, and at the Boyne, and at Yorktown, to guard the bulwarks of constitutional right and chartered liberty. Their occupation is gone. It is well that the sovereignty has been given to the *negroes*. There will be no "abstractions" among them. They are fitting guardians of liberty when she is to be murdered—fitting custodians of those old sacred chartered and hereditary liberties of the Norman race, when the Constitution sinks and the will of the majority ascends the sacred throne of supremacy. We stand before God and the future, willing and anxious to declare what we take none of the honor of having sought the empire—none of the blame of having introduced it. However its annals may hereafter be studded with the shining names of Aurelius, of Trajan, of Vespasian, and of Titus ; however rich in glory and in treasure it may hereafter sweep on through the long tracts of time, till the Goths and Vandals shall come, it was not we who did it, in intention. We desired to abide among the Catos, the Scipios, the Marcelluses, and the Fabriciuses.

And we take no pleasure (except such as proceeds from marking the deep movements of the hand of God) in observing that keen sting of Nemesis with which, as years roll on, she stings the fomenters of stealthy revolutions and those who rob States and persons of their rights and liberties ; how, after the malice and ferocity are over, and they awake from the delirium of their artfully generated rage, it is but to find themselves forever enslaved by a master, who, whether monarch or mob, shall with great accuracy and by the decree of God "measure to them the measure they have meted to others." So it was of old ; so it is now ; so it will be hereafter. No ghost of murdered liberties can ever shake his gory locks at us, while yet the echo rings through the arches of the temple of liberty, of the laugh of the friends of power at our "abstractions ;" or while the rattle of the musketry is yet in men's ears, with which we attempted to assert those ancient RIGHTS OF THE STATES, whose sacred and chartered and rightful existence we had learned from our purest, wisest, and most trusted sages and patriots ; or while the voluntary debasement of liberty and sovereignty, by bestowing it on the poor African, remains, among other wonderful things, in the memory and sight of men. Madly and in besotted blindness, France followed the levellers into oceans of blood and crime and anarchy. Levelling is the deluge which breaks all the dikes of human law. It is the spring-thaw which dissolves all restraints upon the selfish passions. It is the turning loose of the wild beast of plunder

upon human society. It is the lunacy of human logic. It is the Circean cup which in our very sight converts our fellow-men into swine, and we feel that they have parted the common bonds of our humanity. Others will rejoice, nay, they do already rejoice, in the triumph of levelling. Now, over the possession by the poor negro of every privilege, every immunity, every liberty, which can, in the remotest degree, be any real good to him of any kind, we scarcely trouble ourselves to say that *we* heartily rejoice with all who have sought those blessings for him from pure motives. In this, of course, we mean not to embrace the designing and envious and malignant demagogue, or the man who makes the Southern negro the despised tool of Northern hatred to the South ; but all pure Christians and patriots, who have thought, whether correctly or not we care not to inquire, that freedom would be a boon and a blessing to the slave, by which *they* neither expected to gratify their malice nor to replenish their purses, nor to build up the selfish power of their party. Take out the malicious and selfish emancipators, and we rejoice with all others over the freedom of the negro. But we summon the leveller to the tribunal of the Past. We summon him to the tribunal of the Future. With a clear conscience, but not without apprehension for the welfare of those who, amid all their injury and insult, are still our fellow-creatures, we leave him and his deeds there, to await the rolling of those wheels of Providence whose "rings are full of eyes round about," and ascend "so high that they are dreadful."

The best minds of the South, we have said, were not of old the men to produce ponderous volumes of learned lore. Washington, Mason, Taylor of Caroline, Jefferson, Madison, Henry, and Giles of Virginia, with Rutledge, Drayton, Gadsden, the two Pinckneys of South Carolina, and others like them in other States, were men who rather strove to build the temple of liberty in act and fact than to write about it. They were not cloister men, but actors in deathless deeds, in men's sight, and in the brightest of earthly light for all time to come. Builders of the temple of constitutional liberty on these shores, they left the recording of that work of building—the memories of themselves and their deeds—in some cases not with entire impunity, to Northern men. Marshall, indeed, gave us a native history of the great Southron, Washington ; and Prof. George Tucker another of Jefferson ; and W. C. Rives still another of Madison ; but we wonder why memoirs of some of them have never been written at all.

And there is a name of one, more modern, who well deserves to have a place among the highest and purest of the guardians of constitutional liberty, the name of one whose bust, we learn, has been removed from the public hall at West Point, lest it might contaminate the future blind fighters for power who are to be trained there ; the name of one now unpopular, because the liberties and rights he guarded so well are dead, and lost, and gone ; and who has left on record defences of those rights, as constitutional and sacred, which have never been answered and never probably can be, or could legitimately have been ; one who requires no apology for not having made books. There stand upon our shelves four massy volumes of his thoughts, embalmed in record. They consist of a Disquisition on Government in general ; a discussion of the Constitution and Government of the United States ;

and Speeches and Reports on all the whole range of subjects which occupied the thoughts of the American statesman for forty years before he passed from among us. No man can be said to have lived in vain who left only such printed expositions of constitutional liberty as he has left. No man can be said to have lived in vain who left only the record which he left, of personal contests for constitutional rights. When he disappeared from the scenes of this life, there was nothing to be alleged against his personal character even by those who desired to dislike him. There was nothing against him but those opinions as a statesman for which he made the defences of a giant, and which produced far more of personal dislike than of candid and fair answer. No man could dislike him without forfeiting all claim to magnanimity, and constituting himself so far a persecutor for opinion's sake. Some disliked him as the intended invader of your homes dislikes the sleepless watch-dog; others because he made arguments for constitutional rights which they could not answer, and did not wish to yield to, to believe in, or to respect; and others still, because his name was a trusted, revered, venerated authority on the side of that invincible logic of State rights, which, they themselves being judges, no similar weapons of logic could refute, but for that purpose the logic of the musket and of military necessity must come in. His is a name now under a cloud, and not to emerge into sunshine, with many other deep intrinsic things, until the wild theories of the levellers shall receive in their turn the refutation it is pretended his theories of State rights have received — the refutation of the logic of events; and the minds of men shall subside, through anarchy, social convulsion, and bloodshed, to the sober level of law, order, and respect for social worth. We need not say that we refer to the illustrious name of John Caldwell Calhoun.

The volumes of Washington's writings, although, we believe, with characteristic Southern diligence, and with characteristic Yankee honesty, edited in Massachusetts, are still Southern books, books of rebellion, and full of deep resolved rebellion against unjust and persecuting power. The volumes of Jefferson's writings, always excepting the unfortunate infidelity which never ought to have been foisted into them, and never would, we believe, if the wishes of the writer of them had prevailed, are Southern books, and the deep thoughts of a rebel and of a revolutionary sage and patriot. We may also enroll among Southern classics, Wirt's *British Spy* and *Old Bachelor*, and his *Life of Patrick Henry*, where again we strike that peculiar Anglo-Saxon and Norman thread of gold, of resistance to oppressive and unjust authority; and our youth are sent to primeval forests to commune with him who said, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

And when we pass our eyes over the unwritten annals of the Bar, and of public life in any and every Southern State, for years past, our own patience has need of the best apologies we can discover, when we observe, taking out, of course, some vicious and worthless characters, how rich are the remaining materials, how rich in worth, genius, patriotism, true eloquence, and true honor, which have been permitted, save and except only a few such books as Baldwin's *Flush Times* in Alabama, to dissolve away like the precious pearl of the Egyptian queen, in the dull waters of Lethe! We look back with surprise and

deep regret that the Bar of Virginia has not yet had its historian. There has scarcely been a more readable book issued from the English press, in recent years, than *The Lives of the Lord Chancellors*. Through what varied scenes of history, and among what rich specimens of character, it conducts its readers. And beginning with the wigged and starched and ruffled counsel for the Crown in colonial times, including that splendid man, Peyton Randolph, who encountered Samuel Davies at Williamsburg on the subject of religious liberty; and descending through the annals of the State, while there were reverence and reason among men to heed her warning and jealous voice concerning constitutional liberty, down to that true and splendid man, John Randolph Tucker, who held the seals of her first legal office when the sword became her sceptre; we question whether Lord Campbell had a much richer subject than he would have who should properly conceive and adequately execute a history of the lives of the Judges and Attorney-Generals of Virginia. Nor would "every charm of wisdom and of worth," by a long measure, be embraced in even that rich and glorious list. There have been legal Titans of the land who never ascended the bench nor held the seals of the State; such as, in our own early days, were Chapman, Johnson, and Benjamin Watkins Leigh, whose names were an ornament and a strength to the land; and whose existence caused every man to feel that, while they lived, wrong was less potent against right, lawlessness against law, and falsehood against truth, than if such men had not been bestowed upon us. Of the Judges and Attorney-Generals of South Carolina, from the beginning down almost to the present time, when the sun of both institutions seems to have gone down for the present in clouds and darkness, we have some record in the late Chief-Justice O'Neale's work, "*The Bench and Bar of South Carolina*." What learning, what eloquence, above all, what *character*, did ever adorn, down to this present day, the Bench of the Palmetto State! And what a list of honored names belong to the past history of her Bar, where Pringle and Lowndes, Hayne and McDuffie, Cheves and Grimke, Preston and Legaré, Elmore and Petigru, illustrate so nobly the glory of their profession! Hugh S. Legaré's writings have been collected and published; and a brief notice is given by the author named above of each of these other eminent lawyers. Yet how brief and insignificant! Of these and many more in their State, and of many illustrious sons of other Southern States in their line of service, we have sadly to say, with an implication not altogether without reproach to our men of letters, and with adaptation to the Christian spirit in which we desire to write:

"Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride,  
They had no poet and they died;  
In vain they toiled, in vain they bled,  
They had no poet and are dead."

The life of Washington has been written by Sparks and Irving; that of Jefferson by Tucker and Rayner and Randall; and none of these writers, we believe, had any thing in common with the present fashionable school of malignant vituperators of all we have and are, whose misrepresentations are designed somewhat to excuse to themselves

their persecutions. But let the literary men of the South look well to it that these men are not left to write biography for our children much farther down than the life of Jefferson or John Randolph. For, in that event, upon their pages we shall not be able to recognise or to identify the plainest facts of modern history. If it should chance, as often has been the case amid the events of time, that they should deem *truth* itself *disloyal*, then they will boldly lift their eyes to the face of God and maintain the falsehood of truth, the right of wrong, and the evil of good. We shall not know ourselves; we shall not recognise our glorious mountains and plains; we shall not recognise the very names or forms of our own sires or sons, in their narratives.

In the department of the history of their own States, Southern pens have not been altogether idle. We do not pretend to make a complete catalogue of what they have prepared, but we may refer to the collections made and published by Historical Societies in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and other States. Histories of Virginia have also been produced by Beverly, Burk, Howison, and the Campbells; of North Carolina, by Williamson and by Wheeler; of South Carolina, under different forms, by Ramsay, Lawson, Drayton, Moultrie, Hewatt, Garden, Mill, Simms, Carroll, Gibbs, Rivers, Logan, LaBorde; of Georgia, by McCall, Stevens, and White; of Florida and Louisiana, by Latour; of St. Augustine, by Fairbanks; of Louisiana, by Marbois and Stoddard; of Tennessee, by Ramsay. Besides these, there may have been published such works relating to others of the Southern States. There have been some other Histories and Biographies: as Chief-Justice O'Neale's Annals of Newberry District; Judge Johnson's Life of Greene; James's Life of Marion; and Dr. Joseph Johnson's Reminiscences of the American Revolution in the South. There have also been some scientific histories of several of these States; for example, Elliott's Botany of South Carolina and Georgia, Tuomey's Geology of South Carolina, Holbrook's Herpetology, Dr. A. W. Chapman's Southern Botany; Dr. Peyre Porcher's Resources of Southern Fields and Forests, besides some other works of his; Mrs. Ryan's Southern Florist; sundry agricultural and scientific works by the two Gibbeses and by the Ruffins; Bachman's labors in conjunction with Audubon and his learned defence of the Unity of the Human Race. Here, also, let us allude to Dr. Cooper's works, to Fitzhugh's, to Bledsoe's, and to Professor Dew's very able and philosophical writings in defence of slavery; and to the same Professor's Exposition of the Laws, Customs, Manners, and Institutions of the Ancient and Modern Nations; to Professor George Tucker's works on Political Economy, and his Constitutional History of the United States; to Professor Henry St. George Tucker's Lectures on the Constitution of the United States; to Professor Lieber's Political Ethics, published whilst at the South Carolina College; and to that work of the sage of Monticello, with which we might well have headed this list, Jefferson's celebrated Notes on Virginia.

Besides these histories of the several States, there is a Southern book which deserves to be called historical in more senses than one — Mr. Stephens's Constitutional History of the War between the States. So too, Alfriend's Life of Jefferson Davis deserves ever to be honor-

ably mentioned by every Southern man, both for its own sake and for its noble subject. Matthew F. Maury's *Geography of the Sea* is a Southern book ; so are *Garland's Life of Randolph* and *Cooke's Life of Jackson*. And there is another book of great literary interest, written by a Southern scholar in the true sense of that term, and published magnificently in England during the war, by Theodore Wagner, of Charleston, which reflects honor at once upon its writer and its munificent patron, as also through them both upon their native Carolina — *Jamison's Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin, a History of the Fourteenth Century*.

Moreover, the South has had a few poets and successful writers of fiction ; amongst whose names we can easily recall those of Mrs. Le Vert, Mrs. McCord, Mrs. Preston, Miss Evans, (now Mrs. Wilson,) Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Gilman, and Susan Archer Talley ; those also of John Esten Cooke, Beverly Tucker, James E. Heath, Albert Pike, Grayson, Simms, Hayne, Timrod, Barron Hope, Thompson, Philip P. Cook, Professor W. H. Peck, and others.

In that vitally important department of school-books and of text-books for the higher institutions, what has Southern talent accomplished that is adequate to our wants? The Professors at the University of Virginia have published some good text-books. The two LeContes, now, alas ! partly driven, partly drawn away from the South to the University of California, have, it is understood, prepared, but not published, some more. And Wm. Bingham, of North Carolina, deserves honorable mention for what he has accomplished. A few other Southern teachers have exerted themselves in this direction, but how few ! The country is flooded with Yankee school-books in every department and of every degree of merit. We have not room to say here in full what we think on this subject. A very high educational authority in Virginia is of opinion that our State institutions of learning are all to be *radicalized*. If we will let them, these busy people will gladly dispense their ideas in every form to our children and youth. Teachers in pantaloons and teachers in petticoats will swarm to these genial climes from cold New England. Let them come. The door is open, and we would by no means have it shut. Let them come in swarms to teach both black and white ; and the good which they may do we will accept as good and rejoice in it. But if we would counterwork their evil influence, we must teach our own youth both white and black ; and to this end we must support our own schools and make our own text-books.

We are not able to say what the legal and medical professions of the South have published ; but we know that her ecclesiastical men, compared with their Northern brethren, have published but few books. Some few of her sons have indeed had the honor of publishing translations of the Scriptures and of Christian books into the languages of different nations whom they went forth to evangelize. And then, with reference to publications by Southern ministers at home, there recur to our thoughts several volumes of sermons by Drs. Kollock and Preston, of Savannah, and Drs. Keith and Buist and Rev. Mr. Ashmead, of Charleston ; *Elements of Moral Philosophy*, by Dr. Jasper Adams, and *Philosophic Theology*, by Rev. Prof. Miles ; *Cassels on Paedobaptism* ; Dr. Smyth on *Apostolical Succession* and on *Presbytery*,

besides several minor works ; Dr. J. L. Dagg's and Dr. C. F. Deems's theological writings ; Dr. T. N. Ralston and Dr. L. Rosser on Divinity ; Dr. Hazelius's History of the American Lutheran Church, and his History of the Christian Church from the Earliest Ages ; Dr. T. O. Summers's various productions ; Dr. Thornwell's Essays on Truth, and his work on the Apocrypha ; Stuart Robinson's Church of God, and his Discourses of Redemption ; Dr. Breckenridge's Theology, Objective and Subjective ; Dr. Armstrong on Baptism, and on the Theology of Experience ; Dr. Dabney's Defence of Virginia and the South, and his Life of Jackson ; a variety of critical, practical, and theological works, by Drs. Plumer and Scott ; Dr. B. M. Smith's share in the joint commentary on the Poetical Books of Scripture, by Fausset and Smith ; Dr. Moore's Commentary on the Prophets of the Restoration ; Hoge's Blind Bartimeus ; Otts's Nicodemus ; Dr. C. C. Jones's History of the Church of God ; Dr. Daniel Baker's Sermons ; Dr. Sampson on Hebrews ; Dr. Ruffner's Fathers in the Desert, and his work on Predestination ; Dr. White's African Preacher, and Letters to a Son ; Dr. Matthews on the Divine Purpose ; and no doubt a good many other works which have not occurred to our recollection. Indeed, there is one man's works which we must not fail to add to the Southern books above named, because the South only lent him for a special service to be performed at a Northern place of residence, but he remained ever Virginian and Southern. Training for many years successive classes of ministers in theology, he made his mark on the whole Church through them, and then the evening of his life yielded a harvest of other good fruits—the fruits of his Southern pen. We must claim Archibald Alexander as of us, and his writings as of ours ; and if any demur, we shall go further and lay claim even to his two gifted sons, James Waddell and Joseph Addison, and to all which they produced.

To all this, let us add that in the department of Southern Church history, we have four volumes by Dr. Foote, of Romney, two of them Sketches of North Carolina and two Sketches of Virginia—the Froisart of the State, full of diligent labor, full of particular fact, worthy of all honor, not justly ever to be forgotten—devoted to the Presbyterian Church chiefly. And then we have Dr. Hawks's Ecclesiastical Sketches of Virginia, written, of course, from the very churchly stand-point of the author. And we have also that valuable contribution to the history of the State, of course also from the Episcopalian point of view, Bishop Meade's Old Families and Old Churches of Virginia. Here, also, we recall the work of Dalcho on the Episcopal Church in South Carolina, and Strobel's History of the Salzburgers in Georgia. But why have we not had histories of every Christian denomination in every one of the States ? And why has not the list of theological, critical, and practical writings given above, been made to be one hundred times longer ? Have all our Southern ministers except these few been asleep ? Or have they not known what a mighty power for good and for evil the press can and does wield ? Or have they really been so busy preaching as to have had no time for efforts with the pen ? And why have Southern poets been such rare birds, and treated us so seldom to their sweet songs ? And why have her scientific men been so well content to commune with, but not communicate to their fellows ?

And why have her scholars so generally and to so great an extent eschewed the types? We own ourselves somewhat at a loss for the answer to these questions, notwithstanding what has already been said, and what remains to be said, in the extenuation of the neglect of authorship at the South.\*

It is to be remembered, we grant, that much of the best writing of the day, both in this country and in Great Britain, has been given to the world in the shape of contributions to the reviews and magazines. And some of the best volumes of current writing are composed of the productions of a single writer, thus brought together as the offspring of a single mind. The miscellanies of Macaulay, Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Carlyle, and Sir James Mackintosh, from the *Edinburgh Review*; those of Sir Walter Scott, from the *London Quarterly*, and the Noctes Ambrosianæ of Wilson, from *Blackwood*, have constituted a very large share of the desirable polite literature of the last forty years. In a little over that time, we have had issued from our own presses the *Southern Quarterly Review*, at Charleston; the *Evangelical and Literary Magazine* and the *Southern Literary Messenger*, both at Richmond; *The Southern Presbyterian Review*, at Columbia; *The Land We Love*, at Charlotte; and the *Southern Review*, at Baltimore. Three of these do not, and three do still exist. And from the sides of those three which do not now exist, we firmly believe that volumes might have been cut off, of solid intrinsic value, which would not have been unworthy of reproduction, and which would have been of more use to the Southern people than the English books which they have substituted in their place, because nearer to their sphere of life. Of those three which do still exist, it may be wisest to say little; but we have no fear that the truth of the same remark concerning them would be denied by any one of just judgment.

One of the best species of the *Spectator* and *Rambler* species is the Mountaineer, first published in series in the *Republican Farmer*, of Staunton, Virginia, by Dr. Conrad Speece, between 1813 and 1816, and put into a volume in 1823. And, though not having it now before us, we remember to have seen a copy of the Golden Casket, by old Governor William B. Giles—a volume of admirable political essays, which had their history and accomplished their work—first published in the columns of the Richmond *Enquirer*, between the years 1825 and 1828, in the administration of the younger Adams, and afterwards collected into a volume. The reprint of such volumes is not now demanded, although in many places they would be worth their weight in gold. And why have not volumes of the productions of such men and such thinkers as John H. Rice and James H. Thornwell been demanded, published, read, treasured, cherished among us? † Few voices will be found to reply that it is from the want of intrinsic merit to be expected in such volumes. To explain it, but not to account for it,—needing itself to be accounted for,—there lies that strange unfaith-

\* In the hands of a literary gentleman of this city, we have seen a list of some two hundred names of living Southern authors. That gentleman has a work nearly ready for the press, giving some account of all these authors and their various productions. Yet, what are two hundred authors to the eight millions of our population? [Eds. S. P. R.]

† We hope it will not be long before this reproach shall be wiped away, so far as concerns Dr. Thornwell's works. [Eds. S. P. R.]

fulness of the South to its own thought, its own books, reviews, magazines, which is to-day the very worst foe to all literary enterprise in its borders.

We mention, then, as second among the causes of the neglect of authorship at the South, the want of appreciation, among our own people, of our own productions. There has been an habitual and deeply-seated fondness among our country gentlemen for English literature of the reign of Queen Anne. It is barely yielding recently, but yielding, not to home thought and writing altogether ; but still yearning for the English, if it must accept the modern. Many planters of cotton and tobacco appear to have felt that the problem of literature was solved by the mother country ; that the office of books, to furnish elegant instruction, culture, amusement, was fulfilled by English letters. And then Yankee literature, which ever assumes to itself the title of American, and which has concurred with our own readers and buyers in the one point of undervaluing our own writers and their productions, has been so justly offensive to our people that they have preferred at once the writings of the English. The South has a sovereign disgust for the malignant humanitarianism of Boston, the favorite centre of Yankee literature. She has long had that disgust ; and the bitter oppressions of reconstruction, every sane man can see, will have no tendency to diminish it. We were never very ardent admirers of the cold Unitarianism of Dr. Channing, with all the elegant and finished splendor of his periods ; nor of Mrs. Stowe, with all the genius for which her sympathisers give her credit ; nor of Theodore Parker's flat pulpit infidelity, with all his blaze of pulpit brilliancy ; nor of Professor Park's incessant attempt to try how near he can come to heresy without heresy, for all his powerful and clear current of sense. We preferred the silly humanitarianism even of the spoilt boy, Leigh Hunt, who so fiercely rebukes Dante for seeing and describing perdition in the Divine Comedy, because we believed that his silly, sickly, and sentimental humanitarianism was but the whim of a spoilt boy, to that of Channing, of Mrs. Stowe, or of Theodore Parker, because we knew their humanity to one race to be largely composed of envy and malice to the other, and because we knew them to be conspirators against the Constitution, the liberty, and the peace of the country. It is not, then, wonderful that that which was called American literature in America, being in very large part from Boston, was not popular at the South. There was indeed sometimes unfriendly fanaticism in the utterances of the British press ; but there was far more of magnanimity and less of unfriendliness to our Constitution in them.

But it was a great mistake which the Southern people made, when they thought that English literature, old or new, would serve for this country. It is a great mistake to suppose that because the human mind has been well expressed in one age, it needs not to be expressed in a subsequent age. It is a great mistake to think that because Shakspeare so thoroughly fathomed human nature in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, that there was no need for Walter Scott in the reigns of George and William ; or that because Shakspeare and Scott have heretofore so thoroughly understood and exhibited human nature, there is no need for great masters of human nature hereafter. For human nature is

ever new and ever unfathomable in its depths, because, with all its perversities and dislocations and gigantic ruins, it is the work of God. It is a great mistake to suppose that the works of Taylor, and Barrow, and Leighton, or of those master spirits of the British pulpit of any age, Howe, and Hall, and Chalmers, have left no further need for the production of divinity in the English language. For, granted the fact that new religious doctrines are not to be desired or expected, still the contact of the sublime and awful truths of the Word of God with the mind of man must and will have its restatement in every age, because the mind of man is ever original and ever unfathomable in its depths by all but the Word of God. And the contact of the Word of God with the mind of man, in every age, will emit bright new sparks, not altogether similar to those which any former age has seen, leaving no place whatever, as we do not mean to leave, for heretical glosses or infidel speculations. Along that line of sparkling contact lies the path of a true and sincere and heart-speaking religious literature of every age for itself. It is a great mistake to suppose that the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Guardian*, and the *Rambler*, have left no room or necessity for any other essayist than Addison, Steele, and Johnson, because those exquisite masters of other days have left us their works, and have tastily exhibited the social side of human nature and life. For the social side of human life is perhaps as different now from what it was in the days of Queen Anne as it ever was in any two ages, while the same language lasted and the same words were understood and spoken in both ages. For a whole world of history has been enacted since then, and a whole world of new thoughts been born among the people, which must make society differ, notwithstanding those great substantial identities which endure from age to age. The life and thought of a people, the life and thought of the whole race of man, is forever moving onward. There are certain respects in which human nature is the same in every age. There are certain other respects, easily distinguishable by a candid mind, in which human nature differs in every age from what it was in any former age. There are in every age new points of contact between the mind of man and the providence of God. That is the real vitality of history when it sheds some intrinsic light upon man's nature and destiny and duty, by showing us the character of that age in the mental pursuits of that age, and construing the providential events of that age. An age of liberty, of prosperity, and of the piping times of peace, and an age of bondage, of gloom, of the hiding of all signs, and the slow waiting for the coming of the morning; an age when Fabricius and Regulus are possible, and an age when Nero and Caligula appear; an age of the jealousy *for* liberty and *against* power, and an age of the jealousy *against* liberty and *for* power; an age of the republic and an age of the empire — are essentially different phases of nature and providence, and will be marked by different utterances of the human soul. If we do not now bear our full share of the use of the printing press, it will be abundantly used for all that; and used by those who will not only do us justice, but will do any thing, even down to deliberate violations of historic truth, rather than to do justice to us or appreciate our men of worth and merit. The men whom we esteem the saints of the age will be made

the sinners ; and the men whom we esteem the sinners of the age will be made the saints. Not that we esteem the utterances of the Southern mind alone, or of the Northern mind alone ; the utterances of the American mind alone, or of the British mind alone ; those of the Anglo-Saxon mind alone, or of the continent of Europe alone, to be the mirror of the shape and form of that age, to be sent to future years as its full and fair picture ; but every people who have a character of their own, and feelings, wishes, and aspirations of their own, are bound, in justice to history and to posterity, to leave upon record the showings of their own mind, thought, purposes, ends, and aims.

In the third place, the sparseness of the population in the country at the South has hitherto been a great hindrance to literary pursuits. Our country has been too purely agricultural ; the homes of our people have been too isolated and too far apart ; the type of our society has been too patriarchal ; there have been too few accessible to each other of the cultivated ranks of people, and too many around them of the servile class, for literature of some descriptions. And then the classes of people to be found in these sparse and scattered homes of the South were not of that simple and bucolic race among whom the literature of sweet rustic simplicity flourishes, such as grew around the Grecian Theocritus. But they were modern people in the patriarchal state — people who frequented the cities in the winter and the watering-places in the summer, and who caught the spirit, and in some measure kept up with the ideas, of the noble and unmalignant of their own race, while they governed the teeming African race around them with the interest-bound munificence and generosity of Abraham and Job, but with that necessary firmness of a magistrate which good government and social order required and scriptural Christianity regulated. They were not book-makers, but hereditary rulers. And when the musket shall be held to be logician of sufficient force to overturn that eternal truth of God which has hitherto survived all wars, and risen unconquered from all assaults of infidelity, then may the Southern people pause to make apology for having built upon the pure revelation of God. And while they would firmly, and we believe almost unanimously, decline a restoration of their old responsibilities as slaveholders, yet they as firmly and as unanimously decline any share of the responsibility of the abrogation of those old and benign institutions which are now things of the past, and are gone up to appeal to the Judge of all the earth, who sees correctly and will judge justly. But such patriarchal institutions were not favorable to literature, except that deeper literature of the statesman, which was too ponderous for general circulation or for the gossiping surface of men's minds. The Southern people were devoted by their inheritance and by the necessities of their position to the raising up of the African race from the beastly barbarism of the most wretched of untutored races. They were training and governing barbarians, rather than making books. The white people were too often foregoing the pleasures and privileges of the society of their own race, in order to discharge themselves those duties which the Sacred Scriptures enjoined upon them as masters and mistresses. Many of them felt the calls of duty to be louder in their ears than those of pleasure — even of that pleasure which is among

the purest and noblest, the pleasure of literature and the elegant arts. On the crowded plantations of the South, the lives of the proprietors were, in many cases, for long parts of the year, lives of solitary and self-sacrificing duty, deemed by them to be laid on them by God's providence, and submitted to calmly by them for that reason. But it is by the constant attrition of frequent intercourse with other equal minds, that we may best read and interpret our own minds. Iron sharpeneth iron ; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. Modern literature has therefore frequented the cities, where man knows and reads both books and men. Cities there are, and have ever been, no doubt, in the South. But it has not been the case in the South, as in the North and West, that the best type of its society has been in the cities. We avoid comparisons which are invidious and "odorous." But the characteristic Southern type, in the era which is just past and gone, was the plains of the planting regions, their vast fields of cotton, tobacco, wheat, and corn, surrounded by enclosures stretching too many miles for hedge, or post and rail, or post and plank ; deep in the recesses of which, in that central grove, upon that central hill, stood the dwelling of the proprietor ; and in that other grove stood the huts and cottages of the laborers who tilled these fields. That was the South. The cities were simply its marts. They were its cosmopolitan features. They were its reluctant and often puny attempts to conform to the world's will and the world's way. But those planting plains ; those tree-embosomed mansions three miles apart ; those other tree-embowered cottages, over which hung rich shade in summer and the smoke of the broad cottage-fires in winter ; those vast pastures and their wealth-looking denizens ; those vast sheds, folds, shelters from winter winds ; and those large hamlets of clustered out-houses, all in the same seigniorship — those were the South, properly so called. Never was any society less literary in its structure, if we take literature to mean the mere extemporaneous gossip and chatter of the pen, substituted for that of the tongue.

We wish we had time and space to discuss some of the questions presented in Macaulay's famous article on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review*, which would be pertinent here. We especially refer to his remark, that "as a magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age ;" and also to those other remarks by which he seeks to show, we believe successfully, that Milton had extraordinary difficulties to contend with as a poet in the age in which he was born. "Every generation," he says, "enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits it, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages."

"But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may, indeed, improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical ; that of a half-civilised peo-

ple is poetical." Without accepting as true all the dicta of this famous essay, of which we have somewhere read how the distinguished author himself said, that in mature years there was scarcely a sentence or a sentiment which he would adopt without modification, yet there is unquestionably a certain truth in the principle that the increase of light and the increase of self-consciousness which cultivation produces are not favorable to that illusion of the mind upon which the highest literature, such poetry as Homer's, depends for its success. And we have ever felt that the mingling of the different lights of different ages, at the same time, in the South, had much to do with accounting for her failure to bear her full part in authorship by the English-speaking people. As literature is analytic and philosophic, the South could not addict herself freely and fully to its influence and spirit, as the highly developed consciousness of her Caucasian children would have prompted her to do, because that race had so much to do with the inferior servile race, in its ignorance and superstition. And as literature is poetical, she could not addict herself freely and fully to its influence in all the dark and gorgeous romance of superstition, because she was in communion with the world of the English and Caucasian race around. Her social mind had not been able to find a firm and settled unity. And with some diffidence, we suggest this to the people of the South for the justification of their land in the past, and for their cautious reflection and guidance in the future.

Again, fourthly, the tranquility of our career as independent States hitherto, until recently; the barrenness of historical romance which has marked our localities; and the absence of those times of trial, of suffering, and of heroic deeds, which invest localities with golden charms, and are the true staple of the best historical romance — these things have had their share in repressing the growth of literature among us heretofore, as they will not do hereafter.

We shall come more fully into view of the force of this consideration, if we think back in the history of England and Scotland, and inquire what the literature of that island was previous to the distressing era of the civil wars of the seventeenth century, and what contributions to it grew out of that era. The only books now known out of public libraries or antiquarian book-stores, which were in circulation when the royal standard of Charles I. was first raised at Nottingham Castle, in August, 1642, are Spencer's *Fairy Queen* and Shakspeare's *Plays*. Perhaps to this brief list we must add, in divinity, the works of the British Reformers, with Hooker and Chillingworth; and in law, the *Institutes* of Sir Edmund Coke; and in Scotland, George Buchanan, and Drummond of Hawthornden; and they can hardly be said to be known out of the public libraries or antiquarian book-stores. But from out of the era of the civil wars, and out of the events of the civil wars, have sprung a large share of the glory of Britain — a very large share of the romance which irradiates her history: Milton, Herbert, and Bunyan, among her poets (we *mean* to put Bunyan among the poets); Howe, Baxter, Bates, Flavel, and Alleine, Taylor, Barrow, South, and Cudworth in divinity; Locke and Newton in philosophy; and in law, the *Petition of Right*, and, springing therefrom, the soul of liberty and the essence of liberty, to animate its martyrs in every succeeding age.

The whole face of literature had been changed. She had ceased to be a trifle in the haunts of human life with "rare Ben Jonson." She had ceased to be adorned with jewels of paste. She had cast off the fetters which bound her to the stage and the drama. She had become earnest, intense, deep-hearted. She wore for jewels genuine diamonds of Golconda. She deeply feasted upon the Greek classics; and with them she strangely and richly blended the deep-toned godliness of that age. The Muses had had a resurrection to new life, which, differently from that which awaits man in the world to come, was not merely a resurrection of that which had been under a new form. But the Muses, in the sleep of their death, had received into their being the gorgeous ideas of the Grecian mythology. They had discovered, in their re-awaking, that though they were to be baptized unto Christ, yet that the classics were still their friends and not their enemies. Occasion in literature is golden-slippered. Beautiful upon mountain and upon plain are her feet. The thick "drop serene" had fallen upon the eyes of Milton, and the grand song of *Paradise Lost* sung itself through the ears of his soul, like the roar of the waves on the shores of eternity. Bedford jail had received John Bunyan into its dismal chambers, and the track of the Pilgrim had risen to his view in that gloomy repose. Chalgrave field, Naseby, Worcester, and Marston Moor, had received their consecration, not soon to fade away. Deeds had been done, words had been spoken, principles had been announced, which had far more vitality in themselves than all human weapons of war, or any of the power and pride of transient success, could give them.

The tranquility of our career, the barrenness of romance of our localities, have departed. We have had our trials and our sufferings. We have deathless names to care for and defend, of those who have wrought heroic deeds, investing localities with golden charms. We have made acquaintance ample with that adversity,

"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Occasion, golden-slippered, has come. Beautiful upon mountain and plain are her feet, if we can forget the dread time which brought her to our literature. Upon our soil and in our story are a bead-roll of battle-fields, to which Chalgrave, Naseby, Worcester, and Marston, were mere skirmishes. Upon our recent annals are names which yield nothing in real lustre to those of Hampden, of Russell, and of Sidney. Deeds have been done, words have been spoken, principles have been announced, which have far more vitality in them than all human weapons of war, or any of the power and pride of transient success, can give them.

Never were any people placed in circumstances which called more loudly for diligence and fidelity in history, than those which at this time encompass the people of the South. We have every reason to believe that the people who, in former years, avowed their purpose to have an anti-slavery Bible and an anti-slavery God, whether they were the true Bible and the true God or not, will have a radical history of their attacks upon the South before the war, a radical history of the war, and a radical history of the persecution since the war. Such his-

tories will be written ; they are being written in great numbers. The important question is, are they loyal? — not, are they true and impartial? And there are few sane men, North or South, out of the radical party, who can accept such histories as either impartial or true. It is held to be the bounden duty of such historians to represent their armies as always victorious (if it can be done and yet account for the four years' fighting) and ours always defeated ; to represent all the fearful colors of cruelty to prisoners as shown at Andersonville, and none at Camp Chase or Fort Delaware ; to represent Davis, Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, Jackson, Hampton, and Hill as fiends, and Lincoln, Seward, Brownlow, Butler, and Hunter as sages and saints. The practice of loyalty to the powers that be, will be esteemed as much a duty in history as in other walks of life. It will be deliberately chosen and preferred to truth in the sight of God, if truth is seen to be in favor of the *rebels* ! And he is already subject to severe reproach, and a very poisonous name is ready to be applied to him, who feels called on to speak the truth, when the truth is in favor of the rebels. It is as much a part of the common law of the land that justice shall not be done to the South, nor to its cause, nor to its leaders, nor to its armies, nor to its principles, nor to its battles, as it was before the war that the Bible was to be forced to be an anti-slavery Bible, the Constitution an anti-slavery Constitution, and God an anti-slavery God. Under these circumstances, every man who has brain and nerve to wield a pen, and a heart in his bosom which loves truth for truth's sake, is called on more solemnly than has often been known in all the history of historic truth the world over, to see to it that materials for a correct judgment of our cause, our conflicts, and our heroes, shall go down to posterity.

And never were any States more enriched than ours have been with all the romance of true heroism. Never were any set of homes such a series of "altars of sacrifice" as ours have been. Never were any fields of conflict better baptized with the best blood of the youth of the land than ours have been. No Spartan mothers were ever superior to ours in fidelity, nobleness, and self-sacrifice. And never, that we now recall, were a set of heroes clustered together in any single cause, in whose breasts, as far as man can judge, so much of pure Christianity breathed.

Dead and cold and ignoble, indeed, must be the heart of any generation to whose ear such voices as these shall speak in vain. But we shall not permit ourselves to think that such voices will utter themselves in vain in the ears of our men of letters. Already we have the earnest of the vintage. History, biography, and romance, press as eagerly forward to the notice of our impoverished people as if they were not impoverished. Once they were able pecuniarily to encourage their home authors, but unfaithfully sighed after English literature. Now English literature utters but a cold voice over the ruins of their cause — but a cold, unsympathising voice over the trampled good names of their Christian sages, patriots, and heroes ; and they sigh for the means which they once possessed, but would not employ, to encourage Southern letters which may speak the voice of truth and eternal right.

Without friends in Europe who understand our cause, or who will

risk any thing in its defence now it is fallen, any more than they would risk any thing for it before its fall ; without friends in the North and West who have the power to shield us from legislative persecution — still we occupy a sublime position. We are witnesses for the good names of our fathers and mothers who have gone to glory to meet the spirits of their own slaves trained by them for that glory. We are martyr witnesses for the good names of our patriot brothers and sons who died for the maintenance of the old and sacred cause and Constitution and rights of our fathers. And we are witnesses against the humanitarianism and the semi-infidel ideas which have trampled boldly upon the plain dictates of the Word of God, and have threatened both God and his Word with constraint and force by the spirit of the age, if they would not speak in accordance with that spirit. And we are witnesses for a pure revelation, uttering God's mind, unswayed by the passions of men, and heard high above the heads of the busy ones of this world, now as of old, as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Happy shall we be if it be a forerunner of the presence and power of Him in this world, with some new vestments of power, whose pure Word it is, and upon whose pure Word we have relied.

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*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

## SPRING ON THE RHINE.

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**I**N the first fresh days of spring, when even Leicester square smiles warmly in the smoke-veiled sunshine, one marvels why all human beings not tied by their avocations to town do not pay at least a flying visit to the country. Those who sigh for the unattainable see at every turn something to remind them of what they pine for. The very plovers' eggs in the poulterer's windows are eloquent of their native heath, the ruddy brown checkered with velvet green, where the brooklets go murmuring by rather heard than seen. The silver-scaled salmon on the fishmonger's slab recalls the highland pool, where the stream breaks away from the black rocks to sweep sharp under the hanging alders, or else that stretch of wave and ripple on the broader bosom of Tweed or Shannon, where from the depths below the monster shot up to the gaudy lure. The first vision, too, of the foreign "Bradshaw" for May — a *multum in parvo* more comprehensive than accurate — is suggestive as the cuckoo's note. It flashes to the brain a series of dissolving views taken at random anywhere over Europe, between the Boompjes at Rotterdam and the Skelessi by the Bosphorus — the long piers of Calais and the Mole of Messina. There are impulses that the schooling of nature and experience correct at once, and others that mature

reflection tells you it would have been simple wisdom to yield to. The enthusiast, tempted by salmon-spawned associations to start for the North or West — not being a born angler, but simply a piscatory amateur of the beautiful — would probably repent his precipitation in biting winds surcharged with rain and sleet, and in a streaming mackintosh. But, supposing him a rational being, the traveller would be a phenomenon who should repent his having anticipated the herd of his fellows, and advanced his visit to the Continent by three or four months on the accustomed time. Most of our countrymen consecrate to travel summer, autumn, or winter, but earnestly shun the spring. See how those who have passed a winter, dreary as far as the weather goes, under the dull Roman sky, fly before Spring's first advances, and in patriotic love for those dear home friends, the familiars of their youth, insist on accompanying in their retreat to the North the bitter blasts and dripping fogs. As soon as the earliest violets of the Campagna unfold to softening breezes and warmer lights, as soon as the hard shades on the Alban hills melt into Claude-like haze, then Rome empties itself as by enchantment from the Porta del Popolo to the Piazza di Spagna. Nor do the parting visitors who jostle on each other's heels take their flight to the South. They do not go to revel in the season on the Piano di Sorrento or in the Concha d'Oro, to get a glimpse of Italy as Italy, for its natives, like their own lizards, only warm into picturesque life in summer heat. No, they start off the other way, lying heaped at night on the decks of the Messageries boats, and scrambling by day for short commons at a hurried succession of table d'hôtes. Before the railway companies gave them fresh facilities for escape, every vehicle and every animal in the Sienna and Perugia roads was as much in request as those in London on a Derby day, and by frantic effort and much suffering they managed to clear the Alps and traverse the Swiss valleys, just as the scenery was stripping off the rude magnificence of its winter dress, and shivering half naked while waiting its spring attire.

There are few things in Europe that may not be seen to the best advantage in the season when they are visited the least, and there is a great deal that a man of average sensibility *must* see then if he care to see it at all. The Rhine, for example, over-praised and over-portrayed as it may have been; there is no more enjoyable bit of scenery than the stretch of river between the Siebengebirge and the Rheingau. Romance and superstition dispute to history each shattered ruin that hangs over its every bend, and inspired genius, German, French, English, has vied in blending fact and legend, until the pilgrim must resign himself to receive all he hears with an equal faith. Their founders, those vulgar robbers that the free cities and the kaisers made short work with at last, loom chivalrously picturesque through the mists of centuries. The side valleys that not one tourist in a hundred has heard of, and not one in a thousand explored, have their nooks of woodland, their mediæval cottages, their crumbling castle shells built by the unlucky owners of lands that had no water privilege nor right of river pillage, their ivied abbey ruins that may vie with Heisterbach, their village churches of architecture curious nearly as Schwartz Rheindorf. There are trout streams mining terraced vineyards, flowing

through the streets of old-world hamlets and past the doors of hosteleries that have to all appearance changed nothing without or within since the days of the Reformation. The Rhine has been cosmopolized to vulgarity, but, little as one would guess it, it runs through Germany still. Go thither in May, and anywhere beyond sound of the pension pianos of Rolandseck and Königswinter, you may have the noble river very much to yourself. What cockneys you meet are Teuton — the Müllers and Schmidts of Rhenish Prussia — tolerable as being *cosas d'Alemania*, or at worst far from being as objectionable to you as their British congeners. Moreover, if you think it worth while to shun them, you have merely to have your country mapped out beforehand, dotting in black for avoidance the points occupied by the wirthhäuser whose reputation for beer and sausages has given them provincial celebrity. Away from Drachenfels and Heisterbach, and you may even wander untroubled among the maze of paths among the seven hills. You quaff the beakers of *maitrank*, a pleasant drink, appropriate as being native, harmless, and even appetizing. If you are anything of a fisher, you may whip the streams with fair hopes of heavy bags of little ones, and safe from all intrusion, save, perchance, occasionally that of some menacing peasant, jealous of the grass you step on, and from whom you may ransom yourself at the price of a pot of beer. The air is fresh and invigorating; distance is no object whatever; you sever yourself from your portmanteau, and sling on a German bag, far more convenient than a knapsack. You convert yourself into a flying column of one, utterly unfettered in its movements by previously planned strategy or heavy baggage. The woods are tuneful with the song that a month or two later is hushed in the heat. If you are an artist, you catch the ever-changing hues of early spring, as tree after tree comes bursting into leaf, instead of being cloyed with the dull uniformity of summer foliage; you have the peeps and glances that each bud helps to fill as it swells and breaks; you get the outline of spire, tower, quaint gable, and crumbling wall, broken but not marred by the half-clothed foliage. As for your creature comforts, in that respect you are infinitely better off than later in the year. You have the hotels to yourself or nearly so, and although their staffs are still on a peace establishment, they are getting ready for the coming campaign, and hail you with a deferential cordiality as a harbinger of summer, the first fruits of the season's plunder. The landlord, receiving you himself, condescends to your bag and dust-covered boots, and in his geniality does not suggest for your quarters anything higher than the third floor in his empty house. In summer, had you even arrived at him at all through the mob of couriers, laquais de place, servants and loungers from the city overacting their aristocratic *far niente* after their eleven months of conscious money-grubbing, he would have sentenced you peremptorily to an attic on the five-pair back. The waiters, who, few as they are, feel their idleness sit heavy on them, exert themselves to convey your wishes faithfully to the cook, who for his part sets himself to your little repast as to a labour of love. At that time of year the experienced traveller, who is not particular to half-a-florin, and has arrived with such an appetite as he has rarely honestly come by, will merely send the chef a hint or two to indicate his tastes, and then leave him *carte blanche* to develop the hints into a programme. The salon

is all before you where to choose, and you have your table placed in the bay window that looks across the little street on to the river. Compromising between epicurism and conscientious moderation, you have a flask of good second-class wine, Hochheimer, or Liebfraumilch. Holding up to the light your glass, Mousseline in ruby streaked with white, you dreamily compare the tints the fragrant fluid borrows from it with the glow that the setting sun casts upon the opposite ruin and the grey-green stream below. Whatever your habits may be at home, it is ten to one that after your long day's march in the open air your second cigar drops half smoked from your lips to fall hissing in your coffee cup; you wake up to find that slumber following on work has left you barely equal to the effort of ringing for a candle; and next morning by 5 A. M. at latest, the light streaming into your bed drives you out of it, if you are wise, to begin again *da capo*.

People who go to spend happy days at Rosherville would find Eden a very much over-rated place, and we are glad to know that the class of tourists who have appropriated the German river would as soon think of finding their way thither as to Spitzbergen in May. The professional caterers who have studied their tastes have made the countries they visit a sort of Greenwich fair, with a scale of charges that vouches for the selectness of the visitors by imposing a high property qualification. When these visitors can spare the time, they prefer to exchange the rail for the gayer and more gregarious steamer, where they can contemplate each other and the castled crags they glide by through a steam of cookery and among the popping of ginger beer and seltzer water corks. The crowd and the brass band make the act of travelling nearly as enjoyable as a trip to Gravesend. The day has no charms unless the pleasures of hope point to the inevitable table-d'hôte, where they may dress for or against each other, in velveteens and gorgeous scarves, tumbled muslins, tasselled boots, false jewels, and borrowed hair; youths and maidens exhibiting the pertness and chatter of the magpie, the scream and plumage of the jay. Fancy the man who dreams of refined enjoyment, and aspires to commune with art and nature, in companies such as these! You can no more expect him to be in a frame of mind to enjoy either than a Christian flung to the lions to admire the proportions of the Flavian Amphitheatre, or a traveller fallen among Calabrian thieves to revel in the beauties of the Apennines. Of course he abuses the rabble rout who caricature romance, and is apt to forswear for ever the nature they make so hideous. But what we wish to point out is that he may use instead of abusing, and find unbounded good in what seemed unmitigated evil. Certainly, you would not care to seek your intimates among the rough pioneers of Western American civilization, but they clear your road of grizzly bears and Red Indians, and spread the tables in the wilderness, where you find the means of sustaining nature. The Rhine tourist proper leaves his river to you for the very best month in the year, and places at your disposal, moreover, the very excellent inns which his capital has established and endows. While shocked and irritated by contact, you cannot help letting dislike now and then merge itself in disgust, but in his absence softer thoughts may steal upon you, and you may pay him with gratitude if not with regard.

*J. H. McNamara.*

## MY KNAPSACK.

GENERAL STERLING PRICE'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF OAK HILLS.

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**A**FTER the battle and victory of Carthage, the Missouri State Guard, very proud of their first battle and very confident of winning more, marched to Neosho, where Maj.-General Sterling Price assumed command; and where they first met with "Confederate troops," composed of Texans, Louisianians, and Arkansians, commanded by Brig.-General Ben McCulloch.

On July 9th the Missouri troops went into a camp of instruction on Cowskin prairie, in McDonald county, where they remained organizing and drilling till the 25th. The camp of the Confederate troops was some 15 miles distant, at Maysville. Whilst in this camp, Gen. Price's energetic and gallant scout, Jas. F. Edwards, after many perilous adventures inside the enemy's lines, returned to camp with the important information that the enemy under command of Gen. Lyon was rapidly concentrating at Springfield, Green Co. Edwards estimated Lyon's force at 11,500 effective men. On a certain day he knew that the Federal commissary issued 12,365 rations. He estimated the teamsters, refugees, and dead-heads, at 865, which left the above effective force. This force consisted of Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri volunteers, thirteen companies U. S. Infantry (regulars), six companies 2d regiment U. S. Dragoons, commanded by Maj. Sturgis, about 1500 "Union Home Guards," commanded by the prominent Union politicians of south-west Missouri, together with Totten's celebrated battery (regular service), and a Dutch battery from St. Louis. As a reward for this valuable information, and the daring and energy it required to obtain it, Edwards was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and attached to the staff of Brig.-Gen. M. M. Parsons, but with instructions from Price to continue his single-handed operations inside the enemy's lines.

The clear mind of Gen. Price at once saw that the design of the Federal government was to concentrate her Western forces in Missouri and crush out the little body known as the Missouri State Guard, which object his sagacity set about to defeat. At a consultation between Price, McCulloch, and Gen. Peirce (commanding the Arkansas State troops), it was agreed to strike the enemy before he could be further strengthened by the reinforcements which were about to pour in to him from Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, and Kansas. And to carry out the programme agreed upon, Price struck tents at Cowskin on the 25th of July, taking up the line of march for Cassville, in Barry Co., where a concentration with McCulloch and Peirce was to take place. Price reached there on the 28th, McCulloch and Peirce on the 29th, and Brig.-Gen. McBride's division Missouri State Guard on the 3d of August. At a council of war of

these commanding generals, it was decided to divide the Confederate forces into three divisions. The 1st division, commanded by McCulloch, was composed of Rains' brigade Missouri cavalry, McIntosh's Arkansas cavalry, and the Texas Confederate cavalry; the 2d division, commanded by Gen. Peirce, composed of the Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana infantry (of glorious memory); the 3d division, commanded by Brig.-Gen. A. E. Steen, composed of cavalry; the combined forces commanded by Price. The above formation was made on the 1st August. McCulloch with the 1st division and Peirce with the 2d division, marched for Springfield on the 2d. On the following day, Steen with the 3d division marched; Price moved with the 2d division. Whilst these divisions are on the march, let us follow our scouting colonel, whom we find on the 2d of August marching in the enemy's column as a "Home Guard." Great was his anxiety all that day for the first opportunity to escape from his Dutch companions, and fly to Price with the all-important intelligence that Gen. Lyon was marching with haste and secrecy to attack the Southern troops. In his first attempt to escape, Edwards was caught, brought back, closely questioned, roughly handled, and turned over to a company of Home Guards, who received strict orders to shoot the prisoner at the first sign of escape. The little colonel had been in many a close quarter ere this; but his present one, as he revolved it in his mind, brought before his vision a little colonel in front of a file of fed muskets, or, worse yet, a dangling rope with a noose at the end of it. The more he thought over his position, the more appalling it appeared. In his pocket he had a paper on which was the number of the enemy's regiments, artillery, disposition of troops, etc., etc., and, in fact, all the necessary information for a full knowledge of the enemy's fighting trim. The colonel knew that as soon as the column halted he would be brought before the Federal commander, questioned and searched; so his first care was to destroy the paper. This he quietly tore up in his pocket, mixed the pieces with tobacco crumbs, which he chewed up as fast as his jaws could work on them. This tell-tale paper got rid of, the colonel began to contrive another escape. There was a guard on each side of him, both having their carbines on full cock, ready to obey orders, and another holding the reins of his horse. After a friendly conversation and many a broad country joke, he succeeded in insinuating himself into the good graces of his guards, and made them believe he was a good-natured fellow from the Granby lead mines. When he thought he had dispelled their suspicions of his being a spy, he drew his foot out of his large brogan, allowing it to fall to the ground; the right hand guard dismounted to pick up the shoe. As soon as he stooped for that purpose, our colonel dashed his big straw hat into the face of the other guard, who instantly let go his hold on the reins to recover himself, when the colonel with his peculiar Indian yell, which was understood by his horse, dashed into the thick brush, followed by a score of harmless bullets and a company of awkward Dutch cavalry, who were soon brought to a stand by the branches on a level with their heads, through which our scout dashed securely. On, on, over hill, fences, and ravines — through vale and brush sped the scout for some eight or ten miles, when he ran into our pickets, and was taken

before General Rains, commanding our advanced guard. The General not being acquainted with this ragged, hatless, and shoeless individual, sitting on an old California saddle-tree, and holding on to a rope bridle, laughed at the information that the whole Federal army was within a few miles of his pickets. After having been detained by General Rains for a considerable time, the colonel was forwarded to General McCulloch. General Rains, on second thought, put himself at the head of his command, advanced two miles, and encountered the head of the enemy's column. A sharp skirmish was the result.

### "DUG-SPRING FIGHT."

General Rains, with 400 Missouri cavalry and one company of Arkansas cavalry (Capt. Reifs), held his ground obstinately for two hours. A portion of his men he dismounted and fought as infantry. But the enemy having opened a heavy battery fire upon him, he soon discovered that he was in presence of the main body, and fell back. Our loss was 1 killed (Lieut. Northcut), and 5 wounded. The enemy buried 5 on the spot, and removed a large number of wounded.

As soon as our scout communicated his information to General McCulloch, that commander at once despatched word to Price of the enemy's near approach, and immediately took up the strong natural position on Cane Creek. All day and night of the 2d of August, the 2d and 3d divisions were pushed forward by Price, and next day our whole army concentrated on Cane Creek. The enemy took up a strong position  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of our army. In this menacing attitude were the opposing forces on Sunday, the 4th. During the day a memorable change took place in the command of our army. General McCulloch refused to be commanded by Price, and insisted on being put in command of the army — threatening, if not, to march his forces back to Arkansas and not co-operate with Price. The great heart of "Old Pap" beating only for the interest of the cause he engaged in, yielded his major-generalship to the Confederate brigadier, who took chief command of the combined forces.

A valuable portion of the contents of *My Knapsack*, is a piece of an old newspaper — tattered and stained after 4 years' campaigning — which contains a portion (nearly all) of General Price's official report of the battle of "Oak Hills." I have written up to where the torn report begins. It is addressed to Gov. C. F. Jackson.

### BATTLE OF OAK HILLS.\*

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"Reasons which will be hereafter assigned, induced me on Sunday, the 4th inst., to put the Missouri forces under the direction of General McCulloch, who accordingly assumed command-in-chief of the combined armies. A little after midnight we took up the line of march, leaving our baggage trains, and expecting to find the enemy near the scene of the late skirmish" (Dug Spring), "but we found as we advanced, that they were retreating rapidly towards Springfield. We

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\* This report was published on the 12th of August, 1861, at Springfield, Mo., in the *Mirror*.

followed them hastily about seventeen miles, to a place known as Moody's Spring, where we were compelled to halt our forces, who were already nearly exhausted by the intense heat of the weather and the dustiness of the roads.

"Early the next morning we moved forward to Wilson's Creek, ten miles south-west of Springfield, where we encamped. Our forces were here put in readiness to meet the enemy, who were posted at Springfield to the number of about ten thousand. It was finally decided to march against them; and on Friday afternoon orders were issued to march in four separate columns at nine o'clock that night, so as to surround the city and begin a simultaneous attack at daybreak. The darkness of the night and a threatened storm caused General McCulloch, just as the army was about to march, to countermand this order, and to direct that the troops should hold themselves in readiness to move whenever ordered. Our men were consequently kept under arms till towards daybreak, expecting momentarily an order to march. The morning of Saturday, the 10th of August, found us still encamped at Wilson's Creek, fatigued with a night's watching and loss of rest.

"At six o'clock I received a message from General Rains that the enemy were advancing in great force from the direction of Springfield, and were already within 200 or 300 yards of the position where he was encamped with the 2d brigade of his division, consisting of about 1200 mounted men under Colonel Cawthorn. A second messenger came immediately afterwards from General Rains to announce that the main body of the enemy was upon him, but that he would endeavor to hold them in check until he could receive reinforcements. General McCulloch was with me when these messengers came, and left at once for his own headquarters to make the necessary disposition of our forces. I rode forward instantly towards General Rains' position, at the same time ordering Generals Slack, McBride, Clark, and Parsons, to move their infantry and artillery rapidly forward. I had ridden but a few hundred yards when I came suddenly upon the main body of the enemy, commanded by General Lyon in person. The infantry and artillery which I had ordered to follow me, came up immediately, to the number of 2,036 men, and engaged the enemy. A severe and bloody conflict ensued, my officers and men behaving with the greatest bravery, and, with the assistance of a portion of the Confederate forces, successfully holding the enemy in check. Meanwhile, and almost simultaneously with the opening of the enemy's batteries in this quarter, a heavy cannonading was opened upon the rear of our position, where a large body of the enemy under Colonel Sigel had taken position in close proximity to Churchill's regiment, Colonel Greer's Texan Rangers, and 679 mounted Missourians under command of Colonel Brown and Lieut.-Colonel Major.

"The action now became general, and was conducted with the greatest gallantry and vigor on both sides for more than five hours, when the enemy retreated in great confusion, leaving their commander-in-chief, General Lyon, dead upon the battle-field, over 500 killed, and a great number wounded.

"The forces under my command have possession of three 12-pound howitzers, two brass 6-pounders, and a great quantity of small arms

and ammunition taken from the enemy ; also the standard of Sigel's regiment captured by Captain Staples. They have also a large number of prisoners.

"The brilliant victory thus achieved upon this hard-fought field was won only by the most determined bravery and distinguished gallantry of the combined armies, which fought nobly side by side in defence of their common rights and liberties, with as much courage and constancy as were ever exhibited upon any battle-field. Where all behaved so well, it is invidious to make any distinction ; but I cannot refrain from expressing my sense of the splendid services rendered, under my own eyes, by the Arkansas infantry under General Peirce, the Louisiana regiment of Col. Hebert, and Col. Churchill's regiment of mounted riflemen. These gallant officers and their brave soldiers won upon that day the lasting gratitude of every true Missourian.

"This great victory was dearly bought by the blood of many a skilful officer and brave man. Others will report the losses sustained by the Confederate forces ; I shall willingly confine myself to the losses within my own army.

"Among those who fell mortally wounded upon the battle-field, none deserves a dearer place in the memory of Missourians than Richard Hanson Weightman, colonel commanding the 1st brigade of the 2d division of the army. Taking up arms at the very beginning of this unhappy contest, he had already done distinguished service at the battle of Rock Creek, where he commanded the State forces after the death of the lamented Holloway ; and at Carthage, where he won unfading laurels by the display of extraordinary coolness, courage, and skill. He fell at the head of his brigade, wounded in three places, and died just as the victorious shouts of our army began to rise upon the air.

"Here also died in the discharge of his duty, Col. Ben Brown, of Ray county, President of the Senate, a good man and true.

"Brig.-General Slack's division suffered severely. He himself fell dangerously wounded at the head of his column. Of his regiment of infantry under Colonel John T. Hughes, consisting of about 650 men, 36 were killed, 76 wounded—many of them mortally, and 30 are missing. Among the killed were C. H. Bennet, adjutant of the regiment, Captain Blackwell, and Lieutenant Hughes. Col. Rives' squadron of cavalry (dismounted) numbering some 234 men, lost 4 killed and 8 wounded. Among the former were Lieut.-Colonel Austin and Captain Engart. His infantry (290 men) lost in killed 17, and wounded 71. Captains Farris and Halleck, and Lieutenant Haskins, were killed. Gen. Clark's cavalry, together with the Windsor Guards, were under command of Lieut.-Colonel Major, who did good service. They lost 6 killed and 5 wounded.

"Brig.-General McBride's division (605 men) lost 22 killed, 67 severely wounded, and 57 slightly wounded. Colonel Foster, and Captains Nichols, Dougherty, Armstrong, and Mings, were wounded while gallantly leading their respective commands.

"General Parsons' brigade, 256 men infantry and artillery, under command respectively of Colonel Kelly and Captain Guibor, and 406 cavalry, Colonel Brown, lost,—the artillery, 3 killed and 7 wounded ;

the infantry, 9 killed and 38 wounded; the cavalry, 3 killed and 2 wounded. Colonel Kelly was wounded in the hand. Captain Coleman was mortally wounded and has since died.

"General 'Rains' division was composed of two brigades,—the 1st under Col. Weightman, embracing infantry and artillery, 1306 strong, lost not only their commander, but 34 others killed and 111 wounded. The 2d brigade, mounted men, Colonel Cawthorn commanding, about 1200 men, lost 21 killed and 75 wounded. Colonel Cawthorn was himself wounded. Major Chas. Rodgers, of St. Louis, adjutant of the brigade, was mortally wounded, and died the day after the battle. He was a gallant officer, at all times vigilant and attentive to his duties, and fearless upon the field of battle.

"Your Excellency will perceive that our State forces consisted of only 5,221 officers and men; that of these no less than 156 died upon the field, while 517 were wounded. These facts attest more powerfully than any words can, the severity of the conflict and the dauntless courage of our brave soldiers.

"It is also my painful duty to announce the death of one of my aids,—Lieut.-Colonel George W. Allen, of Saline county. He was shot down while communicating an order, and we left him buried on the field. I have appointed to the position thus sadly vacated, Captain James T. Cearnal, in recognition of his gallant conduct and valuable services throughout the battle as a volunteer aid. Another of my staff,—Colonel Horace H. Brand, was made prisoner by the enemy, but has since been released.

"My thanks are due to Brig.-General A. E. Steen, who, as volunteer aid, rendered me great and effectual assistance, and to three of my staff,—Colonel Wm. M. Cooke, Colonel Richard Gains, and Colonel T. L. Snead, for services rendered as volunteer aids, and also to my Aid-de-camp,—Colonel A. W. Jones.

"In conclusion, I beg leave to say to your Excellency, that the army under my command, both officers and men, did their duty nobly as became men fighting in defence of their homes and their honor, and that they deserve well of the State.

"I have the honor to be,

"With the greatest respect,

"Your Excellency's obd't serv't,

"STERLING PRICE,

"*Major-General Commanding Missouri State Guard.*"

## MOSAIC.

"A MAN may have a taste for eloquence, and eloquence the most touching or sublime may lift her pleading voice on the side of religion. A man may love to have his understanding stimulated

by the ingenuities, or the resistless urgencies of an argument ; and argument the most profound and the most overbearing may put forth all the might of a constraining vehemence in behalf of religion. A man may feel the rejoicings of a conscious elevation, when some ideal scene of magnificence is laid before him ; and where are these scenes so readily to be met with, as when led to expatiate in thought over the track of eternity, or to survey the wonders of creation, or to look to the magnitude of those great and universal interests which lie within the compass of religion ? A man may have his attention riveted and regaled by that power of imitative description which brings all the recollections of his own experience before him ; which presents him with a faithful analysis of his own heart ; which embodies in language such intimacies of observation and of feeling as have often passed before his eyes or played within his bosom, but had never been so truly or so ably pictured to the view of his remembrance. Now, all this may be done in the work of pressing the duties of religion ; in the work of instancing the application of religion ; in the work of pointing those allusions to life and manners which manifest the truth to the conscience, and plant such a conviction of sin as forms the very basis of a sinner's religion. Now, in all these cases, I see other principles brought into action, and which may be in a state of most lively and vigorous movement, and be yet in a state of entire separation from the principle of religion. I will make bold to say, on the strength of these illustrations, that as much delight may emanate from the pulpit, on an arrested audience beneath it, as ever emanated from the boards of a theatre — aye, and with as total a disjunction of mind too, in the one case as in the other, from the essence or the habit of religion. I make my appeal to experience, and I put it to you all, whether your findings upon the the subject do not agree with my saying about it, that a man may weep, and admire, and have many of his faculties put upon the stretch of their most intense gratification ; his judgment established, and his fancy enlivened, and his feelings overpowered, and his hearing charmed, as by the accents of heavenly persuasion, and all within him feasted by the rich and varied luxuries of an intellectual banquet ? Oh ! it is cruel to frown unmannerly in the midst of so much satisfaction. But I must not forget that truth has her authority as well as her sternness ; and she forces me to affirm, that after all this has been felt and gone through, there might not be one principle which lies at the turning point of conversion that has experienced a single movement — not one of its purposes be conceived — not one of its doings be accomplished — not one step of that repentance which, if we have not, we perish, so much as entered upon ; not one announcement of that faith by which we are saved, admitted into real and actual possession by the inner man. He has had his hour's entertainment, and willingly does he award this homage to the performer, that he hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument ; but, in another hour it fleets away from his remembrance and goes all to nothing, like the loveliness of a song. . . . .

“The mere majesty of God's power and greatness, when offered to your notice, lays hold of one of the faculties within you. The holiness of God, with his righteous claim of legislation, lays hold of another

of these faculties. The difference between them is so great, that the one may be engrossed and interested to the full, while the other remains untouched, and in a state of entire dormancy. Now, it is no matter what it be that ministers delight to the former of these two faculties : if the latter be not arrested and put on its proper exercise, you are making no approximation whatever to the right habit and character of religion. There are a thousand ways in which you may contrive to regale your taste for that which is beautiful and majestic. It may find its gratification in the loveliness of a vale, or in the freer and bolder outlines of an upland situation, or in the terrors of a storm, or in the sublime contemplations of astronomy, or in the magnificent idea of a God who sends forth the wakefulness of his omniscient eye, and the vigor of his upholding hand, throughout all the realms of nature and of providence. The mere taste of the human mind may get its ample enjoyment in each and all of these objects, or in a vivid representation of them ; nor does it make any material difference whether this representation be addressed to you from the stanzas of a poem, or from the recitation of a theatre, or finally from the discourses and demonstrations of a pulpit. And thus it is, that still on the impulse of the one principle only, people may come in gathering multitudes to the house of God, and share with eagerness in all the glow and bustle of a crowded attendance ; and have their eye directed to the speaker ; and feel a responding movement in their bosom to his many appeals and his many arguments ; and carry a solemn and overpowering impression of all the services away with them ; and yet, throughout the whole of this seemly exhibition, not one effectual knock may have been given at the door of conscience. The other principle may be as profoundly asleep, as if hushed into the insensibility of death. There is a spirit of deep slumber, it would appear, which the music of no description, even though attuned to a theme as lofty as the greatness and majesty of the Godhead, can ever charm away. Oh ! it may have been a piece of parading insignificance altogether — the minister playing on his favorite instrument, and the people dissipating away their time on the charm and idle luxury of a theatrical emotion.”

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“THE man who can see no other source of law than the will of a majority, who can feel no everlasting law of right and wrong, which gives to all human laws their sanction and their meaning, and by which all laws, whether they express the will of the many or of the few, must be tried — who does not feel that he, single and unsupported, is called upon by a mighty voice within him to resist everything which comes to him claiming his allegiance as the expression of mere will, is exactly the man who, if he had lived seven centuries ago, would have stood on the sea sands beside the royal Dane, and tried to make him believe that his will gave law to the everlasting flood.”

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“MEN are to marry in emotions they share with the angel ; not with the animal. Perhaps the severest form of human sorrow, that which most nearly approaches the slow gnawing agony of him fixed hopeless on the immovable rock, arises from marriage in which there never was

any friendship, but the original bond was earthly passion, arrogating to itself, with the impudent lie of a harlot, the heavenly name of love. It is only base natures that are beguiled by the vulgar glare of gold, natures incapable of lofty joy or acute sorrow. But passion is a siren of more winning song, of more fatally charming lure ; the warm, the impulsive, the noble, fall victims to her, and, after a short delirious dream, awake to a life of hopeless misery. Friendship and love must unite in every married union where happiness can be reasonably expected or truly deserved : and by friendship we mean an affection arising from pure sympathy of spirit, independent of aught else. Let none look for happiness in marriage who are unable deliberately and firmly to declare, that it would be a happiness to live together for life, though they were of the same sex. We state this with some breadth, and do so with consideration ; we point to a hidden rock round which the ocean seems to smile in sunny calm, but on which many a noble bark has perished."

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"THERE is one negative characteristic which is, we suppose, constant in men deserving to be called, in any right sense, great. They are perfectly free of knowingness ; of the light-sniffing, *nil admirari* mood, that trembles at the thought of a sneer ; they are more simple than other men."

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"THE nineteenth century is marked by the triumphant march of science on the one hand, and by the awakening of the peoples on the other. Banners innumerable have been unfolded as banners of national salvation ; there has been the cloudy ensign of transcendentalism ; there has been the standard of mere science and political philosophy, with its meagre diagrams and cold metallic lustre ; there has been the black flag of atheism : Chalmers, with the gait of a champion, stepped forward with the ancient banner, the old legend still burning on its massive folds as in letters of golden fire, 'In Christ Conquer.' Round that banner, in the age of science and democracy, he called us to rally, and told us how the fight would go."

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"THERE is in the present age, and in a country of freedom, an awful import in the appeal we make in favor of positive religion. There are terrible powers slumbering in the human breast. It is not such an easy matter to frame a religion that will make men tremble or work ! We have often thought, with a deep and curious interest, on what we have all heard of, as Mr. Leigh Hunt's Religion of the Heart. We know this work only from reliable indirect sources, but the name itself is sufficient to hint to us its nature, and enable us to compute its reasonableness and likelihood of success. The religion of the heart ! The cure of human ills, the satisfaction of human doubt, the vanquishing of human SIN, by an appeal to the finer feelings, and by the gentle influence of a meek sentimentality ! Has Mr. Hunt set forth his theory to Mr. Carlyle, and endeavored to make him a proselyte ? We trust he has. The interview would have been worth the theatrical exhibitions of a season. How did the sardonic painter of the French Revolution look upon the proposed Palingenesia ? Was it with inextinguishable

laughter, or with a glance of burning fire, or with melancholy, unutterable scorn? *He* knows the world is not a cloud-film. *He* knows that men are not wax figures whose cheeks can be painted by a delicate lady-like hand. *He* might tell us that the lion of the desert, with the madness of hunger in his eye, may be tamed by sweetened milk and water; that the raging volcano, which has torn up the welded earth, and is hurling its flaming fragments at the sky, may be lulled by the song of the soft west wind, or the waving of a lady's fan; that the chafed surges of ocean may pause and bow placidly their heads, when the maiden, prays them in mild accents to spare her lover: but that man is to be charmed by no gentle music, that man is a creature of battle and of blood, that the Furies and the tempests but faintly image the savageness of his mood, and that all absurdities pale before that which regards him as reclaimed by honied words. There is but one thing in the universe that will overmaster the spirit of man: the sight of God laying hold of his thunderbolts!"

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"LET us all be on our guard against that detracting, depreciating spirit which is the curse and bane both of the religion and literature of our day — that spirit which has no sympathy with aught beyond the pale of customary formalities, and sheds its blighting influence over all that is enthusiastic, and generous, and high-minded. It is possible for a sneer or a cavil to strike sometimes a superficial fact: I never knew the one or the other reach the deep heart and blessedness of truth."

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## THE HAVERSACK.

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PROEMIAL stanzas to a Poem recited before the "Ladies' Memorial Association" of Raleigh, N. C.:

If aught that I have ever said or sung  
 May cause one more memorial flower to bloom  
 When plaintive harps, on Southern willows hung,  
 Wail, Memnon-like, amid perpetual gloom;

When, bowed with bleeding heart and eye of stone,  
 The South, a nobler Niobe, appears,  
 Murmurs, with quivering lips, "*Thy will be done!*"  
 And seeks relief from agony, in tears;

If when her trembling hands, unclasped from prayer,  
 Begin the light of votive flowers to shed,  
 Exhaling sweets — illumining the air  
 Above the graves of *her* CONFEDERATE DEAD,

She chance to touch and haply intertwine,  
'Mid flowers of balmier breath and happier hue,  
A daisy or forget-me-not of mine,  
That erst, unnoticed, by the wayside grew ;

This — *this* would be far dearer than the meed  
Of praise awarded to the festive strain,  
Blown from a pipe of Carolina reed,  
Which, at your bidding, I awake again !

— Theophilus H. Hill.

A COINCIDENCE OF THE WAR.—With a view of giving the following items of interest such a permanent form as *The Land We Love* will ensure them, they are contributed with every assurance of their credibility.

The 1st Virginia Artillery Battery was composed of the field batteries of the 1st Virginia Artillery Regiment, and being among the first which entered the C. S. A., was composed of the most reliable men, and was always near the flashing of the guns in the hour of peril. Stationed at Norfolk and Yorktown, it became connected with the Army of Northern Virginia after the evacuation of the Peninsula. Composed of such batteries as the Richmond Howitzers, Rockbridge Battery, and Salem Artillery, which were known prominently throughout the war, it could not fail to be true to the last. Its last commander was Col. R. A. Hardaway, a gallant Alabamian. The coincidence to which we refer is, that it fired the *first* and the *last* shot of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The first engagement which partook of the nature of a battle, and which was the subject of more newspaper description and remark than any other, was the battle of Bethel, where General Butler obtained notoriety. In this action the above named battery was represented by the Richmond Howitzers, and this being the first action in which artillery was used, they fired the first shot after war had been formally declared.

The battery was reorganized in the spring of '62. As thus organized, it participated in every important battle fought by the A. N. V. On the retreat from Richmond it was one of the few regiments or battalions of any branch of the service which preserved its organization intact to the fatal fields of Appomattox. Arriving at the place on which was to be enacted so important a scene just at early dawn, the first notes of conflict came strangely upon men who supposed the coils of the anaconda not yet so firm. The greater portion of the night had been spent in marching, and morning found the men fatigued and weary. No time for breakfasting, no food for the meal. Jaded horses mopingly trudged along, scarcely able to draw the light field-batteries which were now ending the service in which they had so long borne a part. As the head of the column reached the summit of the hill on which stands the little village of Appomattox C. H., the enemy opened fire. The ever memorable 9th had come, but little did that fair morning betoken the issue of the day. The Salem F. Artillery (Co. A.), commanded by Captain C. B. Griffin, was placed in position on the extreme left. After having made several ineffectual attempts to obtain possession of the road at the Court House, the enemy massed a heavy line preparatory to charging the Salem Battery, which held the position commanding the town. He charged boldly on to within pistol shot, when an order from Gen.

Gordon was given to "cease firing," and at the same time one of his aids bore a white flag to the advancing column. The whole army had been surrendered. The hoarse sound of cannon had died away on every part of the line except this the extreme left, which was soon after silenced, and with it the last gun of the Army of Northern Virginia.

General Gordon, in his farewell address to his corps, paid a compliment to this battalion for its conduct during the war, and adverted to the fact that it had fired the first and the last shot in the Army of Virginia.

Colonel Battersly, of the 1st N. Y. cavalry, was commanding in the column which made the charge above referred to, and has given to *Harper's Weekly* an account of the transaction, in which he gives a correct representation of the position of the actors and the surroundings, showing Mr. Pear's house, in the yard of which the Salem Battery was placed. In his article he uses the following language:

"The gun shown in the accompanying sketch fired the last shot, on this occasion, at the Federal army. In their haste to save the gun, when ordered to withdraw it as we were making the charge, the gunners left their ramrod behind them; and this same rammer that rammed home the last shot that was fired by General Lee's army, is now in my possession."

The item concerning the ramrod is incorrect, inasmuch as it was taken away when the gun was hauled off. No trepidation was manifested, and everything was properly taken care of. Colonel Battersly very probably has the very rammer, but he must have secured it after the artillery was parked and surrendered, which was done a short distance off. This account is in every particular correct, and as such gives a pleasing coincidence connected with the most gallant and dignified struggle ever fought by an American or other army. Another circumstance not unworthy of remark is, that Mr. McLean, upon whose farm the first battle of Manassas was opened, owned the land upon which the surrender at Appomattox C. H. took place.

W. E. H.

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WHEN Price's army lay encamped near Van Buren, Ark., after the retreat from the disastrous field of Elk Horn, Clark's 2d Mo. Battery, afterwards called King's, was assigned to a position in the woods some five or six miles from the town. The locality being entirely too "rural" to suit the tastes of "our boys," they indulged in frequent nocturnal and clandestine rides to the city, for the purpose of quenching their thirst and drowning their griefs in the flowing canteen. On one of these occasions, as a party of four or five were returning from the scene of revelry about two o'clock in the morning, they passed the camp of the brigade commissary. The camp was wrapped in sleep, except a drowsy sentry who nodded over the fire, not dreaming of the wily foe (to commissaries) who crept so near at hand. Several white sheeted wagons, plethoric with "stores," stood in bold relief against the dark background of forest. The "C. B. boys" had just enough of "Dutch courage" in them to be utterly regardless of danger or the belligerent rights of the commissary department. So "Yankee Bill," who was intensely "on it," was hoisted into one of the wagons, and handed out, as he thought, several sacks of superfine flour, and as many

sides of good fat bacon as would serve to "shorten" it. Each man took a sack or a side on the horn of his saddle, and away they went, highly elated at the prospect of "flour doin's" in store for the morrow. But, alas! for human hopes. When daylight and sober senses came, they saw to their chagrin that they had toiled all those weary miles through the dark woods and miry roads, their horses laden with corn meal and jerked beef, not enough of fat in the latter to grease the hair of a buffalo gnat! Darkness and Arkansas "sod corn" had caused the mistake. It is proper to mention that we had lived on "corn dodgers," salt junk and "blue Dick," until flour and bacon were looked upon as luxuries unmeet for the "rank and file," and only to be enjoyed by commissaries, quartermasters, and general officers.

Frank C—— was wheel driver on piece No. 4, and a better driver or braver soldier never cracked a whip or pulled a lanyard. He had an old horse working "in the off," who had an annoying habit of going to sleep every time the battery halted, and when asleep was sure to fall down in the harness. Like the "fat boy" in *Pickwick*, he would go to sleep on the most inopportune occasions, as on reviews, etc., sometimes pulling the saddle horse on top of him. Then would cannoneers have to rush to the rescue, and tug, pull, heave, and swear to get him up again. At the battle of Inka, Miss., after the command "Action front!" had been given and obeyed, limbers thrown to the rear, drivers dismounted, and a lively little skirmish commenced, Frank, as usual, was peering through the woods, looking at the enemy and watching the effect of our fire instead of attending to his team. Suddenly some one cried out, "Frank, look at your horses!" F. turned to look, and half laughing, half crying with vexation, exclaimed, "There! he's laid down again. Boys, please come and help me get him up!" By the time the words were fairly uttered, he saw and understood the situation. Some large projectile from the enemy's guns had cut off the head of the near horse just below the eyes, and crashing through the shoulder and breast of the "sleeper," made him "food for worms." To use an army phrase, it would have made a dog laugh to see the expression of F.'s countenance when he comprehended the "deep damnation of his taking off," though the surroundings were such as soon to dispel mirthful feelings, as those who took part in the fight can testify. "Many a time and oft" by the camp fire we told the story, to the great delight of all except F., who never seemed to enjoy being laughed at.

J. A. W., Lexington, Mo.

GENERAL CLEBURNE.—As incidents illustrative of the social character of this distinguished and deeply lamented officer seem to be rare, and as he has been sometimes represented as being rude and churlish in his manners, I place the following at your disposal:

It was during the memorable campaign of Gen. Hood in the fall of '64. The army halted in the middle of the afternoon of a very rainy day somewhere between Dallas and Powder Springs, in Upper Georgia, and your correspondent, who then occupied a "bomb proof" in the shape of a chaplaincy, chanced to select quarters for the night at a farm house, immediately in front of which Gen. Cleburne had pitched his headquarters. Seeing a brother parson, the famous Dr. McF.,

at headquarters conversing with the "fighting Irishman," I walked over to form the General's acquaintance. I was received with the greatest respect, and after staying a short time, took advantage of an opportunity to retire unnoticed, to avoid an invitation to supper. While sitting around a comfortable fire at the house conversing with the staff officers about the character and early history of their admired chief, a burly Irishman poked his head in at the window and shouted, "And is there a gentleman by the name of Ridding here? The General wishes him to come immediately to headquarters." I followed him at once right across the fence, wondering what I had done or said to occasion this summary arrest. As I approached the camp fire, the General and his guest, Dr. McF., arose, the former remarking to me, "Well, sir, we did not expect you to leave so soon; you must take supper with us." I apologized, said something about "Soldier's rations wouldn't bear division," etc., when he interrupted with, "Come, sir, no apology; when a gentleman graces my board, the apologies must come from my side of the house." His supper needed none. We had mutton chops, honey, wheat bread and milk (the General had a fine cow or two on his staff). And could this pleasant host who waited so kindly on his guests, be the celebrated Pat "Claborn," as his Irishmen would call him? I next saw him as he rode at the head of his division to take position on the left at Decatur. He looked like a quiet, unobtrusive minister of the gospel.

R., Brookhaven, Miss.

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## REVIEWS.

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*Phineas Finn, the Irish Member.* By Anthony Trollope.

**P**HINEAS FINN contains some of Mr. Trollope's best work, but it is not, as a whole, one of his very best tales. While far superior to the lower level of his novels,—stories like *Miss Mackenzie* or *Rachel Ray*,—it does not come up to the *Small House at Allington*, or *Framley Parsonage*, or *Can You Forgive Her?* and falls far short of the *Last Chronicle of Barset*. The run of the story is a little tame. Its most felicitous sketches, excepting only its most felicitous sketch of all, that of Lord Chiltern, are tame. The Irish hero is terribly tame,—if we may be allowed the bull. Of the four heroines, two at least are tame, and one, Lady Laura Standish, afterwards Lady Laura Kennedy, is scarcely a success. Even Madame Max Goesler, who is the best study of the four, wants definition. We scarcely feel that we know her even at the close, though we do feel a decided interest in her from her first appearance on the stage. Then the Parliamentary life is a little tame. Mr. Trollope sketches it too completely from the social side. As a mere reflex image of politics in London society it is

as good as could be. But stronger political feelings than these go to make up a true politician, and we have only a faint drawing-room or club-room echo of those feelings. Even the political dinner-party at Mr. Monk's has no vivid life in it. There is a subdued tone about the conversation of all except Mr. Turnbull which is not natural. Mr. Turnbull, offensive as he makes himself, would have been hit much harder than he is by any true politicians in such a discussion. And *prononcé* as Mr. Turnbull is, in his way, you see the hidden literary aim and purpose with which he is made to speak as he does, too clearly to accept the picture without hesitation. Like Dickens's pictures of American politicians in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, though, of course, less caricatured, Mr. Turnbull is seen at once by the reader to be a political puppet played off by the author for his own objects. Then of him, as of all the other fictitious politicians, it must be said that there is not enough told to define him. Mr. Monk has some affinities with Mr. Cobden, but he is a keen opponent of the ballot, and in other characteristics, too, is not Mr. Cobden. Yet enough is not told of him to make his image clear. Mr. Turnbull has some poor flavour of the worst parts of Mr. Bright, but neither in genius nor any other quality but popularity, is he really much like Mr. Bright. Mr. Gresham ignores the past, and is therefore certainly not meant for Mr. Gladstone, yet it is a problem what he is meant for. We want to hear more of these men, if they are to interest us deeply. The political life scarcely supplies the animation which so much of the tale seems to want.

It has been objected to Mr. Trollope that his creations are *too like* real life for literature,—that what one really wants in literature are men and women not so much *representative* of average men and women, as *typical* of them, with something, however, of intensity and force and clearness of outline, which belongs more to exceptional than to average men and women, but which is necessary in order to furnish keys to human nature in general. It is said that Mr. Trollope's sketches are so like to those whom one actually meets in society that one learns no more from them than we should learn from those whom we actually meet in society. We do not think that Mr. Trollope is fairly open to this charge. His characters are usually quite as marked and strong in relation to *modern* society, as are Fielding's in relation to the more sharply classified and more strongly contrasted types of character of a far less uniformly developed and far more localized and provincialized state of society. What we do think Mr. Trollope sometimes fails in, is in perceiving that there is, for most men at least, a depth of private character which barely gets to the surface of society at all, and which Mr. Trollope rarely ever indicates. Here, for instance, is Phineas Finn, who is an ambitious man and a warm politician, who is always in love with some lady or other, though the reader is always a little in doubt as to which, and who has apparently the intellect and heart to apprehend that there are plenty of considerations beyond that of mere success in life, and to look beyond it altogether. Yet we never see for a moment either the roots of his ambition, or the roots of his passions and affections, or the roots of his faith. We never see him as he would see himself even for a chapter. Perhaps Mr. Trollope might say that

Phineas Finn is intended to be, as Mr. Trollope intimated in his preface to the *St. Paul's Magazine*, in which this tale first appeared, nothing very striking,—on the contrary, a man of rather ill-marked character, of somewhat fluid motives and purposes. No doubt; but that would not prevent him from either fairly recognizing his own fluidity of nature, or not recognizing it. He must have had a private life of either self-recognition or self-mistake. He must have *either* known that he was not up to his high ambitious purposes, for instance, *or* at all events have deluded himself into throwing the blame on circumstances. So, again, of the four ladies amongst whom he flutters about, without distinctly knowing when he passed from one to the other;—we contend that he must have had some either true or false self-measurement in regard to this matter also. He must have either recognized that what he called love was not worth much, and was a faint watery sort of sentiment,—or he must have been a great adept in painting up the circumstances so as to excuse himself for his many transitions, and to persuade himself that there was a clear and well-marked water-shed dividing the opposite water-courses of his various loves. No man could have made those visits to Madame Max Goesler described towards the end of the story, while he was absolutely engaged to Mary Flood Jones, without a good deal of inward reckoning with himself of one kind or other as to whether or not he had anything in him that he could properly call love,—yea or nay. Yet neither in his political ambition nor in his various love-passages do we ever find him taking any inward measure of himself, either for the purpose of making light of himself or for the purpose of caressing himself. The man is simply seen as he is seen in society,—not in the least as he would be seen by himself. The individual side of him,—the side of him known to no one but himself,—Mr. Trollope never paints at all. And of course he makes the same omission as to those master-thoughts which more or less mould all thinking and feeling men's career. Phineas Finn,—taking him as Mr. Trollope paints him,—must have had either a faith, or a reason for not having a faith, and in the last case, probably, a passionate regret that he had none, or else it may be some faint self-congratulation that he was strong enough to face the conclusion at which he had arrived that there was no resting-place for a faith. A man of such a type as his, in some of the circumstances of this story,—before the duel, for example, and still more perhaps in the last moments of indecision as to his political course on the Bill which led to his resignation,—must have gone down to the ultimate roots of human action, the deepest of all the considerations which actuate us. But if it was so with Phineas Finn, we never see it. Apparently, both in fighting the duel and in resigning his office, he was not only led by the poorest and most superficial motives,—*that* is not unnatural,—but was led by them without the forcible intrusion of better and higher motives. He does what is wrong and he does what is right alike without giving us any idea that such a thing as deep moral struggle can go on in the heart of man. Yet he is not a man without fine susceptibilities. He is meant to be a man, though of rather weak character, of some breadth of intellect and of much delicacy of sentiment. What, then, we regard as the true charge against Mr. Trollope,—to which

this novel is more open than any of his more carefully written productions,—is that he gives us no strictly individual life,—no life beneath the social surface,—at all ; that he never completes the outline of any character as it might be observed in society, by sketching it as it would be seen and appreciated or misconceived and falsely coloured by the inner self. This criticism applies most to Phineas Finn, as one always expects a deeper knowledge of the leading character than of any other ; but it applies also to every character of any prominence,—particularly to Lady Laura Standish, and to Violet Effingham, in some degree even to Lord Chiltern, only that Lord Chiltern's rather violent, not to say ferocious nature, pierces the crust of social *convenances* almost as the cone of a volcano is upheaved through the surface of the earth, and tells you more of what lies beneath than is told us in any other case.

Lady Laura Standish was a fine conception, but we cannot but be dissatisfied with the way in which she is worked out. Her *amour propre*, her love of influence, her eager active nature, her generosity towards those she loves, the absence of compunction or even fear with which she marries a man whom she does not love for the sake of gratifying her wish for social and political influence, the repulsion of which she is sensible against Mr. Kennedy's formalism, the bitterer rebellion she nourishes against his attempt to lecture and govern her, are all finely conceived and strictly natural. But we find it very difficult to reconcile her final breach with him and ultimate horror of him,—which is an element in her nature akin to that of her brother Lord Chiltern's,—with the calm indifference with which she first married him when preferring another. The nature of Lady Laura Kennedy in the latter part of the book seems more passionate, as well as less ambitious, than is consistent with her early conduct. The girl who could patronize Phineas Finn so generously, while refusing him in order to make a marriage of *convenance*, would scarcely have broken with her husband and scandalized the world simply because she found her husband more didactic and obstinate and less considerate than she had hoped. Her soreness about Phineas Finn's forgetfulness of his love for her is natural ; but the woman who could so successfully, so calmly, and with so much dignity repress his love when she intended to marry Mr. Kennedy, would scarcely have reproached him so openly with his desertion afterwards. As a whole, Lady Laura Kennedy is not to our minds a coherent picture. And if, as is possible, the artist *could* have vindicated the truth of his drawing by displaying the deeper, the more solitary elements of her character, he has failed to do so.

But if Lady Laura is very imperfect, her husband, the Right Honourable Robert Kennedy, seems to us a great triumph of Mr. Trollope's art, less interesting and striking, indeed, but quite as perfect as the violent Lord Chiltern himself. The silent, stiff man, who is so taken by Lady Laura Standish's frank and eager manners before marriage, and so shocked by them after marriage ; who makes such dull persevering efforts to tame down his wife, and who gets so sullen when he finds her wits too many for him ; who was always master in small things in spite of her wits, and sickened her by the monotonous minutiae of his arrangements ; who wanted her to read all the books he named, and to read them in the precise times he named for them ;

who would have no guests and no novels on Sunday, and would read aloud dull sermons in the evening after the double attendance in church ; who, when his wife was out of temper and out of spirits, would always propose to send for Dr. Macnuthrie ; and who, when they came to quarrel with each other, seriously proposed to devote an autumn and winter "to the cultivation of proper relations with his wife,"—studied, solemn, legal, decorous, pious Mr. Kennedy, with his terrible unconscious tyrannies, and his "suit for the restitution of conjugal rights" after his wife had deserted him, is as wonderful a picture as Mr. Trollope has yet drawn. It was a great idea, in itself, to conceive an attempt made to garotte such a man as this ; but it was a still greater stroke to picture him after Phineas Finn has saved him from the garotter's hands, as Mr. Trollope does, sitting for two or three days at home as stiff as a poker, and never speaking above a whisper,—absorbed in the shock to his throat and his self-importance, and in the danger to his life which he had so narrowly escaped. Mr. Trollope has never drawn any portrait more skilfully than the Right Honourable Robert Kennedy's.

Unless it be Lord Chiltern's. The savage and untamable element left in the English aristocracy, and in some of its very best specimens, was never so finely caught and painted as it is here. Lord Chiltern has something in him that reminds one of one of Mr. Trollope's most powerful sketches,—George Vavasour in *Can You Forgive Her?* But while George Vavasour is wholly selfish in his ferocity, Lord Chiltern is almost wholly generous, except so far as his ferocious self-will predominates over every other element,—his generosity included. There is something marvellous in the ease and rapidity with which, in a few love scenes, a few scenes of stormy altercation with his father and his friend and rival, and a hunting scene or two, the man's nature is delineated so fully on such slender materials. Except Mr. Kennedy, the reader knows no one so well as Lord Chiltern, and just as in the case of Mr. Kennedy, Lord Chiltern has scarcely uttered ten sentences before one becomes intimate with him,—in this case because his individual character breaks through all ordinary restrictions to express itself,—in Mr. Kennedy's case, because the individual character is identical with those restrictions, and is incarnate in them. Thus the contrast between the two is exceedingly striking, and adds to the power of each sketch. While there are many side-sketches of great skill and humour,—as, for instance, that of the money-lender Mr. Clarkson, who worries Phineas Finn to be "punctual" with so much judicious torture,—the story of *Phineas Finn* will win permanent reputation for Mr. Trollope chiefly by the sketches of Lord Chiltern and Mr. Kennedy.—*The Spectator*.

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*How Lisa loved the King.* By George Eliot.

GEORGE ELIOT would have done herself injustice had she been content to let her reputation as a poet rest upon *The Spanish Gypsy*. For that poem, though abounding in beauties, was still a disappointment to those who had formed their estimate of her genius from her brilliant and masterly novels. In this little tale in verse she again enters the

field of poetry, and takes a place which we think no one will challenge.

Instead of the ambitious form of the drama, in which there is scarcely any middle place between high success or utter failure, she has chosen a brief, simple story, simply told. There is no intensity of passion, but the passion is pure and true ; no great depth of pathos, but the pathos is tender and natural ; not many speeches, but those sweet and well-befitting.

The story is in some sort a pendant to *Elaine*. *Lisa*, a Florentine maiden living in Palermo, sees and loves the sovereign of Sicily, King Pedro of Aragon. But she does not desire, like *Elaine*, "to be his wife," but only yearns that he may at least have some knowledge of her love for him, and breaks her heart to think that this never can be.

"She watched all day that she might see him pass  
With knights and ladies ; but she said, 'Alas !  
Though he should see me, it were all as one  
He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone  
Of wall or balcony : some colored spot  
His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not.  
I have no music-touch that could bring nigh  
My love to his soul's hearing. I shall die  
And he will never know who Lisa was,—  
The trader's child, whose soaring spirit rose  
As hedge-born aloe-flowers that rarest years disclose."

So she pines away ; but a dream suggests a thought of comfort to her, and she sends for "Minuccio, the great singer," and pours all her sorrow into his kindly ear, and asks his counsel. Minuccio applies to a poet-friend, who writes a *canzone*, translating (as is the poet's part) Lisa's dumb emotion into lovely words. Of this charming lyric we can only give the first stanza :—

"Love, thou didst see me, light as morning's breath,  
Roaming a garden in a joyous error,  
Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,  
Till of thy countenance the alluring terror  
In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,  
From out their life seeming a beauteous Death.  
O Love, who so didst choose me for thine own,  
Taking this little isle to thy great sway,  
See now, it is the honor of thy throne  
That what thou gavest perish not away,  
Nor leave some sweet remembrance to atone  
By life that will be for the brief life gone :  
Hear, ere the shroud o'er these frail limbs be thrown—  
Since every king is vassal unto thee,  
My heart's lord needs must listen loyally—  
O tell him I am waiting for my Death !"

Minuccio sings this canzone before the King, and finding him much moved by it, tells him of Lisa's innocent love, and the King, like a "gallant knight and stainless gentleman," visits the sick maiden, and speaks kindly words of comfort and affection. So Lisa, no longer sad, recovers, and is happy and content.

Once more the King visits her, with the Queen Costanza, and both express their loving regard for the maiden, and the King, like Lancelot, promises to wear her colors and be her knight all his days ; advises her to marry a youth who loves her, and whom, as he is poor, the King

will endow with "large and fruitful lands." Lisa does not reply with the hopeless passion of *Elaine*, "Of all this will I nothing;" but accepts Perdicone at the King's hands, and with him lives a happy and blameless life.

Such is the story that George Eliot has undertaken to tell us, and she has told it perfectly well, with a sweet simplicity befitting the theme, and in tender, musical verse. We knew before that she had the poet's soul, and we now see that she has the poet's art.—*The Baltimore Statesman*.

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*Yesterday, To-day, and Forever.* A Poem in Twelve Books. By Edward Henry Bickersteth, M. A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

It is a long time since a sacred epic of the proportions of this poem of Mr. Bickersteth has been issued from the British press. It has met a singularly favorable reception. No Juno seems to have presided cross-legged at its birth. In this, it has had the advantage of Milton's great work, which had almost come into the world still-born; but whether this good beginning furnishes an augury, according to the old saw, of a bad ending, remains to be seen. It is now attracting very general attention. The poem is written in decasyllabic blank verse, and consists of twelve books, the topics of which are as follows: I. The Seer's Death and Descent to Hades. II. The Paradise of the Blessed Dead. III. The Prison of the Lost. IV. The Creation of Angels and of Men. V. The Fall of Angels and of Men. VI. The Empire of Darkness. VII. Redemption. VIII. The Church Militant. IX. The Bridal of the Lamb. X. The Millennial Sabbath. XI. The Last Judgment. XII. The Many Mansions. The plan of the work is this: The author imagines himself as having died, and, under the guidance of a guardian angel, whom he names Oriel, to have passed in his disembodied spirit, clothed in some shadowy and ethereal form, to a place different from heaven, which he describes as the paradise of the blessed dead. Here he meets his children and the members of his flock who had preceded him to the unseen world, and here he is introduced into the presence of his Saviour. His angelic guide, who is his constant attendant, then gives him, at his solicitation, an account of the places and events which are treated of from the third to the eighth book. The recitals of the seraph close with the description of the struggles of the militant Church, and thenceforward the author, *propria persona*, rehearses the circumstances attending the bridal of the Lamb, the glories of the millennial period, the solemnities of the last assize, and the blessedness of the celestial state.

We have read this poem of Mr. Bickersteth with profound pleasure. He touches the harp of poesy with the hand of a true minstrel. His diction is rich and musical, never descending to meanness; his imagery oftentimes magnificent and sublime; and his tenderness and pathos such as to draw upon the fountain of tears. The momentous themes upon which he expatiates so glowingly are precisely those which lie nearest to the hearts of God's people, and his poem is one which treats

them with so much power and beauty as to secure for itself, if we do not err, a permanent dwelling-place in the affections of those who wait for the consolation of Israel. At the same time, we venture the criticism, that the author has made a mistake in traversing ground which already bore the footprints of a giant. It was a bold adventure in him to produce an epic which sings the loss of paradise and the fall of angels and of men. It is just here, we think, the poem flags. We could not expect to find the freshness of Milton, and the writer has invited a comparison which robs him of the palm of majesty and strength, if not of beauty itself. Milton's descriptions of the horrors of Hell-gate with its infernal guards, of the realm of Chaos and of Night, and of the beauties of man's primeval Paradise, still stand unrivalled. Our author would have made his success more perfect if he had reduced the dimensions of his plot. The action sweeps with vehement rapidity from the creation of angels and men, along the whole field of human history, to the final consummation of all things. Had the work begun where Milton's immortal, though unfinished, *Paradise Regained* commenced, with the deeds and sufferings of an incarnate Redeemer, and followed the developments of the plan of redemption to its glorious termination, it would have avoided the hazard of an inevitable comparison with the *Paradise Lost*, and might have won for itself the distinguished honor of being regarded as a worthy supplement of that incomparable production. As it is, its glory must be derived from its treatment of redemptive themes. Its description of the Last Judgment is perhaps unequalled in the domain of poetry, except, as we venture to think, by that contained in a fragment by an American poet who appears to be too little known or appreciated. We allude to James Hillhouse.

We notice, in closing, the theological complexion of Mr. Bickersteth's poem. He differs with Milton, and with common opinion, as to the order in which he regards the fall of the angels and that of man to have occurred. He makes the creation of human beings the occasion which led to the apostasy of Lucifer and his fellow-conspirators; so that, according to his view, the sin of angels and that of man were almost simultaneous. Upon this question, as we know nothing, we have nothing to say, except that if the idea of some theologians be correct of a very brief interval between the creation of Adam and his fall, then the probabilities are against our author's position; for it is unreasonable to suppose the revolt of the angels developed in so short a period. The conception of the work, in those parts of it which treat of the progress of redemption, is thoroughly pre-millennial. If we apprehend it aright, the author's scheme is this: Just before the millennial period will begin, the Lord Jesus will descend from heaven into the atmosphere that environs the earth, but will be visible only to the Jews, who will have been previously restored to their own land, and who will then look upon him whom they pierced and mourn. In this descent, the Saviour will be accompanied by the spirits of departed saints, which will then be reunited to their bodies raised from the grave. At the same time, the saints then living on earth will be changed and translated. The Church of the First-born will thus be rendered complete, and, reascending with Christ into the heavenly

regions, will celebrate the bridal of the Lamb. Meanwhile, antichristian fury will rage on the earth, particularly against God's ancient people ; but after a brief interval, Christ will again descend, and having, by an immediate application of his power, destroyed all antichristian opposition to his kingdom, will reign in person over the nations in the flesh, seated upon the throne of David in Jerusalem. The millennium will then begin. All overt resistance to the authority of the universal sovereign will be immediately subdued ; but a latent infidelity will lurk in the bosom of the Church, which at the close of a thousand years, at the instigation of Satan, will burst out into open and wide-spread rebellion. This will be summarily put down ; the last judgment will be instituted ; the wicked will be consigned to hell ; and the glorified saints, having been taken up to heaven for a season, will finally come down to the renovated earth, and occupy it as their permanent abode. We leave these views to the consideration of our readers, refraining from making any comment of our own.

There are other tenets of the author, which, although we do not consider them as involving fundamental error, we regret to see recommended to the many readers of his book by the beautiful poetry which enshrines them.

The first is, that there is a paradise for the disembodied spirits of the saints different from heaven, and a place of confinement for those of the wicked different from hell. We are aware that this opinion has had many advocates in the Anglican Church, to which the author belongs ; but there is a short argument affording, to our mind, a presumption fatal to it. The Scriptures teach that the souls of believers at death go to be with Christ ; but they equally teach that Christ is in heaven prosecuting his intercessory work. The inference is clear that to be with Christ is to be in heaven. The author feels the force of this ; for he is reduced to the necessity of supposing the Saviour to be perpetually changing place from heaven to paradise and from paradise to heaven.

The second view to which we take exception is, that the human species inhabiting the earth in its glorified condition will propagate itself, overrun the limits of the world, colonize other orbs retained in an unpeopled state in order to provide for that result, and thus the song of redemption will be communicated from system to system until the universe becomes vocal with the anthems of redeemed saints. We almost rubbed our eyes as we read. The curious part of the hypothesis is, that this extraordinary propagation will take place in conformity to the original law, "Be fruitful and multiply." That command, we had always thought, had reference to marriage, and our Saviour tells us that "in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage ; but are as the angels which are in heaven." The author in a note vindicates his hypothesis ; but, as he has not told us of any other mode of propagating the species than that of marriage,—and that is out of the question,—we content ourselves with rejecting his new revelation.

The third notion which appears to us objectionable is, that the final state of devils and lost human beings will be one of complete and unresisting submissiveness to the divine will. Overt resistance may be

crushed, and yet the temper of hostility remain. To our mind, the antagonism of consummate wickedness to perfect holiness will constitute one of the chief terrors of hell. The wicked will "gnash their teeth" in fierce but impotent rage. This grace of submission in the lost is something to us inconceivable. But, as the author's idea is that divine love originates the penal fires of the pit, it may be consistent in him to hold that it assuages the flames which it raises. We had always supposed that justice lay at the bottom of eternal punishment.

With these exceptions, we have no fault to find with the author's orthodoxy. His views of sin, of redemption, and of the glory of Christ, appear to be altogether scriptural. The poem is fragrant with the love of Jesus. It is a coronal of beauty which the author reverently places on his Saviour's brow.—*The Southern Presbyterian Review*.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Problematic Characters.* A Novel by Friedrich Spielhagen. From the German by Prof. Schele de Vere. Author's Edition. 12mo., cloth, \$1.75. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

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*Mental Photographs; An Album for Confessions of Tastes, Habits, and Convictions.* Edited by Robert Saxton. 4to., cloth, \$1.50. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

*Italy: Florence and Venice.* By Henri Taine. 8vo., cloth gilt, \$2.50. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

*The Malay Archipelago: The Land of the Orang-Utan, and the Bird of Paradise.* By Alfred Russell Wallace. 8vo., cloth, \$3.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

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*The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly).* 12mo., cloth, \$2.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

*Fishing in American Waters.* By Genio C. Scott. 8vo., cloth, \$3.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

*My Recollections of Lord Byron.* By Countess Guiccioli. 12mo., cloth, \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros.

## THE GREEN TABLE.

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**A**MID the other occupations of a multifarious and distracted existence, the *G. T.* is engaged in the composition of a gigantic work on *Secondary Intellectual Forces*, which is to be the *magnum opus* of his life; and he trusts to be spared to finish it, though he will not undertake so much for his readers. The investigations necessary for a thorough treatment of this theme frequently lead the *G. T.* among the less cultivated classes, among whom the Secondary Forces often present phenomena of the highest interest. Take this specimen, for example, which will be analysed in the chapter of *Subtle Sympathies*:—Conversing with his bootmaker the other day, the latter evinced a disposition to boast of the number of distinguished men who honored him with their patronage. “Do you know — —?” asked the *G. T.*, naming a local celebrity. “Know him?” exclaimed the artist with beaming eyes; “why, I gave him his first corn!”

Again, for the chapter of *Formulated Ideals*:—Two individuals, as the *G. T.* was passing, emerged from a restaurant, crapulous and benignant. “Ah,” sighed one, laying his hand on the most comfortable portion of his frame, “if I only had ten thousand a year and a tape-worm!” Yield the crown, Philoxenus of Cythera.

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*Redeunt Saturnia regna!* The golden age of miscellaneous belief is coming back. Fetishism looms up in the distance. It has not been long since the world was informed that the ancient Hermetic philosophy was still flourishing, its scrolls pondered over and its mysteries explored by a school of sages who for the present kept in the dark because it was an age of unbelief. But the times are ripening: what with rappings, evocations of spirits, blood-ordeals, divination, divining-rods, the Masters of the White Rose and the Red Dragon can soon step boldly forth and find themselves at home. An authority in a recent English periodical gives instructions to eager inquirers in the use of the divining-rod, and among other precepts observes that the experiment succeeds best “after a good dinner, and when the rod is held by an idiot or half-witted person.” The “good dinner,” especially if potables have been in abundance, is a very valuable preliminary; but to ensure perfect success in these experiments, all parties concerned should be “idiots,” “half-witted,” or at least a little touched in the upper story, as a multitude of experiments in this country with *planchette* have conclusively shown.

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WE notice with interest that on the new postage-stamps the head of Washington is superseded by a locomotive. What may be the meaning of this? Is it a device of the Imperialist party? Has the T. I. O. issued a rescript? Is the effigy of the first President giving place to that of the first Emperor; and is *Steam* the *Imperator Augustus* who is to be inaugurated and rule the new era? If so, the policy has at once our frankest adhesion. Who so fit, in the words of a late conspicuous individual, to “run the machine”? Who so intimately identified with commerce, manufactures and the liberal arts? Who so potent in war by land and by sea? Who can so literally realise the *Tout par moi, et moi partout*, which is the motto of Imperialism? It is indeed, as Knockem says in *Bartholomew Fair*, “an excellent vapour.”

And if the new sovereign indulge now and then in a trifling explosion, or the like, why Emperors must have their diversions, and happy the people where they are so limited and inexpensive. As an equivalent for war, we can accept them with an

equal mind, and enter our train or boat with a cheerful "*Ave, Cæsar Imperator ; morituri (probabiliter) te salutant.*"

ON Easter-morning, as no traveller omits to inform us, every Russian, from the Czar to the *mujik*, salutes the first person he meets with the formula "Christ is risen!" to which the reply must be, "He is risen." As the Emperor Nicholas stepped out of his palace one Easter-morning, he saw a guard on duty whose face was unknown to him, a magnificent figure of a man; and with unusual benignity he gave the orthodox salutation, but the man neither moved nor spoke. Thinking that probably, as the soldier was new to the duty, the sight of his sovereign had rendered him speechless with awe, he reiterated, still more condescendingly, the words "Christ is risen."

"I don't believe a word of it!" replied the man, standing erect as a lance.

Paralysed with astonishment, the Czar looked helplessly around, when an officer coming up explained that the magnificent guardsman was a Circassian, a sturdy believer in El Islam, and not the man to compromise *his* orthodoxy for any Emperor that ever breathed.

THE "music of the future" still continues to make a noise—more than metaphorically—in the artistic world, and the battle between the Wagnerites and anti-Wagnerites, or champions of the music of the present, rages fiercely as ever. The opera of *Rienzi*, one of the composer's earliest productions, has just been brought out in Paris, and there is an amusing notice of the first representation in the *Chronique de Le Figaro*. Here is the description of the second and third acts:—

"We find *Rienzi* now established in the Capitol, surrounded by his guards and ministers. After a charming chorus of female voices by the *Messengers of peace*, commences the most frightful uproar that we ever heard upon any stage.

"Whang! bang! tantara-ta! march of warriors; whang! bang! taran-tata! soldiers defiling; whang! bang! tara-tara! warriors' chorus; whang! bang! tara-ta, tara-ta! military ballet. Sax-horns, cornets-à-pistons, trumpets and trombones!

"Zina Merante pirouettes in wonderful style, with accompaniment of brass instruments, drums, and kettle-drums.

"Whang! bang! ta-ta, ta-ta! The Colonnas and the Orsini attempt to kill *Rienzi* after the festival. The Tribune, forewarned by the young Adriano Colonna, has put on a cuirass. The conspirators are marched to execution; but Irene and Adriano implore the clemency of the Tribune. Those who were condemned to the music of trumpets, are released to an accompaniment of ophicleides. *Rienzi* intones a chant in praise of his own clemency to an accompaniment of cornets-à-pistons; the two Colonnas, Orsini and Irene join their voices to the clamor, and whang! bang! tantara-ta! The final septuor with the choruses has a certain charm, notwithstanding its extreme vulgarity; but the orchestra makes such an uproar that the voices were lost in the universal hullabaloo. The curtain falls.

"The curtain rises for the third time. Let us hope that the singers have regained their breath in the interval.

"They have, indeed!

"Set at liberty, the Orsini and Colonna factions march upon Rome. Whang! bang! trantara-ta! Repetition of the battle-chorus. Whang! bang! taratara! New battle-march. *Rienzi* enters on horseback and intones the battle-hymn. Forward to battle! Whang! bang! bang! taratarara! Reinforcements of brass instruments appear at the back of the stage. Trumpets on this side, trumpets on the other. The stage is invaded by women who pray, while the tocsin peals from the wings. Clangor of bells, trombones and battle-hymn, rollings of the drums, blasts of the cornets, and, in the cellar, explosions of picrate of potash! The theatre

trembles : the public, with shattered nerves, cries for mercy in the boxes. Trumpets to the front ! From the height of the theatre thirty cornets-à-pistons are watching us. Tarantara ! reinforcements of warriors ; tara-tantara ! filing off of the wounded ; funeral march — taratantara-tara ! whang ! bang ! finale ! ”

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QUANTITATIVE ELEGIACS.

Deep in a shady forest it stood, the pride of the woodland ;  
 'Neath its aged boughs paused we awhile to repose :  
 Paused we awhile to repose, since here our roads separated,  
 Mine to the peaceful hills, thine to the noisy city.  
 Thine to the crowded streets, to the bustling wharves, where the water,  
 Vexed by the restless wheels, angrily chafes to a foam.  
 Mine to the ancient woods, to the deer's green haunts, to the valley  
 Where St. Regis sleeps, watched by the larches around,  
 Where mockingly the loon's shrill laugh rings over the waters,  
 And the gray sheldrakes chatter a noisy reply.  
 Pines whisper, light birches rustle, as under the west wind  
 Passes a shiver of light over the blue Saranac.  
 These I again shall see, yet I sigh, for I know as we part here,  
 So our lives divide, never to mingle again.

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It is to be hoped that the railroad with which Roumania has just been blessed, may improve the morals and civilisation of that unlucky country, as from all accounts there is great room for improvement. Here is a specimen of the state of things at present :—

A dealer in one of the provincial towns had carried home a considerable sum of money from a business tour. The evening of his arrival, two men in masks entered his house, fastened the doors, and with revolvers at his head demanded the money. As resistance was out of the question, the man handed them the key of a closet, telling them that in it they would find all he had. While the two robbers were ransacking the closet, he quietly got his double-barrelled gun from its hiding place, and shot them both dead. This done, he locked the door of his house, and went to the Chief of Police to report what he had done. This functionary not being at home, he went to the Prefect of the town, who was also absent. Finally he found a Police-Commissary, to whom he made his report, and who assembled a party, and went with him to the house. The door was opened : the two masked robbers were lying dead on the floor. The masks are removed, and behold they are the Prefect and the Chief of Police !

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PRUSSIA is certainly disposed to sound the very depth of baseness, to judge from the seizure of the private estates, including the stables and stud, of King George of Hanover, under the pretext that he is raising a Hanoverian legion in France. King George denies that he has done anything more than assist his friends who were refugees for his sake. But suppose he had, King George is now a private gentleman residing in England, and is no more amenable to Prussia for what he may do in France than Mr. Bright would be. If Prussia had any apprehension of the “ Guelphic Legion,” her proper recourse was a complaint to the French Emperor. Of course Prussia has no dread of “ 700 or 800 unarmed refugees,” but King George's property is the *angulus qui nunc deformat agellum*, a nice little pendicle to Naboth's vineyard. We do not know if King George possesses a watch ; but if he does, we suggest that he put both it and his spoons in a place of safety.

A FEW days before the death of General Jomini (at the age of ninety), one of the French papers published the following bulletin of his condition :—

“There is no longer any hope of the General’s recovery : the funeral will take place to-morrow.”

Now the question arises : was all hope lost because the General was dead already ? or had they lost patience with him and resolved to bury him alive ?

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YOUR hand lay in my own, you leaned on me,  
And softly spoke one little word, no more ;  
And from that hour we two can never be  
That to each other which we were before.

One word may yield the secret of a life,  
One key decipher many a mystic scroll,  
One look may flash an instantaneous light  
Into the darkest chambers of the soul.

I neither wonder, question, nor complain :  
I knew you loved ; how much you love, I know ;  
Your heart is not capacious to contain  
One wave of my full heart’s great overflow.

What shall I do then ? Shall I now refuse  
To pay a little love with love’s excess ?  
Or love for both — supply the love I lose  
With still more lavish wealth of tenderness ?

Take my heart’s thanks, dear, for the single ray  
That lets me know at least what sunlight is :  
Day is not night because one sky is gray,  
Nor what we win less fair for what we miss.

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A RECENT article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives a detailed and highly interesting account of the Bank of France and the mode in which the enormous business is transacted, very different in many respects from the ordinary routine in this country. The various precautions taken against theft or violence are also remarkable. The cellars which contain the reserves of coin and bullion, over and above the sum necessary for daily use which is kept in vaults above-ground, are by no means the abodes of splendor that the youthful mind associates with the idea of *treasure*. Massive doors guard the entrance to a winding stair so narrow that two persons can pass each other with difficulty, built and walled in with squared blocks of stone set in Roman cement, and proof against pick or crowbar. At the foot of the stair come four strong iron doors, each one secured by three locks, the keys of some of which are in the keeping of the Chief Cashier, and the others in that of the Comptroller General, so that they can not be opened without the concurrence of these two. These doors opened, the visitor finds himself in a space walled in on all sides by large leaden chests, on which the lantern he carries sheds but a feeble light. Each one of these chests contains 10,000 francs in coined silver. The gold coin is in bags, containing each the same value as the chests, but piled up like the sticks of a wood-pile.

Heaps of greenish white bricks, symmetrically arranged on one side, are ingots of silver ; while on the other the lantern’s light gleams brightly on the ingots of gold.

At the time of the writer's visit, the cellars contained precious metals to the amount of 726,275,666 francs.

The precautions which the Bank has in reserve against violence are in part unknown, but are generally understood to be formidable. They have it in their power to open a large gas-main in the cellar, so as to suffocate any persons who might be in it, as well as provisions for flooding it with water in a brief space of time. There is also an arrangement for filling the whole winding stair with earth or sand, which it would be a heavy and tedious task to remove.

Under ordinary circumstances, the Bank is guarded by a company of soldiers, and a permanent body of *pompier*s or firemen. The principal cash-office is watched every night by faithful watchmen within, and a party of clerks without. These clerks every hour patrol the entire establishment, including the gardens, the stables, and the roof, and to ensure their punctuality there are dial-plates placed at the most remote points, the hands of which they have to set, to show that they have been there. At every round they ring a bell communicating with the firemen's quarters, and drop into a box a small plate of zinc, which slides down a tube to the apartment of the officer on duty with the soldiers. In every hall there are force-pumps drawing their supplies from twenty-four reservoirs always full, and wherever there is wood-work, axes are hanging on the walls. At the four angles of the square are plugs connecting with the mains in the street, by means of which the whole building can be deluged at once.

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FOUR or five years ago, a tanner of Dijon was arraigned on the charge of seditious language, the special allegation being that he had said that the amount of the ministerial budget, in thousand-franc notes, would make a pile as high as the tower of St. Benignus's church. He justified himself before the court by an appeal to facts. A thousand thousand-franc notes, laid in a pile, measure ten centimetres, or 3·9 ins. Consequently a budget of two thousand millions, which was the amount in question, would make a pile six hundred and fifty-six feet two inches high, while the tower referred to measures but three hundred and two feet. He might have said "twice as high," and still been within the truth. The court dismissed the case, as every man in France is free — to practise arithmetic.

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No juster retribution could befall a country than the troubles and perils in which England has involved herself by her miserable time-serving policy. Had she recognised the Confederacy, when France made the proposition, the independence of the South would have been assured, and England would have obtained a strong ally in the new republic; had she from the first espoused the cause of the North, she would have secured a friend there. But it was too obvious that her movements were only regulated by the prospects of success; and she has in consequence made a bitter enemy of one section, without acquiring the amity of the other. So it is not without a feeling allied to satisfaction that we note the uneasiness of the English press at Mr. Sumner's monstrous pretensions — England, according to him, owing the United States all the expense of the war for the two years it was (in his opinion) prolonged through England's policy. (And while he is about it, why not put in a claim for all the losses of the South for the same period?) Of course Mr. Sumner has no idea that such a demand as this will be conceded; what he really means, is that nothing England can do will under any circumstances conciliate the North.

So it is with Ireland. The Irish have again and again declared that nothing short of the absolute possession of the land will satisfy them, and that all measures short of this they spurn with contempt. This being the case, England has but the option to grant their solitary request, or refuse it squarely, and prepare to crush out all resistance. She does neither: concedes what they do not want, and refuses what

they do. And when Prince Arthur makes a visit of conciliation, there is a furious riot with loss of life, only suppressed by the military; and the Mayor of Cork makes a speech eulogistic of the man who endeavored to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh in Australia.

This is a very serious state of things with the prospect of a great European war as threatening as it now is. Can England keep out of that war? Hardly; certainly not without the loss of what little *prestige* and position she has left. Can she enter it with such enemies ready to take advantage of every disaster? The Peace Party may find that even in their favorite commercial point of view it is a bad bargain to barter the national honor and the position of England for hostility abroad, hatred at home, and contempt everywhere.

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LAST month we expressed a doubt whether Victor Hugo had any interest in the singular speculation of the bookseller Panis. Since that note was written, a letter of M. Hugo has been published, in which he expresses great dissatisfaction with the whole proceeding, which was done, he complains, without his knowledge. Lacroix, the publisher, answers at considerable length. He says that having purchased the entire copyright of *L'Homme qui Rit* for twelve years, he was not under any obligation to consult with the author as to the means he should adopt to put the work into circulation. He also explains and approves the idea of M. Panis, who bought the whole of the first edition. Those persons in France who purchase valuable books and possess anything like a library, are a very limited number, he says; far too limited. In offering *L'Homme qui Rit* (which alone costs forty francs) as a premium to all who should purchase one hundred francs' worth of valuable books, allowing them also a year's credit if desired, M. Panis did not expect to make any immediate profit; but he hoped in this way that a multitude of nuclei of libraries would be formed, leading in time to a great increase of the reading public. M. Lacroix believes this expectation well-founded, and declares the results, so far, satisfactory.

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WHEN the volume of M. Hugo's biography by *A Witness of his Life* (generally understood to be Madame Hugo) appeared, many satirical flings were made at the exuberantly laudatory spirit which pervaded it. Here is one of the best:—

Victor Hugo and his family are at dinner. The soup is cooling, the younger members of the family are growing impatient, but the poet is in his altitudes, and continues to talk. He talks of universes, of spectral irradiations, of the splendours of the abyss in revolt. Charles Hugo, in a state of resigned desperation, contemplates the ceiling. "Why, Charles!" suddenly exclaims the *Witness*, with an indignant look at him, "your father is speaking, and you are not taking notes?"

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WE have all of us laughed at the delightful French-English of the Vicomte de Florac, who "attended himself to a box on the ear," when he reproved young Farintosh, and in his character of naturalised Englishman, "kept birds for combat of cock." Some good things in this line have been done by others; witness the annexed correspondence in English-French and French-English, between the Editor of the London *Tomahawk* and the Redacteur-en-chef of *Le Gamin de Paris*:—

(LETTER No. I.)

STRAND, 199,  
20th Mars, Londres.

MON CHER REDACTEUR-EN-CHEF,

Je suis tres enchanté d'écrire à vous. J'espere que vous êtes bien, c'est possible que vous n'avez oublié q'un de vos collaborateurs un Monsieur Jules Canard avez écrire beaucoup pour moi dans l'anné passé. Pensez vous que c'est possible pour

lui de venir a Dovres pour reporter le Grand Revue de nos Volontiers? Si c'est possible nous serions enchanté de lui voir. S'il demandez pour moi aux tete quartiers du 26th Regiment de Diddlesex Art<sup>ie</sup> il me trouvez. R.S.V.P.

Credez moi, cher Rédacteur,

Votre tres vraiment,

Le Redacteur-en-Chef du TOMAHAWK.

(LETTER NO. II.)

MEDEA MILOR PUBLISHERE-RULING,

It is great pleasure I write you to comprehend to you I ave seen Mister Jules Canard, Esquire. He very much afraid of the sea will move itself. I ave given orderes that he may obey imself, he will come to Dovere to see your Voluntaries, he not speak the English like I so you must comprehend a man which is an interpretation.

Receive my distinguished emanations,

The Puplishere-ruling of the

"PARISIAN WHICH IS UNEDUCATED CHILD-BOY."

Paris, March the 29<sup>th</sup> day, 1869.

These amusing imitations, however, must pale their ineffectual fires before the genuine article. Here is a circular sent by an inventor in France to several scientific men in England. Whether the English be Doctor Bouron's or not, we can not say; but the translation bears evident marks of somebody's having "made it himself":—

"One of the richest speculations. To give intelligence to the capitalists speculators. Machine to bring up constantly the water to all the altitudes, same the most considérables, without no one making and no one expense only those necessary for the first founding of the machine itself (founding litle expensive relatively to profitable product effect). Inventor's rights to be sold. To write post-paid to Doctor Bouron, physician, to héberville, départm<sup>t</sup> of Seine-Inférieure, France. Remark.—The function of that machine is settled on a natural and immuable principle of whom is daily the no methodical application.—That machine permit to create a continual running water outside the ground every where is existant, as deeply as it will be, an head-waters.—It is destined to be substituted to all the pump's systems, its construction don't being more expensive and besides no one expense being necessary for its constant and profitable work, whilst every pump's known to-day system, especially when the water must be brought up to great altitudes, are necessitating enormous expenses comparatively to the profitable product, and that during all their work.—It don't must to be forgotten, that machine produce a running water but no a water-spout; its could very well to maintain of water some fire-pumps, for instance, but not to be substituted to themselves.—That machine can to furnish just same quantity of water than that produced by the head-waters to which it is adapted.—It cans be removed if it wants, but it's not a real mobile machine."





GEORGE D. DICKINSON  
CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI

THE  
NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE,  
AUGUST, 1869.

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*The Overland Monthly.*

THE VOW.

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I WAS travelling in the Switzer Oberland. The sun was just going down behind the towering Alps, shedding as it were an avalanche of variegated colors over the surrounding landscape — cattle lowing in the distance, seeking their homes ; sheep bleating and wandering to their folds ; birds returning to their nests. No human beings in view ; no home where I might rest that night, and prepare for further explorations of the wonderful country.

My horse began to slacken his pace. At last I saw between the wide-spreading firs what seemed to me a chalet. Smoke issuing from a chimney is sure indication of human life existing. I rode on and on. My horse, knowing perhaps the locality, certainly better than I, seemed to hurry his pace. A thatched roof came in view. After a while I perceived a gate, and soon dismounted, to seek a shelter for the night.

It was a secluded spot, certainly. The "chalet" was built with care, heavy stones protecting its roof from being torn up by a passing hurricane. The door was ajar, a faint light glimmering through the opening. I dismounted, fastened my tired horse, approached the door, gently tapping, and with a kind of nervous anxiety waiting for the answer.

The door was opened by a sturdy woman, facing me with the steady look of the real "mountaineer," knowing no fear, and withal ready to do any service when needed.

"Can I rest here this night?" I asked, in as good a Berne accent as I could master.

"You can," was the answer. "Wilhelm, take the gentleman's horse to the stable;" and a boy of some twelve years obeyed the summons, took my horse, and led it to the place of rest, giving it such care as those who know the value of horses learn to bestow.

"Sit down and rest yourself," said the stately matron, showing me to a large arm-chair, curiously carved, and occupying one side of the fire-place. "It used to be my Wilhelm's chair," she continued. "But he is gone; I am a lonely widow now, and keep it for the stranger who happens to pass this way. You are welcome to it, sir, very welcome. Rest yourself; after a while I shall have supper ready."

So saying she went away, and while I indulged in the luxury of a warming fire, seated in "Wilhelm's chair," I heard the clattering of pans and dishes, tokens of the realization of the promised supper. I was just philosophizing on the blessedness of primitive country life, when I heard a groan from an adjoining apartment:

"Karl, Karl! *do come! do come!*" And after a while it was again "*Do come! do come!*" There was an urgency, a pleading earnestness in the words which I cannot express. "*Komme! oh, komme!*" was the request. Then followed a groan, a pause, and again the pleading voice said: "*Karl, komme! oh, komme!*"

The matron entered with a supper, substantial though simple. Whilst placing the dishes on the table, the groan, and following, "*Komme! oh, komme!*" sounded again. She instantly went through a side door, and then I heard her chiding softly: "*Liebes Kind, sei doch weise.* Dear child, be sensible. Karl is far off. Karl may soon come. Be sensible, dear child."

But the pleading voice repeated: "Karl, *do come!* Mother, have the room in readiness. Mother, I have waited long. So long! so long! Mother, I cannot wait longer. When he comes, mother, all will be well. My heart is sick, mother. Come to me, mother; kiss me, mother. Why does Karl not come?"

And so it went on till at last the sufferer seemed to be exhausted and in the arms of sleep. The mother then came out, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, my daughter is ill; very ill. The doctors have given her up. She cannot live. No, she cannot live!"

And then her strong nature gave way, and she wept bitterly.

"What is the matter?" said I, when she recovered from her deep emotion.

"Pining away, sir," she answered, "pining away. Four years ago her betrothed, a brave and handsome young man, said to her: 'Trüdchen, I am off for America. There I can make a fortune, and then come back to marry thee. Here it is misery and endless labor.' 'Karl,' said Trüdchen, 'better poor with thee, than rich without thee. We have cows and goats, and we can make a living. Why leave me and risk thy life and mine? For, truly, Karl, I love thee, and without thee I cannot live.' But the young man was stubborn, sir, as most of our mountaineers are; he laughed, and said within four years he would be back and marry her. The four years are up this very day. For a month she has been fading and fading away. A slow fever seems to undermine her, and only one thought keeps her alive—'Karl is coming! He said four years! Karl is coming!'"

"And is it to-day just four years since he left?" I asked, touched by the mother's woe.

"Just four years," said she. "The first year we received letters. Then he said he was going on a great venture, and we might not hear from him for some time. Nor did we. No tidings from him since that last letter."

And the poor widow broke out in tears. But a deep groan from the inner chamber aroused her at once; she went in, and I heard the girl saying:

"Mother, mother! Karl is coming, coming. *Er kommt! er kommt!*"

While the mother was soothing her suffering daughter I heard, far away, as it seemed to me, a sound like the tinkling of a cow-bell. But it increased in strength, and going to the door I listened attentively, and sure enough it was a church bell.

The mother's familiar ear had caught the sound, and rushing to the door she listened a while. "No alarm! no fire!" said she. "What can it be? It is the church bell of Wetterbrunner."

"How far from here?" I asked.

"Two miles," she answered; "but it takes long to get there through the windings of the mountain passes."

The bell still continued ringing, and through the open door the sound reached the ear of the sufferer. "Hear! hear!" she cried, "the bell rings! *Er kommt! er kommt!*"

The mother and myself were standing in the door, listening to the sound, and, as it were, lost in our own thoughts. What were hers I do not know. Tears streamed down her furrowed cheeks, and at last she said, with the accent of deepest grief: "*Lieber Herr Gott erbarme dich unser.*" ("O Lord God have mercy on us.")

But all at once we heard voices singing, shouting, huzzahing; then again, as the road went behind some mountain, these grew faint and nothing was heard but the distant ringing of the Wetterbrunner bell.

"Hurrah!" it sounded suddenly, where the road came direct upon the chalet. "Hurrah for Karl! Long live Karl! Long live Trüdchen!"

I looked at the mother; she staggered. I caught her in my arms, but recovering immediately the brave woman said: "Karl, sir; Karl is coming!" and she went to the bed-chamber. She knelt down before the couch whereon lay her daughter, seemingly asleep, her eyes closed, her hands clasped over her breast. She knelt down and wept.

I stood in anxious expectation. The voices became louder and louder. I could hear the tramping of horses and footsteps. Soon I saw a mass of men approaching the gate. Stopping, they gave a hearty "Hurrah for Karl! Hurrah for Trüdchen!" I saw a young man shaking hands, with words of thanks to all, then lifting the gate-latch and hastily walking up to the door.

He saw me, greeted politely, went into the house, and said with a voice thick with emotion:

"Mother! mother!"

The mother stood in the door, put her finger on her lips, opened her arms, and what an embrace! What a long, long embrace! That bronzed face of the young Switzer quivered, tears rolled down; and

the mother! — shall I ever forget the expression of thankful hope and grateful love!

"Trüdchen?" asked Karl at last.

"All yours, my Karl, my boy; all yours, but ill and weak. Look in."

Thus saying she led him to the bed-chamber, where Trüdchen lay seemingly asleep. Karl trembled all over with emotion. He approached, knelt down, took one of the clasped hands, kissed it, then rose and softly left the room.

Though not a physician, I knew enough to see that here was a case which, unless handled with care, might turn into death, or worse even — lunacy.

"Be careful," said I. "Do not try to awaken your daughter. Watch her. She may sleep on the whole night. Stay with her. When she wakes to consciousness be guarded. Violent emotion might kill her."

The mother thanked me. I went out to the gate, and told the assembled friends the state of affairs. I begged them to leave quietly, and to send up the physician from Wetterbrunner.

In the mean time Karl told his story. It was that of many others. After a year of toil in the new world, he heard of the California gold mines, made up his mind, went to work bravely, kept sober and steady, made what in Berne Oberland might be called a "good pile," and hastened to return so as to keep his word with his betrothed. On his arrival at Wetterbrunner he generously treated his numerous friends, who in their enthusiasm began to ring the church bell, and accompanied him to his future home.

It was deep in the night when the physician came — an elderly man, not only the physician of the villagers, but their friend and real benefactor. He knew of Trüdchen's faithful love and enduring expectation. During the third year of Karl's absence she began to be quiet and thoughtful; then languid and listless; then there would be now and then a rosy tint on her cheeks — once so full, but now wan; then, when she gave the doctor her little hand, he felt it feverish, and looked serious.

"Mother," said he to old Magdalen, "mother, be *very* careful. No night air, no dreaming to the stars, no listening to the far-off breeze when it rushes through the big pine forest. Take her out, mother; visit neighbor Wortheim, your kinsman; go anywhere, mother, and give her change. Perhaps she *may* fall in with some of our sturdy mountaineers, who *may* replace what *seems* to be lost."

And the mother did as she was told, but Trüdchen remained thoughtful and listless, and at last seemed unable to help her dear old mother in the household duties.

Thus the old doctor knew his patient. He approached the couch carefully, looked a while on the beautiful sleeper, took tenderly her hand, and felt the pulse.

"No pulse," said he.

"No pulse," repeated he after a long pause. "What is this? It seems I hear her breathing," said he, leaning over her. "Yes, I hear it distinctly, but slow; very slow. What is this; and no pulse?"

"Karl," he said to the anxious lover, "be careful not to be near her,

should she awake. Very weak, very weak. I should say on the very brink of eternal sleep. If she awakes from this, be not there. Break it softly to her. Her life hangs on a thread as fine as spider eve wove. Good mother of God! be merciful, be merciful!"

The good doctor was a pious Catholic, and kept up with mass and confession at least as well as with the current literature of the healing art.

"The mother of God," said Karl, with a deep emphasis, which struck me, listening with anxious sympathy, "the mother of God, *Herr* Doctor, can avail us nothing. She is, or was, a creature like you and I; but her Eternal Son, yes, *He* can heal now as He did when on earth. May *He* have mercy!"

The doctor looked puzzled; feeling once more the pulse, he said after a while:

"No pulse, no pulse. Karl, make a vow, make a vow; perhaps there will be mercy from the mother, or else from the Son."

And the pious, good old doctor crossed himself whilst saying this.

"My vow is made long since," said Karl, with the same emphatic tone; "long before I came. I shall add nothing to it; but keep it I shall," added he, the tears breaking forth; "yea, I shall keep it, whatever may happen."

And then there was a long pause. At length said Karl, "*He* knows best."

I am sure the doctor felt curious about the vow. So did I. But we both kept silence, and watched that long night with intense anxiety. At length the morning came. The breathing had become slower and slower. The hands were clammy cold, the feet were cold, and toward noon the doctor said:

"God's will be done! Trüdchen is in paradise. For surely, such as she deserve no other place."

It came not unexpectedly. It was foreseen. The mother's eye had watched so long that she was prepared for the bitter loss. Yet bitter, very bitter, was the cup to drink for mother's love. Very bitter for him whose soul seemed absorbed in the contemplation of what remained of her whom he loved so long, so well; for whom he had toiled and suffered, and whom to make happy was the life of his soul.

Long they gazed upon the lovely being, lovely in her sleep, a sweet smile resting on her still rosy lips—an image of calm repose, of blissful expectation. At length the matron was the first to rally from the stupor wherein they both seemed to have fallen.

"Karl," said she, "thou camest in time. She went loving thee. She is happy, Karl," she said, putting her arm with motherly tenderness around his neck; "thou couldst not have made her happier. Let us ask God to give us strength to bear this stroke," and then bursting out in tears, she knelt beside the couch. The young man knelt; the doctor knelt; I myself knelt down.

Soft and steady rose the voice of the matron. What simplicity of language! What real coming to God! What subdued praying for strength! What tender remembrance of Trüdchen's love and dutiful piety!

And when she ceased, the young man, in deep guttural tones, said:

"Thou knowest, Lord, what I vowed. Happy she is, for with Thee she is ; I thank Thee ; even so, for it was Thy will. I shall do it, Lord, I shall do it."

After a while the neighbors came, adding their mite of consolation ; and then they busied themselves with the last affectionate care to be bestowed upon the remains of one whom all seemed to love. I remained yet a few hours, and in the afternoon took my leave from the sorrowing mother and the mourning betrothed. I cast one more glance upon the beautiful form which had contained the spirit of Trüdchen, and mounting my horse, waved a last adieu to my newly-made friends.

Three years had elapsed, and to recruit from severe duties, I was again on the road up the Rhine to Basle ; thence to Berne. My trusty horse, the very same I had before, trotted nimbly over the steep and rocky pathway that led to the home of my friends at Wetterbrunner.

No, I had not forgotten them. Often I had thought of them — thought of the brave matron, of the sturdy Karl, of the angel form laid out for the silent grave. And when in sight of the snow-capped mountains, I could not help hastening toward the spot where I had left so much sorrow, and so much true, simple-hearted trust in God.

It was noon when I reached the little village, a true specimen of ancient Swiss neatness and thrifty industry. I alighted at the only inn, but which bore the impressive sign of *Tell's Hoff*. The hostler who took charge of my horse seemed preoccupied. It was a week day, yet he had evidently his Sunday suit. He was polite as ever, and said whilst I got off : "*Ach, der Herr kommt zum Feste!*" ("Ah, my Lord comes to the festival!")

A little astonished, I asked : "What festival ?"

"*Ach ja!*" said he, in a hurry, "you are a stranger ; I forgot ;" and off he went.

I entered the large apartment, which served as common reception-room, in America called a "bar-room" ; but there very different. Clean and well ventilated, the smooth floor slightly sanded, the windows adorned with pretty flower-pots, here and there a picture of Tell's memorable performance, the central part occupied by the stately *hanswirth*, serving wine and beer to the neat and rather pretty-looking waiting-girls, as the guests called for them ; two or three young men, neatly dressed in their Oberland costume, carrying off the plates and glasses, now and then sweeping a corner clean ; men and women, in festival dress, seated here and there at small oaken-wood tables ; children running to and fro, and playing hide-and-seek ; outside, a crowd of young men and women sitting at small tables, and pouring now and then a glass of foaming beer : such were the principal features which struck me on entering.

It was evidently a gala-day, a *fest-tag*, as they call it.

"What Saint's day is this?" I asked of a young damsel who smilingly tripped up to me with the usual question : "*Womit kann ich dienen?*"

"No Saint's day," said she, laughing ; "but a great day, I assure you, Sir stranger."

"What then?" said I.

"You must have come from far not to know," answered she; "from where?"

"From Interlachen," said I.

"Ah, that is far indeed! Well, this is the Orphans' festival; *Ach, Gott!* you come just in time! And did not know it?"

"No," said I. "Tell me what is the Orphans' festival?"

"*Ach, der fremder!*" she cried with amazement. "Knowest nothing of it? Well! since a month we spoke of nothing else. The *Herr Land-Amman* has built a large and beautiful house, where all the orphans are received who can be found in the Oberland. A beautiful house it is! And what a crowd of boys and girls, neatly dressed, and fed, and taught by *Pfarrer Linden!* And to-day there is a great feast; it is the birth-day of the *Amman's* wife. A dear lady she is! And all and every one is invited! Only think! By three o'clock we shut up house and *hoff* and go *all* there. Not a soul will be here, *Herr* stranger. So, thou must go with us."

I said I would, and soon perceived, all around me, that the topic of conversation was the festival, the beautiful house, the generous, the liberal *Amman*, who became so rich in foreign lands, and was not proud, but just as kind and friendly as before.

When the appointed time approached I looked around for a conveyance; for my hard-ridden horse I would not use, as the following day I had a long journey before me. But not an animal could be had; all were engaged.

"Welcome to a seat in my wagon, stranger," said an elderly man who perceived my need. "Welcome, and an honor to me."

With these words he reached me his broad and callous hand, smiling with the pleasure afforded him to take a stranger up to the festival. I jumped into the proffered seat, and soon we were winding our way through the passes and glens of this magnificent wilderness. Visitors before us, visitors behind, we formed a long file, and a joyful party we were. Now and then a song would be started in one conveyance, and the chorus taken up by the whole line. Then there was a distant conversation, such as only mountaineers can hold, accustomed to hail one another a mile's distance, from mountain side to mountain side.

And the subject of the conversation? The *Herr Land-Amman*; his riches; his kindness; his *Trüdchen*—how sweet, how careful of the aged and poor—

*Trüdchen!!* I heard the name but once. For all the while it was: the *Frau Land-Ammannin*. But one said: "Oh, how he loves his *Trüdchen!* how he would do anything for her!"

I cannot express the feeling which tingled through my whole being, when I heard that name!—*Trüdchen*, the sweet, patient sufferer, whom I had seen stretched on her last couch—an image of sweet reposing love, sleeping in the arms of eternal rest!

"*Trüdchen!*"—I was going to ask my kind conductor; but an exclamation of general joyful surprise withheld me.

"*Ach, wie schön!*" ("Ah, how beautiful!")

And beautiful it was! The narrow mountain pass opened at once upon a soft sloping plain, covered with sweet-smelling turf, through which nicely gravelled pathways curved in all directions, enclosing the

most lovely groups of evergreens, roses, lilies, anemones, and an endless variety of blooming flowers.

Far in the distance, slightly elevated, there came in view a large and spacious dwelling—it might be called a villa. Its light-colored walls were adorned with climbing plants; its windows with tasteful balconies, surrounded with flowers; while behind the villa loomed a high mountain peak, sheltering it from the northern winds. In front of the dwelling, on a large, neatly-trimmed grass-plot, some fifty little boys and girls were playing, shouting, laughing, running, jumping, and evidently in highest glee.

The view was so really magnificent, so sudden, so like fairy land, that I could not help gazing around; and before I knew it the wagon stopped, my conductor alighted, offered me his strong hand to get out, and having performed the same service to those who were with us, drove off; leaving me surrounded by people coming and coming, talking, admiring, exclaiming, and evidently too much engaged with things around them to allow me to ask them any questions concerning that which had preoccupied me since I heard the name of Trüdchen.

I followed the stream of guests which soon arrived at the villa—for such it seemed—and dispersed in its spacious halls and rooms, with that freedom and gayety, that decorum and respect of persons and things, which characterize the people.

In a corner of the large hall, which we would call the reception-room, I saw a comfortable seat, inviting enough for one who felt physically and morally fatigued to rest a while. I did so, and was looking around upon the increasing crowd of joyful Switzers, when a gentleman came to me, whom I soon recognized as the good old doctor, whose acquaintance I made under sorrowful circumstances.

"*Ach, sind Sie da!*" he cried, with hearty joy. "*Sind Sie wirklich da?* (Are you truly here?) Is it possible! That is *herrlich! herrlich!!*"

And he pressed me, Switzer fashion, in his arms.

When I recovered from the confusion which these hearty and impetuous demonstrations always occasion, to me at least, I said:

"And Karl—how is *he*?"

"Karl?" said he, "Karl?"—and as if his memory had received a sudden jerk—"Ah, the *Herr Land-Amman*, you mean! Ah, he is very well; very well, indeed! Soon be here."

"Tell me," said I, with an emotion which I tried in vain to conceal, "who is his wife?"

"His wife? Well, friend, *thou* oughtst to know, to be sure; well—Trüdchen, sweet Trüdchen."

"Trüdchen!" I exclaimed; "what Trüdchen?"

"Well, friend, thou art beside thyself! Thou knowest Trüdchen, I think!—But, upon my word, perhaps thou knowest nothing of all that happened! True enough—thou art a stranger, though thou speakest our mountain talk almost as well as one born here. Thou must live far away not to have heard of it!"

"My good friend," said I, with a slight tone of impatience, "I know nothing; I live hundreds of miles from here. Tell me, tell me."

"And so I shall," said the doctor, pressing my hand, and drawing a

chair near mine. "You left us when Trüdchen was dead and laid out to be buried — is it not so? Well, we loved her so much; we went so often to take a look at her. I came the day before the one appointed for her funeral, to see her once more. I sat down beside her. I felt her hands; her cheeks, which had yet a blush on them; it was all cold — but not so cold, it seemed to me, as corpses generally are. I put my hand under her back; it was warm! I called Magdalen; I felt bewildered. I said: 'Magdalen, postpone the funeral, if it is but one day.'

"*Herr doctor,*' said she, 'that cannot be; all the people are invited, and come from far.'

"She must not be buried to-morrow,' said I; 'decidedly not. Postpone the funeral for two, for three days.' Magdalen looked at me with amazement. But, as I spoke with great determination, she sent at once a messenger to give due warning of the delay of two days. I rode away, having many visits to make — but returned that night, and resumed my investigations. There was no change. I slept that night at Magdalen's. In the morning, no change. I went out, and returned at evening. No change. Only the hands *seemed* to me less cold. I watched anxiously. I felt the heart, the pulse. I thought I perceived a very slight motion! I called Magdalen; I called Karl. Both came, looking at me with a sort of bewilderment. 'So help me God!' said I, in a whisper, as if she might hear me, 'there is life, life; I tell you, life!'

"That whole night I watched her. The pulsations, though very slow, seemed to increase in strength; and toward morning, just when the sun began to rise above the Alps, I thought I could perceive a twitching motion, repeated at intervals.

"*'Magdalen,'* said I, 'stay thou here; Karl, go thou in the next room. When I say, *speak!* say in thy natural voice at the open door: *Is Trüdchen well?* and repeat it slowly.'

"When the sunbeams began to dart through the cottage window, the twitchings increased, the pulsations increased, the warmth increased. At my warning, Karl said in his deep guttural voice: '*Is Trüdchen well?*' repeating it at intervals some three or four times. There was a sort of convulsive effort visible in the whole frame, the lips trembled, the hands opened and closed; then a minute of perfect stillness; then I heard, like a faint whisper: '*Karl ist gekommen, Karl ist gekommen.*' And the whisper died away, succeeded by stillness again. When the voice of Karl repeated: '*Is Trüdchen well?*' the eyelids opened a little, the head began to turn in the direction of the voice, and there came a clear utterance: '*Mutter, Mutter, Karl ist gekommen.*'

"The mother, pale with anxiety, approached, knelt down, took her hand, kissed it, kissed her half-opened lips, and sobbed: '*Trüdchen! Trüdchen!*'

"*'Mother,'* she then said, slowly and scarcely audibly, 'where is Karl? Mother... I heard... the bells ring...' — and then she seemed to sleep again. After a few minutes her breathing became louder, stronger; and opening her eyes fully, she heaved a deep sigh, looked upon her mother, smiled, and said: 'Not yet to bed, mother? It must be late.' Then perceiving the sunlight, she said: 'Is it day, mother; methinks I heard the bell ring? How is it, mother?'

"We had already removed all appearance of the last tokens of love bestowed upon her ; we soothed her, and said she had been very ill, but was better now. And by degrees I informed her that Karl was coming ; then, that he had come ; then, that he was there ; and toward noon she begged so hard to see him, that I gave permission.

"And now, my dear friend, you know all about Trüdchen ; if I have been long, forgive the medical man, and the old man" —

Here he was interrupted by two strong arms which clasped him tight from behind, whilst a well-remembered voice said : "*Du lieber Herr Doctor* ; what a happy day ; what a day !"

The doctor arose at once, and grasping the speaker's hand said, pointing to me : "An old friend, *Herr Land-Amman*."

Three years had made some change in Karl's appearance. Yet I recognized easily in the dignified magistrate the weather-beaten Karl, conducted home by his numerous friends. He too remembered me and said, with a smile of inward satisfaction : "Welcome, welcome, *mein Herr*, welcome to the happiest day of my life !"

"*Herr Amman*," said I, smiling, "was there not one even happier than this ?"

"That was a day of God-sent bliss, my friend," said he, with solemn tone ; "yes, of God-sent bliss ;" and he looked up with his dark hazel eyes, as if his glance went straight to God. "That was *ein Segens-tag*" ("a day of blessing") continued he. "Happiness does not come up to what I felt *then*, my friend. Ah, the doctor told thee ?"

"He did," said I ; "but left it to you to explain the change I see ; the whole of this ; all, all, my dear friend."

"Easy enough," said he, seating himself, and holding my hand in both of his. "I went to America to make my fortune."

"I know it," said I.

"I heard of California ; it was in '48. I went straight to the mining region ; it was easier work then ; I accumulated in one week more gold than I had seen in my whole life. One night, half bewildered by my success, I thought of Pastor Liebing's parting words : '*Karl, ehre Gott !*' ('honor God') ; and rose from my rough couch, and said : '*Du lieber Gott*, if Thou blessest me with gold, and allowest me to see Trüdchen alive, a tenth I shall give to build an Orphan Home for the Berner Oberland.' Month after month I worked and hoarded ; and within two years I returned to New York, thence to my home. Good friends, more knowing about business than I, had taken charge of my fortune. I came ; and thou knowest what happened. And when I received Trüdchen again (here his voice became thick, and he mastered his emotion with some difficulty), I set to work, bought this land, built the house, gathered the orphans — and there they are : a small token of thankfulness to the Almighty Lord of life and death."

He stopped, unable to speak ; and I was myself not a little moved. After a while I said : "And so you are *Land-Amman* ?"

He smiled : "Money does many things, my friend. In this country, among the poor, hard-working mountaineers, I am rich. They always liked me, not less since I am rich — and so I am *Herr Land-Amman*. But there I see my Trüdchen coming, leading the orphan girls ; come, let me introduce you to her."

## LITTLE BAREFOOT.

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*From the German of Berthold Auerbach,*

*Author of "ON THE HEIGHTS," "THE VILLA ON THE RHINE," &c.*

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Translated for THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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### CHAPTER XVII.

#### OVER HILL AND DALE.

NATURE does not always remain the same; day succeeds night; the violent tempest having exhausted its fury, becomes the gentle breeze; summer alternates with winter. As with nature, so it is with the heart of man; and well for him who in all his commotions is not driven from the right path.

It was day when the two lovers reached the town. They had dismounted when still at a distance from it, when they met the first passers-by. They were aware that riding this way together would appear very strange, and the first person they met reminded them that they must conform to the ways of the world. John led his horse with one hand, and with the other held Amrei's. They walked on silently, and as often as they looked at each other, their faces brightened like those of children waking from sleep. But as often as they looked away, their minds were filled with anxiety as to how it would all end.

As if she had been discussing it with John, and with the assurance that he had been thinking of the same thing, Amrei now said:

"It would have been more prudent if we had acted with less haste: had you first gone home, and had I remained somewhere — no matter where, even if it had been with Mat in the forest — and you had then come for me with your mother, or had written to me, and I had then come to you with my Dami. But do you know what I think?"

"I don't know everything yet."

"I think that regret is the most foolish thing in which we can indulge. If we should try our best we cannot change yesterday into to-day. What was done in excitement was right, and must remain right. Now that we have regained our composure, we ought not to be disturbed. We must now deliberate as to the best course to pursue; and as you are a straightforward man, you will find that you can discuss it fully with me if you only tell me everything freely. You may tell me what you will, it will not offend me; but if you do not tell me all, it will distress me. You have no regret, have you?"

"Can you solve a riddle?" asked John.

"Yes; I was always skilful at that from my youth."

"Now tell me what this is. It is a word of one syllable: if you take away the first letter you will feel sorry for it, if you put it back again all will be right."

"That is easy," said Little Barefoot, "easy as child's play. It is Rue and True." And as the larks were singing above them, they began to sing this song of riddles, John commencing :

"My dear, I will give a riddle to thee ;  
If you can solve it married we'll be.  
What more white than snow is seen ?  
What than clover is more green ?  
And yet than coal more black to see ?  
If my wife you wish to be,  
You can solve it easily."

Amrei :

"The blossom of the cherry  
Than snow is whiter seen,  
And when the blossom has been shed,  
Than clover is more green ;  
When it has ripened well,  
Than coal more black to see.  
Because I am your little wife,  
I solve it easily."

John :

"Who is the King that has no throne ?  
Who is the Jack with no pay of his own ?"

Amrei :

"A king on the cards is without a throne ;  
And the boot-jack never gets pay of his own."

John :

"What kind of fire gives forth no heat ?  
What kind of knife without point do you meet ?"

Amrei :

"A painted fire gives forth no heat ;  
A broken knife without point you meet."

John suddenly snapped his fingers and said : "Now pay attention."  
And he sang :

"What having no head yet a neck doth exalt ?  
And what is it tastes good without butter or salt ?"

Amrei quickly answered :

"A bottle has no head, but does a neck exalt ;  
And sugar is good, without butter or salt."

"You only half guessed it," said John, laughing. "You only got half of it ; I intended it this way :

"A bottle has no head but does a neck exalt,  
A kiss from you is sweet, without butter or salt."

And now they sang the last words of this long spun-out riddle song :

"What is the heart that has never a beat ?  
Which is the day without night complete ?  
The heart of a buckle has never a beat,  
The day of doom without night is complete."

"I can give no more riddles, my dear, unto thee ;  
If you will say yes, we married will be.  
I am no buckle, my heart beats away ;  
'T will be no day of doom when dawns our wedding day."

They stopped at the first inn outside of the town gate, and Amrei said when she and John were in the sitting room, and he had ordered a good cup of coffee :

"How beautifully the world is arranged ! For instance, here is a house established, furnished with chairs, benches, tables, and a kitchen in which there is a fire already prepared, and they give us sugar, milk, and coffee in this beautiful service, everything being arranged as if we had ordered it beforehand. As we travel on farther we will find other hosts and other inns with everything that is needed for comfort. It is just as in the fairy tale, 'Little table, be served.'"

"But coins in the purse are necessary too," said John, putting his hand in his pocket and bringing it out full of money. "Without that you would get nothing."

"That is very true," said Amrei. "He who has those wheels may roll through the world. Tell me, John, has your coffee ever tasted better before in your life ? And this fresh white bread ! Only you have ordered too much ; we do not need all this. I can take the bread away with me, but it is a pity about the nice coffee. Oh, how many poor people there are who would like to have it, and yet we are obliged to leave it here, and you still have to pay for it."

"That is no matter ; you cannot reckon so closely in the world."

"Yes, yes, you are right ; I am not yet familiar with its ways. You must not be displeased if I tell you that it is done in ignorance."

"That is easy for you to say, because you know that you are very wise."

Amrei rose up flushed with pleasure, and standing before the mirror, cried : "Am I, indeed ? I do not know myself any more !"

"But I know you," said John. "You are called Amrei, and Little Barefoot, and the Salt Princess ; but that is not enough, and you are to have another name added to them ; the Wife of the Farmer of Landfried would not sound bad."

"Is that indeed possible ? It seems to me as if it could not come to pass."

"Yes, there are great obstacles to overcome, but they do not disturb me. Now go, lie down and take a nap, and I in the mean while will look about for a little Berne wagon. You cannot ride on horseback in the daylight any longer, and we need one anyhow."

"I cannot sleep ; I have a letter to write to Haldenbrunn. I left quickly, although I have received many benefits there, and have left some matters still unsettled."

"Well, attend to that till I return."

John went away, and Amrei looked after him with a strange feeling. There he goes, and he belongs to me, and how proudly he walks. Can it possibly be true that he is mine ? He does not look around any more, but the dog does who goes with him. Amrei beckoned and called to Lynx, and sure enough he came running back. She went out of the house to meet him, and as he sprang up she said : "Yes, it is

right and good in you to stay with me, that I may not be all alone. But now come in ; I must write my letter."

She wrote a long letter to the mayor of Haldenbrunn, thanking the whole community for the kindness she had received, and promised to take hereafter a child from the community, if she could do so, and she moreover entreated the mayor to place the hymn book under Black Marann's head. As she sealed the letter, she compressed her lips and said: "So, now I am done with Haldenbrunn." But she quickly opened it again, for she thought it her duty to show what she had written to John. But he did not return for a long time, and Amrei blushed deeply when the talkative hostess said to her: "Your husband probably has business to attend to at the court?" This being the first time John was spoken of as her husband, it affected her greatly.

She could not answer, and the hostess looked at her with surprise. Amrei did not know any other way of escaping her inquisitive glances than by going out of the house, and seating herself near by on a pile of lumber with the dog beside her, and there waiting for John. She caressed him, and, full of happiness, looked into his faithful eyes.—No animal can bear the steady gaze of man except the dog ; but even his eyes soon fell, and he preferred to look up the road.

How simple, and yet how full of enigmas is the world !

Amrei went with the dog into the stable, and seeing the horse eat, she said: "Yes, dear Silver Step, enjoy yourself, and take us safely home, and God grant that all may turn out well."

John did not come for a long while, and when she saw him at last, she ran towards him and said: "If you have anything to get hereafter on our journey, won't you take me with you?"

"So! you have been getting nervous? Did you think I had gone off? Ah, how would it have been if I had left you sitting there and had ridden away?"

Amrei shuddered, but then said firmly: "That is not very witty. To make sport of such a subject is painful. It grieves me that you have said this, for you have done something wicked if you know it, and wicked if you don't know it. You would ride off then, would you, thinking to make me cry out of sport? Perhaps you think because you have the horse and money you are the master? No ; your horse carried us both, and I came with you of my own accord. What would you think if I should say out of sport: How would it be if I left you sitting there? It pains me that you have made this a subject of jest."

"Yes, yes, you are right ; and now say no more about it."

"No ; I will say all my mind when I feel injured, and it is for me to say when I shall stop. And you have done yourself wrong. When another says what is wrong I can dismiss it, but I do not like to see a stain on your character. And believe me, if you would make a jest of such matters, it is as bad as to trifle with sacred things."

"Oh, ho! it is not so bad as that. But it seems to me that you have no idea of fun."

"I understand it well, as you shall soon learn, but not about such matters. But now enough ; I have done, and will think no more of it."

This little incident early proved to both that they should bear with

one another in all loving resignation. And Amrei felt that she had been too violent, and John saw that it did not become him to sport with Amrei about her lonely condition and her entire dependence on him. But they did not speak of it to each other, though each was sensible of what the other felt.

This little cloud which had arisen in the morning was soon dissipated by the rays of the sun, and Amrei was as merry as a child when a beautiful green Berne wagon came up, furnished with a finely-cushioned seat. Even before the horse was harnessed in, she seated herself upon it, and clapped her hands with joy. "Now I have only to fly," she said to John, who was putting in the grey horse. "I have ridden with you, am about to drive with you, and there will be nothing left but flying."

And so in the bright morning they drove off upon the beautiful road. It was light work for the horse, and Lynx ran before them barking with joy.

"Only think, John," said Amrei, after they had gone some distance; "only think — the hostess took me already for your wife!"

"And are you not so already? And I do not care what people say about us. O sky, and larks, and fields, and mountains—I call you to witness that this is my little wife! And I love her just as much when she scolds as when she is saying something sweet to me. My mother is a wise woman, and has an excellent judgment; she told me to observe when a girl wept in anger, for then her real character would appear. Oh, what a dear, sharp, sweet, wicked disposition you exhibited to-day when you were scolding! Now I know your entire nature, and it pleases me. I don't believe that the whole world can produce such another little wife as you. I am so happy!" Whenever any one passed them on the road, John would grasp Amrei's hand and cry: "Look! see! this is my little wife!" until Amrei urged him to desist; but he said: "I cannot contain myself for joy. I could summon the whole world to rejoice with me; and it seems strange to me how people can continue ploughing and working, and not know how happy I am."

Amrei seeing a poor woman pass by on the road, suddenly took a pair of her much-prized shoes and threw them to her. The woman looked after her with astonishment and thanked her. Amrei was moved with a blessed emotion: that she, for the first time in her life, had been able to give away anything of value, and which might have been useful to her hereafter. When she thought afterwards over her sudden gift, she could not dismiss the thought of the value of what she had given, as she had treasured them so long. It never occurred to her how much she had done for Black Marann. The gift of the shoes seemed to her to be her first act of charity. This feeling made her more happy than the gift did the recipient; she smiled to herself, conscious of the benevolent action which made her heart leap with joy. When John asked her: "What is the matter? Why do you continue smiling to yourself like a child in its sleep?" she said:

"Ah, it all seems to me like a dream! I can now give to others. I follow the woman in my mind, and think how glad she is."

"It is an excellent thing to be generous."

"Oh, how can I describe it! To give away when happy, is like the overflowing of a full glass; I am so full of happiness that I feel like giving away everything; and like you, I feel like calling others to partake of my happiness. I feel as if I were at a wedding feast alone with you, and could not eat for happiness, and would like to summon others to enjoy the banquet."

"Yes, yes; that is very well," said John; "but do not give away any more of your shoes. When I look at them, I think how many beautiful years they will last, and how many beautiful years you can use them before they are worn out."

"How did you happen upon the same thought? How often have I thought the same thing when I looked at the shoes! But now tell me about your home, else I shall go on chattering forever about myself. Tell me."

This John willingly did, and as he was telling her, and she was listening to him with wide opened eyes, a pleasant image of the poor woman to whom she had done a charity was ever present in her mind.

After John had described to her the people, he had much to say in praise of the cattle, telling her that they were of such fine breed, and so healthy and sleek that a drop of water would not rest upon them.

"I cannot realize at all," said Amrei, "that I am suddenly to become so rich. When I think that so many fields and cows, and so much butter, meal, and fruit, and so many chests and coffers are to be mine, it seems as if I had been asleep my whole life and had suddenly awakened. No, no; it cannot be. It is frightful to me, that I am suddenly to become responsible for so much. But won't your mother help me? She must yet be very active. I do not know how you will prevent me from giving away everything to the poor. But no; that won't do; it is hardly yet mine; it has only just been given to me."

"'Charity hurts no one,' is a proverb of my mother's," John answered.

The joy of these two lovers cannot be described; each word was happiness. Amrei asked: "Have you swallows, too, at home?" and when John said yes, adding that they also had a stork's nest, Amrei was full of glee, imitating their chatter, and merrily described the expression of the stork as he stood upon one leg and looked down into his nest.

Was it by agreement, or was it the secret influence of the moment?

They neither of them spoke of how they should arrange the meeting with John's parents, until they came in the evening to the district where they lived. It was only after John had met several people who knew him, saluted him, and looked at him with surprise, that he explained to Amrei that he had thought of two different ways in which it might be done. He either would take Amrei to his sister, who lived near by,—you could see the spire above the village in which she lived, beyond the foot of the hill,—he would then go home alone and disclose everything; or he would take Amrei to the house at once, and she should get out a little distance off and enter it as a servant.

Amrei showed her discretion and cleverness in pointing out the difficulties of this plan, and what might be its results. If she stopped at his sister's, she would first have to ingratiate herself with a person with

whom the decision did not rest, and trouble which could not now be anticipated might ensue, which would be unpleasant to remember hereafter, and the whole neighborhood would say that she had not dared to go to his house at once. The second plan appeared better. But she was unwilling to enter the house with a lie in her mouth. It was true that his mother had promised years ago to take her into her service ; but she did not intend now to enter into service, and it appeared like a theft to steal thus into the favor of his parents, and she was convinced that she would not be successful in that disguise. She could not be straightforward if she assumed this character ; and if she wished merely to hand a chair for his father, she would certainly upset it, for she would always be thinking that she was acting a part. Even if she were able to do it, how badly it would appear to the servants hereafter, if the mistress had thus smuggled herself into the house ; and during the whole time she would not be able to speak a word with John.

Amrei concluded her objections with these words : " I have told you all this, only because you desired to hear me, and because when you discuss anything with me it is right that I should speak candidly ; but I tell you at the same time, that whatever you have firmly determined upon I will do ; and should you merely wish it, I would do it also. I will follow you without hesitation, and will do as well as I can what you direct."

" Yes, yes, you are right," said John in perplexity. " They are both wanting in straightforwardness, but the first is less so. But we are now so near home that it is necessary to come at once to a determination. Do you see that clearing in the forest, up there on the mountain, with the little hut in it? Don't you see the cows, too, which look as small as beetles? That is our spring pasturage ; it is there that I intend to place Dami."

Amrei said in astonishment : " Ah ! where will men not venture. But there must be good grass there."

" It is indeed ; but when my father transfers the farm to me, I will have more stall feeding ; it is more profitable ; but old people do not like to change their habits. What are we chattering about? We are now nearly home. Had we only thought of this before ! How my head burns !"

" Be composed ; we must think it over quietly. I already have a faint idea of how we are to act, only it is not yet distinct in my mind."

" What is it then ?"

" No ; you must reflect yourself ; perhaps you will hit on it. It is for you to settle the plan. We are now in such perplexity, that it would encourage us if the solution occurred to us both at the same time."

" Yes, an idea strikes me already. In the village next but one from this a minister lives. I know him well, and he could advise us best. But stay ; it will be better thus. I will remain below in the valley at the miller's, and you shall go up alone to my parents, and tell them all right out. You will gain over my mother at once, and as you are clever you will soon get round my father, so that you can twist him round your finger. This will certainly be the best way. We will then not need to wait, or call any one else to our assistance. Do you consent? Is it asking too much of you? "

"That was the very thing I was thinking about ; but now let us consider no more about it. It is as settled as if it were written, and shall be accomplished, and going right to work commands success. You have decided well. Oh, you cannot think what a dear, good, noble, splendid soul you are !"

"No, not I, but you. But it is all the same, for we two together form one true-hearted person, and that we will continue to be. Look there ; here give me your hand ; so. These meadows there are our first fields. Welcome, dear little wife, for you are now at home. And see, there is our stork flying. Stork, say welcome, for this is your new mistress. I will tell you more hereafter.—Now, Amrei, don't be long up there, and send some one at once back to the mill. If the stable boy is home, he will be the best one, for he can run like a hare. 'There, do you see that house, over on the hill, with the stork's nest and two barns—to the left of the forest? There is a linden tree before the house ; do you see it?'"

"Yes."

"That is our house. Now come, descend ; you cannot miss the way."

John got down and assisted Amrei from the wagon ; and she held the necklace which she had placed in her pocket like a rosary between her folded hands, and prayed softly. John took off his hat, and his lips moved.

Neither of them spoke a word more, and Amrei went forward. John stood for some time leaning against his horse and looking after her. She turned around and drove back the dog who had followed her ; but he would not return, but ran aside into the fields and then came back to her, until John recalled him with a whistle.

John went to the mill and waited there. He learned that his father had been there an hour before to meet him, but had gone home again. John was glad to hear that his father was well enough to go about again, and that Amrei would find both his parents at home. The people at the mill did not know what was the matter with John, as he stayed there with them and hardly spoke a word. Now he entered the mill and now he went out again, now he went some distance on the road home and now he came back again. He was very restless ; he counted the steps that Amrei was taking. Now she must be at this field and now at that ; now she must be near the beach grove, now speaking with his parents. . . . But he could not satisfy his mind.

All at once John had disappeared from the mill, but the wagon remained. . . .

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE NEW FIRESIDE.

AMREI had in the meantime walked on lost in reverie ; with questioning glance she looked at the trees. They stood there so unmoved on one spot, and would stand so and look down upon her for years, tens of years, for a whole lifetime as her companions ; and what would happen to her in that time?

But Amrei had now become too old to seek support outside of herself.

A long time had passed since she had conversed with the mountain ash. She wished to banish from her thoughts all that surrounded her, and yet she looked involuntarily again at the fields which might be her own, and tried to picture to herself what was about to occur — the entrance and reception, the petition and answer, and the whole scene. Her mind was confused with a thousand possible results, and at last she said almost aloud, while the music of the Silver Step waltz was ringing in her head: "What is the use of anticipating; when the music plays I will dance — be it galop or waltz. I do not consider how my feet step; they do it of their own accord; and I can think no more, and I will think no more of how I may perhaps in an hour be returning on this very road in deep distress, and yet forced to go on step after step. Enough! Now come what may, I am prepared for it."

She had even greater trust than her words expressed; she had not been solving riddles from her childhood in vain, and struggling with life day after day; the power gained by self-discipline supported her bravely. Without further questioning, as one goes to meet a necessity, self-collected, she walked on firmly and courageously. She had not gone far before she saw a farmer sitting by the roadside; he held a blackthorn stick in his hands, and was resting his chin upon it.

"Good day," said Amrei. "Are you taking a rest?"

"Yes. Where are you going?"

"Up to the farmer there. Will you go with me? I will assist you."

"Yes, so it is," said the old man smilingly. "I would have liked it much better thirty years ago, if a beautiful girl like you had told me that. I would have danced like a colt."

"But I do not say that to those who can dance like colts," said Amrei, laughing.

"You are rich," said the old man, who appeared to like a leisure chat in the heat of noon. With a pleased expression he took a pinch out of his horn snuff-box.

"Why do you think that I am rich?"

"Your teeth are worth ten thousand guilders. Many a one would give that to have them in his mouth."

"I have no time to jest now. Good-bye."

"Stop. I will go with you, but you must not go too fast."

Amrei now carefully helped the old man to his feet, who said: "You are strong." He had purposely made himself more heavy and helpless than he really was. As they went on, he asked: "Whom do you wish to see at the farm?"

"The farmer and his wife."

"What do you want of them?"

"I will tell them that myself."

"If you expect to get anything, you had better turn back at once. The farmer's wife, it is true, would gladly help you, but she has control over nothing, and the farmer is a miserly old hunk, and has a stiff neck and a close fist."

"I do not wish anything of them. I am taking something to them," said Amrei.

They met an old farm-hand who was going to the field with his scythe, and the old man who was with Amrei cried to him and asked

him, with a curious twinkle in his eye : " Do you know if that miserly old farmer of Landfried is at home ? " " I believe so, but I do not know," the man with the scythe answered, and went off to the field. There was an expression of fun in his face, and as he turned and went off a suspicious shaking of his shoulders. He was evidently laughing. Amrei looked keenly into the face of her companion, and became aware of the trick ; for she suddenly recognised, despite the changed features, the man to whom she had given a drink on the alder-meadow. Quietly snapping her fingers, she thought : " Stop a moment ; I will catch you." And then aloud : " It is very wrong in you to speak in that way of the farmer to a stranger like me whom you do not know, and who may be a relation of his. It is not true either, what you have said. The farmer is indeed close, but when it comes to the point he certainly has an excellent heart, and he certainly does not hang on the town bell every good deed that he does. The man who has such fine children as his are reported to be must be a fine man himself, and very likely he makes himself appear bad to the world because he does not care for its opinion. I cannot think badly of him for that."

" You have not forgotten your tongue. Where are you from ? "

" Not from this neighborhood. I came from the Black Forest."

" What is the name of the place ? "

" Haldenbrunn."

" Ah ? And did you come hither on foot ? "

" No ; I got a drive with the son of the farmer who lives up there, a very fine young man."

" Ah ? At his age I would have given you a drive myself."

They had now arrived at the farmhouse, and the old man went with Amrei into the sitting room, and cried : " Mother, where are you ? "

His wife came out of the chamber, and Amrei trembled. She would have gladly embraced her, but dared not ; and the old man said with heart-appalling laughter : " Only think, wife, here is a girl from Haldenbrunn who has something to say to the farmer of Landfried and his wife, but she will tell me nothing of it. Now do you tell her who I am."

" He is the farmer," said his wife ; and as a token of welcome she took the old man's hat from his head and hung it on the railing which was around the stove.

" Yes ; do you know me now ? " said the old man triumphantly to Amrei. " Now tell me what you have to say."

" Sit down," said his wife to Amrei, pointing to a chair. With difficulty Amrei began :

" Believe me, that no child has ever thought more of you than I have, years ago and lately. You recollect Josenhans who lived near the pond, where the highway turns off to Endringen ? "

" Certainly we do," said the two old people.

" I am his daughter."

" Well, it did seem to me as if I knew you," the farmer's wife said ; " you are welcome." She extended her hand as she continued : " You have grown into a fine, neat girl. Now tell me what has brought you this long distance ? "

" She came some distance with our John, and he will be here soon," said the farmer, interrupting them.

His wife started ; she had a presentiment of something, and she reminded her husband that at the time when John had ridden off she had thought of the children of Josenhans.

"And I still keep a token from both of you," said Amrei, taking the necklace and the coin wrapped in paper out of her pocket. "You two gave me these the last time you were in our village."

"Yes, and you lied to me when you told me that you lost it," said the farmer harshly to his wife.

"And here," continued Amrei, handing him the groat, "is the money you gave me when I was keeping geese on the alder-meadow, and when I refreshed you with water from the spring."

"Yes, yes, that is so. But to what purpose is all this? What is given to you, you may keep," said the farmer.

Amrei arose and said: "But I still have a petition to make to you. Let me speak a few minutes without interruption. May I?"

"Yes ; why not?"

"Well ; your John wished to take me with him and bring me here as a servant, and at another time I would have rather served with you than anywhere else ; but it would not have been honorable, and I was unwilling to come to those towards whom I wish to conduct myself honorably during my life, in a disgraceful way and with a lie in my mouth. It must all now be to you as clear as daylight. In a word : John and I love each other dearly, and he wishes me to be his wife."

"Ah, ha !" cried the farmer, rising instantly. "Now it is clear that his late bashfulness was only assumed. Ah, ha !" cried the farmer, several times in astonishment. But his wife held him firmly by the hand and said : "Let her finish what she has to say."

Amrei continued :

"Believe me that I am sensible enough to know that people do not accept daughters-in-law out of compassion ; you might give me much, very much, but still be unwilling to take me as your daughter-in-law out of pity. That cannot be and will not be. I have not a groat of money,—I forgot, I still have the groat which you gave me on the alder-meadow ; but it would pass with no one for a groat," she said, turning to the farmer, who involuntarily smiled. "I have nothing, and more than that, I have a brother who is well and strong, but whom I have to take care of ; and I have tended geese, and was the most unimportant person in the district. That is all true ; but no one can reproach me with having done the slightest wrong. That, too, is true. In those qualities which God bestows, I can say to a princess : I will not yield a hair's breadth to you, even if you had seven gold crowns on your head. I would rather another would speak for me, for I do not speak willingly ; but during my whole life I have been obliged to act for myself, and I am doing it to-day for the last time in a matter which concerns life and death. Do not misunderstand me ; if you will not have me I will go away quietly ; I will do myself no injury. I will not throw myself into the water, nor will I hang myself ; I shall go into service again, thanking God that so excellent a man once wished me for his wife, and will submit to God's will." Amrei's voice trembled, and her form seemed to expand ; but her voice was firm, and she collected herself and said : "But ask yourselves in your hearts whether it is God's will that you are about doing. I have no more to say."

Amrei sat down. All three were quiet for a time, and the old man spoke first: "You can talk like a preacher." But the mother dried her eyes with her apron and said: "Why not? The preachers themselves have no more than heart and brain."

"Yes, you," said the old man scornfully, "you also have some spiritual gifts; when you are spoken to with a few words like those you are immediately melted."

"And you act as if you will never be warmed till the day of your death," said his wife defiantly.

"So?" said the old man in scorn. "Look here, you saint from the lowlands, you are bringing a blessed peace into our house. You have already succeeded in making her oppose me sharply; you have already gained her. Now you will have to wait till I am dead, and then you can do as you like."

"No," cried Amrei, "that I will not do. I would not have John make me his wife without your blessing, nor would I live with the sin in my heart of waiting for your death. I scarcely knew my parents; I cannot now remember them; I can only love them as I love God, without ever having seen them. But I also know well what death is. Last night I closed the eyes of Black Marann. I have, during my whole life, done whatever she wished, and now when she is dead I have often thought how often I have been angry and cross to her, how many kindnesses I might have done for her; and now she lies there, and it is all over. I can do nothing more for her, nor excuse myself to her. I know what death is, and I will not—"

"But I will!" cried the old man, clenching his hands and setting his teeth. "But I will!" he cried again. "You remain and are ours! And now, come what may, people may say what they like, you and no one else shall have my John."

His wife rushed upon the old man and embraced him, and he, unaccustomed to this, cried involuntarily: "What are you doing?"

"I am giving you a kiss, for you deserve it; you are a better man than you make out."

The old man was holding a pinch of snuff between his fingers, and did not wish to lose it; he therefore snuffed it up quickly, saying: "Well, do as you please;" immediately adding: "But now take your discharge, for I have a much younger woman, and it tastes a great deal better from her. Come here, you disguised preacher."

"I will come soon enough if you call me by my right name."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"I need not tell you; you can give me one yourself; you know which one."

"You are a clever one—well, I don't care—come here, daughter-in-law. Does that name suit you?" At this answer Amrei flew to him. "And am I not to be asked at all?" complained the old lady beaming with happiness, while the old farmer became quite reckless in his joy. He took Amrei by the hand, and imitating the manner of a minister:

"I now ask you, worthy Cordelia Catharine, styled Mistress of Landfried: will you take this"—he asked the maiden aside, "What is your christian name?"

"Amrei."

The old farmer continued in the same tone: "Will you take Amrei, the daughter of Josenhans of Haldenbrunn, for your daughter-in-law, and not quarrel with her as you do with your husband, nor badly feed her, nor abuse nor oppress her, and especially not pull her to pieces, as it is called in the house." The old man appeared as if he were out of his senses, he was in such an unusual mood; and as Amrei hung upon the neck of the mother and could not bear to let her go, the old man struck the table with his blackthorn stick, and cried furiously: "Where is that worthless fellow John? He flings us his bride while he is wandering about the world. It is unheard of."

Amrei now said that they had arranged to send the stable boy or some one else to the mill where John was waiting.

The father insisted that he must cool his heels at least three hours in the mill, and that should be his punishment for concealing himself behind an apron. When he came home he ought to have a cap put upon him; moreover, he did not wish to have him home at all, for if John were here he would monopolize the bride, and it made him angry when he thought how John had dissembled.

The mother in the meantime had slipped out to send the quick-footed stable boy to the mill, but she met John himself, who had come by another way. He had not been able to await the uncertainty of the decision. He was now obliged at the request of his mother to withdraw again, in order not to disturb his father's joy.

When the mother returned to the sitting room, it occurred to her that Amrei ought to have something to eat. She was about to have an omelet made at once, but Amrei entreated that she might be allowed to kindle the fire which was to prepare her first meal in the house, and at the same time to cook something for them.

She was gratified, and the two old people followed her into the kitchen; and she went to work so dexterously, seeing at a glance where everything was, and had so few questions to ask, and did everything so gracefully and well, that the old man kept nodding to his wife and said: "She has learned housekeeping by note, and she can do it without the music like the new schoolmaster."

The three were standing before the bright blazing fire when John entered. The flame upon the hearth did not glow more brightly than the look of happiness in the eyes of all. The hearth-fire became a holy altar about which stood devout worshippers, who yet were smiling and nodding at each other.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### CONCEALED TREASURES.

AMREI made herself at home so quickly, that on the second day it almost seemed that she had passed her whole life in the house. The old man kept following her about everywhere, observing with what dexterity she undertook and accomplished every duty, without being in a hurry and without idling.

There are persons who, when they bring the most trifling thing, a plate or a pitcher, disturb every one by their bustle ; they attract the attention of every one. Amrei, on the other hand, knew how to do everything so that no one was disturbed in the slightest, but all were gratified by the quietness and ease with which everything was done.

How often, for instance, had the farmer scolded because whenever any one wanted salt, some one had to leave the table to get it. Amrei spread the table-cloth, and the salt-cellar was the first thing she put on it. When the farmer praised Amrei for this, his wife said, smiling : " You speak as if you had never lived decently before, and had been obliged to eat everything without salt or butter." John related how Amrei was called the Salt Princess, and told them the story of the king and his daughter.

A happy influence was felt everywhere, and the farmer said that for years he had never relished his food so much. And he made Amrei serve him something three or four times a day, and at quite unusual hours, and would not eat unless she sat by him.

The delighted mistress took Amrei to the dairy and the store-room, and also showed her a large brightly painted wardrobe filled with neatly folded linen, and said : " That is your dowry ; there is nothing wanting but the shoes. I am particularly pleased that you preserved the shoes you received in service. I have peculiar views on that subject."

Amrei asked her all sorts of questions about the housekeeping. The old lady was greatly delighted, but let it appear only in the familiar and home-like tone with which she conversed with her. As she now began to intrust Little Barefoot with several departments of the housekeeping, she said : " My child, I have something to tell you. If the manner in which anything has been done about the house does not please you, I wish you without hesitation to do it in your own way. I am not one of those who think that everything must be done in the old way and will not allow anything to be changed in the least particular. You have my full authority, and I will be glad if I see the old methods improved. But I advise you that if you wish to make a change, to do it gradually." It was a pleasant sight to see youth and experience meet in harmony, and Amrei said feelingly that she found everything in excellent order, and that she would consider herself highly fortunate and blessed if she hereafter, when advanced in years, could show the housekeeping in as good condition as it now was.

" You think far ahead," said the old lady. " But I like that, for whoever thinks of the future will also regard the past ; you will not forget me when I am gone."

Messengers had been sent to announce to the family connexion this event, and to invite them all to meet on the next Sunday at the farm. After that was done, the old man was in Amrei's company more than ever. He appeared to have something on his mind which was difficult to disclose.

It is said of hidden treasures that a black monster squats upon them ; and on holy nights, above the spot where the treasure is buried, a blue flame burns, and that a Sunday child, if he goes to work quietly and intrepidly, can obtain it. It would hardly be supposed that such

a treasure was concealed in the old farmer of Landfried, and that upon it squatted the black demon of scorn and disdain. Amrei saw the blue flame which flickered over the spot, and managed to free the treasure. It cannot be explained, but she bewitched the old man, so that he evidently strove to be regarded by her as good and generous ; that he troubled himself at all about such a poor girl, was in itself a wonder. This only was clear to her, that he did not wish his wife alone to appear as the kind and loving one, and himself as harsh and churlish, and one to be feared. The very fact that Amrei, before she had known him, had said that he believed that it was not worth his trouble to appear good before men, melted his heart. Whenever he met her alone he had so much to say to her, that it seemed as if he had been keeping his thoughts in a strong box, which he had just now opened ; and within it were many curious old depreciated coins, large medals which were not in circulation, but had been struck off on memorable occasions ; they were fresh ones, too, of pure, unalloyed silver. He was not able to open his mind with the same freedom that his wife did to John ; his discourse was stiff in its joints, but yet he knew how to get at his object, and he almost acted as if he were taking her part against his wife. What he said was not amiss : " My wife is like the good hour, but the good hour does not make the good day, nor the good week, nor the good year. She is still a woman with whom it is always April weather ; and I maintain, and you cannot convince me to the contrary, that a woman is only half a man."

" You are very complimentary to us," said Amrei.

" Yes, it is true," said the old man ; " but you know I am speaking to you. But, as I was saying : my wife is a kind-hearted woman, only too much so, and she becomes chagrined at once if you do not do as she wishes ; and because her intentions are good, she thinks if you do not act as she desires, you do not think them so. She cannot comprehend that you do not do as she wishes because it is inconvenient, no matter how good the intention may be. And be especially careful not to imitate her exactly in everything she does ; if you do it in your own way she will like it much better. She does not like any one to have the appearance of being under her control ; but you will soon notice all this. And if anything occurs, for heaven's sake don't fret your husband about it ; there is nothing worse than when the husband stands between the mother and daughter-in-law, and the mother says : I am of no account any more in comparison with my daughter-in-law, my very children have deserted me ; and the daughter-in-law says : Now I see what kind of a man you are, you let your wife be trampled on. I advise you if anything like that happens, which you cannot smooth over yourself, tell it to me in secret, I will help you as much as I can ; but do not worry your husband about it ; he is anyhow strongly inclined to favor his mother, and he would now be worse. Only act circumspectly, and always remember that I belong to your family, and am your natural protector ; for it is so ; on your mother's side I am distantly related to you."

He now endeavored to trace a rather intricate relationship, but he did not find the right clue, and the degrees became more and more involved, like a skein of yarn ; at last he gave it up, saying : " You

must take my word for it that we are related ; we are so, but I cannot reckon it up precisely."

The time had indeed arrived before the close of his life when he ceased to issue false groats only. The time had at length come for him to put in circulation good coin.

One evening he called Amrei aside and said to her: "You are a good and prudent girl ; but you cannot know what a man is. My John has a good heart ; but it may mortify him hereafter that you brought him nothing as a portion. Now come here ; take this ; but do not tell a soul from whom you got it. Say that you have accumulated it by industry." He handed her a stocking full of crown thalers, adding: "I had intended this to be found only after my death ; but it is better that he should get it now, thinking that it comes from you. Your whole history is so unusual, that it would not be thought remarkable that you had a secret treasure. But do not forget that there are thirty-two 'feder thalers,' which are each worth a groat more than the other thalers. Take it ; put it in the wardrobe where the linen is kept, and always carry the key with you. Next Sunday, when the kinsfolk are assembled, shake it out on the table."

"I do not like to do that ; I would rather John did it, if it has to be done."

"It must be done ; but John may do it if you like. But hush ; hide it quickly ; there, put it in your apron. I hear John ; I think he is jealous."

They separated quickly.

The same evening the mother took Amrei up into the store-room, and took quite a heavy bag from one of the chests. The string that tied it was strangely knotted, and she said to Amrei: "Untie it."

She was proceeding to do it, but made slow progress.

"Wait ; I will take a pair of scissors and we will cut it open."

"No," said Amrei, "I do not like to do that ; only have a little patience, mother-in-law, and I will soon undo it."

The mother smiled, while Amrei, with much difficulty, but with skilful hands, finally loosed the knots. She then said to her :

"You have done it very nicely ; now look and see what is inside."

Amrei saw there gold and silver pieces, and the mother continued : "You have, my child, wrought a miracle on my husband. I cannot understand why he came to consent, but yet you have not entirely bewitched him. My husband is always saying, it is so unfortunate that you have nothing. He cannot dispossess himself of the idea that you secretly own a fine property, and that you are only testing us to see if we will receive you alone without anything. He cannot be talked out of the idea, and it has suggested this plan to me. God will hardly consider this a sin. See, this is what I have honestly saved up during the thirty-six years of my married life ; part of it I inherited from my mother, and now take it and only say that it is your own. It will make my husband entirely happy, and especially as he has been so wise as to foresee it. Why do you look so confused ? Believe me, when I tell you anything you may do it. It is not wrong, for I have thought it over and over again. Now conceal it, and do not say a word in opposition, not a word. I do not wish any thanks ; it is all the same

whether my child gets it sooner or later ; it will, besides, give my husband a pleasure. Now be quick and tie it up again."

Early the next morning, Amrei told John of all that his parents had said and had given her. John said exultingly: "God in heaven, pardon me! I could have believed that of my mother, but I would never have dreamt it of my father. You are a real witch. Let us be careful to tell no one about it ; but the best of it is that one wishes to deceive the other and both are deceived, for each will think that you certainly had the other money concealed. It is a good joke from the beginning to the end."

But in the midst of this joy a new anxiety was felt in the house.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

It is not so much morality which governs the world, as its hardened form. As the world is now constituted, an offence against morals is more easily pardoned than a breach of custom. Well for the times and the people in which custom and morality are the same. All the conflicts which are fought in the great as well as in the small, the common as well as the infrequent, arise from an effort to abrogate this difference, and to make the torpid form of custom alive again with morality, and to stamp the old coin with its intrinsic value.

Here, also, in this little story of people who live at a distance from the noisy centres of life, this is mirrored again.

The mother, who really was the most pleased with this fortunate realisation of her hopes, was still filled with anxiety on account of the opinion of the world. "I have been inconsiderate," she complained to Amrei, "in allowing you to come thus to the house, so that you cannot be brought to the wedding. I do not like it at all, and it is not the custom. If I could only send you off for a time, or even John, that it might be more becoming!" She complained to John: "I already hear reports about your marrying in such haste ; the banns twice called and the third time omitted, and everything arranged so hastily, seems suspicious."

But she was soon pacified in this respect, and smiled when John said: "I have already studied that out like a parson. Why, mother, why should honest people be afraid of doing those things which are good in themselves, but are sometimes used as cloaks for dishonesty? Can any one accuse me of anything wrong?"

"No ; you have been always good."

"Well, then, people ought to have some faith in me and believe that I am acting honestly still, although it may not appear so at the first glance. I may demand this. And the manner in which Amrei and I have met is entirely unusual, and is like a by-road from the highway. It is not a bad way either. It would be wonderful if every one thought favorably of us ; and what does it concern us if people should refuse to believe in a wonder, and imagine all kinds of evil things? A man must have independence, and not question the world about everything

he does. The parson of Hirlingen has said that if a prophet were to rise up to-day he would first be obliged to pass a State examination, even if what he prophesies is in accordance with the old order of things. Now, mother, when you know yourself that the thing is right, you can go straight on and toss to the right and the left all obstacles in the way. Let them stare if they please ; in time they will think better of it."

His mother felt that this unusual event might indeed pass as a fortunate conjunction of circumstances ; but that while unusual, it must still gradually conform to the laws of usage, that the wedding indeed might appear to the world as an unheard-of thing, but not the marriage which would be followed by a regular and virtuous life. She therefore said : " You will still have to live with those people whom you now scorn and despise because you know that you are doing right, and you will desire them to honor and respect you ; therefore, that they may do this, you must also do what is fitting in regard to them. You cannot compel them to see an exception in you, and you cannot run after every one and say : If you only knew how it all happened, you would pronounce everything correct." But John answered :

" You will see that no one will say anything against my Amrei after he has been in her company for an hour." And he found a good means to pacify his mother, and to cheer her, by telling her how Amrei had answered all the tests, and displayed all the qualities which she had spoken of when she parted with him. She was obliged to laugh when he concluded by saying : " You certainly must have had the last in your head on which the shoes upstairs were made, and they fit her who is to wear them like a glove does the hand."

His mother became reassured, and on Saturday morning Dami appeared before the family council. He was obliged to return immediately to Haldenbrunn, in order to procure from the mayor and the court all the necessary papers.

The next Sunday was an anxious day at the farm of Landfried. The old people had received Amrei, but how would it be with the family connexion. It is not an easy thing to enter into such a distinguished family, if you do not drive into it with a horse and carriage, and with abundance of household furniture, and money, and an influential connexion to open the way.

It was a strange company which came driving from the highlands and the lowlands to the farm of Landfried. There came all the sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, with their relatives. " John has procured a wife, and brought her home at once with him without saying a word to his parents, or the minister, or to the authorities. She must be some fine piece which he has picked up behind the hedge." Thus they all spoke. The horses attached to the carriages felt what had happened at the farmer of Landfreid's, and received many a lash. If they kicked or winced it was worse for them, for the driver would whip them till his arm was tired. Many a one scolded his wife who sat beside him, when she remonstrated with him and wept at such unseemly and reckless driving.—A little camp of wagons stood in the courtyard of the farm, and in the sitting room the whole proud family were assembled. They were all there, with their great jack-boots and hob-nailed shoes ;

and with their three-cornered hats, some wearing them with their points in front, and some with the sides. The women whispered among themselves, and then either winked to their husbands, or said to them softly, that if they would leave it to them they would soon pluck out the feathers of this strange bird. A malicious laughter arose, and it went round that Amrei had once tended geese.

Amrei at last entered, but she was unable to give her hand to any one. She carried a large glass flagon full of red wine, no end of glasses, and two plates of pastry. It seemed as if she possessed seven hands; each finger-joint became a hand, and she placed everything so noiselessly and gracefully upon the table on which the mother had placed a white cloth, that the whole company regarded her with astonishment. With perfect composure she filled all the glasses, and then said: "The parents have given me authority to bid you all a hearty welcome. Now drink."

"We are not accustomed to it in the morning," said a haughty man with a prodigious large nose, scornfully drawing himself up in his chair. It was George, John's eldest brother.

"We only drink 'goose-wine,'"\* said one of the ladies, and ill-suppressed laughter ensued.

Amrei felt the thrust, but retained her composure; and John's sister was the first who pledged her in a glass. She first touched glasses with John: "God bless you." But she only slightly touched the glass which Amrei extended to her. The other ladies now thought it would be impolite, and almost sinful—for much importance is given to the first toast; it is considered wrong to refuse to pledge one in the John's drink, as it is called—not to join them, and even the men were prevailed on, and for a time nothing but the clinking and replacing of glasses was heard.

"The father is right," at last the old mistress of Landfried said to her daughter. "Amrei looks as if she might be your sister, and she strongly resembles our dead Lisbeth."

"Yes, no one's share is diminished. If Lisbeth had lived, the property would have been diminished by one share," said the father. And the mother added:

"But now we have her back again."

The old man touched the point which troubled them, although they all gave as a reason for their opposition to Amrei, that she was without family connexion. While Amrei was talking to John's sister, the old man said in a low tone to his eldest son:

"No one would guess either what she has brought with her. Only think, she has secretly kept a large bag of crown thalers; but you must tell no one about it." This injunction was so exactly followed that in a few minutes all in the room knew it, even to John's sister, who took great credit to herself afterwards for having acted to Amrei as she did while she believed that Amrei did not possess a *heller*.

It was all true! John went out and now returned with a bag, upon which was written: "John Josenhans, of Haldenbrunn." He emptied its rich contents rattling and clinking upon the table. All were astounded, and most of all, the father and the mother.

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\* *Gänse wein* is in German the same as our term "Adam's ale."

So, then, it was really true that Amrei had a secret treasure! For it was much more than either had given to her!

Amrei dared not look up, and every one praised her for her unexampled discretion. She now gradually succeeded in winning the good will of all; and when the members of this proud family took their departure in the evening, each one told her apart: "See here, it was not I who was opposed to you because you had nothing; but it was so-and-so who was always objecting to you on that account. I say now, as I have thought and said all the time: even if you had nothing more than you wear on your body, you still are as if you had been made for our family. I could not have desired a better wife for John, or a better daughter-in-law for his family."

It was very easy to say now, as they all thought Amrei brought a large fortune with her.

For a whole year the people in Allgäu talked of the wonderful manner in which the young farmer of Landfried had won his wife, and of how beautifully he and his young wife had danced at their own wedding together, particularly in a waltz called "Silver Step," and of how they had procured musicians from the lowlands.

And Dami? He became one of the most renowned herdsmen in Allgäu, and won a great name; for he was called throughout all the country "Vulture Dami," for Dami had destroyed two dangerous vultures' nests in revenge for having lost in succession two newly born lambs. If knighthood had been in vogue, Dami would have been dubbed Dami of the Vulture Nest; but the main line of the Josenhans will die with him, for he remains unmarried; but he is a good uncle,—better than the one in America. When the summer pasturage of the cattle is over, he has in the long winter nights many stories to tell of his adventures in America, of his life with the charcoal-burner in the moss-spring forest, and his adventures as a herdsman in the mountains of Allgäu; particularly had he many pranks to relate of the "bell cow" who carried the leading bell. Dami once said to his sister: "Mistress," for so he always called her; "Mistress, your eldest boy takes after you, and talks like you, too. Only think what the rogue said to me to-day: Uncle, is not your *Heerkuh* (bell cow) your *Herzkuh* (favorite cow) too. Yes, he is his mother over again."

The Lanfried farmer, John, wished to have his first daughter baptized "Little Barefoot," but the authorities would not permit a nick-name to be used. They would not enter the name "Little Barefoot" in the parish register. So John had her named "Barbara," but insensibly altered it into "Little Barefoot."

## HOME.

FOREST-GIRDLED, cedar-scented,  
Veiled like Vesper, sweet and dim ;  
Pure as burned the Temple's glory  
Shadowed by the Seraphim ;  
Islet, from contending Oceans,  
Coral-cinctured, crowned with palm,  
Where the wrestling world's commotions  
Melt through music, into calm ;  
Throats that sing and wings that flutter  
Softly mid the balm and bloom —  
Sweeter sounds than lip can utter  
Hath my heart for thee,  
MY HOME.

Bless that dear old Angel-Saxon \*  
For the sounds he formed so well,  
*Little* words, the nectar-waxen  
Harvest of a honey cell  
Sealing all a Summer's sweetness  
In a single syllable !  
For, of all his quaint word-building,  
The queen-cell of all the comb,  
Is that grand old Saxon mouthful,  
Dear old Saxon *heartful*,  
HOME.

*Torch-Hill.*

T.

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\* I desire that your Devil shall not fall out with my "Angel." I meant to write *Angel-Saxon*, having Pontifical authority for the pun. — (*Author's Letter.*)

## SOME THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN UNITY.

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\* \* \* **T**HE Reformation was the awakening of Europe from a sleep which was settling into a death-sleep. The awakening was inevitable, indispensable ; the hour had struck when the mind of Europe was to be wedded to a higher truth ; but the bridal-dawn was one of "thunder-peals," and progress since then has been in storm and travail. The unity of Christendom was broken, and remains broken unto this day. In the intense intellectual activity which characterized the first century after Luther's revolt from Rome, the process of development went on much more rapidly than had been the case in the primitive Church. But it did not tend to unity ; it tended to diversity. The expectation, doubtless, of the Reformers at the commencement of their work was, that "private judgment," if once asserted against Rome, would produce a unanimous and identical acceptance of the meaning of Scripture throughout Christendom. Luther hoped that in translating the Bible he was preparing for Europe a Christian unity of truth and light, to replace the mediæval unity of submission to the Church. Calvin beheld diversity of theological opinion arising on all hands ; and, in colossal strength of intellect and burning intensity of moral fervour, he attempted, by one sweep of the dialectic sword-blade, to strike it down. But even the publication of the Institutes could not do it. The greatest dogmatic book the world ever saw could not level the mountains and fill the valleys and bridge the streams of the Bible, so that all men should prefer the expeditious monotony of the route laid down by the theological engineer to the natural interchange of hill and plain. The audacity of the aggressive intellect — the imperious urgency of speculative logic — appalled Calvin in the sixteenth century, as they have appalled John Henry Newman in the nineteenth. Calvin felt himself constrained to have recourse to the executioner to guard the faith. The profoundest mistakes of the Roman Church in interpreting the will of Christ, her intolerance, her spiritual pride, her ecclesiasticism, gradually infected the Reformation. So, hitherto, it has always been. The tragedy, solemn and mysterious, of that grandest of the old myths, the myth of Hercules, is ever being repeated. The hydra is slain. After toil, and pain, and long dubious battle, that is got done. Then the hero dips his arrows in the blood of the monster, in order that the venom may kill his foes, and that he may be irresistible. It lends him power. Year after year he goes conquering, and many an evil does he, by evil, slay. But at last the pang which he has so often dealt to others strikes to his own heart ; the torment he has so often inflicted racks his own joints, and burns in his own brain ; the hydra blood upon his arrow-point brings him his doom, and with the Nemean lion's skin beneath his limbs, the memory of former triumphs unavailing now, he dies in agony. Why

did he not leave the mortal bane alone? Why did he covet the means of inflicting upon his enemies the bitter anguish, the cureless and intolerable hurt? Why must corruption, fraud, iniquity, vanquished by heroic force, leave its drop of essential venom to be adopted into the service of truth? The hydra blood — call it plausible persecution, call it subtle falsehood, call it half-conscious cowardice, call it cruelty, call it superstition, call it intolerance,—will sooner or later avenge the hydra's fate. Truth's arrows must not be dipped in the virus. Point them with the heavenly light. "Be not overcome of evil;" engage it, wrestle with it, strike it down: but then leave it alone; derive no aid from it; avoid all resemblance to it; yours are other weapons, yours is diviner force; "overcome evil with good." In the very moment of its victory over Rome, the Reformation imbibed enough of the spirit of tyrannous ecclesiasticism to arrest its vital movement, and to destroy, for three centuries at least, the unity of the Christian Church.

That unity was to be aimed at, that the Church on earth ought to realize her oneness in Christ, the Reformers felt. They yearned towards unity with impassioned longing. But, overlooking, as men always overlook, the *open* secret, they sought, not a unity of love and life, but a unity of the theological definition. To produce so comprehensive and so exact a doctrinal formula, so correct and so convincing an interpretation of Scripture, that all Christians would be constrained to accept it, was essentially the problem which the Reformers, from the day when Calvin published his Institutes to the day when Baxter and the bishops closed their hopeless argument in the Savoy Conference, strove to solve. Logic and always more logic, definition and always more definition, controversy upon controversy, division upon division,—this was the practical issue. To Calvin's "Institutio Christianæ Religionis" must succeed Turretin's "Institutio Theologiæ Elencticæ;" and if the work of Calvin is all aglow with moral and imaginative fire, there is no glow on the ashy flats and drear sandy "places" of Turretin. For the despotic infallibility of Rome the Reformers substituted the despotic infallibility of the *γραφὴ θεόπνευστος*, the Book filled with the breath of God. The application of this name to the Bible who can gainsay? That there is a Divine breathing in all its pages, what soul which has any harmony with the Divine has not felt? But that the Divine breathing in Scripture is alone authoritative; that there is no Divine breathing in conscience, in reason, in nature, in any literature except the literature of the Hebrews and the early Christian Church; this is an error on the opposite side, and one equally grievous. It is easy to see how contention and division would arise from the inexorable assertion of a Protestant infallibility against the infallibility of the Church of Rome. Different sections of Protestants arrived at diverse conclusions as to the meaning of Scripture. Each section deemed it a sacred duty to insist upon its own reading. Each section persecuted the sections which disallowed its own reading. Sad and stern as the fact is, it is indisputable that there was no Church of the Reformation which, at the close of the seventeenth century, had not the stain of Christian blood upon it; and Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists — to go no further — had upon their hands the stain of Protestant blood.

The Reformation, however, was not without its priceless result. The spirit of man had once for all been struck broad awake ; the unconscious, childlike faith of the mediæval time had been dissipated for ever ; and it is well that it was dissipated, for manhood is in advance of childhood. The future held in it, for the Christian Church, perplexity and peril, but, at the same time, boundless possibility. An unconscious, unexamined, taken-for-granted faith is not the right faith for reasoning man ; and, however arduous the journey, however many the centuries which might be necessary for performing it, sure it at least is that, if the human race was to attain the summit of spiritual civilization, the interval between the repose of ignorance and the repose of knowledge was to be traversed. The grander achievements of historical progress are seldom rapidly effected ; two or three centuries do not count for much in the chronology of Providence ; and it is no extravagant supposition that the times which have succeeded the breaking up of the unity of the mediæval Church will prove to have been but stages in the transition to a Christian unity still more august, still more comprehensive, still more spiritual.

The State-Church arrangement, which we find adopted throughout Protestant Europe at the close of the seventeenth century, was probably as good as the circumstances of the case permitted, but it had defects and drawbacks which rendered it merely provisional. It circumscribed Church unity within the bounds of nationality ; obliterated the consciousness of a common Christendom ; and lowered the New Testament ideal of human brotherhood into a comparatively selfish and worldly ideal of patriotism. On the other hand, an important benefit was conferred by this arrangement in that it put an end to the conception of Church government as necessarily centred in one place. The national independence of Churches was practically asserted, and that in a highly effective manner, by the erection and maintenance of national establishments. In whatever way the unity of Christendom may be recovered, it will never more be by the submission of local Churches to the Roman See. Another advantage of the State Church arrangement was that it favoured — to say that it caused would be too strong — the subsidence of theological excitement, the cessation of the theological controversy, and promoted a more reflective action of the human mind. The system was in harmony with the general mental quiescence of the eighteenth century. It has been much the fashion with the intense school of writers, headed by Mr. Carlyle, to disparage the eighteenth century ; to denounce its want of faith ; to call it mechanical, prosaic, atheistic ; and to bewail the faithless condition in which it has left us of a younger time.

“ The sea of faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled ;  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.”

This is Mr. Matthew Arnold's very beautiful poetic version of what

Mr. Carlyle has been telling us in vehement prose for twenty years. But, with the deference due to genius so powerful as Mr. Carlyle's and so refined as Mr. Arnold's, it may be maintained that vehemence and intensity are neither the sole nor the necessary, neither the highest nor the most characteristic, concomitants of a true faith. It would now be generally admitted by thoughtful men that Mr. Carlyle's vehemence has blinded him to important aspects of truth, to important though unobtrusive facts. The softer touches in nature's landscapes, the half-lights, the suggested forms, the reserve, the qualification, the shade, are apt to escape his impatient glance. He will hear of no faith which has companionship with doubt. He breaks the bruised reed and quenches the smoking flax. Reflection, however, will teach us that faith, in order to be sincere, need not be intense, and that in a time of inquiry, speculation, culture, it can hardly be an intelligent faith unless it has known something of doubt. Mental composure, deliberate weighing of evidence, distinct consciousness of difficulties on both sides, calm decision in favour of that side which appears to be on the whole best supported, are not incompatible with strong faith. Candid faith, tolerant faith, sympathetic faith, need not be weak faith; fanatical faith, superstitious faith, blind faith, is not necessarily the best faith. In the eighteenth century, truths and errors, fervently believed and precipitately acted on in preceding times, were alike subjected to careful examination. Contemplating the result, we are astonished to find how much we owe to the quiet, circumspect, unimpassioned age which went immediately before our own. When we compare the knowledge practically realized by the most advanced peoples of Europe at the close of the two jangling, warring centuries, when the theologians had it all their own way, with that which had worked itself into the habitudes of men in the early part of the present century, our enthusiasm for the centuries of faith is sure to be tempered, our contempt for the century of reflection is likely to be checked. Poring over their Bible with breathless earnestness, the theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did not happen to discover in it the doctrine that Christians are not to kill men for being defective Christians, or for refusing to be Christians at all. They did not make out from it that old women, called witches, were not to be burned alive. They seem scarcely to have had an idea that gentleness, kindness, the infinite of compassion and of tenderness, were of the essence of the Gospel of Christ. Worshipping their *γραφὴ θεόπνευστος*, elaborating from it system after system of dogmatic theology, they seem hardly to have observed in the New Testament that which for us gleams from its whole surface like dewdrops on a meadow at sunrise. The leaders of opinion in the eighteenth century forced upon the attention of theologians other writings, also Divine; characters inscribed by God on the golden tablets of the human heart, instincts of mercy and tenderness, instincts of justice and veracity, much overlooked in systems of theology, but which, when compared with the words of Christ, shine out in radiant unison with them; laws, moreover, written by God in the physical world, laws of beneficence and of power, with which no witch or devil could interfere, and which no priest or presbyter was needed to protect. The theologians were led to see that there is more in heaven and earth

than had been dreamed of in their theology ; that the γραφή θεόπνευστος is many-leaved as the forest, wide as the starred azure of God ; that truth is a beam gathered from many sources—nature, conscience, reason, revelation—focussed in the human soul. We, of the nineteenth century, familiar with the idea and accustomed to the practice of toleration, have difficulty in forming a distinct apprehension of a state of mind and of society from which both were absent, and will find it a salutary, if somewhat humiliating, thought, that Christians did not discover them in the New Testament until told to look for them by men whose memory they religiously execrate. When the voice which, in all Europe, spoke most loudly and most effectively for mercy to the oppressed, was the voice of Voltaire, Christian divines might begin to suspect that their study of the letter had been killing. It must be admitted that the Christian Churches were not long in imbibing the enthusiastic humanity of the new school. In England and America, during the present century, they have led the van in every enterprise of benevolence. Their spirit has again become that of an intense, unconquerable, Christ-like kindness, penetrating as the lightning, soft as tears. No one now looking over the Christian Churches can fail to see that Christianity is the religion of compassion and the religion of toleration. The intervention of the eighteenth century, a time of pause, of circumspection, of scientific education, was indispensable to the attainment of a higher ideal of Church unity in Christendom.

Can we, then, venture to believe that certain lineaments of that unity towards which, from the unity of the mediæval time, we have supposed the Christian world to be moving, are already discernible? Can we, looking wistfully towards the gateways of the morning, perceive the faint streaks of dawn touching the cloud-like domes and air-drawn pinnacles of a united Christian Church? Do the old principles, the principles of the Apostolic time, admit of modern application? Can Christians still, without offence to the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, without offence to the order which is heaven's first law, without degradation of faith into indifference, without degradation of Christian communion into sentimentality, realize, as Christians of Antioch, of Jerusalem, of Thessalonica realized, in the first century, the unity of the Christian Church and the freedom of the Christian Churches? If this question is to be answered in the affirmative, we must concede one point, namely, that the diversity of rite, usage, and local preference which prevailed in the Apostolic Churches, and which we found to be compatible with unity of the Apostolic Church, may be regarded as finding its analogue in the present day in the various forms of government and the doctrinal peculiarities of particular Churches. For many centuries the monarchical or Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Congregational forms of Church government have been elaborated. The Wesleyan-Methodist form of Church government may be defined as a composite order, aiming to combine the advantages of the other orders, and, of course, entitled to rank with them. Hitherto the Church of Rome has stood aloof from the Churches of the Reformation ; and, although the diffusion of a just and exalted idea of Christian unity throughout the civilized world would tend powerfully to break down her isolation, the assumption that she is prepared

to embrace a new ideal of unity for Christendom would not be correct, and would impart a visionary air to this whole discussion. Throughout the Churches of the Reformation, however, a great deal has been already effected towards the attainment and the recognition of a unity of faith, of fellowship, of spirit, of affection, amid diversities of government and specialties of opinion. Between the earliest Reformers and many Christians of the present day there can be detected a harmony of aspiration in this matter which we fail to trace in the controversial ages that intervene. Luther, though his zeal for truth was keen and bright as the edge of the sword wherewith Christ divides the light from the darkness, though his life was "a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers," found only anguish in strife, and yearned with his whole soul towards peace and unity. He of all men would most joyfully have recognised unity of life pervading, through all its branches, that immortal amaranth under the image of which he loved to represent the Church. Calvin, decided as was his preference for the Presbyterian discipline, was vividly conscious of the unity of the several divisions of the Reformed Church. From his Alpine watch-tower he wrote letters of counsel, of sympathy, of fervent appeal, to Reformed Churches in all European lands, not to Presbyterian only, but to Episcopalian on this hand, and to Congregational on that. Those letters thrill with a moral ardour, a lofty and rhythmic inspiration, worthy of a prophet of the Universal Church; and there is in them no trace of sectarian stringency in enforcing one constitution upon all Churches. Those words spoken of the Anglican Service, which have so often been quoted by Anglicans against Calvin as unpardonable, mean only that it contains some silly matters, which are, however, to be tolerated for the sake of Christian unity, an opinion which is not far wide of that held by sensible men at this day. But, for the large-heartedness of Luther and the world-embracing sweep of Calvin's moral fervour, there came the hair-splitting of Calvinistic and Arminian dogmatism; then followed the clash of arms between Protestant and Protestant; and soon all was hushed in the rigid isolation and crystalline cold of the State Churches. What Hooker could truthfully deny, namely, that the Church of England rejected all ordination except that of bishops, became a fact; and the Church of Rome could fairly boast that, while she maintained her unity in its pristine enthusiasm, the Reformed Churches were united only by a common renunciation of her allegiance. But of late there have been many indications of a change of spirit in Christendom, and of the revival of ancient principles in modern forms. As free Churches, in America, in Scotland, in England, have risen into importance, the consciousness of a Church unity similar to that of the Apostolic Church has tended steadily to grow. The feeling exists, though it has as yet found no organ of expression. It is already not too much to say that a large majority of the ministers and members of the free Churches throughout Christendom regard each other as belonging to one Christian Church — the Episcopalianism, the Presbyterianism, the Congregationalism, the Wesleyanism, being special and denominational; the Christianity being the primary and vital concern. A liberty not anarchic yet genuine, an order not artificial but real and vital, a diversity mani-

fold enough to embrace every form of Christian administration, a unity on the fine spiritual lines of which Christian sympathy should go pulsing forth to girdle the world, might be attainable on these terms. The idea of such a unity is, indeed, by no means confined to Reformed Churches not in connection with the State. It is as cordially embraced by individuals within the Church of England as it is in any communion under heaven, and the number embracing it extends rapidly; nor is it an unwarrantable assertion that some of the best minds in the Church of Rome aspire more or less vaguely towards such unity, as forming a higher ideal for Christendom than that of Papal supremacy. \* \* \*

Let it not be thought that the unity of this many-mansioned Church, this many-branched vine of the nations, would be a dream or a sentiment, without definition and without bounds. In the Apostolic age, in the mediæval age, in every period when the unity of the Christian Church has been apprehended, there have been philosophies and heresies, more or less tinged with Christian light, whose professors were not received within the Christian pale. It will always remain true, as Coleridge said, that "what does not withstand has itself no standing ground;" and the very idea of order involves a principle of exclusion as well as a principle of inclusion. The Church will not renew her youth or extend her conquests by divesting herself of her distinctive character. But, first, the unity contemplated is that of a common spirit, a common aim, a common allegiance, not that of incorporation; and this implies that its terms may be large and expansive. It requires no sacrifice of independence, no obliteration of district or national boundaries. In the next place, after eighteen—now nearly nineteen—centuries of God's teaching in the experiences of Christian civilization, we may be expected to take in its simplicity and beneficence the rule of Christ on the subject of exclusion from Christian fellowship. Has this or that Church, during these Christian centuries, been recognised by God? Has she wrought miracles of soul-healing in the name of Christ? Then, "forbid her not:" where the Divine Spirit has given the rain and the sunshine, where fruit has been ripened for the gathering of the angels, there man may give the hand of fellowship. In the third place, the difficulty, if it will ever be felt, is abstract and future. A multitude of branch Churches are now practically ready to acknowledge each other as united in one Christian Church. Lastly, it is the taunt of a superficial skepticism to affirm that the essentials of the Christian faith cannot be distinguished from its accidents, and that the august name of orthodoxy, inscribed by every sectarian on his flag, has no definable meaning. The clever things which have been said on this point are not true. The Danube has many tributaries, some of them lordly rivers; but it is not hard to trace the course of the sovereign stream. The main current of Christian verity may be seen winding through the Christian centuries, broad enough to bear on its bosom vessels of all sizes,—herring-boat and frigate, barge and argosy,—but between banks which can be clearly traced. That the unity of the Godhead is, mystically, inexplicably, ineffably, threefold; that man has sinned; that his sin has brought him so low that the unaided powers of his nature cannot raise him up again; that he is restored through the sacred mysteries of atonement and regeneration; that Deity and

humanity have met in the God-man; that love to God, allegiance to Divine law in conscience and revelation, without measure, and love to man according to the measure of strict equality between the claims of one's neighbour and the claims of one's self, are the practical outcome of all religion and all morality: these are points to which the assent of an overwhelming majority of Christians has in all ages been given, and in comparison with which preferences of Church government and specialties of rite or opinion are of minor importance. How far beyond these lines of demarcation the range of Church unity might ultimately extend is a question which would be settled in due time. Meanwhile, if all Christians who agree on these points were to realize that their denominational differences are embraced within the walls of Christ's Church on earth, a consciousness of unity would pervade the Churches of the Reformation such as they have not known since western Christendom was rent in twain.

It is not out of place to remark that, to the orchestral harmony of a Church embracing at once all Reformed Churches, and ultimately, we may hope, all Churches whatsoever, the Episcopal Church of England would contribute some of the deepest, most expressive, and most beautiful notes. The Anglican Church performs for Christendom an inestimable service in that she bridges the chasm of the Reformation in a way in which it is not elsewhere bridged. True, it is not possible for a Church holding the Christian verity to cut herself away from antiquity. The truth is ever young and ever old. Calvin's great idea, that, wherever Christians can look up to God's sky, there they may constitute a Church as ancient as the breath of God which gives it life, must not be in the smallest degree qualified. But the Anglican Church has preserved, as no other Protestant Church has preserved, the external framework of the mediæval Church, and with this a precious and most Christian capability of appreciating, honouring, assimilating, what was good in the mediæval Church. Less than any other Protestant Church has she accepted the bitter and venomous notion, the cruel and Christless calumny, that the mediæval Church was a mere synagogue of Satan, and that the Latin Church was Antichrist. Looking along the vista of centuries, the Church of England can see that, at times, the darkness enveloping the old Church of Christendom was deep, that the day-spring from on high scarcely touched her towers, the immortal fire scarcely glimmered on her altars; but that she was always a Church of Christ no true Anglican will dispute. Take it all in all, view it in connection with the general civilization of modern times, you will find no chapter in the history of man more splendid, heroic, and inspiring than that in which the central figure and the dominant influence is the mediæval Church. Chivalry, which gave a new word to human language, a new tone to the music of speech, reminding mankind for ever of an intrepidity smiling in battle-storm, and a gentleness assuaging defeat and exalting and refining victory — the crusades, which thrilled Europe with a common inspiration, and decided the question whether modern civilization was to be of the Cross or of the Crescent — the Gothic cathedrals, strong with earth's utmost strength of massive wall and rocky buttress, tender with saintliest aspiration in delicate pinnacle and fretted spire; these the mediæval Church can claim as her own, and with these the Church of England can glow in kindred and

filial sympathy. The mediæval idea, also,—or rather, the mediæval fact,—of a Christian unity extending from the moaning Hebrides to the waters of Sicily, comes naturally home to the Church of England. She can well impress upon her sisters of the Reformation that, though separation may be for Christians a duty, yet it ought always to be a pain; and that indifference to the realization of a spiritual unity for Christendom is of the nature of deadly sin.

A special advantage of this attitude of the Church of England towards the mediæval Church is that it promotes a just, candid, and intelligent feeling towards Roman Catholics in the present day. The Church of Rome, as has been said, stands at this moment self-excluded from the pale of a Christian unity which would religiously respect the liberties of particular Churches and recognise all forms of Church government. Her monarchical form of government may be legitimate; for specialties of doctrine she may be answerable to her Lord alone; but her all-grasping imperialism is self-exclusive. While her terms of admission to fellowship are unconditional surrender of Christian freedom and private judgment, petitions from Anglicans for reconciliation with her are abject, and imitations of her in dress and gesture are frivolous. But it is of supreme importance that Christians not in communion with the Church of Rome should be free to take note of what in her is good, and should have an intelligent sympathy with all movements of genuine spiritual life in Roman Catholic countries. In days of terrible pressure and peril like these, when prejudice, and prepossession, and custom, and plausible hallucination, and expedient error are going before the wind of science like burnt thatch before a West Indian hurricane, it is inexpressibly to be desired, on purely scientific grounds, that the facts of the religious consciousness, as rightly, distinctively, immutably, in all that they involve of spiritual relationship and immortal destiny, characterizing man as a species, should be as broadly and fairly represented as possible. Science cannot refuse to man what it fiercely demands for every other species, or allege that in him alone nature's writing of desire and aspiration, nature's holiest scripture graven on the heart, is frustrate and a lie. But if the acrid foam of theological hatred be upon our lips, if devout Protestants feel themselves conscience-driven to suspect and revile devout Roman Catholics, if the most religious men in the world cannot calmly and unanimously say what it is that the inspiration of the Almighty in their souls tells them, if the defence of the central fortresses of spiritual truth is conducted by mere platoon-firing and the chance onset of mutually vituperative bands,—what can we hope to do against the serried ranks and disciplined fighting and perfect accord and implacable hostility of the atheistic line? When the conflict is no longer a skirmish of outposts, but the last intrenchments of the Christian position are being assailed,—when the contest is “not for names and words, or half-views, but for elementary notions and distinctive moral characters,”—the aid of the Newmans and the Döllingers of Roman Catholic Christendom is not to be dispensed with.

The idea of Divine worship, handed down in the Church of England from mediæval times, is in harmony with the spirit and consonant to the requirements of the present day. To put it in one word, the Church of England contemplates worship as an exercise of the soul

towards God rather than as an influence of man upon man. It was a necessity of the position occupied by the Reformers that they should exalt the office of the preacher; the reform of religion proceeded, to a considerable extent, from an intellectual impulse, and Christendom thirsted for the preaching of the word. But in no nation or period had it previously been held that the address of one man to the congregation could form a chief part of the worship of God. In proportion as the culture of the laity has extended and as instruction of all kinds has been diffused by the press, the inadequacy and unsatisfactoriness of "hearing sermon" by way of publicly worshipping God have been felt. That reasonable and serious objections may be taken to the Anglican form of worship we do not deny. In respect of brevity and of variety, it admits of easy and great improvement. It is not possible that any vividness of impression or definiteness of application should attach to phrases used every Sunday for, say, twenty or thirty years. Nevertheless it would be difficult to express the value of the service rendered to Protestant Christendom by the Church of England in preserving in her Prayer-Book a large part of the purest and loftiest devotional literature possessed by the human race. The *Te Deum* itself, perhaps the very grandest hymn in which the spirit of man ever rose in adoration towards the throne of God, might have passed out of Protestant worship in England, had it not occupied a place in the Anglican Prayer-Book. And if average Anglican preaching may, with show of reason, be alleged to want fervour, logical stringency, and oratorical power, it is better that this should be so than that countenance should be given to the monstrous notion that, in being intellectually entertained by a popular preacher, a man is worshipping God.

Another priceless truth which the Anglican Church has preserved to Protestant Christendom is that a preponderating element in worship is praise. If we meditate the matter in religious silence, or if we consult the precedents afforded us by Scripture, we shall find that the simple act of adoration, the bowing of the head in reverent homage to the Infinite One, the lifting up of the voice in joyful acclaim of gratitude and praise, are of the very essence of worship. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." These are the express words of Scripture, put into the lips of the Eternal God, and they comprise a Divine philosophy of creation, a statement of the cause why the sublime procession of being in this world ends with humanity. Man is the note of articulate-music in which dumb nature, preluding through the past eternity, at last breaks out in praise to God. The conscious utterance of praise is the distinctive and the supreme act of the human soul. And with praise is naturally connected exultation, rapture; the joy of it in its deepest moments is too great to be expressed by the mere human voice; on wings and waves of melody from stringed instruments and organs, it rolls its anthem to the sky; it becomes ecstatic, uncontrollable; it thrills, in its ultimate paroxysms, through vein and limb, and inspires the glowing gesture and the rhythmic dance. Such was worship to the Hebrew psalmist; and so far have we travelled from the very power of conceiving it, that modern ultra-Puritans, "swathed in the shroud of their creeds," and painfully trying to convince themselves that Christ has taken from His Church the stringed instruments and organs which mingled in Israel's worship of Jehovah, think they give you pause when

they ask whether dance as well as music is still to be included in Divine worship. Yes, surely; if the dancer is as Miriam or as David, and the occasion and the rapture great. The Anglican type of worship has, in this respect, a notable advantage over the Puritan type. The express attribution of glory to God,—the loud calling upon all worlds to praise Him,—the lifting up of voice and soul to magnify and extol Him,—appear more decisively in the worship of the Church of England than in that of any other Protestant Church. As the animosities of the seventeenth century have died away, the Nonconformist Churches have profited greatly by the example of the Church of England in matters of worship; and if there were but one Free Church in England, with Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational branches, the benefit would be still more widely diffused. \* \* \* \* \*

The Free Churches of the United Kingdom, if Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical policy were universally applied in these realms, would, in perfect accordance with Apostolic principle and practice, be courts of one Church of God in the land. From them all, like the sound of many waters, would ascend a choral hymn to Christ. Separated, not by invidious preferences or artificial degradations, but by the varying spontaneities of Christian life, peer and peasant, queen and subject, worshipper in cathedral aisle and in chapel pew, would feel themselves as king, barons, and retainers felt themselves in the olden time, to be members of one Christian Church. All that is strong and all that is venerable and beautiful in the religious past of England would blend in the influences of such a Church; the rugged Nonconformity of Cromwell and Milton would be touched with a mellowing beam in the experience of wider fellowship; the reverent comeliness, the gracious dignity of the Church of England would take a serener, a diviner glow, as the lustre of earthly precedence faded from her brow, and a new glory fell upon her from heaven. The cottage homes of England in cluster round her walls, the sweet soft songs of praise from worshipping families mingling with the great psalm of a people's adoration in pillared aisle and vaulted roof, this Church of all the Churches would be indeed national. Mighty in her meekness, grand in her lowliness, this Church of England would play an august and hallowed part in the drama of European civilization. While materialism, haggard and austere as its own law of physical necessity, cast its giant shadow along the world, quenching the light of flower and dewdrop, and hushing the singing of the birds, it would teach that religion which, in the infinite richness of its humanity, has evidence and earnest that it is Divine. While philosophy, tearless and stern, folded round her limbs her robe of self-sufficiency, and declared that man's highest achievement is to front with proud submission his doom of eternal death, this many-mansioned Church, in answering symphonies of music, now tender, now sublime, would proclaim the Divine power of gentleness, the Divine significance of sorrow, the infinite might of kindness, the Gospel of the Child, of the Cross, of the Crown; the Gospel of Divine helpfulness and of human sympathy; the Gospel which, into earth's humblest dwelling, sheds a ray of heaven, and sees in death but the image of the Saviour Himself, coming, the Good Shepherd, at eventide, to gather in His flock.

PETER BAYNE.

## UNREASON.

### I.

WHEN the far port is neared at last,  
And underneath the storm-tost feet  
That trod the deck through tropics' heat,  
And Norland, winter's iciest blast,  
The firm, sure earth is anchored fast,  
We give the voyager "All hail!" —  
Thou, anchored safe within the veil,  
Chide not — because athwart the foam  
That beats betwixt me and thy home,  
Weeping to miss thy vanished sail,  
I find no voice to cry "All hail!"

### II.

Shall he who watched the sower's hands  
Drop slack and weary, when the seed,  
Flung broadcast with such wary heed,  
Seemed but to parch on barren sands,  
Not shout the harvest-home, when bands  
Of reapers dot the meadow-lands? —  
Thou, with thy bosom filled with sheaves  
Gathered through toiling morns and eves,  
Mayst see me, Ruth-like, glean behind,  
Sore sad of heart, that thou shalt bind  
Again no more the summer sheaves.

### III.

When some dear exile, whose sharp pain  
Of banishment we've sorrowed o'er,  
Behind him leaves the prisoning shore,  
And where his childhood's cheek hath lain,  
Sobs out his rapturous joy again —  
Who weeps for grief? I, even I!  
The banished gains his native sky;  
The exile, doomed so long to roam,  
From all his wanderings welcomed home,  
Is satisfied; and yet I sigh  
Inconsolate — yea, even I!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## CATS.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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THE author of *Rab and his Friends* has done about as much as any one man can do towards elevating the canine race in the scale of creation. The present writer does not mean to intimate that any of the Doctor's stories—even his histories of remarkable *water* dogs—have been at all fishy. Neither does he mean to hint that the chosen friend and companion of man has been overrated, but to suggest the possibility that the merits of another well known domestic animal have, perhaps, been overlooked.

My most constant and amiable weakness, from the days of my boyhood, has been an attachment to cats. But my house is kept in order by a valued elder sister, who for some inscrutable reason has never made any man happy by entering into the matrimonial state. She is a woman of very remarkable judgment, and carries a large bunch of keys. She has an antithetical weakness on the same subject. I think she regards all animals that require more than two legs for locomotion as monsters, and of these she considers the innocent cat the most formidable. I have known her to utter piercing shrieks when I quietly laid a beautiful kitten, less than nine days old, in her lap. I have seen her stand up on a chair, with her petticoats tucked as closely as crinoline would permit, when the same kitten, rather more matured, chased its own tail playfully around the room. She has never manifested ordinary human affection for my feline favorites.

One day she came into the library with the tread of a conqueror.

"Alcibiades," she said, "I have caught fifteen mice with this trap, which only cost six cents." And here she triumphantly exhibited one of those cruel inventions by means of which mice with an appetite for old cheese are inveigled into garroting themselves. "I do not believe, my dear brother," she continued, "that your two horrid cats, both together, ever caught fifteen mice in their lives!"

There was a little, soft, dead mouse sticking in the trap, his nose within reach of the cheese, and his long tail hanging down, as she waved the garrote and its victim triumphantly before my eyes. My opinion is that dead mice are not particularly pleasant objects, and I think Amelia thought the same. Nevertheless, she continued to wave the trap up and down while the interview lasted.

"You forget, Amelia," I ventured to hint, "that cats don't catch mice in drawing rooms and chambers. Their admirable instinct teaches them to look for their prey in cellars and pantries—"

"Yes," replied Amelia with severe dignity, "I *have* seen your beautiful cats in the cellar—with their whiskers in the cream jug; and I have also seen them in the pantry, stealing the cold meat; but I have *never* seen either of them interfering with the mice!" One of the cats was at that moment reposing upon the hearth rug, and my sister sud-

denly thrust the trap and the entrapped mouse under the nose of the sleeping beauty, saying, "Here, Scat!" whereupon Grimalkin, with two or three tiger-like bounds, vanished from the room.

"There!" said Amelia, "I suppose you are satisfied now! Your precious cat actually runs from a dead mouse!"

"More accurately — from a living woman, sister. I imagine Pussy was never before invited to a repast by you, and certainly she never received such an invitation, compressed into two short words, 'Here, Scat!'"

Amelia favored me with a reproachful glance and left the room in dignified silence. I concluded to give up my pets.

This good resolution was strengthened and confirmed on the following day by the incident I am about to relate. I heard the voice of one of my cats in earnest expostulation in a room adjoining the library; and looking in, I saw my son and heir, Willie, with Tiny under his left arm, while his right was employed in turning her tail like the crank of a hand-organ. It must have been very disagreeable to Puss, as she was howling dismally.

"Tiny can't 'cratch me, papa!" said the young rascal in answer to my look of horror — "I've got my hand in my pocket!" and he continued his performance, while Tiny sneezed and howled.

"Drop the cat this instant, sir!" I exclaimed; and as Tiny slunk under the sofa, blinking her eyes and shaking the kinks out of her tail, I asked Master Willie where he had acquired his knowledge of the peculiar amusement I had interrupted.

"Jim showed me, sir," he answered; (Jim was the stable boy, and Willie's sworn friend.) "We had *bofe* cats this morning — at the stable. Jim played on one, and I played on t'other. It was jolly, papa! And Jim made Tiny chaw ever so much tobacco too!"

"How did he do that?"

"I'll show you, sir!" and he was down on his hands and knees, and under the sofa in a twinkling. Having secured the unfortunate cat, he produced a lump of tobacco from his side pocket — his *omnium gatherum*, — and proceeded to business. Seizing Tiny's tail in his right hand, he offered her the noxious weed with his left; and sure enough, she gnawed away at it with apparent relish, though she growled fearfully the while. Willie looked on with delighted eyes.

"Please come pinch her tail, papa!" he said at length, "my fingers aint strong enough. She chaws a heap nicer for Jim!"

I once more delivered Tiny from durance vile, and dismissing Willie without a society-for-the-prevention-of-cruelty-to-animals lecture, (which would have been wasted on a young gentleman with Jim for a mentor), I resolved to withdraw the temptation, and gratify Amelia, by getting rid of the cats. I afterwards learned that the tobacco was borrowed from Jim solely for the cats' use and accommodation. "I don't chaw it, papa," said Willie in explanation — "on'y the cats and Jim."

When I informed Amelia of my intention, she promptly suggested a cord, a stone at one end and the cats at the other, and the pond. I need not say that I rejected the proposition.

My plan was a simple one, and put into execution that same evening. It was carried out in all its details by myself. I procured a grain

bag from the stable, into which I introduced both of the feline nuisances, though not without some mild expostulations and a scratch or two. I tied up the neck of the bag, wondering whether or not the innocent exiles would smother before they were liberated. It was ten o'clock, and the fact had been announced in melodious accents by that now extinct functionary, the city watchman, who was reiterating the information at each corner within his beat. My mind was oppressed with gloomy forebodings of coming disasters. I was not accustomed to nocturnal expeditions, and thought once or twice of entrusting the execution of my project to Jim. But I remembered the tobacco and the hand-organ arrangement, and could not endure the idea of subjecting my friends to the brutality of this untutored biped. I have only mentioned Tiny, who was the more amiable of the two, but less intelligent than her brother. The other was a cat of parts. He would climb up to my shoulder, hand over hand, sticking his sharp claws into my clothing, and sometimes a little deeper. He purred sonorously — like the snore of a fat sleeper or the roar of a distant railway train. At meal time he was always “scatted” out of the dining room by the mistress of my house, yet after grace I invariably found him at my left (Amelia sits at my right), and when mastication began he would put his paw on my leg, and gradually project his claws through cassimere and flannel into the cuticle. He did not mew, because he was perfectly aware that the slightest sound would be followed by his ejection. It was a daily triumph of wit and sagacity to sneak morsels into his jaws, to which nothing edible came amiss,—potatoes, bread, meat, cheese, and the crusts of tarts, without regard to sequence, and without reference to quantity or dread of indigestion. If I became interested in table talk, and forgot him for a minute, he would gently slide the claw from its velvet sheath, and recall my wandering thoughts. He was a wonderful cat!

I called him “Joachim-a-Sloy.” It was a composite name, and I cannot precisely account for it. I think I was interested, at the date of his birth, in the history of some French worthy, and was also engaged in a controversy with a friend touching the orthodoxy of Thomas-a-Kempis, and was trying to read a story of Disraeli’s called the Wondrous Tale of Alsloy, or something like it. And so, with this queer combination of names running in my mind, the kitten got his title fixed.

He was the most plucky Thomas cat I ever knew. My experience of the race leads me to the conclusion that she cats are always plucky, therein resembling their sisters of a larger growth. They are always ready to scratch, and can get their backs up at short notice. But the Toms are usually poltroony. They don’t back into corners, but get up a tree if danger threatens. Joachim was an exception to this rule. I have seen him sitting on the window sill, blinking and purring himself to sleep, his paws tucked under him, and his caudle adornment twisted around his knees; and suddenly, as a great dog came trotting by, dart like lightning from his perch, his tail thickened into a stove pipe and his back transformed into a Grecian bend of enormous proportions; and as he sneezed and swore, I have seen the big dog tuck his tail out of sight and vamose. But I have left the poor cats tied up in the grain bag all this time.

At 10.30 P.M. I sallied forth, the bag on my shoulder. My destination was a lumber yard, a mile distant from my dwelling, through darksome byways. I felt like the villanous uncle who lost the babes in the wood; nay worse, for he hired two murderers to do his dirty work, while I, in person, was about to lose *my* babes in a lumber yard. I met people who slackened their pace and looked over their shoulders at the burden on mine. As I got away from populous streets, I began to dread the watchman. What if he should be filled with unaccustomed zeal, and go prowling about the lumber yard in search of impossible burglars? If he should see me, and "take me up," what story could I tell? Who would believe that I was ass enough to take this trouble to lose two cats? Twice I thought of dropping bag and all in the gutter, and taking to my heels. But I am a man of system, and do not like my plans deranged. Moreover, it would be inhuman to leave the cats in so unpleasant a plight. And I remembered some fragment of a proverbial saying against "a cat in a bag," and *two* cats in a bag was plainly an aggravation of the wrongdoing, whatever it was.

Filled with these comforting reflections, as the bag, filled with cats, crawled about my back, I neared the lumber yard. Did you ever happen to notice the peculiar odor that hangs about piles of lumber? They are afflicted with chronic dampness, and exhale a sort of steamy, sour, oppressive smell, different from Lubin's elegant extracts. They are gloomy places, especially at night-time. A man could be knocked on the head and thrust under a lumber pile after his pockets were rifled. There were narrow passages between the piles of boards, a regular labyrinth in which cats would be hopelessly bewildered. Ends of boards projected from the piles on either side, and in the dim, religious light furnished by the stars, I bumped my head cruelly in the narrow aisles. At last I stopped, and with some difficulty untied the bag and shook out the cats. They clung to the sides, mewing piteously, but I got them out. Their fur was turned the wrong way. They looked soiled and rumpled and reproachful. I wanted to smooth their ruffled coats, but they slunk away under the boards, and I turned and pusillanimously fled.

I can never tell how I reached my home, but I went in a gallop. I let myself in with my night-key, and with perturbed spirits. I had done the mile in about six minutes, and was blown. I threw myself into my armchair, remorseful and dejected, and glanced at the fireplace. — There were Tiny and Joachim, in their accustomed corners, diligently licking their crumpled habiliments into shape!

ALCIBIADES JONES.

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## GLENFRUIN.\*

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A castle tall, a castle old,  
With tower, and arch, and donjon-keep,  
And round its basement, icy-cold,  
Broad streams of waveless waters creep.  
So old! 'Twas when from that fair bower,  
Where Peace, and Love, and Beauty dwelt,  
The Angel drove the sinning Pair,  
This dark and gloomy pile was built,  
Glenfruin.

And hither came, from East and West,  
A train of pilgrims sad to see ;  
Each bore a badge upon his breast,  
That marked him bound to misery.  
Proud kings, and high-born dames and knights,  
Crowned victors of some courtly tilt,  
And slaves and beggars — arm in arm  
They passed the open gates, and dwelt  
At Glenfruin.

They came, the sages and the seers,  
The strong, the weak, the lost, the lone,  
The poets and the alchemists,  
The weeping mothers, pale and wan ;  
And hither dragged her sin-stained robes  
The frail, repentant Magdalen.  
And still from old Earth's aching heart  
The prayer goes up incessantly,  
From king and beggar, lord and serf,  
"God keep our footsteps far from thee,  
Glenfruin!"

Alas ! they throng from East and West,  
From hall and hovel, sea and shore ;  
The castle gates are never shut,  
But they return — ah, nevermore !  
And once, with broken hearts and lives,  
And faces pale and sad to see,  
A nation, clad in mourning robes,  
Sped through thy portals silently,  
Glenfruin !

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\* *Poems by Mollie E. Moore.* Houston, Texas: E. H. Cushing.

## BENJAMIN G. HUMPHREYS.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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**B**ENJAMIN G. HUMPHREYS, formerly General in the Confederate service, and Constitutional Governor of Mississippi, was born in Claiborne County in that State, on the 26th of August, 1808.

The family to which he belongs is descended from an old Cavalier stock, one of whom, Ralph Humphreys, was banished to Ireland for resolute hostility to the government of Oliver Cromwell. His descendants again, in the following century, were compelled to take refuge in America for their resistance to the oppressions of the king and ministry, and we find them in arms for the rebel cause in the war of independence. Indeed, a tendency to act in concert with those "combinations too powerful to be suppressed in the ordinary courts of justice" seems to be hereditary in the Humphreys family.

The subject of our sketch is the son of George Wilson Humphreys, who emigrated from Virginia in 1788, and settled in Mississippi on the banks of the Bayou Pierre. His early boyhood was spent in the usual occupations of pioneer life in a wild and savage country, chiefly inhabited by Indians, and he thus acquired bodily vigor, with expertness in horsemanship and in the use of arms. Having lost his mother at a very early age, and this thinly settled region affording no opportunities for education, Benjamin was sent to school in Morristown, New Jersey, where he remained for several years.

In the year 1825 he was appointed a cadet at West Point, where he entered the same class which comprised Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, and others with whom he was afterwards associated in the Confederate war for independence; and it was here that he formed that friendship with Jefferson Davis which has persisted undiminished through all the changes of time and fortune.

In the autumn of 1827 young Humphreys returned to his father's home in Mississippi and commenced the life of a planter, so accordant with his domestic tastes; and a few years afterwards married, his bride being Mary McLaughlin, who was taken from him by a too early death. In 1837 he was chosen as a candidate for the State Legislature to oppose President Jackson in his war upon the United States Bank; and was elected by a large majority over the vote of the Democrats, to which party his father belonged and voted against his son. In 1839 he was elected by the Whig party to the State Senate; but the triumph of the Democrats frustrated all his efforts to arrest the tendency to repudiation, of which measure he was a conscientious opponent.

It was about this time that he was united in second marriage with Mildred Maury, a union fraught with happiness to the lives of both. For the score of years that followed, Benjamin Humphreys was known only as a cultivated, honorable, and Christian gentleman, living in ele-

gant retirement upon his estate, and occupied with the pursuits of a planter's life. He was fervently attached to the "Union," and on all occasions ready and eloquent in her behalf both with pen and speech; and not until the storm of war had driven his native State from her moorings, could he break through the habits of thought and feeling of so many years.

But the tie once broken, he resolved to exert all his energies to resist injustice and oppression, and devoted himself to the cause of the South. He hastened with a company of volunteers to the scene of war in Virginia, but arrived too late to take part in the battle of Manassas in 1861, and to his great disappointment was compelled to be inactive during the following winter in rendezvous before Washington. During this time, at the petition of the 21st Miss., then being formed, he was made their Colonel, and by his strict and judicious discipline the regiment was drilled into distinction before it had its first brush on the outposts of Leesburg. After the shifting of Johnston's position from Manassas in 1862, this regiment was brought into a series of actions which continued with little intermission until the close of the war, losing heavily in the engagements in the Peninsula, at Fredericksburg, and other points, but with ranks continually filled by recruits from the State to which it belonged.

In the spring of 1863, while Col. Humphreys was engaged with McClellan's forces on the Potomac, Gen. Stephen Burbridge's command, under Gen. Grant at Port Gibson, were busy laying waste his home, granaries and gardens, ransacking the cellars, destroying family portraits, and pillaging the silver, linen, and other household goods—which was probably Gen. Burbridge's idea of serving his country and his home.

The tidings of this devastation did not unnerve the firm heart of the Mississippian. The army was now advancing upon Gettysburg, and it was here that his wrongs were to be redressed, and security for home and family to be won. During the second day's action at Gettysburg he had the misfortune to lose his gallant son-in-law, Capt. Isaac Stamps, (the nephew of President Davis), who fell while leading the left wing of the regiment in a successful charge. On the fall of Barksdale in the same battle, Col. Humphreys succeeded to the command of the brigade, and soon after was sent with Longstreet to the West, where he passed through the campaign of the following winter, having several horses killed under him and his clothing pierced with bullets in the actions of Chickamauga and Knoxville.

Escaping almost unhurt through the campaigns of three stormy years, Gen. Humphreys was stricken down at last while fighting with Early at Berryville, in the Shenandoah Valley. In this engagement he received four dangerous wounds in the breast, and a fracture of a rib, with a severe injury to the lung, compelled him to retire from his command during the following winter. Before his health was entirely restored, he joined his command, but only in time to witness the downfall of his country's cause.

In the autumn of 1865, Gen. Humphreys was elected Governor of his native State, and administered her affairs with the same firmness, dignity, and judgment which had distinguished his career as

a soldier. Though highly popular with his fellow-citizens, yet his conscientious fidelity to the Constitution, which compelled him to oppose their favorite measures, brought him more or less into antagonism with them, and procured him the half-affectionate, half-reproachful title of "Old Veto."

In 1868 Gov. Humphreys, the candidate opposed to the Constitution then submitted to the people, was re-elected by an overwhelming majority; but was the same month forcibly ejected from his office by military order of Gen. Irwin M'Dowell. Refusing to vacate the official mansion, unless compelled to do so by force, he was waited upon in a few days by the new appointee, Gen. Ames, who, backed by the force of bayonets, expelled the Governor and his family. Since this time he has been living as a private citizen.

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*Tinsleys' Magazine.*

## COMING TOGETHER.

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**I** DO not think it quite fair that big men with broad shoulders and muscles of iron should always be the heroes of stories. Men of small or medium stature, and without any muscles to speak of, constitute the great majority of mankind; and as the world does go on, and the population steadily increases, it is to be supposed that a large number of young ladies are found who are willing to be wives to men who are not Admirable Crichtons.

At any rate, the present story relates to a man whom any of these athletic giants would have contemptuously spoken of as a muff. I am sorry that it should be so, for I feel that this frank confession will destroy all interest in the story to a large proportion of lady-readers; but it cannot be helped, because I must keep to facts.

The Reverend Richard Hallows was a man a little under the medium height, was plain rather than good-looking, and wore spectacles. He was clever, for he had been a fellow of his college, although this honour was attained by hard reading rather than by talent. Two years after he had obtained his fellowship, a small living in the gift of the college became vacant. Several good livings being expected to fall in at an early date, the cure of Karlslake was contemptuously refused by all the senior fellows, but readily accepted by Richard Hallows. As it was worth about three hundred a-year, with a house and very small glebe, Hallows thought it better to take it than to wait for years until his turn came for a richer gift.

Karlslake was a semi-rural parish. It stood upon the confines of

the great coal-district of Staffordshire ; but, although there were two or three colliery-chimneys in the valley, these did not affect the general rural aspect of the country ; and it was only by ascending to the brow of the hill that the dull smoke-cloud which ever hangs over the mining districts was visible. The miners inhabited little villages of their own, built for them close to the shafts, and were principally strangers, having little in common with the rustic population around them.

Karslake itself was a quiet little town, standing upon rising, but not high, ground. Its population was under a thousand, but it was scattered over a large surface ; for, with the exception of the main street, it was a careless, straggling place, most of the houses having small garden-plots attached. It was, in fact, a village rather than a town.

The Reverend Richard Hallowes had not been settled three months in the parsonage-house at Karslake before he came very seriously to the conclusion that it was his duty to marry. He had always been of opinion, very rightly, that a clergyman in charge of a parish, to be of any real utility, should be married ; and he had also a very strong theory of the kind of woman who ought to be a rector's wife — a kind-hearted, motherly sort of woman, earnest in assisting her husband, indefatigable among the poor, and a peacemaker to the whole parish.

Now, out of the ten or twelve young ladies of Karslake, there were three or four who came very fairly up to Mr. Hallowes' ideal : either of the Miss Stuarts, the doctor's daughters, or Miss Herslet, or Miss Penrose, would do. They were all quiet, sensible girls ; any one of them would, the Reverend Richard acknowledged to himself, make him a very excellent wife ; but he had at present made no step whatever towards gaining the affections of either of these ladies. Not even the gossips of the place could find the smallest pretence for coupling his name with either of them.

The Reverend Richard allowed another three months to elapse, and was still, to his own self-reproach, as far off as ever from making his choice ; and yet he quite allowed to himself that these were the only four young women of the neighbourhood who would be at all likely to turn out good wives, according to his theory of a good wife ; and that none of the others, least of all Laura Hernshawe, would suit him.

Now, Laura Hernshawe was unquestionably the belle of Karslake. Her father was the proprietor of one of the collieries, and she had been sent to a fashionable school by the sea-side to be educated, and had come back, about a year before the advent of the Reverend Richard Hallowes, a finished young lady.

Laura Hernshawe was undoubtedly very pretty, and as undoubtedly she was rather fast — the ladies of Karslake said dreadfully fast ; not that they used the word fast, but what they did say meant pretty well the same thing. Laura Hernshawe was fond of riding, she was fond of dancing ; she could pull an oar in their pleasure-boat on the canal almost as well as her brother ; she could swim, it was said, like a fish ; and she was certainly a flirt, — altogether a young lady as far removed from the ideal of the Reverend Richard Hallowes as it was possible to be ; and yet — alas for the weakness of human resolves ! — he confessed even to himself that this girl, with her bright eyes and her

saucy laugh, sent a strange thrill through him, which he never felt when engaged in the most serious conversation upon parish-matters with the Miss Stuarts, or Miss Penrose, or Miss Herslet; not that he for a moment allowed that he had any intention of deviating from his original resolve. He only admitted that, had he been differently placed, he should certainly have admired the girl very much. As it was, the less he saw of her the better — an excellent resolution; only somehow or other he had a great deal to say to Mr. Hernshawe upon the subject of schools for the children of the colliers, and as to the wants and necessities of the men themselves, or their wives, in sickness. After these interviews, what so natural as that Mr. Hernshawe should ask his rector to walk into the drawing-room, and that he should then sit and chat with Mrs. Hernshawe and her daughter, or sometimes with the latter alone, when her mamma was abroad or engaged?

With July came Reginald Hernshawe, Laura's only brother, a year older than herself, who was being educated at Cambridge; and the following conversation, which occurred after one of the rector's visits, shows that Miss Hernshawe had no more idea of marrying the Reverend Richard Hallowes than he had of marrying her.

'It is too bad, Laura, your going on so with our little parson.'

'Poor little man!' Laura laughed; 'he is very harmless, Regy.'

'That is all very well, missy. He may be harmless, but I don't think you are; and I am quite sure he doesn't think so either.'

'My dear Reginald, how am I to help it? I don't run after him; and if he chooses to come here, I must be civil to our rector, you know.'

'You are an arrant flirt, Laura; that's what you are. However, I hope you won't do Hallowes any harm, for he is really a good little fellow; and I hear him very well spoken of all through the place. I don't think you will though; for when he dined here the other day, and you ladies had gone upstairs, he was explaining to father what his ideal of a country clergyman's wife was; and I can assure you there was not one single point of resemblance to yourself. I expect that one of the Stuart girls will be the happy woman.'

Miss Hernshawe tossed her head a little contemptuously.

'I daresay either of them would suit him very well. I am sure I don't care whom he marries; all I do know is, it won't be me. No, thank you. When I do marry, it will be someone I can look up to.'

'I understand,' her brother said; 'a quiet Hercules, who can ride and shoot, and do everything better than anyone else; if with a mystery about him, so much the better — eh, Laura?'

Laura tossed her head again, and said, 'Nonsense!' But her brother had pretty accurately sketched her ideal, for all that.

The brother and sister were very fond of getting into a small boat, pulling some miles up the canal to where it ran through a thick wood, and then they would get out and eat the lunch they carried with them. Sometimes they took a friend or two with them; more often they went alone.

Upon one occasion, as they had just started, they saw Mr. Hallowes, who was coming along the towing-path. After the first greetings, Reginald Hernshawe asked,

'Where are you going, Mr. Hallowes?'

'I was going back to Karslake. I have just been down to read to an old woman in one of your cottages.'

'Then you have nothing particular to do?'

'No; nothing whatever.'

'Will you get in, then, and go with us? We have got lunch with us, and are going to the Hanger.'

Mr. Hallowes assented, although an inward monitor whispered to him that he had better not.

As the boat drew near to the shore, Miss Hernshawe said,

'Will you take my oar, Mr. Hallowes?'

'I should be very happy, Miss Hernshawe, but I really know nothing of rowing; I never had an oar in my hand in my life.'

Laura Hernshawe's face certainly expressed a rather contemptuous pity; however, she only said,

'Very well, Mr. Hallowes; you take the rudder-strings; Reginald and I will pull: I like it above all things.'

Mr. Hallowes' steering was little, if at all, above his rowing, and the boat under his guidance made such sudden and abrupt rushes, first to one bank and then to the other, that Reginald Hernshawe was obliged to request the rector to leave the rudder-strings alone, and only to pull them when told to do so, and to let them know if anything was in their course. Under this arrangement the boat again glided quietly upon her way, and the Reverend Richard Hallowes gave himself up to the pleasure of the moment, and, chatting gaily with the brother and sister, totally forgot the injunction to look ahead. From this pleasant forgetfulness he was rudely roused by the tramp of horses' feet upon the towing-path beside him, by a shout from the driver of 'Mind the rope!' and by a simultaneous order from Reginald Hernshawe to 'Pull the right-hand string!' The Reverend Richard in his confusion pulled the left, and in another moment the rope had caught the boat and she was bottom upwards. Laura Hernshawe struck out instantly for shore, as did her brother, knowing that Laura could swim well. Laura after the first stroke or two looked round, and saw the rector's face appear above water with a despairing expression upon it, and as quickly disappear. With a sharp cry to her brother, who was nearer to the bank than she was herself, she turned at once, and caught hold of the clergyman, as he again appeared. 'Keep quiet!' she exclaimed; 'don't take hold of me, or we shall both sink!' The sound of water was in Mr. Hallowes' ears, however, and, with the instinctive impulse of a drowning man, he clung to the girl, and she had only time to cry, 'Reginald!' before she sank under the water. It was but for a moment, for her brother was close to her, and seizing them both, he soon, with the assistance of Laura, succeeded in gaining the bank with the almost insensible clergyman. He was some little time before he quite recovered himself, and his first impulse was to express his regret for his own stupidity in causing the accident, and of thankfulness to them for his rescue.

'It is no use talking about it, Mr. Hallowes,' Laura said; 'the question is, What is to be done? Did ever anyone see such a figure as I am?' and she could not help laughing as she looked down at herself.

‘I look like a seaside bathing-woman.—Look here, Reginald, I would not have this talked about for anything; I should never hear the end of it.—Mr. Hallowes, will you please prove your gratitude by never mentioning a word about this stupid business to anyone?—Reginald, please give some money to these barge people, and make them promise not to talk about it; it would be dreadful.’

By this time the bargemen had got the boat to shore, and emptied it of the water.

‘The best thing to do,’ Reginald said, ‘will be for me to put Mr. Hallowes across to the other side. It is three miles from here to Karslake: the path leads through the fields, and he will be pretty dry by the time he gets there—at any rate, dry enough not to be noticed if he is lucky. You and I, Laura, had better go to that little farmhouse there, and you can borrow some clothes till you get your own dried.—Come along, Mr. Hallowes, jump in; I want to get Laura’s things dried as soon as I can.’

The programme was carried out, and in another quarter of an hour Laura was sitting by the kitchen fire of the farmhouse dressed in the Sunday clothes of the farmer’s daughter while her own were being dried: meanwhile her brother was attired in the farmer’s own things, which, as far as girth was concerned, were ridiculously large for him. Reginald and Laura were both rather out of temper, but for different reasons. Reginald was angry at what he considered the gross stupidity of the clergyman in upsetting the boat and getting Laura wet; while Laura was only thinking how intensely disagreeable it would be if it got to be known and talked about in Karslake that she had swum back and saved the rector’s life. At last she burst into a fit of laughter.

‘What are you laughing at, Laura?’ her brother asked in astonishment.

‘I can’t help it,’ Laura said at last; ‘I never shall forget it—the little man’s face when he came up, like a half-drowned terrier, glaring through his spectacles; it was the funniest thing I ever saw;’ and she laughed again till the tears came into her eyes.

The brother could not help laughing too, and by the time their clothes were dried they had quite recovered their good temper. Then asking the farmer’s wife, who of course knew them, to say nothing about their having had a ducking, as it might make Mrs. Hernshawe uncomfortable if it came to her ears, they went down again to their boat, and pulled home.

Laura gained her room without being noticed; and so no one knew what had taken place, except that Laura’s maid, on observing the perfectly unstarched appearance of her dress, came to her own conclusion that her young mistress must have somehow slipped into the water. As the rector had also gained the parsonage unobserved, not a rumour of the occurrence reached Karslake, greatly to Laura Hernshawe’s comfort.

The relations between the Reverend Richard and the young lady were not improved by the accident. At the first subsequent interview he made some attempt to express his gratitude, but was completely pooh-poohed by the young lady, whose quietly-amused look showed un-

mistakably that she regarded the affair in the light of a comic incident. This reception, added to an uneasy feeling in his own mind that they had reversed their proper positions, and that it was a degrading thing for a man to be indebted to a woman for his life, caused the clergyman to drop the subject hastily, but left a very sore feeling upon his mind. Certainly, he thought to himself, Laura Hernshawe was not at all the woman to make a good clergyman's wife. It was fated, however, that he should be able to cancel the sense of obligation. He was one day walking in a lane not 'far from the Hernshawes', and seriously revolving in his own mind the urgent necessity of his settling which of the few suitable young ladies of the place should be the future mistress of the parsonage, when he heard a loud sharp scream from the field close by. He ran to the next gate, and, looking over, saw a sight which caused him to climb—he was not good at vaulting—over the gate. Laura Hernshawe was standing in the middle of the field, her back towards him, and her whole attitude expressing helpless terror. At a short distance beyond her, a bull was standing with his head down, evidently meditating a rush. Laura was in almost every respect a remarkably fearless girl, but she had a horror of bulls. As a little girl she had once been frightened by one, and had never recovered from the impression. She had been out for a walk, and was late for dinner; she had therefore taken a short cut across the fields. It was not until she had proceeded some distance that she remembered having heard that a very savage bull was kept in one of the fields through which she had to pass. She did not know which field it was, but believing that it was the last she would have to pass through before reaching the road, she had resolved to make a *détour* before she arrived there to avoid passing through it. However, just as she was in the middle of the third field from the main-road, she was startled by a sudden roar, and, looking round, was stupefied with terror by observing the bull advancing from the corner of the field where he had been grazing. She tried in vain to turn and fly; she gave one scream, and then stood in helpless terror gazing at her enemy, who was rapidly approaching her. She felt her limbs giving way beneath her, and would in another moment have fallen; when a man ran suddenly past her towards the bull, shouting as he did so, 'Run, Miss Hernshawe, run for your life!' The spell which had oppressed her seemed broken, and without a moment's thought, without even knowing who the man was, she turned and ran to the gate, not once looking round till she had gained the other side, and then the scream which rose to her lips was stifled by her horror. The bull had for a moment recoiled a step upon seeing his new opponent, and the clergyman, remembering he had heard that animals were sometimes frightened in that way, took off his hat and waved it at the animal. The bull, however, evidently took it as a challenge, for he lowered his head, stamped fiercely upon the ground, and in another instant rushed upon the clergyman. An athletic man, or one accustomed to active sports, might no doubt have eluded the charge. The clergyman was neither, and he stood perfectly still awaiting the rush. In an instant Miss Hernshawe saw him thrown many feet in the air, and fall heavily upon the ground. Then her screams broke out loud and piercing, and the bull, startled by their sound, and remembering his first

foe, left the prostrate body, to which he was about returning, and galloped furiously round the field. Miss Hernshawe's screams soon brought assistance ; five or six labouring-men ran up, and, armed with the forks and spades with which they were working, went into the field, drove the bull into a corner, and carried off the insensible clergyman. He was carried to the *Hernshawes'*, as the nearest house, and a surgeon was soon in attendance. The rector had by this time somewhat recovered his consciousness, but the surgeon, after an examination, pronounced that two of his ribs were broken. This, however, although a serious matter, did not confine the rector to his bed after the first day. Mr. and Mrs. Hernshawe had done everything in their power for him, and after he had breakfasted, Mrs. Hernshawe said, 'Laura wants to know if you can see her, Mr. Hallows? she wants to thank you in person.' Not waiting for an answer, she went out of the room, and Laura a minute or two after came in. She had evidently been crying, and her face was pale and sad.

'O Mr. Hallows,' she began, 'what can I say to thank you!'

'My dear Miss Hernshawe,' the rector said, 'there are no thanks due. I was before under a deep, indeed a painful, obligation to you. I am very, very happy to have been able to discharge it ; so now really there are no thanks due from either side. You saved my life ; I, by God's mercy, have saved yours. We are quits.'

Laura would have protested against this view, but the rector would not hear her ; and feeling unable to speak without crying, she left the room hastily. The rector was soon in a condition to return to the parsonage, and his convalescence was, for the nature of his injuries, a speedy one. This affair could not, as the previous one had been, be concealed from the public of *Karslake*, and great indeed was the talk of the gossips over it. All sorts of rumours were current, and Laura Hernshawe was made exceedingly uncomfortable thereby. The rector now seldom saw her ; the rumours which he as well as herself knew were current annoyed him even more than they did her. Much as he now acknowledged to himself that he cared for her, he would not purchase the pleasure of meeting her at the price of giving gossiping tongues occasion to wag over his visit there. And so he kept away. He knew that he loved Laura Hernshawe ; but he did not deceive himself now, at least as to the fact. He knew that before this accident she had looked upon him with perfect indifference. He was well aware of the sort of ideal she would have pictured to herself, and how little that ideal resembled himself. As long as he had not really loved Laura Hernshawe, he had thought only of his feelings towards her, not of hers towards him ; now that he did love her, he saw that she had cared nothing for him — had liked him, perhaps, had been very chatty and kind, and had even flirted with him a little, but had never seriously thought of him. The fact of this accident, although it had no doubt changed her feelings towards him, had yet in no way altered or improved his chances of being loved. He was not blind to the fact that Laura's manner was changed to him ; that she no longer talked gaily and lightly with him ; that her colour went and came if she chanced to meet him suddenly ; but he told himself, and thoroughly believed, that this was gratitude, not love ; and although sometimes the thought

would occur to him that she might perhaps marry him from gratitude, he would dismiss the idea with anger. She could not love him, and he would not accept from gratitude what he could not gain from love, not even the hand of Laura Hernshawe. Under these circumstances, therefore, the Rev. Richard Hallowes began to revolve in his own mind whether it was really necessary for a rector to be married at all. He could not have the woman he loved, and, after loving Laura Hernshawe, it was out of the question that he could think of marrying either of the Miss Stuarts, or Miss Herslet, or Miss Penrose. No; he really got on very well, and he was not at all sure that a clergyman was not more useful as a single man than he would be married — at least, he had more time to himself. Now the rector, clearly as he reasoned, and natural as were his conclusions, was yet at fault. Laura Hernshawe had long seen that the rector admired her, but although she liked him, she had never allowed to herself the possibility of her loving him. Like most other high-spirited girls, she felt the want of a master-spirit, someone she could look up to. She thought the rector a good man, and no doubt a clever one, and likely in many, nay, in most respects, to make a husband any woman might love and honour. But he wanted manliness. A man that did not ride, or pull, or swim, who had to be picked out of the water by a woman, must necessarily be a poor creature whom it would be impossible ever to respect. The action by which the rector had risked his life to save her own had altered all this. It had supplied the one thing which had been previously wanting — the part which was with Laura an absolute necessity. Now she felt that, small and wanting in personal strength as this man was, he was capable of an action at which even the strongest and most courageous men might have hesitated. He had put himself between her and the bull with no thought of driving off or frightening the animal, but simply to die in her place. Now Laura reproached herself bitterly as she thought of the half-disguised contempt with which she had received his attempts at thanks after the adventure upon the water, and of the way in which she had at first, she now acknowledged, flirted with him and then openly shown her indifference. When a girl like Laura Hernshawe feels that she has committed an injustice, she is unhappy until she repairs it, and it was very soon real love and not gratitude which she felt towards her preserver.

As time wore on, and Mr. Hallowes still kept away from the house, or, at any rate, called as seldom as he could, Laura began to feel that she had lost Mr. Hallowes. Women are far keener judges in these matters than men are; she saw that he loved her still, but then she felt that before the accident he had seen that she had been only playing with him, and that he believed now that, at best, she felt only gratitude towards him. Poor Laura was now really unhappy. She wanted to make the rector happy, and she wanted — yes, she acknowledged she wanted — to be happy herself; but this former trifling of her own stood as a barrier between them, a barrier which she felt certain the clergyman would never break down. How long this would have lasted, or whether it would have remained for all time, it is impossible to say, had not an event occurred which changed the whole current of their lives.

The rector was walking in his garden one Saturday morning, and for once not thinking of Laura Hernshawe — for he was arranging the heads of his next morning's sermon — when he was startled by a dull, heavy, muffled explosion in the valley, and saw a cloud of smoke ascend from the hollow in which was Mr. Hernshawe's colliery. He waited not for his hat, but ran straight down to the pit.

Five minutes had not elapsed since the explosion, but already the wives and families of the miners had gathered round the shaft. Women were there wringing their hands and screaming wildly; some sat in stony despair gazing at the fatal shaft; others had fainted, and, happily oblivious for a time to their misery, lay unheeded by the excited and frantic crowd. Men, too, were hurrying up from the works and asking excited questions. It was some time before Mr. Hallowes could obtain any information, or learn what number of men were in the pit, or what was their chance of life. At last seeing an overseer turn from speaking to some of the men, he approached him.

'There are nigh sixty men and boys down, sir,' the man answered.

'I have just come from the other shaft; about twenty have come up there, but I fear there is no hope for the rest. The rope is down now, but no one has pulled it. The force of the fire was at this end. I fear there is no hope.'

At this moment a boy ran up and spoke to the overseer. The man staggered back.

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'the master is down!'

'Yes,' the boy said. 'I came up wi' the last gang, and I saw the master in his little room at the bottom of the shaft: he was talking to Jack Wilkins the trier.'

'Can nothing be done?' Mr. Hallowes asked; 'this is dreadful!' and a shudder ran through him as he thought of Laura's distress.

'Nothing, sir,' the man said. 'Look there;' and he pointed to a light smoke wreathing up from the shaft; 'she's a-fire now, and she may blow any moment. It would be madness.'

The men standing round murmured an assent. Anything that men can do, miners will dare to rescue comrades; but this was too much.

At this moment there was a stir, and the crowd drew back to let a woman pass. It was Laura Hernshawe. Her face was as pale as death, and her hair had broken from its bonds in the speed with which she had run.

'I hear my father is in the pit,' she gasped out; 'is it true?'

A dead silence answered her. She sank down upon the balk of timber in despair, and then rising again she exclaimed wildly,

'He may be alive still; a thousand pounds to any one who will go down and bring him up!'

'It is impossible, Miss Laura,' the overseer said; 'the pit is on fire; she will blow again in a minute or two.'

'Five thousand pounds to whoever will go down!' she said frantically. 'O men, if you be men, go down and see if any live!'

The men drew back, but one or two spoke together, and were coming forward when the women rushed upon them,

'No, Jamie — no, Willie, you don't go. Our two boys are down now; you sha'n't go, I will not let you; what is money now?' and clinging to the men, they dragged them away.

Laura Hernshawe sank back upon the balk, despairing now, for she felt she could not press the point. During their colloquy Mr. Hallowes had been earnestly questioning the boy, and he now whispered to the foreman. The latter gave a start of surprise and made a gesture of refusal. Then Mr. Hallowes spoke aloud,

‘I shall have my way. I am God’s minister — I have no one in the world to lament me. It is my duty to try, at least. Get the rope ready at once, and lend me a thick cap to protect my head, and a flannel-jacket.’

Laura Hernshawe had started up and exclaimed, ‘No, no!’ — then she had been silent. Without a word she stood motionless while the clergyman put the miner’s clothes over his own amid a dead silence from all around.

Mr. Hallowes was very pale, but perfectly calm. When he was ready, and while the men were busy hoisting up the rope which they had lowered after the explosion, for the proper gear was blown away, Laura went up to him and said,

‘I must speak to you before you go, Mr. Hallowes;’ and she led the way into a small wooden pay-office close to the shaft’s mouth. The clergyman followed her, and closed the door. She took both his hands, and stood for a moment still and silent. Then she said, ‘May God in heaven bless you and protect you! You need no earthly strength; but if it can cheer you in this fearful danger, think that I who wait here to pray for you, have two lives I love at stake; that if you come not back, I shall be for life widow as well as orphan. God bless you, my own dear love! Now kiss me, and go.’

He drew her to him, kissed her once, and then opening the door of the shed said to the women outside,

‘Look to Miss Hernshawe, she has fainted. Now, men, let me down as quickly as you can, I know what I have to do.’

Mr. Hallowes was outwardly as quiet and calm as when he entered the hut; but the men noticed that he had a bright, steady light in his eye; that while before he might have looked like a martyr walking firmly to the stake, now he might have been a soldier leading a forlorn hope. As he was lowered down into utter darkness the clergyman might be truly said to have felt no fear. He knew his fearful danger, he knew that at any instant the blast of fire might come which should send his body a mangled cinder far up above the mouth of the shaft. But he knew now that Laura Hernshawe loved him, and very fervent were his silent prayers that he might be spared to enjoy the great happiness. Then, as he knew by the slacking of the speed of his descent he was near the bottom, he gave a last appeal to God for protection, and prepared for his work. Already the smoke was almost stifling, and would have been quite so had he not kept a wet cloth, with which he had provided himself before starting, pressed across his mouth and nostrils. In his other hand he held a safety-lamp; but the sharp flaring explosions within the wire-work, as well as his own difficulty of breathing, told him of the inflammable nature of the atmosphere around him. Now he was at the bottom, and his great fear was that he might find the entrance to the workings closed by the falling débris. To his great joy he found it comparatively clear, and he then extinguished the lamp — the danger from which was enormous — his instruc-

tions being so clear that he needed it no longer. So stifling did he feel the air that he lay down and crawled along upon his breast—it was but a few paces; then he felt a door. He gave a low muffled cry, which was answered by a dull knocking within.

Thank God! Mr. Hernshawe was alive, sheltered in the small room from the violence of the first blast. The thoughts of Laura's delight gave a new strength to him, and revived the consciousness which had a moment before seemed fast deserting him. Feeling upon the ground, he found that some pieces of the roof had fallen and blocked the door. With a short prayer for strength, he began to remove them: several times he desisted, and lay almost insensible, but each time the thought of Laura seemed to call him back to life. As he removed the last piece, and felt the door pushed open from within, life seemed to leave him, and he became unconscious.

Terrible was the suspense upon the surface after the clergyman had disappeared. Very rapidly the men let the rope slip through their fingers. Every moment was worth a life, for at any instant they might hear the low rumbling sound, followed instantly by a rush of flame, of stone, and of all that remained of the brave man who had ventured down. No one spoke. In spite of the danger, one of the men leaned over the shaft, and his raised hand and attentive eye showed that the light still burned. More slowly now the rope was run out, for they knew he was near the bottom, which might be so filled with rubbish that even a foothold might be impossible. The light had disappeared, now lost in the thick vapour; but still the rope ran out. Presently it stopped. Now was the question, was he insensible already? The men stood by the rope ready to run it over the sheaf as quickly as possible, and all stood breathless. In a moment there was a faint but decided jerk of the rope.

'Thank God!' broke from all standing round; and the rope was slackened to allow the adventurer to proceed into the workings. At this moment a fresh spectator was added to those round the shaft. Laura Hernshawe had recovered from her fainting, and had refused to listen to the prayers of the women to stop where she was until the result was known. She had listened as if she had not heard, and then had risen and walked in among the group, who separated at her approach. She neared the edge of the shaft, and then without a word dropped upon her knees, and with her face pale as marble, her lips moving in prayer, but no sound issuing from them, she watched the mouth of the shaft.

All was hushed around now; the women had ceased their wailing cries, and for a moment forgot their own grief in the terrible interest of the scene. Their sympathy for her overpowered for a time the thought of their own woe. One minute, two, three passed; and then the men began to murmur among themselves that the clergyman must long ere this be insensible, and that they ought to bring him up before the dreaded explosion came. Another minute passed, and then the foreman spoke.

'It's no use, miss; he must be insensible now; the choke-damp will have done it.'

A sharp spasm of anguish passed over her face, then her lips moved. 'One minute more!' It seemed an age. It passed; and then the overseer reluctantly, for the intense anguish of the silent face awed

him, gave signs to the men to prepare to hoist. Just at this moment one of the men exclaimed, 'She shakes!' There was a pause, and then a stronger pull. A deep suppressed cheer, or rather ejaculation, broke from the throng.

'Quick, lads! quick, but steadily,' the overseer cried, and the rope ran rapidly over the sheaf.

There were too many willing hands attached to it for any to be able to say whether one or two bodies were attached. It was a moment of fearful suspense. Laura had risen now, and stood with both hands pressing her hair back from her temples. Her breath came in short gasps, and her figure swayed to and fro. Each moment the men who had quietly stationed themselves upon each side of her thought she would fall. Fast the rope runs over the sheaf; and now the overseer, who is peering over the pit, exclaims:

'I see him, I see him! Thank God, there are two! Steady, men, steady! they are both insensible. It is the master sure enough.'

Now ready hands lift the bodies from the shaft; and the doctor, who has been standing in readiness, puts his ear to their hearts. 'Thank God, they are both alive!' Despite their own dead in the pit, a cheer broke from all; and Laura Hernshawe fell insensible by the side of the rescued men.

It is a year since the great pit-explosion at Karslake. The rector is now a married man. The lady driving him in his pretty pony-carriage is his wife, and a prettier and happier woman is not to be found in the midland counties, nor one more proud of her husband; and as for the rector, he has come to look upon his early theories as ridiculous delusions; and is now ready to affirm that a woman makes not one bit the worse clergyman's wife for being able to ride and to swim, or even to pull an oar upon the river.

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## POE'S "EUREKA," AND RECENT SCIENTIFIC SPECULATIONS.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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IT has been the peculiar hard fortune of Edgar A. Poe that he has not only been most persistently and unscrupulously maligned by his enemies, but he has been (in our opinion) but imperfectly estimated by his friends. All who write in his praise reserve their warmest eulogies for his poetic genius; and it is possible that he may himself have considered this his greatest gift. And yet there are two faculties

which he possessed in more singular perfection than the poetic faculty, be our estimate of his poetry what it may. These are — first and least, the power of expressing his thoughts, however involved, subtle, or profound, with such precision, such lucidity, and withal with such simplicity of style, that we hardly know where to look for its equal: certainly nowhere among American writers. And this probably had its origin in his second gift: in the keen, clear, swift analytical power of his thought, combined — which is the rarity — with a vast, comprehensive grasp of generalities. He had, in remarkable excellence, the scientific mind: the imagination which reaches ahead, and seizes far-distant results and relations, combined with the instinct of the intellect that catches at a glance the whole chain of consequences leading to them. Had other circumstances favored, it is more than probable that Poe would have been known to the world as one of its foremost men of science and most brilliant discoverers; and perhaps his friends might have known that he sometimes amused his leisure by writing strange, weird, beautiful little poems.

In speaking of his analytical powers, of course we have not in view such pieces as *The Gold Bug*, or *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, as there is no particular merit in guessing a riddle you have made yourself, nor did Poe claim any; nor such as his *Rationale of Verse*, where in connection with just and original remarks on English versification, of which he was a master, we find a tissue of the merest absurdity about the classical measures, of which he knew nothing. We refer especially to his remarkable production called *Eureka*, in which, as we conceive, he has anticipated some of the latest and most important results of scientific investigation.

This essay, brief as it is, must be conceded to be one of the boldest speculations ever conceived by the brain of man: it is nothing less than a succinct cosmogony and cosmotely; or an attempt to fathom the principles upon which the whole material Universe was created from nothing, and by the action of which it will finally return to nothing. In many parts, this paper, of necessity, becomes metaphysical, and again it sometimes even transcends the domain of metaphysics; but it is only with the scientific part that we at present have to do. The line of thought pursued may be succinctly traced as follows: —

Looking forth into the universe, we perceive infinite forms undergoing infinite changes. We at once distinguish that which is changed from that which changes it, and by a broad generalisation we call that which is changed, Matter, and that which changes it, Force. Force again, we perceive, may be divided into two diametrically opposed forms, or energies: the energy which brings or holds atoms or masses together, and the energy which removes or keeps them apart. From the combination of these two in various proportions, result all the complicated phenomena of motion or change; but thus simply considered, their action is simple and in accordance with a definite law. These forces are everywhere simultaneously present: we know of no substance, nor any condition of substance, from which either is excluded. The most attenuated gas is ponderable: the densest solid is elastic. These then: — matter, with the two forces, are the foundation

of fact which the hypothesis is to account for, *in the simplest possible manner*. Non-scientific readers may bear in mind that we are not speaking of the creation of the world from chaos, concerning which they may possibly have views of their own; but of the creation of matter itself from nihility.

I. The simplest conceivable creation of matter—and that therefore which we have the best ground for assuming—is that of a particle; one homogeneous absolute particle. By an exercise of the Almighty will, this particle is diffused through space—not infinite but limited space. The force employed (though it may be called infinite in comparison with measurable forces) is not infinite, or the atoms would have been carried to infinite distances, and the dispersion would last forever. At a certain limit the diffusion ceases. Reaction sets in: the atoms dispersed through space, now tend back to their original unity. But we have said that the diffusion ceased, not that the diffusive force was annihilated or withdrawn. In that case the return to unity would have been instantaneous—literally instantaneous, as this would be an act lying out of Time. The radiating force is present in every atom, but overmastered by the reacting or attractive force; as—to use a rough comparison—gravity does not cease to act on a ball projected upward, though for the time it be impelled in a contrary direction. The return of the diffused atoms to unity is therefore not a simultaneous, but a retarded action, and hence arises the successiveness of phenomena, or what we call the mode of Time.

II. The attractive action is not merely a tendency to a common centre, but also the tendency of every atom to every other atom, from which indeed a concentration necessarily results. But the atoms are not distributed through space with absolute uniformity, which would result in entire homogeneity of substance, presenting but the single phenomenon of concentration. The atoms being unequally distributed, it results that the nearest draw soonest together, forming groups, or substances and masses. Hence follow unequal velocities, some being accelerated and some impeded in their centripetal motion by these groupings, according as local attraction aids or opposes the general movement; and from the same cause arise deflections, and variations of direction. Rotation would of necessity appear, and smaller masses would be compelled to share the rotation of the larger. Rotating masses, their attraction increasing as their mass increases, draw smaller masses to themselves, and clear a space around them. Thus we have rotating nebulae in space: nebulae condensing, but condensing in time, because repulsion is everywhere resisting attraction.

III. What then is the simplest expression of the law of these forces? We have two data to go upon: in the first place we can investigate the law of repulsive action in phenomena within our reach; and in the second place we can deduce it from the known law of gravity to which it is the reaction, and consequently the converse. Take a lighted candle, throwing its rays upon a moveable screen, place a small opaque body near the light, and mark on the screen the size of the shadow, which is the measure of the light intercepted. Remove the screen to double the distance, and the shadow will be four times as great; showing that the light, if allowed to pass, would have covered

four times the surface. At three times the distance, it will be nine times the size, and so on; the law of radiation being that diffusion proceeds as the squares of the distances; or, as it is expressed in geometry, *the surfaces of spheres are as the squares of their radii*. This then should be the converse of the law of attraction. Now what is Newton's law of gravity? Attraction increases *inversely* as the squares of the distances. We are proceeding on the same lines of the sphere; in the one case from a centre, in the other toward a centre.

IV. These laws, then, are always and everywhere present, and there are no other primary laws but these. There are no other forces; but these are constant and all-pervading. Every atom and every mass of atoms is affected by some portion, less or more, of the original dispersive force it received, and by some portion, less or more, of the original reactive attraction. When there is no perceptible preponderance of either, the substance is in equilibrium; when either preponderates, there result phenomena of motion or change. Forces may be set free from one group of atoms and affect other groups; but the sum of all the forces, constituting the original dispersive energy and the consequent reaction, remains forever the same.

V. The forces, though originally but two, are distinguished by various names, according to their mode of operation. If they affect molecules of different kinds, we call them Chemical Attraction and Electrolysis; if molecules of a similar kind, Cohesion and Heat; if masses, Gravitation and Centrifugal force; and so forth. But in attraction we perceive only the reaction against an original force, while in phenomena of repulsion—in Light, Heat, and the rest—we come into immediate contact with the original dispersive energy;—we feel, if so bold a phrase may be allowed, the very contact of the hand of God. It is this idea, though not so worded, that makes Poe speak of the repulsive forces as "awful," and look in them for the key to the phenomena of Life and Thought.

VI. He rejects the hypothesis of a luminiferous æther, conceiving any signs of a planet or comet drawing nearer and nearer to its central orb at each revolution—if this phenomenon has been indeed ascertained—to be but the foretoking of that consummation, that ingathering of the worlds, which must result from the preponderance of attraction, and which, he thinks, will be the end of all things. Upon other grounds we think the hypothesis of an æther untenable, and believe that before long it will follow the useful but now abandoned hypotheses of phlogiston and caloric. To use but one argument: are the particles of this æther in contact or not in contact? If in contact, then it is by far the densest of all known bodies; and yet, by the hypothesis, it is so attenuated that no instrument, however delicate, can detect it, and no addition or subtraction of it, on however great a scale, to or from any substance, perceptibly affects the gravity of that substance. If in contact, moreover, how does it transmit vibrations—the sole office for which it has been assumed? Vibration implies relative movement of particles; but how can the particles of an *absolute solid* move? As Hirn justly remarks, ancient science had a horror of a *vacuum*, while modern science equally shrinks from the conception of a *plenum*. But if not in contact, then the vibrations must be trans-

mitted from particle to particle across the intermediate space; and what in this case have we gained by our hypothesis? Distance is merely relative; and if we admit that an impulse of force can traverse vacancy from atom to contiguous atom, we can not hesitate to allow that another impulse may pass from Antares to the Dog-star.

VII. The Material Universe is limited, because diffusion reached a period and did not continue into infinity, which would have precluded the possibility of reaction. Moreover, if it were infinite, there could be no change; for as infinity equals infinity, every atom would be attracted simultaneously in all directions by precisely equal forces, and would remain in equilibrium. But we can not conceive of space as limited. Is there then but a single Universe, floating, however vast, as a mere speck in an absolute infinity of vacancy? May there not be an infinity of separate universes? Our author conceives that there are such, "which having had no part in our origin, have no portion in our laws. They neither attract us nor we them. Their material, their spirit is not ours; is not what obtains in any part of our Universe. They could not impress our senses nor our souls. Among them and us there are no influences in common. Each exists, apart and independently, in the bosom of its proper and particular God." To which we say, why not all in the bosom of Infinite Deity?

Such, briefly stated, are some of the principal views enounced in this remarkable essay, which was delivered as a lecture early in 1848. We will compare with them some of the most recent conclusions or speculations of men of science, to show how far their minds have travelled along the road comprehensively surveyed by Poe.

In 1843 Mr. W. R. Grove delivered a course of lectures in London, which were afterwards printed as an essay *On the Correlation of Physical Forces*. It attracted much attention, but was not published in America until 1865. He there establishes the persistence of force, and shows that what has been considered an annihilation of force is merely its conversion into another form, as in the production of heat and light by impact and friction. With gravitation and cohesion he has some difficulty, "their relation to the other modes of force being less definitely traceable;" though of course he adverts to the fact that when a falling body is checked in its course, heat results. One point, however, seems not to have occurred to him: that if the definition of a repulsive force, such as heat, be that it causes every atom of matter affected by it to tend away from every other atom, there must be a difference, not merely in mode of action, but in the very essence, between it and attraction, the definition of which is precisely the reverse. So to say that a force which has one definition, is changed into a force with the precisely opposite definition—to say that attraction is changed into repulsion—is equivalent to saying that black is changed into white. That the phenomena of attraction have vanished, and the phenomena of repulsion have appeared, is all that we can say. But must we thence conclude that there has been an annihilation of one force and creation of another? By no means. Let us revert to Poe's principles. According to his hypothesis, or speculation, the material universe is charged with two forces, the particular relation and adjustment of the

two in every atom and in every mass fixing the dynamic condition of that atom or mass. If they be balanced, it is in equilibrium; if either preponderate, it is changing. By increasing one of these forces, we may disengage a portion of the other; as for instance, by using the pressure of a weight to increase the density of an elastic substance. Here an attractive force, gravitation, comes to the assistance of an attractive force, cohesion. So much of the repulsive force which had kept the particles of the substance at a certain distance from each other is disengaged, as corresponds to the difference in density produced by the process, and this appears in the form of sensible heat. We do not say that the gravitation has been changed into repulsion, but that it has replaced and liberated it. If the gravitation were changed into heat, then, as the pressure is constant, a perpetual supply of heat should be given out, so long as the pressure lasts. If we are correct in our views, there are replacements of force which present phenomena similar to those produced by conversion of force; as, (by way of illustration, not an example) a balloon rising seems to be repelled from the earth, whereas it is gravitation alone that causes it to ascend.

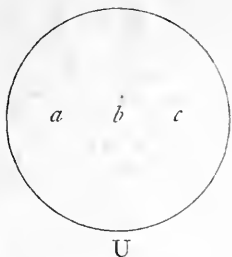
More recently, Dr. Faraday published a very remarkable paper, entitled *Some Thoughts on the Conservation of Force*. In this, after admitting the principle as established, he treats of a difficulty it presents in the case of gravity. Suppose a particle A by itself, he says, it would have no attraction. Now suppose another particle B "placed in relation to it, gravitation comes on, as is supposed, on the part of both." Now this he conceives would be a creation of force. Unquestionably it would, and something more besides. For if the second particle B was not previously "in relation" to A, then it did not exist; and he is calling upon us to conceive the creation of a particle, which is not in any way less difficult of conception than the creation of a force. But again he supposes the case of the particle B being removed to an infinite distance from A, when the attraction will be infinitely diminished. "Such removal of B will be *as if it were* annihilated in regard to A, and the force in A will be annihilated at the same time." Here is again the old mathematical sophistry, trapping even so eminent an intellect as Faraday's. Because an infinitely small quantity can be treated as nothing in mathematical calculations, it does not follow that it can be so treated in logic. An infinitely small quantity is a quantity; it is not annihilated: and the question precisely turns — not on the point of its relative magnitude, but on the point of its being annihilated or not. If he had said "suppose the particle B annihilated," his whole question would have dropped. But he assumes that it is not annihilated when he wishes to present a conceivable condition of matter, and then that it is *virtually* annihilated, to exhibit an inconceivable condition of force.

But these confusions cleared away, a real difficulty presents itself, and that is the unquestioned increase of gravitating force in the ratio of the square of the diminishing distance. Here is a particle *a* and a particle *b*, attracting each other. Diminish the distance by one-half, and their reciprocal attraction is increased fourfold. Is not this a creation of power? And if, holding to the persistence of force, we say it is not, how is it to be explained? This looks really formidable.

Faraday himself admits that it is too much for him, and only conjectures that there may be some other power either within them or without them, which increases or diminishes to compensate for the diminution or increase of gravitation.

It seems to us that the great difficulty here arises from the conditions of the question. The law of gravitation was deduced from the observation of things as they exist, and we are called upon to apply it to a state of things which does not and can not exist. One member of the equation is left out, and we are challenged to explain why there is a difference in the solution. We do not know what would be the law of attraction in a universe consisting of two particles only, nor can we argue about it. Newton's law applies to the universe as it is.

But to come back to the unquestionable fact of the relation of gravitative force to distance *in the existing state of things*. We have, we will say, three masses,  $a$ ,  $b$ , and  $c$ , forming part of and surrounded by the material universe, represented by the circle  $U$ ,



as in the diagram. Now every atom in each of these masses, and in the universe, attracts every other atom in its own mass, in the other masses, and in the universe. This attraction operates in the direction of radial lines from each atom toward all the rest; and with respect to the masses, in the direction of radial lines from the centre of each mass. Now the law of radiation we know, and it shows us that if the mass  $b$  be removed towards  $a$ , it subtends a greater number of these lines of force proceeding from  $a$ , and a less number of those proceeding from  $c$ . If  $b$  be equidistant originally from  $a$  and  $c$ , and then removed one-half the distance nearer to  $a$ , it will now subtend four times the number of these lines of force from  $a$ , and in consequence be attracted by it four times as strongly; while it will subtend but  $\frac{1}{4}$  the number of these lines from  $c$ . The case is precisely that of a screen between two lights. If we suppose  $b$ , in the above diagram, to be a screen, receiving from each luminary, assumed to be equal, an amount of light which we may call 9 (and which is measurable by the area of the shadow cast), if it be removed half way towards  $a$ , it will receive from  $a$  an amount equal to 36, and from  $c$  an amount equal to 4. Therefore the screen altogether receives more light than before. But we do not infer any increased brilliancy on the part of the luminary  $a$ : the screen merely intercepts rays that previously passed by it. Precisely so with our gravitating bodies: the body  $b$ , in its new position, merely receives force from  $a$  which would have passed beyond it into the universe. But the screen intercepts the light from other bodies; whereas the body  $a$  attracts all other bodies just as powerfully as before. Precisely; but the screen does not annihilate the light, it reflects or absorbs it; nor does the body  $b$  annihilate the attraction of  $a$ , it transmits it, with its own attraction added. It resembles a screen which is itself both transparent and luminous.

The dynamic conditions seem to us identical with those affecting the molecules of a mass; each molecule receiving the attractions of

the other molecules and transmitting them, increased by its own attraction; so that the sum of the attractions of all the molecules becomes the attraction of the whole; which is the first part of Newton's law. So the two masses,  $a$  and  $b$ , may be considered as constituting one mass relatively to  $c$ .

Here arises another consideration. Is the mass  $b$  approaching  $a$ , or is it stationary? If stationary, then as it is attracted and does not move responsively to that attraction, it is prevented by some resisting force: if moving, as it moves *in time, through space*, then is a resisting force overcome. Mass, space, and time are the elements by which force is measured, gravity being taken as the standard. If a resisting force is overcome in space and time, *work* is done; and at the same time the victorious force is proportionately lessened in its effects on the rest of the universe. If it be said that there is no experimental proof of this, we reply that the circumstances are such as to preclude experiments. The attraction of the mass of the earth is so enormous compared with the reciprocal attractions of bodies on its surface, as to render the latter nearly vanishing quantities. With the most delicate of instruments, the torsion balance, it has been found just possible to measure the attraction of two ponderous masses of lead on two light balls, a result which must be read off with a microscope; but what balance could measure, or what glass read the *difference* of the attraction exerted by these masses upon other bodies when the balls were moving, from that which they exerted when the latter were at rest?

This may be contrary to received opinion, and yet none the less true. Who would have believed ten years ago that a given weight of charcoal, burnt in a vessel surrounded by ice, could not melt so much of the latter when a part of the heat was employed in raising a weight, as M. Laubereau's hot-air engine now plainly shows?

But our imaginary three masses, under these conditions, are in reality cosmical bodies, and must be considered in cosmical relations. This brings us to an examination of the most recent work on cosmical forces: Dr. Winslow's *Force and Nature* (1869). Dr. Winslow, whose first views were published in 1853, saw that two opposing forces were necessary to produce the phenomena of the universe; but while one of these, principally owing to the grand discoveries of Newton, had been the subject of the most careful investigation, the other was comparatively neglected. As no complete system of dynamics could be framed that did not give equal attention to both these forces, he made repulsion his especial study, at the time imagining himself the pioneer in the path. In the really valuable work above referred to, he notes how the idea of repulsion has caught at various times the attention of scientific minds, but rather in the way of conjecture than as a definite theorem. M. Faye, for instance, in a paper published in 1860, relative to Donati's comet, and the phenomena it presented resembling the repulsive effects of heat, remarks, "Ne serait-il pas plus intéressant encore de retrouver dans le ciel la dualité des forces opposées qui régissent la matière autour de nous?" Faye however conceives this cosmical force to be born of solar heat, which shows not merely that his views were too limited in their extent, but also that his reasoning was running counter, and referring the general cause to one special phenomenon.

Dr. Winslow takes at once the broadest views. He believes "repulsion to be an independent principle, as universal in its influence as gravitation itself;" a fact which, he says, "has heretofore been ignored by physicists." Starting with the datum that attraction and repulsion are everywhere in permanent and inseparable union with molecules, he traces the two principles to their actions on masses, and finally upon cosmical bodies or masses moving freely in space. The simple forces operate upon matter in various ways, or present different sequences of phenomena; hence we distinguish secondary forces, as gravitation, cohesion, chemical attraction; or centrifugal force, heat, electricity, etc. The theory of an æther he discards as an unnecessary and untenable hypothesis, and he conceives repulsive as well as attractive forces to be interacting throughout all the universe. Thus while he believes himself to be "laying the corner-stone of a new philosophy," he is really rediscovering the land which Poe had touched upon, years before; and is mistaken when he says:—"As an element of the highest character in scientific investigations, repulsion has been overlooked by philosophers, and indeed rejected altogether from consideration in celestial mechanics." In some points his views differ from Poe's, of course. Poe, on *à priori* grounds, believed attraction to be the predominant force, and the universe to be steadily collapsing to unity; Dr. Winslow believes the forces equal, and the universe stable.

If Poe's views were correct, then, since the process does not proceed equably, as we have already seen, we should expect to find occasionally some notable instance of this concentration. Such an instance has been seen in the new star in Corona Borealis, which spectrum analysis showed to be a world on fire. A world on fire is one in which condensation has reached such a point that its general internal equilibrium is overthrown, and its molecules enter into new and more intimate chemical combination. There is a rapid predominance of attraction, and a liberation of repulsion, in the form, as we know, of light, and probably (but not certainly) also of heat. The star, after the process, must be left denser than before; but as the liberated repulsive force is transmitted to other parts of the universe—notably to our own in the form of light—we can not say that this phenomenon establishes the fact of universal concentration.

In some points Dr. Winslow does not seem to understand his own views, as when he explains the rising of a balloon as "a consequence of the absolute repulsion between the hydrogen gas and the earth," whereas it is a simple effect of gravitation; when he calls in the aid of "metastases" or sudden "translations of force" to explain chemical phenomena which are sufficiently accounted for by the forces known to be present; and in many other points, which we omit, as we are not reviewing his very thoughtful and valuable work.

In 1868, the distinguished M. Hirn, of Colmar in Alsatia, published an essay entitled *Conséquences philosophiques et métaphysiques de la Thermodynamique*, (only known to the present writer through a review in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, 1869.) In one point at least M. Hirn's views coincide very remarkably with those of Poe. He maintains the absolute existence of three principles, matter, force, and spirit. Repudiating the hypothetical æther, he replaces it by pure force

("dynamis"), which does not exist in the atoms, but the atoms in it. "This intermediate principle," he says, "by its very nature escapes the finite conditions of time and space. Any attempt to associate with it an idea of mass, density, divisibility, compressibility, leads at once to the absurd. . . . In no sense can it be confounded with what has hitherto been called the ether. . . . This intermediate element constitutes Force itself."

Precisely the same view Poe takes of his primary repulsive force, which he conceived to be the immediate action of Deity, immanent in the universe. "It will be remembered," he says, "that I have myself assumed what we may term *an ether*. I have spoken of a subtle influence which we know to be ever in attendance upon matter, although becoming manifest only through matter's heterogeneity. To this influence—without daring to touch it at all in any effort at explaining its awful *nature*—I have referred the various phenomena of electricity, heat, light, magnetism; and more—of vitality, consciousness and thought—in a word, of spirituality. It will be seen at once, then, that the ether thus conceived is radically distinct from the ether of the astronomers; inasmuch as theirs is *matter* and mine *not*."

Thus at every point we meet the ideas of Poe, arising independently in the minds of thinkers furnished with all the lights of later discoveries. Whether these views be correct or erroneous, it is not our business here to inquire: there is no mistaking Poe's thorough conviction of their truth, nor the profound earnestness and even awe with which their contemplation filled him. Our object has been merely to place in a truer light certain qualities of the genius of that remarkable man, which have hitherto been overlooked or ignored.

WILLIAM HAND BROWNE.

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*New Orleans Picayune.*

C R E E D . \*

I.

I BELIEVE if I should die,  
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie  
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,  
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,  
And from its exile in the Isles of death  
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

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\* This poem, under the title of *Love's Belief*, and with the 5th stanza omitted, was printed in the *Miscellany of The New Eclectic Magazine* for June, without any credit being given. In justice to the author, at that time unknown to us, it is now republished in corrected form.—ED. N. E. M.

## II.

I believe if I were dead,  
 And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,  
     Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,  
 It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch  
 Of him it ever loved in life so much,  
     And throb again warm, tender, true to thee.

## III.

I believe if on my grave,  
 Hidden in woody deeps, or by the wave,  
     Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,  
 From every salty seed of your dear grief  
 Some fair sweet blossom would leap into leaf  
     To prove death could not make my love forget.

## IV.

I believe if I should fade  
 Into those mystic realms where light is made,  
     And you should long once more my face to see,  
 I would come forth upon the hills of night,  
 And gather stars like faggots, till thy sight,  
     Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me !

## V.

I believe my faith in thee,  
 Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,  
     I would as soon expect to see the sun  
 Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,  
 His glory stricken from the throne of Time,  
     As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

## VI.

I believe who has not loved  
 Hath half the treasure of his life unproved ;  
     Like one who with the grape within his grasp  
 Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed,  
 And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,  
     Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

## VII.

I believe love, pure and true,  
 Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew  
     That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk —  
 The waiting angels see and recognise  
 The rich Crown Jewel, Love of Paradise,  
     When life falls from us like a withered husk.

## THE NAVAL FIGHT IN MOBILE BAY,\*

AUGUST 5th, 1864.

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*Official Report of Admiral Buchanan.*

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U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, PENSACOLA,  
August 26th, 1864.

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that the enemy's fleet, under Admiral Farragut, consisting of fourteen steamers and four monitors, passed Fort Morgan on the 5th instant, about 6.30 A. M., in the following order, and stood into Mobile bay :—The four monitors, *Tecumseh* and *Manhattan*, each carrying two 15-inch guns, the *Winnebago* and *Chickasaw*, each carrying four 11-inch guns, in a single line ahead, about half a mile from the Fort. The fourteen steamers, *Brooklyn*, of twenty-six; *Octorora*, ten; *Hartford*, twenty-eight; *Metacomet*, ten; *Richmond*, twenty-four; *Port Royal*, eight; *Lackawanna*, fourteen; *Seminole*, nine; *Monongahela*, twelve; *Kennebec*, five; *Osippe*, thirteen; *Itasca*, four; *Oneida*, ten, and *Galena* fourteen guns, in a double line ahead, each two lashed together. The side-wheel steamers off shore, all about one-quarter of a mile from the monitors—carrying in all 199 guns and 2,700 men. When they were discovered standing into the channel, signal was made to the Mobile squadron, under my command, consisting of the wooden gunboats *Morgan* and *Gaines*, each carrying six guns, and *Selma*, four, to “follow my motions” in the ram *Tennessee*, of six guns—in all 22 guns and 470 men. All were soon under way, and stood towards the enemy in a line abreast. As the *Tennessee* approached the fleet, when opposite the Fort, we opened our battery at short range upon the leading ship, the Admiral's flag-ship *Hartford*, and made the attempt to run into her, but, owing to her superior speed, our attempt was frustrated. We then stood towards the next heavy ship, the *Brooklyn*, with the same view; she also avoided us by her superior speed. During this time the gunboats were also closely engaged with the enemy. All our guns were used to the greatest advantage, and we succeeded in seriously damaging many of the enemy's vessels.

The *Selma* and *Gaines*, under Lieutenant-Commandant P. W. Murphy and J. W. Bennet, fought gallantly, and I was gratified to hear from officers of the enemy's fleet that their fire was very destructive. The *Gaines* was fought until she was found to be in a sinking condition, when she was run on shore near Fort Morgan.

Lieutenant-Commandant Murphy was closely engaged with the *Metacomet*, assisted by the *Morgan*, Commander G. W. Harrison, who, during the conflict, deserted him, when, upon the approach of another

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\* From the *Richmond Enquirer*, of November 7th, 1864.

large steamer, the *Selma* surrendered. I refer you to the report of Lieutenant-Commandant Murphy for the particulars of his action ; he lost two promising young officers, Lieutenant Comstock and Master's-mate Murray, and a number of his men were killed and wounded, and he was also wounded severely in the wrist. Commander Harrison will no doubt report to the Department his reason for leaving the *Selma* in that contest with the enemy, as the *Morgan* was uninjured : his conduct is severely commented on by the officers of the enemy's fleet, much to the injury of that officer and the navy. Soon after the gunboats were dispersed by the overwhelming superiority of force, and the enemy's fleet had anchored about four miles above Fort Morgan, we stood for them again, in the *Tennessee*, and renewed the attack with the hope of sinking some of them with our prow ; again we were foiled by their superior speed in avoiding us. The engagement with the whole fleet soon became general at very close quarters, and lasted about an hour ; and, notwithstanding the serious injury inflicted upon many of their vessels by our guns, we could not sink them. Frequently during the contest, we were surrounded by the enemy, and all our guns were in action almost at the same moment. Four of their heaviest vessels ran into us under full steam, with the view of sinking us ; one vessel, the *Monongahela*, had been prepared as a ram, and was very formidable ; she struck us with great force, injuring us but little ; her prow and stern were knocked off, and the vessel so much injured as to make it necessary to dock her. Several of the other vessels of the fleet were found to require extensive repairs. I enclose to you a copy of a drawing of the *Brooklyn*, made by one of her officers after the action ; and an officer of the *Hartford* informed me that she was more seriously injured than the *Brooklyn*. I mention these facts to prove that the guns of the *Tennessee* were not idle during this unequal contest. For other details of the action, and injuries sustained by the *Tennessee*, I refer you to the report of Commander J. D. Johnston, which has my approval. After I was carried below, unfortunately wounded, I had to be governed by the reports of that valuable officer as to the condition of the ship, and the necessity and time of her surrender, and when he represented to me her utterly hopeless condition to continue the fight with injury to the enemy and suggested her surrender, I directed him to do the best he could, and when he could no longer damage the enemy, to do so. It affords me much pleasure to state that the officers and men cheerfully fought their guns to the best of their abilities, and gave strong evidence, by their promptness in executing orders, of their willingness to continue the contest as long as they could stand to their guns, notwithstanding the fatigue they had undergone for several hours ; and it was only because the circumstances were as represented by Capt. Johnston, that she was surrendered to the fleet about 10 A. M., painful as it was to do so. I seriously felt the want of experienced officers during the action ; all were young and inexperienced, and many had but little familiarity with naval duties, having been appointed from civil life within the year. The reports of Commander Harrison of the *Morgan*, and Lieutenant-Commandant Bennett, of the *Gaines*, you have, no doubt, received from these officers. I enclose the report of Fleet-Surgeon D. B. Conrad, to whom I am much indebted for his skill, promptness and

attention to the wounded. By permission of Admiral Farragut he accompanied the wounded of the *Tennessee* and *Selma* to this hospital, and is assisted by Assistant-Surgeons Booth and Bowles of the *Selma* and *Tennessee*, all under the charge of Fleet-Surgeon Palmer, United States Navy, from whom we have received all the attention and consideration we could desire or expect. The crews and many officers of the *Tennessee* and *Selma* have been sent to New Orleans; Commander J. O. Johnston, Lieutenant-Commandant P. M. Murphy, Lieutenants W. L. Bradford and A. D. Wharton, 2d Assistant Engineer J. C. O'Connel, and myself, are to be sent North; Master's-mates W. S. Forrest and R. M. Carter, who are with me acting as my aids, not having any midshipmen, are permitted to accompany me. They are valuable young officers, zealous in the discharge of their duties, and both have served in the army, where they received honorable wounds; their services are important to me. I am happy to inform you that my wound is improving, and I sincerely hope our exchange will be effected, and that I will soon again be on duty. Enclosed is a list of the officers of the *Tennessee* who where in the action.

September 17th.— Since writing the above I have seen the report of Admiral Farragut, a portion of which is incorrect. Capt. Johnston did not deliver my sword on board the *Hartford*. After the surrender of the *Tennessee*, Capt. Geraud, the officer who was sent on board to take charge of her, said to me that he was directed by Admiral Farragut to ask for my sword, which was brought from the cabin and delivered to him by one of my aids.

*Admiral F. BUCHANAN, Commanding.*

*Killed and Wounded of Confederate Fleet in action of August 5, 1864, Mobile Bay.*

“TENNESSEE,” FLAG-SHIP.

*Killed*— John Silk, 1st class fireman; Wm. Moors, seaman,— 2.

*Wounded*— Admiral F. Buchanan, fracture right leg; A. T. Post, pilot, slightly in head; J. C. O'Connel, 2d assistant engineer, slightly in leg and shoulder; Wm. Rogers, 2d assistant engineer, slightly in head and shoulder; James Kelly, B. M., slightly in knee; And. Rasmison, Q. M., slightly in head; Wm. Daly, seaman, in head; Robert Barry, marine, gunshot wound of ear and head; Jas. McKunn, marine, contusion of shoulder,— 9.

“SELMA,” P. N. MURPHY, LIEUT.-COMMANDING.

*Killed*— J. H. Comstock, Lieut. and executive officer; J. R. Murray, acting Master's-mate; Wm. Hall, Gunner's-mate; James Rooney, seaman; Jas. Montgomery, seaman; Bernard Riley, ordinary seaman; J. R. Frisly, landsman; Christopher Shepherd, landsman,— 8.

*Wounded*— P. N. Murphy, Lieutenant-Commanding, slightly in wrist; John Villa, seaman, badly, leg and arm; Henry Fratee, landsman, badly in hand; Daniel Linnehan, seaman, slightly in arm; John Shick, seaman, slightly in face; John Davis, fireman, slightly; John Gilliland, seaman, slightly,— 7.

*Total killed, 10; wounded, 16.*

(Signed)

D. B. CONRAD, *Fleet Surgeon C. S. N.*

*Officers of the Ram Tennessee who were in the action.*

Admiral F. Buchanan, Commander J. D. Johnston, 1st Lieutenant and executive officer Wm. L. Bradford, Lieutenant A. D. Wharton, Lieutenant E. J. McDermett, Masters H. W. Perrin and J. Demaley, Fleet-Surgeon D. B. Conrad, Assistant Surgeon R. C. Bowles, 1st Lieutenant Marine Corps, D. G. Raney, 1st Assistant Engineer G. D. Lening, Pilot A. T. Post, 2d Assistant Engineer J. C. O'Connel, 2d Assistant Engineer John Hays, Boatswain John McCradie, Gunner H. S. Smith, 3d Assistant Engineers Wm. Rogers, Oscar Benson and Wm. Patterson, Master's-mates M. J. Beebe, R. M. Carter, W. S. Forrest, Paymaster's-Clerk J. H. Cohen.

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U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, NAVY YARD, PENSACOLA,  
August 13, 1864.

*Admiral FRANK BUCHANAN, late com'nding Naval Defences of Alabama:*

SIR,—

I have the honor to submit the following report of the circumstances under which the C. S. ram *Tennessee*, recently under my command as your flag-ship, was surrendered to the U. S. fleet commanded by Rear-Admiral Farragut, in Mobile Bay. At 6 A. M. on the 5th inst., the enemy's fleet, consisting of four iron-clad monitors and fourteen wooden vessels, were discovered to be steaming up the channel into the bay—the former in a single line nearest to Fort Morgan and the latter in a double line, each two vessels lashed together. When they approached sufficiently near to draw the fire from Fort Morgan, signal was made to the squadron to follow your motions, and the *Tennessee* was moved down to the middle of the channel, just outside the line of torpedoes stretching across it, from whence she immediately opened her battery upon the advancing fleet. Every effort was made at the same time to ram each of the leading vessels as they entered the bay, but their superior speed enabled them to avoid this mode of attack—the first with the Admiral's flag passing ahead and the remainder astern before the ship could be turned to encounter them. As she followed them into the bay, the leading monitor, the *Tecumseh*, was discovered to be sinking, and in a few seconds she disappeared, taking down nearly all on board, consisting, as since learned, of one hundred and twenty souls. The *Tennessee's* battery was used to the greatest advantage, as long as the fleet were within range, and when they reached a point about four miles from Fort Morgan, and were in the act of anchoring, she steamed alone up towards them (the other vessels of your squadron having been dispersed,) and attacked them, as soon as she was near enough to render her fire effective. The whole fleet were again put in motion to receive her, and she received four tremendous shocks by the heaviest vessels running into her at full speed, soon after which I received an order from you in person to stand for Fort Morgan, as it had been reported by the acting chief engineer that the ship was leaking rapidly. At this time it was reported to me that the wheel chain

had been carried away, and, ordering the relieving tackles to be used, I made a personal examination of the broken chain, to ascertain if it could be repaired. This was found to be impossible, without sending men outside of the shield to expose themselves several minutes to the fire of the enemy's vessels, by which the after deck over which the chains lead was closely watched and constantly swept until the close of the action. Returning to the pilot house for the purpose of observing more closely the movements of the enemy, I soon received a report that you had been wounded, when I went aft to see you, and while there learned that the after port cover had been struck by a shot, which instantly killed a man engaged in removing the pivot bolt upon which it revolved, and wounded yourself and one of the gun's crew, the latter mortally. I then learned that the two quarter port covers had also been so jammed by the fire of the enemy as to render it impracticable to remove them, and the relieving tackles had been shot away and the tiller unshipped from the rudder-head. The smoke-pipe having been completely riddled by shot, was knocked down close to the top of the shield by the concussion of vessels running into the ship. At the same time the three monitors were using their eleven and fifteen-inch solid shot against the after end of the shield, while the largest of the wooden vessels were pouring in separate broadsides at the distance of only a few feet ; and I regret to say that many favorable opportunities of sinking these vessels were unavoidably lost by the failure of our gun-primers. The bow port cover was struck by a heavy shot, as also the cover of the forward port on the port side ; and two of the broadside port covers were entirely unshipped by the enemy's shot. The enemy was not long in perceiving that our steering gear had been entirely disabled, and his monitors and heaviest vessels at once took position on each quarter and astern, from whence they poured in their fire without intermission for a period of nearly half an hour, while we were unable to bring a single gun to bear, as it was impossible to change the position of the vessel, and the steam was rapidly going down as a natural consequence of the loss of the smoke-pipe. Feeling it my duty to inform you of the condition of the vessel, I went to the berth-deck for this purpose, and, after making my report, asked if you did not think we had better surrender, to which you replied, "Do the best you can, sir, and when all is done, surrender," or words to that effect. Upon my return to the gun-deck, I observed one of the heaviest vessels of the enemy in the act of running into us on the port quarter, while the shot were fairly raining upon the after end of the shield, which was now so thoroughly shattered that in a few moments it would have fallen and exposed the gun-deck to a raking fire of shell and grape. Realising our helpless condition at a glance, and conceiving that the ship was now nothing more than a target for the heavy guns of the enemy, I concluded that no good object could be accomplished by sacrificing the lives of the officers and men in such a one-sided contest, and therefore proceeded to the top of the shield and took down the ensign which had been seized on to the handle of a gun-scraper and stuck up through the grating. While in the act several shots passed close to me, and when I went below to order the engines to be stopped, the fire of the enemy was continued. I then decided, though with an almost bursting

heart, to hoist the white flag ; and, returning again to the shield, placed it in the spot where but a few moments before had floated the proud flag for whose honor I would so cheerfully have sacrificed my own life, if I could possibly have become the only victim ; but at that time it would have been impossible to destroy the ship without the certain loss of many valuable lives, your own among the number. It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction that I bear testimony to the undaunted gallantry and cheerful alacrity with which the officers and men under my immediate command discharged all their duties ; and to the executive officer, Lieut. Bradford, it is due that I should commend the regular and rapid manner in which the battery was served in every particular. While a prisoner on the United States steamer *Ossipe*, and since coming into this hospital, I have learned from personal observation and from other reliable sources of information, that the battery of the *Tennessee* inflicted more damage upon the enemy than that at Fort Morgan, although she was opposed by one hundred and eighty-seven guns of the heaviest calibre, in addition to the twelve eleven and fifteen-inch guns on board the monitors. The entire loss of the enemy, most of which is ascribed to the *Tennessee*, amounts to quite three hundred in killed and wounded, exclusive of the one hundred lost in the *Tecumseh*, making a number almost as large as the entire force under your command in this unequal conflict. Fifty-three shot-marks were found on the *Tennessee*, thirty-three of which had penetrated so far as to cause splinters to fly inboard, and the washers over the ends of the bolts wounded several men. With the greatest respect and esteem,

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) J. D. JOHNSTON,  
Commander P. N. C. S., late of the *Tennessee*.

*The Overland Monthly.*

## A SOUTHERN HOME.

LET us, in fancy, sail up the Edisto or Pocotalico in a yacht, among the green lagoons —

“And many an endless, endless lake,  
With all its fairy crowds  
Of islands,”

— and see a landscape passing all the beauty of florid Cole or tropic Church. It shall be in the spring, before the miasma of the rice swamps, more deadly than the Colchian poison, has banished the white inhabitants to the interior.

Myriads of silvery-green lily leaves, and lilies, golden or white, or dyed in carmine, rock around us in their Liliput waltzes over the waves ; and all through the jewel-blinking waters the green tresses of the Nereids and old Neptune stream long and idle in the ebbing or flowing tide. In the foreground of the scene the green lush waves of the rice chase each other in languid softness. White-clad slaves bow themselves to their labor between the rows, or punt and row their clumsy bateaux along the ditches. Look at their almost idiotic countenances and hear their guttural Sea Island patois ! You can little more understand it than if they spoke their ancestral African. Far across the lagoon, where it swells like a long Atlantic wave to meet the upland, the planter's mansion towers white above its groves of tender green, now sprinkled over with a mellow orange snow of blossoms. Beyond and higher up the grand old pines hold up their arms to the soft blue sky, and swear by the beautiful sun that no evil shall ever befall this earthly Paradise.

We will disembark and walk through the grounds. The family mansion is girt about on three sides with a broad and breezy cincture, the veranda, "rose-wreathed, vine-encircled," through whose leafy trellises sleepily sift all day, into open windows, odors of languishing and mellow sweetness, and at night the coolness of the sea. A thousand butterflies and humming-birds, tricked in their brilliant gauds, and house-keeping bees, more plain in raiment, flutter ceaselessly over the painted flowers, every one of which is pumped a hundred times a day.

We stroll down winding alleys, between flat-topped walls of privet hedges, which are here allowed to shoot up a slender cone and there arch over a gateway, which invites us to enter. We wander on and on, through another and another, by many a luring pathway, among acres of roses, (Wade Hampton's grounds are said to have contained thirteen acres of roses) and arbors, and lozenges, and unnamed geometric tricks — a flowery and fragrant labyrinth, gay with brilliant lily-like amaryllis, and snowy eglantines, and white and yellow woodbines, and pittosporum, with its soft green honey-edged leaves. Here the columnar palmetto shakes its sword-tipped vanes in the breeze, with a cool, whispering rustle ; there the golden lotus, its crest with a dreamy murmur ; yonder the banana, its giant leaves with many a lazy, unwieldy flap. Hard by, the century plant heaves its huge club leaves, gray with the lapse of forgotten winters — an ancient anchorite, living on its austere and solemn life fourscore years apart from all these trooping and flowery generations which come and go as the dews of morning. The orange weaves a little tender, green embroidery for its last year's gown, and thinks what with its golden ornaments it will do for another year. The tall catalpas proudly display their violet-white panicles ; the China trees, their sweet wealth of lilac flowers ; and the magnolia on this gala day gives its broad leaves an unwonted polish as they glint with sunshine, while its blossoms fill the air with a fragrance faint and soft. A bevy of golden-haired wood-nymphs roll the plate, or play at the mystic Druidical game of the South — Honon, Cronon, Theologos — beneath the ancestral live-oaks, which wag their old gray beards of moss with pleasant laughter at the gay sports below.

"Merry swithe it is in halle  
When the beards waveth alle."

O, my beautiful, my bright, my bonny, bonny South!—for art thou not also mine? Thou art to me even as my mother. But evil and miserable men have compassed thy destruction. In other years thou hast given me delight with thine own children, and now I mingle with theirs these tears—these weak, childish tears—that will not be restrained, in thinking of the happy “days that are no more.”

What is that picture now?

The magnificent avenue of live-oaks, if the ruthless tomahawk of the war has spared so much, with their hoary beards, like Barbarossa's in the cave, sweeping and swaying in the mournful breeze, conducts through a rank and noisome jungle of weeds to a heap of ashes. The two blackened chimneys, like lonely unpropitiated ghosts of this once happy home, stand bleakly alone near the cabins of the blacks, as if to summon them to vengeance. But they summon all in vain, whether the freedmen to vengeance or the master to return. Far off beside the Rapidan or James he slumbers in his forgotten grave, which many a summer's sun has covered over with grassy thatch; and his dull ear is not more insensible to the wail of his houseless orphans than is the freedman to the solicitations of revenge. The sounds of joyous music, melodious as the echoes of the Mæonian song, and the sweet trill of childish laughter float no more through the orange groves on the wings of the evening breeze; but all the air holds a tepid and sickly stillness, which quivers now and then with a wintry ripple, as if a corpse breathed a breath upon our faces. The hedges are wrenched and wrung into shapelessness; the trees, jagged stubbs, gnawed by the hungry mules; the gardens trodden into loathsome mire. The foul waters of the swamps flap and swash unhindered through broken mains; alligators show their rusty heads among the rustling reeds; hideous turtles slide from logs into stagnant pools, among the slimy leaves; acres upon acres of deserted rice-swamps are dank with rotting and reeking sedges, which corrupt the night air with sickening and deadly miasma.

The mother and her orphans—ah, where are they? Happy for them if they, too, sleep in the quiet grave, where the brutal pillaging and rage of contending armies shall terrify no more. There the little rabbit and the robin shall come and disport themselves in the pleasant sunshine upon the heaving turf. Sweet is the hope of the wanderer to sleep at last in a sunny plat of ground at home, where the summer birds may twitter and the timid rabbits may leap and wanton on his grave. Drear, O very drear, it were to lie in a lonely vault, away from the dear and pretty gambols of his only friends!

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LOVE'S REGRET.

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LOVE, we shall never clasp again  
Hands moist with love's fresh dew !  
Does such vague unforeguess'd despair,  
As falls round me, fold you ?  
A deep-drawn curse for whispering tongues,  
For love's cup rimm'd with fire ;  
For love turn'd gall, for lovers' wrongs,  
When suchwise fails desire.

There is no trouble in the world  
Like this — to feel forlorn ;  
The children of sweet fancy dead,  
The bridal brood unborn.  
Oh, love can make the spirit sad,  
And love can make it gay !  
The visions, which — so good — we had,  
Are swiftly flown away !

Come, sit beneath these cypresses,  
And pluck a branch of rue ;  
Let fall a heavier, bitterer tear  
Than other mourners do.  
They weep for those their hands held fast  
A brief while ere they died ;  
But we, the unborn loved ones, placed,  
By love's hands, side by side.

T. ASHE.

THE COURSE OF EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

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WE are frequently treated to speculations upon the probable future of the population of America. Will the United States break to pieces sooner or later under their own weight, or will they spread north and south till they include everything from the Polar

regions to the Isthmus of Panama? What will be the character and the political institutions of the vast population which in all probability will fill what is still known as the West, but will soon be the central region of North America? Prophecy on such matters is notoriously as unsatisfactory as it is tempting. Everybody likes to have an opinion as to what will happen a century or so hence, because there is no chance of his being confuted at present, and very little chance that any one will take the trouble to confute him after he is dead. The future supplies an unlimited fund of consolation for all who have stumbled in their calculations as to the present. We would by no means deter any one from so harmless an amusement. Americans derive infinite pleasure from calculating the numbers of the vast multitudes who for uncounted centuries are to listen to Fourth of July orations in the broad valley of the Mississippi, whilst their detractors may count up the many obstacles that oppose the realization of such a dream. Others may be content with a humbler task, which is not without its pleasures — that, namely, of showing that nobody knows very much about the matter. When we can't blow bubbles for ourselves it affords a gentle amusement to puncture those raised by our friends. It is indeed easy to prove that many elements must be taken into account in forming the horoscope of America, upon which it is simply impossible to arrive at any accurate judgment. One of these is the future of the emigration from Europe. No one can tell with any approach to certainty what will be its character or its influence. Will the Americans of the future descend chiefly from an English, an Irish, or a German parentage? Will the negro survive and multiply, or will he have to struggle, not only against the American, but against a Chinese population? Can the native population hold its own, and is there any, and what, truth in the allegations that have been made of its stationary or even declining powers of reproduction in comparison with the incoming races? Will the national type of the different constituents of the population be preserved or blended into one, and will they gravitate towards different centres or interpenetrate each other throughout the country? To all these and many similar questions we can only answer, that nobody can speak with any confidence, and that a very large experience will be necessary before any degree of certainty is reached.

Thus, for example, some curious results have been lately stated in regard to emigration. It is generally said that the New England population, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence, were almost as pure a race as the inhabitants of the Mother-country. Indeed Americans, who do not often fail on the side of moderation of statement, occasionally declare that they not only spoke better English, but were more genuine Englishmen. However this may have been, the tables have been strangely turned. Up to the time of the war the immigration was reckoned at about 5,000,000, half of which came from the British islands — the great majority of this half being Irishmen, and the larger proportion of the remainder from Germany. The immigrants, together with their descendants, formed at least a quarter of the whole white population. The war only acted as a very slight check upon the influx of foreigners, which has since continued with unabated energy. There is, however, a marked change in the character of the

immigration. The year 1854 was the first in which the German immigrants exceeded the Irish, and they maintained their superiority for some years. During the war the Germans fell off and the Irish increased; since that time it seems that the German element has again taken the lead. Last year, according to the most recent statement we have seen, the Germans formed about half, and the Irish only a quarter, of the whole; and, which is also worth noticing, the great majority came from Protestant districts. The Scandinavian races send a considerable contingent, and the English immigration has also increased. Any one who is acquainted accurately with all the statistics, and accurately appreciates the political, economical, and social condition of the various European races, possesses the materials from which some estimate may be made of the probable future of emigration. He will be able to say which of the rival constituents of the American population has the largest reserves to draw upon; whether Irishmen are likely to transport themselves, though not their island, some three thousand miles to the West; whether English artisans, as we might be disposed to infer from some recent manifestations at Preston and other manufacturing districts, are likely to follow the example of Irish peasants; and whether Hans Breitmann is likely to be reinforced by some millions of devotees of *lager-bier* and the Infinite; and, on the other hand, whether American principles of commerce and taxation may prove to exercise a deterrent influence. It is remarkable, indeed, that these zealous Protectionists are resolved, in the interest of the labouring classes, to protect everything except labour. In order, as they declare, to prevent the American labourer from sinking to the level of his depressed brother in Europe, they hamper their own power of production, and allow any amount of paupers to be imported. This intelligent policy may ultimately check emigration by diminishing the demand for labour; but it is scarcely possible that the most perverse ingenuity can permanently injure the attractions of their vast natural resources. In all probability, a great immigration will continue, though it is more difficult to guess at its composition, or to determine its effect upon the American character. One or two points, however, may be worth noticing.

In the first place, the rapidity with which Americans have developed a distinctive national type is a very remarkable phenomenon. If the New England population was really as homogeneous as is said — and it certainly appears, on their own showing, that every true Yankee had an ancestor on board the *Mayflower*, who also left a piece of furniture to his descendants by way of ocular proof of the fact — this is far from holding good of the population of the other States. Dutch and Swedes and Germans and Huguenots have mixed with every variety of British subject to form the groundwork of the population. Yet, in spite of many minor differences, there is no more pronounced national type than the American. We recognise him at a glance in any European country with a certainty which is scarcely so great in the case of any other people. If his outward appearance is not sufficiently distinctive, a few words are enough to betray him. It is singular, indeed, that a people drawn from such heterogeneous sources should have, as its characteristic weakness, a want of individuality, and a too close resem-

blance among the different units of the mass. It seems to imply that the circumstances in which a people is placed may have more influence than their hereditary peculiarities. Some eccentric theorists have imagined that the imported population derives a certain local colour from the soil, and that the Americans show certain symptoms of conforming to the Red Indian type. It may be said with more plausibility that the climate has a great influence in producing that peculiar variety of lanky and sallow humanity which our caricaturists delight in picturing. Undoubtedly the ruddy and succulent Englishman or German is rapidly parched into a different being by the extremes of American climate. Many moral causes, however, conspire in the same direction. Many of the Western States have received, if not the mass of their population, at least the most intelligent and active part of it, from New England. The infusion has leavened the whole mass, and the descendants of the Puritans have acted as the schoolmasters and political teachers of the rising generation. The enormous emigration of the last twenty years has, however, altered the conditions. In such towns as New York and Philadelphia there are huge lumps of a foreign population which has not as yet been melted down. Rural districts are to be found where the inhabitants are exclusively German or Swedish or Welsh. In many of the Western towns the German traveller may walk down whole streets, and fancy himself back in Fatherland. Is the assimilating power of the native population sufficient to absorb these foreign elements without being materially altered in the process? The better part of the German emigration consists of a singularly tenacious and plodding race, who take a very firm root in the land. Is it not possible that they may act upon the more vivacious and volatile Yankee at least as forcibly as he acts upon them? To add a strong infusion of the Teutonic element would remind one of pouring beer into a gin cocktail. The result of such an experiment is being tried on a large scale; and to all appearance it is likely to be continued for some time to come. When the emigrants were scattered widely over a large surface, they would easily conform to the manners and customs of the natives. Now that they form large isolated masses, it is scarcely possible that they should not produce a more marked influence. At the same time the population of the States is now so large, and has assumed so marked a character, that a much greater immigration than formerly would be required to produce an equal effect. The inflowing stream bears a constantly decreasing proportion to the reservoir into which it is poured. Some of the large towns are to a great extent swamped by the Irish population; but the predominant element of the nation is as unmistakeably as ever the native American.

Another curious influence of the emigration is upon the religions of the country. The city government of New York is so exclusively under Irish and Roman Catholic control, that it gives away land to Roman Catholic Churches, and favours the attempts of the priests to interfere with the system of education. It has even been asserted, with some appearance of truth, that the next great difficulty ahead will be a religious quarrel; and that the parties, instead of being Free-trade and Protectionist, or divided by their views of slavery, will be distinguished by their sympathies with different religious sects. The separation of

Church and State has hitherto prevented any such disputes from affecting politics ; but it does not follow that such antagonistic elements will not contrive to find some battle-ground for their natural animosities. The recent change in the character of the emigration, if it continues, would deprive the Roman Catholics of the principal source from which they have hitherto drawn fresh recruits, and would tend to postpone the anticipated difficulty. Germans, for the most part, take such matters pretty easily ; and it is said that there are whole districts in the West, inhabited by Germans, where the population is respectable, quiet, and well-educated, but which have simply no churches or clergy of any description whatever. To pronounce any distinct opinion upon the probable religious future of the United States would be to claim the gift of prophecy ; but any one would write a singularly interesting book who should do what Mr. Hepworth Dixon failed to do, and, instead of giving us the eccentricities of a few isolated communities, give us some real information as to the growth and relative influence of the great religious bodies amongst which America is divided.

The influence of emigration upon these and other questions opens many curious subjects of speculation, at which we cannot even hint. Meanwhile it may serve to remind us how many important changes are going on, as it were, surreptitiously, to which our attention is seldom called, and whose real influence it is almost impossible to unravel. We hear a great deal about the ups and downs of party struggles, and the rival merits of successive Presidents ; but the silent action of the great movements of the population may be producing changes in comparison with which the temporary ascendancy of Republicans or Democrats is a matter of little importance. To mention only one other circumstance, there is much to be said of the possible influence of the new Pacific Railway. The Chinese, it is said, are so frugal and hard-working as to cut out all rival populations. China contains, as we constantly say in figures whose significance we seldom realize, a third of the population of the globe. It is now brought close to the greatest field for labour in the world. Who can say what the consequences may be ?

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## OUR SOUTHERN COLLEGES.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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THE physical conquest of the South is only a part of the far-reaching plans of the dominant section of this country, and political and social humiliation only a small portion of the machinery which is to crush out the life of a resolute and high-spirited people. Until we renounce with the heart our independence in matters of religion; until we take into our system false principles of morbid growth; until we give up without reserve our ideals of manliness and honor and true worth; until, in short, we cry out with unaffected zeal, "Evil, be thou our good," and "Bitter, be thou our sweet," and "Black, be thou our white,"—we may expect a war, "without truce and without herald." Too numerous and too tough to be exterminated, too haughty and too resentful to amalgamate, the Southern people cannot be weeded out by the Yankee sword, cannot be regenerated, like their Western neighbors, by the infusion of Yankee blood. What is to be done with these millions of recalcitrant barbarians? How is such a vast lump to be leavened? The first thing to be done is to destroy our system of education. The Southerner, as a rule, believes that the healthy growth of learning is from above downward; that the crude sap must be elaborated by the leaves, and that the sturdy trunk is the result of a steady process which cannot be artificially quickened. His first demand is for higher education; his first desire is the thorough training of the upper classes; his motto is *pull*, not *push*. His aim is to rear teachers and leaders for the people—such teachers and such leaders as those to whom the United States owe all that is nobly distinctive in their history; for if you cut out the Southerners from the American roll of honor, the record would not merely be jagged and scarred, it would fall into shreds and tatters. Under such teachers and leaders the Southern people not only maintained their importance in the control of national affairs, but year by year the masses were rising in intelligence; year by year the influence of sound learning and thorough culture was making itself felt, even to the remotest fibres of our social system; and if safety and solidity be elements worthy of consideration, we need not dread the comparison of our real progress in the matter of education with self-complacent communities which affect to believe us barbarians. Had not that great uncivilizer, war, intervened, the last ten years would have been marked by an advance of which any nation might well be proud; and as it is, although the rude hand of arbitrary authority has struck down many of our cherished institutions of learning, and the poisoned breath of malignant faction has blasted not a few, even under the weight of our manifold calamities the Southern spirit bears up, and our Southern ideal has been heightened rather than lowered by our adversities. All this the enemies of

our peculiar civilization know full well, and under the guise of Christian charity, of enlarged benevolence, of philanthropic sympathy with the ignorant and the erring, they are waging a crusade against our educational system. Zeal for the common-school is only another name for hatred of the college and the university; for so long as these remain in the hands of Southerners, they cannot hope to mould the rising race. To do them justice, however, some of the missionaries of the Yankee faith really believe that they would be doing service to humanity, as well as putting money in their purse, by abolishing all our higher institutions of learning, and erecting in their stead model school-houses. Such barbarians as might exhibit capacity for a more expanded course of study would be better taught in Massachusetts than in Virginia, and in course of time Plymouth Rock would become the Caaba of the Southern as it is of the Northern country. To judge by the tone of some of their journals, we of the South are little better than Abyssinians, and Richmond a kind of Magdala. King Theodoros dead by a half-tragic, half-comic suicide, his son is carried off to be reared by his father's enemies, and taught to curse his father's friends. And so, our rebellion over, our cities burned, our country ravaged, our colleges closed, the youth of the South are to be carried away captive to Northern schools — on condition of paying their own expenses. Just now these apostles of a higher culture are busy with the work of destruction. They have laid hands on the University of South Carolina; and instead of receiving new life from above, it has given up the ghost, and California has gained from Carolina the two brothers Leconte, worth all the peddling pedagogues the North ever sent the South. They have swept the University of North Carolina of its Professors — of a Phillips, a Hepburn, a Martin; and an Internal Revenue collector presides over two or three village lads, and calls in vain for former students to accept dishonored diplomas. The Universities of Georgia and Mississippi still stand and flourish, and Virginia has an army of students in her University and her colleges; and these are so strong that it will be necessary to proceed against them more warily. But they too have been assailed, they too are to be undermined, and great fame is to be gained by breaking down the carved work of our sanctuaries of learning with axes and hammers. When they are gone, our ruin will be complete: and so the work of destruction is the first thing to be done. Destruction first, pillage afterwards; for as yet we are too poor to make our patronage worth having, and few are the Southern students that could meet the expenses at such colleges as Harvard, where the tuition fees alone amount to \$150 a year. But the Border States, and especially Kentucky and Maryland, which have not suffered so much by the war, are beginning to attract the attention of the Northern colleges; and when prosperity returns to the other States — as it assuredly will — parasites will come to share the bread of crusty Timon — bread a trifle soured perhaps by the ferment of the war, but still wholesome, still digestible. We shall be urged to put away the bitterness of the strife, to revive the hallowed associations of the fraternal time, to accept the moral help of our more progressive kinsmen, and to avail ourselves of advantages denied to our benighted section. Give us space to tell you calmly that we do not need your

help; that in the midst of our poverty and our humiliation we have ample resources for education of the highest type known to this continent, and best suited to the needs of this continent; that those of our universities and our colleges that you have left us are even now crowded with students, who show an eagerness and an earnestness that have only been enhanced by our social revolution. We have Professors — many of them trained in the very best European schools — men, as a body well qualified for their work, and devoted to it with singleness of purpose. We have a new generation of teachers coming on, who have caught from their instructors the spirit of true scientific progress, and who promise to carry our lines far forward. Not only so, but we tell you that much of that which is valuable in your country originated in ours — that Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University, and Professor of a sort of Moral Philosophy, appropriated without acknowledgment the plan of the University of Virginia, which was a brilliant success before your boasted University of Michigan was an experiment — and that President McCosh, of the *Typical Forms*, is trumpeting abroad a projected reform in the constitution of the College of New Jersey which has been thoroughly tried at the South, and shown to be a failure. We tell you further, what you do not seem to know, that a man's ability to teach is not to be measured by his success in compiling even a good text-book, much less by his success in palming off a bad one on an ignorant public. The Southern teacher, who prefers the living utterance to the dead letter, is not on that account the less learned man — is perhaps on that very account a more effective instructor. For even a good text-book is almost as dangerous to its author as a bad text-book is to the student. There is but too much danger lest it cramp his development, and give him a thesis to maintain rather than a problem to solve. For your true teacher should himself be an inquirer; and if he writes a book on the department that he teaches, he will find in his own spirit an increasing tendency to dogmatism, which is fossildom. And hence it is rather an advantage to our Professors that they have not devoted themselves as a body to book-making; it is an honor to them that they have not devoted themselves to such book-making as disgraces the literary market of the country. To Davies, to Anthon, to Owens, to Bullions, the North is welcome — oh! how heartily welcome; and the time is coming when the vast bulk of such manufactures must be kept at home, for want of a foreign market. True scholarship knows no parallels of latitude, no degrees of longitude; but the combination of sectional spirit with pretentious sciolism which characterizes so many of the Northern text-books, has roused the Southern mind to greater vigilance and more severe criticism, so that even the better class of school-books of Northern parentage must undergo a more rigid scrutiny than heretofore, and encounter a livelier competition with foreign works and with productions of Southern growth. Witness the fearful havoc which the *Southern Review* has already made in the ranks of their scientific cohorts.

Vigilant and close criticism can do no harm to what of good the North may bring forth, and we are perfectly willing that our work be submitted to the same test. But we do not intend to permit the con-

trol of our educational interests to be wrested from our hands without a struggle and without an appeal. And if our Southern brethren choose to encourage the effort to draw the best of our life into the vortex of Northern thought, they shall not have the excuse that no warning voice was raised, that there was no one to tell them that the giddy whirl is not the outward roll of the ocean, but a narrowing gulf.

As yet comparatively few Southern students have so far forgotten the events of the last few years as to seek an education among those who are alien to them in blood, in habit, and in feeling. Such patronage as the North receives from the South comes mainly from Northern settlers, who are Southerners in their post-offices alone; and even these, if they understood their true interests, would do well to look around them and see whether States, so rich in all material resources, are after all so poor in the appliances of higher education. One thing we can tell them, that candid teachers at the best and most progressive of the Northern colleges have not only expressed their astonishment at the elevated character of our standards, but have virtually acknowledged the inferiority of their own methods and their own results. The moral tone of our students is so far above their belief, that we cannot hope to make Northern converts to our simple plan of trusting the honor of a gentleman; and spies and monitors and policemen will be regarded among them, perhaps for all time, as vitally necessary to the existence of a college. But intellectual results many of them can understand, and every year more and more look Southward, a little obliquely, it is true, if so be any good may come out of Nazareth. We do not claim perfection, we do not thrust forward invidious comparisons, but we do claim the meed of honest endeavor, and are not ashamed of the fruits of long experience and unremitting toil.

It is, to say the least, unwise in Northern colleges to brag so loudly of their achievements, in view of the fact that so many Southerners are alumni of Yale, of Harvard, and of Princeton, and know so well the constitution of those very schools which claim such vast superiority. How many of these Southern alumni would gladly buy back those years of misdirected effort, of sporadic study; how few of them send their own pupils to *Alma Mater*. For "*Alma Mater*" is no name to conjure withal. She can no longer win to her arid bosom the sons whom she cursed a few years ago with all the fervor of Mucklewrath, and all the venom of Sycorax. The hot breath of those curses burned up such slender ties as bound the Southerner to the Northern school, and the Southern alumnus has as much love toward his Northern *Alma Mater* as toward a landlady who had feasted him with pumpkin-pies, charged him with pine-apples, given him a photograph with her bill, and then drenched him with soapsuds. Nay, most assuredly *Alma Mater* is no name to conjure withal, when the Southern student finds in after days that he has been lured by one or two names of factitious celebrity to waste the most precious years of his life in a humdrum routine, during which most of his training was conducted by half-educated tutors and half-fledged theological students. Now and then the great guns of the college fired blank cartridges over his head, by way of glorification at the successful swindle to which they were partners; but small profit had he from the LL.D.s (conferred by the trustees) or

the Ph.D.s (bought for seventy-five *thalers* apiece at the University of Krähwinkel), and still less from the D.D.s, who were all busy with their tracts and sermons and books—one fulminating against the Hopkinsian heresy (whatever that may be) in order to show his fitness for lecturing on depolarized light, and another cobbling up a “Life of John Calvin” to exhibit his acquaintance with Greek comedy. What can a man, who is a real teacher, do in such a galley as that? If he attempts to row, he will knock all his colleagues overboard, for that galley is not intended to be rowed. Figure-head to catch the public eye, sails to catch the breeze of partisan favor—these be their gods, but chiefly figure-head; and the bigger and emptier the head the better; nay, we have known some of these figure-heads to take the place of sails altogether. But in quiet and in confidence, as well as in bigness and emptiness, shall be the strength of the figure-head; and we have been much amused at the anomalous conduct of a figure-head imported at great expense to be the figure-head of a college which once enjoyed a large share of Southern patronage—a college which exhibited the bitterest party spirit during the war, and which now appeals to Maryland—of all States!—for support. This figure-head, imported as we have said at great expense to be a figure-head, has undertaken to row. The figure-head has moveable eyes and a wagging tongue—*argal* it has arms, *argal* it can row. How this innovation will be relished by its colleagues we cannot tell. “In our hot youth, when ‘Carnahan’ was king,” and good old Johnny vicegerent, in those glorious times when there was not a man in college who could have written ten lines of grammatical Latin, when the Professor fancied that *dens* was of the feminine gender, and when the *Græca Majora* was our “*Ultima Thule*,”—in those glorious times such a heresy would have been tolerated as little as the Hopkinsian. What! the President row? What! the Professor teach? A few harmless eccentrics—Stephen Alexander and Matthew Hope—were allowed to paddle a little, but nobody was expected to heed them, and the few students who did take heed were considered as eccentric as the Professors. True, that is twenty years ago, and for aught we know the set may be entirely changed. But the graduates come to the South, they enter our preparatory schools as critics, and they stand aghast at examinations which to us are mere child’s play; and by these fruits we see that there has not been any serious advance since our time. What Princeton holds out is promise, not performance. A “live President,” to use their own slang, is to transform the whole institution, and bring it into harmony with the spirit of the age. He is to adopt a new system, which is nothing but an abandoned scheme that has failed wherever tried, and which is at best a miserable compromise between the old curriculum and the university method. He is to show his dislike to Southerners by treating eminent men of the South with distinguished rudeness, and he is to make use of the South by inviting to his chairs Southern Professors from institutions which he takes pains to ignore, and by getting up Alumni associations in Southern cities. Under this eminent leader they are going to do wonders. But are you going to elevate the teacher’s work, and the scholar’s work too? Are you going to raise your Professors above the necessity of selling their real life

to outside contractors, of giving their working time to the bookseller, and fobbing off their scholars with their leisure? Are you going to breathe honor into your students by other means than the prizes which you offer for gentlemanly behavior, very much as Bœotia offered prizes for plastic art? Then indeed you will have life from the dead, and we shall congratulate you on your success. But we are already alive, and need not experiment. Our success is assured by long years of trial, and we point you to large communities of Southern young men who live with their Professors on terms of social equality, of mutual good feeling, mutual respect and regard; to colleges and universities where a hateful police is rendered worse than useless by the purity of the moral atmosphere, just as carbolic acid would be a nuisance on the fresh breath of spring; where an examination cheat would be drummed out of college by his indignant fellow-students\*; where the standard of attainment is so high that the graduates of your Northern colleges cannot command in our Southern country, which they once supplied with teachers, half the salary pressed upon those who receive the honors of our best institutions. Impoverished as the people of the South are, there is no stint of money when the services of our young teachers are claimed, and success in the leading departments of such schools as the University of Virginia is rewarded by salaries and positions which ought long since to have attracted to the South shoals of Northern students, who can at least understand the argument of pecuniary emolument. In view of all this, does it not seem, to say the least, exceedingly strange that any figure-head, however "typical" its "form," should have the hardihood to urge upon the patronage of the Southern people an untried experiment, not to say a proved failure — when we have within our own borders schools of the highest character known to America, in admirable working order, with standards continually rising, with appliances steadily increasing, crowded with zealous students, and conducted by conscientious, laborious, and — Boston, forgive us! — learned Professors. Certainly, whatever we may want of the North, we do not want anything of Princeton. Her arms, stretched out in cursing in 1861, are outstretched still. It is a convenient attitude — for a dole or for a blow. Oh! *Alma Mater Neo-Cæsariensis*, — we of the South have reason to remember you. Your curses lighted on some noble Virginia heads. Thank God! your malignity did not wither their generous hearts. You will have no more Randolphs, or Harrisons, or Lees, among your alumni.

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\* "The honor of Southern students is not college honor as it is understood at the North, and perhaps in Europe; it comes much nearer to the honor of good citizens, and the honor of the gentleman of society. The pupils are not leagued against the teachers for the purpose of passing fraudulent examinations, by the trickeries of stealing the prepared lists of questions, carrying furtive copies of lessons into the recitation-rooms, mutual postings, and purchased compositions. A professor of the Charleston Medical College assures me that he has never detected such a cheat in thirty years of tuition. A professor of the University at Columbia, South Carolina, told a friend of mine that he had known but one such instance, and that in that case the two criminals were forced to leave by their classmates. The "chivalrous Southron" undergraduate, at least while surrounded by his native moral atmosphere, considers himself a gentleman first, and a student afterward. When one remembers the strength of college *esprit de corps*, these facts exhibit an individual self-respect and uprightness which is astonishing, and which must, I suspect, fill the faculties of Yale and Harvard with envy. I must explain that my testimony on this point refers only to South Carolina, and may therefore have drawn too large an inference in extending my eulogium to all Southern students." — [J. W. DE FOREST, in *Harper's Magazine*, for January, 1869.]

## MOSAIC.

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“**I**N artificial civilization certain persons exempt themselves from the necessity of work. They eat the bread which has been procured by the sweat of the brows of others ; they skim the surface of the thought which has been ploughed by the sweat of the brain of others. They are reckoned the favored ones of fortune, and envied. Are they blessed? The law of life is, in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread. No man can evade that law with impunity. Like all God’s laws, it is its own executioner. It has strange penalties annexed to it. Would you know them? Go to the park, or the esplanade, or the solitude after the night of dissipation, and read the penalties of being useless in the sad, jaded, listless countenances,— nay, in the very trifles which must be contrived to create excitement artificially. Yet these very eyes could, dull as they are, beam with intelligence ; on many of those brows is stamped the mark of possible nobility. The fact is, that the capacity of *envy* is one of the signatures of man’s immortality.

It is his very greatness which makes inaction misery. If God had made us only to be insects, with no nobler care incumbent on us than the preservation of our lives, or the pursuit of happiness, we might be content to flutter from sweetness to sweetness, and from bud to flower.

But if men with souls live only to eat, and drink, and be amused, is it any wonder if life be darkened with despondency?”

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“LITERATURE, when noble, is not easy ; but only when ignoble. Literature too is a quarrel, and internecine duel, with the whole World of Darkness that lies without one and within one ;—rather a hard fight at times.”

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“A BRAVE man, strenuously fighting, fails not of a little triumph now and then, to keep him in heart. Everywhere we try at least to give the adversary as good as he brings ; and, with swift force, or slow watchful manœuvre, extinguish this and the other solecism, leave one solecism less in God’s creation ; and so *proceed* with our battle, not slacken or surrender in it.”

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“THERE are hours — and they come to us all at some period of life — when the hand of Mystery seems to lie heavy on the soul ; when some life-shock scatters existence,— leaves it a blank and weary waste henceforth forever, and there appears nothing of hope in all the expanse which stretches out, except that merciful gate of death which opens at the end ;— hours when the sense of misplaced or ill-requited affection, the feeling of personal worthlessness, the uncertainty and meanness of all human aims, and a doubt of all human goodness, unfix the soul from its old moorings, and leave it drifting, drifting over the vast Infinitude, with an awful sense of solitariness. Then the man whose faith

rested on outward Authority, and not on inward life, will find it give way,—the authority of the Priest; the authority of the Church; or merely the authority of a document proved by miracles and backed by prophecy; the soul,—conscious life hereafter,—God,—will be an awful desolate Perhaps. Well, in such moments you doubt all,—whether Christianity be true; whether Christ was man, or God, or a beautiful fable. You ask bitterly, like Pontius Pilate, What is Truth? In such an hour what remains? I reply, Obedience. Leave those thoughts for the present. Act: be merciful and gentle—honest; force yourself to abound in little services; try and do good to others; be true to the Duty that you know. *That* must be right, whatever else is uncertain. And by all the laws of the human heart, by the Word of God, you shall not be left to doubt. Do that much of the will of God which is plain to you: ‘you shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.’”

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“WHO has not felt the working of a rivalry within him, between the power of conscience and the power of temptation? Who does not remember those scenes of retirement, when the calculations of eternity had gotten a momentary command over the heart; and time, with all its interests and all its vexations, had dwindled into insignificance before them? And who does not remember, how upon his actual engagement with the objects of time, they resumed a control as great and as omnipotent, as if all the importance of eternity adhered to them—how they emitted from them such an impression upon his feelings, as to fix and to fascinate the whole man into a subserviency to their influence—how, in spite of every lesson of their worthlessness, brought home to him at every turn by the rapidity of the seasons, and the vicissitudes of life, and the ever-moving progress of his own earthly career, and the visible ravages of death among his acquaintances around him, and the desolations of his family, and the constant breaking up of his system of friendships, and the affecting spectacle of all that lives and is in motion withering and hastening to the grave; oh, how comes it, that in the face of all this experience, the whole elevation of purpose, conceived in the hour of his better understanding, should be dissipated and forgotten? Whence the might and whence the mystery of that spell, which so binds and so infatuates us to the world? What prompts us so to embark the whole strength of our eagerness and of our desires in pursuit of interests which we know a few little years will bring to utter annihilation? Who is it that imparts to them all the charm and all the color of an unfailing durability? Who is it that throws such an air of stability over these earthly tabernacles, as makes them look to the fascinated eye of man like resting places for eternity? Who is it that so pictures out the objects of sense, and so magnifies the range of their future enjoyment, and so dazzles the fond and deceived imagination, that in looking onward through our earthly career, it appears like the vista, or the perspective of innumerable ages? He who is called the god of this world. He who can dress the idleness of its waking dreams in the garb of reality. He who can pour a seducing brilliancy over the panorama of its fleeting pleasures and its vain anticipations. He who can turn it into an instrument of deceitfulness, and make it wield such an absolute ascen-

dency over all the affections, that man, become the poor slave of its idolatries and its charms, puts the authority of conscience, and the warnings of the Word of God, and the offered instigations of the Spirit of God, and all the lessons of calculation, and the wisdom even of his own sound and sober experience, away from him."

"AN election, whether managed directly by ballot-box on public hustings, or indirectly by force of public opinion, or were it even by open ale-houses, landlords' coercion, popular club-law, or whatever electoral methods, is always an interesting phenomenon. A mountain trembling in great travail, throwing up dust-clouds and absurd noises, is visibly there; uncertain yet what mouse or monster it will give birth to.

Besides it is a most important social act; nay, at bottom, the one important social act. Given the men a people chooses, the people itself, in its exact worth and worthlessness, is given. A heroic people chooses heroes, and is happy; a valet or flunkey people chooses sham heroes, what are called quacks, thinking them heroes, and is not happy. The grand summary of a man's spiritual condition, what brings out all his herohood and insight, or all his flunkeyhood and horn-eyed dimness, is this question put to him, What man dost thou honor? Which is thy ideal of a man; or nearest that? So too of a people; for a people too, every people, *speaks* its choice,—were it only by silently obeying, and not revolting, in the course of a century or so.

Nor are electoral methods, Reform Bills, and such like, unimportant. A people's electoral methods are, in the long run, the express image of its electoral *talent*; tending and gravitating perpetually, irresistibly to a conformity with that: and are at all stages very significant of the people."

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## THE HAVERSACK.

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THE Weekly *Echo* of Louisiana tells how a North Carolina soldier kept tavern:

MEETING HOTEL EXPENSES.—"Are you the keeper of this here tavern?" inquired a tall lanky individual, belonging to the — Regiment, North Carolina State troops, and then in the Confederate States service.

"I am the proprietor of this hotel," replied the bustling little hotel-keeper of an establishment not far from Richmond. "What can I do for you?"

"What do you ax fur a bed?" said the soldier.

"Seven dollars, sir," responded the gentleman addressed.

"Only seven dollars, yer say! Well, that is cheap; doggone if it aint. Here's a Confederate five, and there's a two; it's all right, aint it, mister?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Boniface, "it is all perfectly correct."

"You hearn him, didn't you, Jeems?" said the military gentleman, addressing one of his companions.

"I hearn him," was the response.

"And you hearn him, too, didn't you, Ike?" inquired he of another.

"In course I did," was the reply. "I 'spect its all right between you."

"That's a blessin' anyhow," said the soldier. "And now, mister, ef you'd only traveled as far as I hev, you would want to sleep mighty sudden."

"Certainly, sir, all right," exclaimed the landlord, as he proceeded to direct a servant to show the gentleman to his apartment.

The soldier slept soundly; but very early in the morning he might have been seen descending the stairs with the mattress, upon which he had slept, carefully tied up and slung over his shoulder. He had not proceeded far, however, before he was met by the astonished landlord, who indignantly demanded to know what he was doing with that bed.

"Gwine to take it out to the regiment," coolly remarked the soldier.

"You are, are you?" roared the exasperated landlord; "how dare you carry off my property in that manner?"

"Your property! Well, I like that! Did'nt I give you seven dollars for this here bed only last night, and didn't two of our fellows hear the trade? Your property, eh?"

"The seven dollars you paid me was for your lodging," said the proprietor, growing somewhat irate as he spoke.

"Nary lodgin', ef I know it," responded the soldier. "I paid you what you axed for a bed, and paid yer own price, and accordin' to the natur of a trade, the bed's mine."

"Well, sir," interrupted the angry host, "and what do you ask for your bed? I want it."

"Now yer talkin'," replied the North Carolinian, as he dumped the bed upon the floor, and carelessly threw himself upon it. "I want to be reasonable, and being it's you, I'll let you have the bed for fifteen dollars."

"Fifteen dollars!" gasped the landlord.

"Jest so," quietly remarked the soldier; "ef a man don't make one hundred per cent., durn me if he can pay hotel expenses."

The landlord paid the money, and probably avoided speculating with any of the North Carolina troops.

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"GENTLEMEN COWS."—One of our men stopped at an old German woman's house, near Clarendon, on White River, for dinner. He found her in much distress on account of the treatment she had received from the vandals. She said to him excitedly, "They stole mine heifers mit calves; they stole mine cows mit calves; and they stole mine steers mit calves."

A PERFECT PICTURE.—Here is an advertisement on which the stable mind may ponder, if it please:—

*For Sale. A Perfect Lady's Horse. Warranted.*

Is it the lady or the horse that is warranted as perfect? Gallantry and grammar both incline towards the lady; common sense, however, points rather to the horse. But the word "perfect" may be used as denoting a past tense, and meaning something *passé*, and, if we thus construe it, gallantry would forbid us to apply it to the lady, and experience would incline us to apply it to the horse.

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1776 AND 1869.

1776.

Farmer at the plough,  
Wife milking cow,  
Daughter spinning yarn,  
Son threshing in the barn,  
All happy to a charm.

1869.

Farmer gone to see the show,  
Daughter at the piano,  
Madame gaily dressed in satin,  
All the boys learning Latin,  
With a mortgage on the farm.

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A STRONG LIKENESS.—The following sentence is clipped from a recently published novel:—

"Laura and her father had never been wholly unreserved to each other, and of late they had not grown less so."

Surely we have seen something like it before! It bears a strong resemblance to the relation which Cæsar and Pompey, but especially Pompey, bore to one another.

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THERE is no country in the world in which wit takes so many shapes, or affects as many phases, whether classic or grotesque, as in these United States. From a humorist on the staff of the *St. Louis Republican* we have it in a form quite new to us, as follows:

"Robert Dexter—King of the New York *Ledger* and editor of the turf. He has a circulation of 2.15, and can trot his mile inside of half a million subscribers on a ten cylinder track. All the distinguished writers in the country trot for his paper. He learned the art of printing when he was a colt, and by dint of perseverance linked with a native business tact, and a thorough knowledge of the value of advertising, under the saddle and to harness, he has in his maturity become a millionaire. He is a perfect gentleman, 17½ hands high, of a rich glossy color and faultless symmetry. He may be seen almost any day when the weather is fine, trotting around the *Ledger* office, or writing his editorials in the Central Park.—*Onward.*

A CORRESPONDENT writes :—I was standing at a railway-station in the Black Country the other day, when my attention was arrested by an altercation between the station-master and a huge collier, the occupant of a third-class carriage. "You must pay for the dog, I tell you," said the station-master, pointing to a fine specimen of the bull type, which sat, bandy-legged, and blinking serenely, beneath the seat. "I sho'," returned the collier curtly. "Then he must come out," rejoined the station-master. "Fotch him out, then." The dog, seeming to understand it all, seconded his master's invitation by a slight lifting of the upper lip and a wicked gleam in his eyes. He went on by that train, and no fare was paid for him.

A SMOCK-FROCK philosopher whom I once met in the country, compared wife-beating to threshing a sack of flour. "You may knock all the fine out of it," he said, "but 'pend 'pon it the coorse will stop behind." The more I think of this saying the profounder it becomes.

WOMANLY WISDOM.—The author of "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," among many other startling suggestions and assertions, states that "If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty."—*Cassell's Magazine*.

#### A CLASSICAL CON.

*For the use of the Ladies' College.*

Why is that, which is useful and pleasant as well,  
Like you, as you Time's languid pulse eye  
While your lover is absent? What, cannot you tell?  
Because, dear, you, till he come, dull sigh [*utile cum dulci*]!

IN 1863 died in Paris, at an advanced age, Horace Vernet, a painter who had achieved all the honors of his vocation—renown, popularity, court favor, and whose death was announced as that of one of the great painters of France. Whether the works of Vernet belong to the higher kind of artistic work, the creative, or whether it be the product of mere talent and imitative faculty, whereby, through skilful grouping, liveliness of expression, the crowding of canvasses, appeals to popular feeling, and prosaic fidelity of details, are produced pictures captivating at once to the general eye, and solidly effective even from some sterling qualities—this, time, the assayer, must determine. We will, however, venture to doubt whether one intrusted to make a choice collection of pictures—pictures with genial meanings, appealing to the deeper sense of the beautiful, pictures with calm resources that draw you back to them—would do wisely to lay out much upon a Vernet. But this we will say, that not for much would we have missed possessing an offspring of his tongue—a sample of that subtle wit for which the French have a merited name. A young painter, whom Vernet suspected of belonging to a clique of his detractors, brought him two drawings, begging him, with many compliments, to give a candid

opinion of them. Vernet took one of the drawings, looked at it a moment, and then, without having seen the companion drawing, gave it back to the young painter, saying, "*I prefer the other.*"—*The Galaxy*.

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## REVIEWS.

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*Pocms.* By Mollie E. Moore. Houston, Texas: E. H. Cushing.  
1869.

IN the several compilations of Southern poems that appeared at the close of the war, there was one piece that we believe never failed to appear, a piece of no great pretension, and yet with some indescribable quality about it that excited, in one reader at least, a curiosity to see more of the writings of its author. That curiosity is now gratified by the appearance of this volume, and we perceive with pleasure that our belief that Miss Moore is a writer of no ordinary talents, is more than justified.

There has been much pleasing verse written recently by Southern women, and some of very noble quality; but the most has been gentle, tender, and weak. The tones of the lyre are sweet, but it has but few strings, and the hand that strikes it is feeble. But in these poems before us, we perceive a richness of fancy, a depth of pathos, imaginative power, and mastery of expression, that, in our opinion, entitles their author to take at once a high place among her most gifted sisters.

Two stanzas from that very remarkable group of portraits, called *Mes Amis*, will show the easy strength, the melody and career of her versification, the rhythm being one which, from its very simplicity and familiarity, it is difficult to make effective.

Tall, odorous grass and rustling reed  
Waved idly by a broad lagoon;  
And there the hunter reined his steed:  
The shadows of a broad mid-noon  
Were short and round beneath the trees,  
Whose beard-like moss hung calm and still,  
As sails of ships upon the seas  
Where winds are charmed by evil will.

A tender lily's slender stalk  
Beside the marsh grew green and bland;  
One broad pimento poised a hawk  
That dared the hunter's practised hand;  
A single swan swam on the lake,  
With royal breast and graceful wing;  
But down the rich and gloomy brake  
There stirred no other living thing.

The annexed piece will show how she handles a familiar theme. We call this masterly work :

THE BIRD IN THE DAGGER TREE.

A mocking-bird sings in our dagger-tree !  
About and above for days,  
Above and about the sharp-edged leaves  
She hovered ! With manifold ways

She strove to enter the heart of the shade,  
But ever the leaves, like spears,  
Held her at bay, 'till her breast was wrung  
And her wings were shaken with fears ;

'Till all on a sudden the sly South wind  
Stole in from the open sea,  
And showed her the way ; and the bird flew in  
And sang in the Dagger-tree !

She sings, and the tree he thrills to the heart  
Whenever her voice is heard !  
But no bird knows of this entrance way,  
None save the mocking-bird !

Dear love, you fenced me out of your heart,  
You wounded me, held me at bay,  
With sneer or smile, 'till my breast was wrung  
And my heart bled day on day :

But all on a sudden some fair chance came,  
(Sudden and fair and unknown !)  
And showed me the way, and my heart passed in  
And dwelt in your heart alone !

Hidden away from the envying world  
I rest, with a rest divine !  
But no heart knows of this entrance way,  
Dear Love, no heart save mine !

Other pieces, for example *Glenfruin*, display imagination of a very high order, and even the slightest are far above mediocrity. We draw no comparisons, which is an ungracious task ; but were we called upon to name the two chief poets among the women of our Southern land, Miss Moore would be one of the two.

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1. *Adventures in the Wilderness, or Camp Life in the Adirondacks.* By William H. H. Murray. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.
  2. *The Trapper's Guide.* By J. Newhouse. Edited by the Oneida Community. New York: Oakley, Mason & Co.

THERE seems to be no reason to fear that the American wildernesses will not be properly panegyricized. Cooper's fascinating stories, although we are rapidly forgetting them, placed the wilderness in the region of pure romance, the home of white and copper-colored demigods. Keen-sighted Thoreau, without going very far from home, gave them a wonderfully truthful and realistic expression, and told us secrets about them, the like of which we shall not hear again. Major Winthrop

explicated them in fine language, yet even in his most expansive moments — and they were many — so mixed himself up with them that the reader, perpetually called upon to look through Nature up to Nature's Winthrop, finally got tired. Then Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*, went to Colorado, and enjoyed himself to the top of his bent among those varied aspects of out-of-door life that were ever changing — except in regard to shirts. And now we have Mr. Murray, who has delighted himself and would delight others with the Adirondack wilderness. And then we recall Thoreau, whom Curtis so well calls the "Fine Ear" and "Sharp Eye" of the woods — Thoreau, with his Indian insight, his broad Pantheistic sympathies in which his individuality was so completely lost that his voice was but an echo of the wilderness — and thinking of this amiable savage we wonder why it is that these later tourists cannot cast off their civilized affectations with their white shirts when they enter the sincere woods. For in their brusque enthusiasm there is the suggestion of the novice, just as slang is never so unpleasant as when used by one whom we suspect does not wholly understand it.

Perhaps the world has no serious concern in those gentlemen who go into the wilderness with rifles and woolen shirts, so long as they stay there; it is only when they come back with the materials for a book that the world, who reads books, becomes interested in their being remanded to hard labor and damp leaves, and the more congenial company of bears and wild cats. But as bears and panthers do not read books, even when written in their praise, we may expect the regular return of these enthusiasts to civilization long enough to publish, ere they plunge into the wilderness where unhappily their works do not follow them. That there are some gentlemen who may be and are possibly individually benefited by this voluntary exile we are willing to admit, but when they continue to obtrusively and boisterously escape, we can imagine society wrought to such a pitch at last as to pay a reasonable bounty for their scalps.

Of such kind is Mr. William H. H. Murray, of Meriden, Conn. He has lately escaped from the Adirondacks, and has a good deal to tell us about it, which he does in a rapid, breathless sort of way, as if he were very anxious to get back again before the fish are all caught or the deer are all shot. He tells us "Why he goes there," and "How to get there," and his practical hints of the easiest way of getting out of civilization are very instructive, although it appears that on entering "Brown's Tract," it is the proper thing to go and stand by John Brown's grave, where, "if you are an American," certain "memories will throng into your head, and you will continue your journey a better man or purer woman from ever so brief a visit to the grave of one who is," etc., etc. This novel method of getting into a proper frame of mind to catch trout is, it will be observed, only efficacious with the American citizen, and the English tourist had better not try it. Then Mr. Murray tells us at what houses to stop, advertises gratuitously the best guides, and lingers long and lovingly on certain pancakes made by "Mother Johnson." "Bless her soul," says the Nature-and-pancake-loving Murray, "how her fat, good-natured face glowed with delight as she saw us empty those dishes." Then there was "Uncle Palmer," at Long Lake,

whose virtues as a host were so great as to render Mr. Murray utterly unable to characterize them in decent English, and he is fain to say "Uncle Palmer's long table is the very best spot to find yourself when hungry and tired." It is possible that "find yourself" is used by Mr. Murray in the Western sense of "provide." Then there is the camp bill of fare, in which trout appear cooked in seven different ways, over which the really festive Murray, who looks upon Nature generally as something good to eat, audibly smacks his lips. "Now imagine," says this wilderness lover, "that you have been out for eight hours with a cool, *appetizing* mountain breeze blowing in your face, and such a bill of fare, and then tell me if it looks like starvation." We should say that it certainly did not — for Murray. "If," he philosophically adds, "a man cannot make a pound of flesh per day on that diet, I pity him." And this is the real value of the wilderness; to have an appetite; to gain a pound of flesh a day; to "find yourself" at Uncle Palmer's table; to gorge the pancakes of the too-indulgent Mother Johnson — what, we may well ask, is our sickly civilization to this!

Mr. Murray's description of the catching of a trout is without exception the most extravagant piece of writing we have ever met, even among the most enthusiastic sporting chroniclers. It is gorgeous French, badly translated. The larger the trout the greater the strain upon his fancy. Language, Mr. Murray repeatedly tells us, fails to describe his sensations in hooking this fish, or landing that. But, unfortunately, it seldom prevents him from attempting it. And it "is the attempt and not the deed confounds" us utterly. What Mr. Murray would say about fishing if language didn't fail him we dare not contemplate.

The rest of the book is a succession of views of insignificant details seen under Mr. Murray's peculiar mental microscope of extra magnifying power. Camp episodes that are familiar to most tourists and all Californians are told with youthful boisterousness and unskillful slang. The novice is dreadfully apparent in all the enthusiasm. And the book fitly terminates with "A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car" — one of the best specimens of the worst style of modern small sensationism that we have been permitted to study. An unpleasant combination of the extravagances of Major Winthrop and Guy Livingstone, it is only valuable to the reader from the fact that it sends back a lurid flash upon all that goes before, and excuses him from placing any reliance upon Mr. Murray's correctness as an observer of Nature, or what is natural.

It is a positive relief to turn from *Among the Adirondacks* and Mr. William H. H. Murray, to *The Trapper's Guide* and Mr. J. Newhouse of the Oneida Community. After Murray's extravagance, Newhouse's severely practical book is invested with preternatural charms. For Mr. Murray makes books, and Mr. Newhouse makes traps. There is but one *profitable* method of catching fur-bearing animals, says Mr. Newhouse, namely, by "steel traps." Shooting is "a very wasteful method." Grazing shots "cut a furrow in the fur sometimes several inches in length, shaving every hair in its course as with a razor." That men should go into the wilderness for any other purpose than to

get fur or exterminate wild animals, of course is not Mr. Newhouse's business to inquire. He tells us "what wages a man is likely to make at trapping." "I," he says, "have made seven dollars a day for a five weeks' trip." "A man that once trapped with me caught fifty-three muskrats in one night, which at present prices would be worth fifteen dollars and ninety cents." Mr. Murray's three-pound trout, and the purely æsthetic rapture of catching it, pale before this pecuniary figure. Murray may pipe, but Newhouse woos us to the wilderness with a music we all understand.

In trapping, man matches cunning with cunning. Trapping we should say is profoundly meditative. It requires not only knowledge of the habits but of the weaknesses of animals *feræ naturæ*. Thus we learn that mink can be "attracted any distance" by a peculiarly delicate perfume, "prepared from the decomposition of eels." This ancient and fish-like odor lures your purely sensual mink to his own destruction. In these professional studies Mr. Newhouse is often instructive, and always amusing, although his general knowledge of zoölogy is sometimes imperfect. The few sketches by trappers and other "professionals" are interesting from their realism, evident truthfulness, and absence of sensational effect. The simplicity of detail which makes "Robinson Crusoe" so effective, gives a charm to these "narratives" which Mr. Murray cannot awaken with all his anatomy of experience and sensation. There is a practical value to Mr. Newhouse's book which might make it valuable even if less entertaining.—*The Overland Monthly*.

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*The Malay Archipelago; the Land of the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise, etc.* By Alfred Russell Wallace. New York: Harper & Bros.

A GREAT deal of deserved attention has justly been drawn to Mr. Wallace's new work on the Malay Archipelago. It is in every respect one of the most genuine and thorough works of travel we have ever perused. Mr. Wallace returned home six years ago, but he has had many thousand specimens to examine and classify, and in these days of rapid writing it is gratifying to know that for so many years a work has been simmering in an author's mind. Travels, in these days, must be sensational, and Mr. Wallace's sensations are the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise, which appear in every variety of artistic illustration. The work has many elements of popularity, but Mr. Wallace's enthusiastic devotion to his favourite science, entomology, and the positive results at which he has arrived, will be peculiarly interesting to the esoteric circle of scientific readers. That devotion is indeed great. He dilates with joy over a superb 'bug,' and has given us a close description of his sensations of intense excitement when he discovered the Cræsus butterfly. 'On taking it out of my net and opening the glorious wings, my heart began to beat violently, the blood rushed to my head, and I have felt much more like fainting than I have done when in apprehension of immediate death. I had a headache the rest of the day, so great was the excitement produced by what will appear

to most people a very inadequate cause.' Those who love ferns — and in these days who does not love them? — will read with envy and delight of fern-trees that raise their fronds thirty feet in the air. Mr. Wallace gives a very pleasing picture of many of the tribes, though a picture the reverse of pleasing is to be given of many other tribes, and thinks that some energetic missionaries might do much good, but then they must not be trading missionaries but men of a genuine stamp, like the Jesuit missionaries of Singapore. Mr. Wallace does not positively state what, nevertheless, his words imply, that accredited missionaries from England are also traders. Mr. Wallace's great object was Natural History, but his remarks on the ethnology and physical geography of a remote region so rarely visited by travellers are exceedingly valuable. The archipelago, as a whole, is comparable with any division of the globe — it is, indeed, a broken-up and dismembered continent, and it has islands larger than France or the Austrian empire. There are many interesting evidences to prove that the great islands of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, at a recent geological epoch formed part of the Asian continent, and the other islands form a distant division approximating to Australia and New Guinea. Mr. Wallace divides the inhabitants into Malay or yellow, and Papuan or black; but we are somewhat surprised at his identifying the Papuans with the Polynesians, as the prevalent ethnological opinion identifies them with the Malaysians. He has a striking description of the wonders of a coral sea; but he maintains that the animals and plants of the tropics are not more brilliantly coloured than those of the temperate regions. He draws a contrast between savages and civilized beings which is by no means flattering to civilized beings. We think that Mr. Wallace shows to least advantage when he deserts his proper path as a scientific observer. During his residence in the archipelago, Mr. Wallace independently worked out that idea of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, which is known almost exclusively as Darwinism.—*London Society*.

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*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* By Lewis Carroll. With forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

To say that this little volume is the most originally entertaining and delightful child's story that ever grown reader enjoyed, may appear extravagant and not very comprehensive criticism. But we know no other way to describe the pleasure that we get from Alice's adventures — a pleasure that is as difficult to analyze as the sensation we experience in that odd mixture of childish simplicity and archness which we call "cunning." It is not only the grown-up humor with which the story overflows — as in the idea of representing the Mock Turtle as a *bona fide* creature, or the delicious description of the trial of the Knave of Hearts before a jury of small and bewilderingly stupid animals — but the remarkable skill with which this grown-up humor is made to appear entirely consistent with the odd fancies of a clever little girl of six years. Outside of the works of the world's few great humorists we know of nothing as truly and laughably grotesque as the "Mad Tea Party," which Alice attended in all the *naïve* and sweet seriousness of

childhood. And in the capital conceit of making the animals argue with Alice about her lessons, snap her up on verbal mistakes, infelicities and improprieties of conduct, and in short, reflect in this wonderful dream of hers what must have been the frequent experiences of her waking moments, there is Art of no common quality.

Who the author, Lewis Carroll, may be, we have no means of knowing. The book is a reprint from an English work, which has been deservedly praised by the best critics in England and America. That he or she is a humorist whose versatility would suggest other equally good performances for older audiences, we offer part of the dreadful burlesque which *would* come into Alice's head, when she tried to repeat the well-known composition commencing—"You are old, father William:"

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
 "And your hair has become very white;  
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," father William replied to his son,  
 "I feared it might injure the brain;  
 But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
 Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
 And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
 Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
 Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,  
 "I kept all my limbs very supple  
 By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
 Allow me to sell you a couple."

—*The Overland Monthly.*

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*Italy, Florence, and Venice.* From the French of H. Taine. By J. Durand. 8vo, pp. 385. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

THIS is a companion volume to M. Taine's book on *Rome and Naples*, which appeared in an English dress about a year ago. The author visited Italy in 1864, (though the date, by a strange oversight, is not mentioned in the volume now before us,) and his observations upon the political situation of the country and such social peculiarities as arose from political causes, have now lost much of their value. These observations are fortunately few, nor were they ever very profound. M. Taine is not a student of public affairs, nor a keen observer of popular characteristics. Of Italian life and manners, he learned no more than the mere guide-book tourist can see in hotels, galleries, and public conveyances, and what he saw he tells no better than many have told the same things before him, and not so well as at least one or two American travellers whom we could mention. It is as a critic of art that he demands our attention, and in this particular he far surpasses nine-tenths of all the writers on such topics with whom English readers are familiar. The eloquence and rapidity of his style, the refinement of his esthetic sense, and the keenness of his philosophy, invest his

pages with an interest and a brilliancy which must charm every body. Yet there is something lacking in his appreciation of paintings, there is a coldness even in the midst of his enthusiasm, which leave the mind unsatisfied. The fact is, he writes like a man of the world, to whom the inner religious sentiment of art is only half revealed. He judges of paintings only with the head ; but there are certain works — above all, for instance, those of Fra Angelico — which must be judged by the heart.—*The Catholic World*.

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*The Villa on the Rhine.* By Berthold Auerbach. New York : Leypoldt & Holt.

THE first two books of the "Villa" are charming. They exhibit wit, freshness, honesty, vigor, a keen insight into human nature, good-humor, and good sense. Artistically they are well constructed. Instead of tedious descriptions of the characters, the characters are allowed to develop themselves ; and the author exhibits an accuracy of analysis and a thorough and minute power of moral dissection which produces for the reader a succession of delightful surprises. There are occasional deep incisions which lay open the core of the human heart, and excite admiration at the steady hand of the master, as well as interest in the intricate machinery which they lay bare. Moreover, the tone of the book is healthful ; its atmosphere is charged with a moral ozone ; it invigorates one to the point of exhilaration. After the absinthe of Braddon, and the doctored Port of Ouida, it is as refreshing as a draught from the pure springs of the rock ; it restores jaded nature like the salt air of the sea-side, after the carburetted atmospheres of a ball-season. But this does not continue : wit and freshness and good sense are swallowed up in philosophical inquiry. Love continues ; the people make metaphysical love to one another. They analyze their sensations, and express them in technical formula ! Could anything be more hopelessly German, or tedious, or better calculated to make the reader close the volume with a sigh ?—*The Overland Monthly*.

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*Poems.* By Theophilus H. Hill. New York : Hurd & Houghton. 1869.

THERE is both genuine poetry and genuine feeling in this unpretentious little volume. The writer, whom we suppose to be young, has done well to confine himself within unambitious limits for the present ; but judging from his clear facile expression, and the command which he here exhibits of versification, we may expect him to try his powers in a higher flight.

Some reminiscences of Shelley float through these poems, and once or twice he has, no doubt unconsciously, reproduced Shelley's thoughts ; for instance, (p. 58) "the languid zephyrs" "lying tipsy and overpowered around the luscious lilac flowers," is only Shelley's rose —

"————— the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves."

So also —

“If that night *good* night can be  
When I bid adieu to thee”

is an echo of

“*Good* night? Ah no, the night is ill  
That severs those it should unite.”

The following extract from *Narcissus* is a good specimen of Mr. Hill's versification :

“Shouldst thou, like Narcissus, guess  
Half of thine own loveliness,  
Though his fate were surely thine,  
Echo's never would be mine !  
Shouldst thou half thy charms discover,  
Maiden, peerless as thou art,  
Hope would droop within thy lover,  
Die upon his loyal heart ;  
Love, though mine, with hope would perish ;  
I, with life itself would part,  
Sooner than survive to cherish  
Thee, as other than thou art !  
Knowing all thou wert before,  
Self thou learnedst to adore ;  
Seeing what thou then wouldst be,  
I no more could bend the knee :  
Love, *though mine*, would not retain  
Fond regret for one so vain,  
Longer than the fountain kept  
On its bosom ripples made  
By the tears Narcissus wept,  
When, by self to self betrayed,  
In the sparkling depths below,  
He beheld the rosy glow  
Waning on his cheeks of snow ;  
While from out his haggard eyes  
All the light that in them lay,  
Like the tints of twilight skies,  
Faded mournfully away !”

—*The Statesman.*

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*The Life of John James Audubon.* By Mrs. J. J. Audubon. New York : G. P. Putnam & Son. 1869.

THE fact that Audubon, like all discoverers and explorers who have published an account of their labors, has been to so large an extent his own biographer, giving so many details of his doings and habits, and so many illustrations of his spirit and character, in the great work which is the monument of his fame, has perhaps made the public less eager for a life of him than it otherwise would have been. It is now eighteen years since his death, and this biography, edited by his widow, is the first and only one that has appeared. And this is essentially an autobiography, being made up almost entirely of extracts from his private journals, which seem to have been very copious and full, containing often a minute account of the doings of each day.

We learn from the introduction that this volume was first published

in London in 1867, and that it comprises only about one-fifth of the matter which was placed in the hands of the publisher by the widow. We are further told that should Mrs. Audubon recover her MSS. from the London house, between whom and herself some unfortunate misunderstanding seems to have arisen, other volumes similar to the present one may be looked for. Within a reasonable limit, say to the extent of one more volume at least, we should be glad to see this purpose carried out, because the book before us is one of unquestionable interest and value, not only for its relation to the life of the illustrious naturalist, but also on account of the spirited and graphic pictures which it contains of the border and backwoods life of this country. If other matter equally good and entertaining remains, it should be given to the public.

Audubon lived in a period of our history which is fast receding from view, and of which the personal memoirs and portraitures are by no means abundant. He was a keen, sympathetic observer not merely of the birds and animals, but of men and things generally; and, though by no means a first-class literary workman, there are yet at times wonderful vividness and truth about some of his off-hand sketches which, of their kind, it would not be easy to match. How clearly the coon-hunter of Kentucky, loading his rifle, stands before one in the following passage:

"The hunter has taken an axe from the wood-pile, and, returning, assures us that the night is clear, and that we shall have rare sport. He blows through his rifle to ascertain that it is clear, examines his flint, and thrusts a feather into the touch-hole. To a leathern bag swung at his side is attached a powder-horn; his sheathed knife is there also; below hangs a narrow strip of home-spun linen. He takes from his bag a bullet, pulls with his teeth the wooden stopper from his powder-horn, lays the ball on one hand, and with the other pours the powder upon it until it is just overtopped. Raising the horn to his mouth, he again closes it with the stopper, and restores it to its place. He introduces the powder into the tube, springs the box of his gun, greases the 'patch' over some melted tallow, or damps it, then places it on the honeycombed muzzle of his piece. The bullet is placed on the patch over the bore, and pressed with the handle of the knife, which now trims the edges of the linen. The elastic hickory rod, held with both hands, smoothly pushes the ball to its bed: once, twice, thrice has it rebounded. The rifle leaps as it were into the hunter's arms, the feather is drawn from the touch-hole, the powder fills the pan, which is closed. 'Now I am ready,' cries the woodsman."

It is worthy of note that neither of the great American ornithologists was in the strict sense an American. Wilson was a Scotch weaver, who came to this country when a young man; and Audubon, though born in Louisiana, then a French colony, passed his youth, and was educated, in France, of which country his father was a native. His mother was a Spanish lady. Wilson brought out his work in this country, but Audubon was compelled to seek the patronage of British capital.

Audubon seems to have conceived his passion for ornithology while a youth in France, where he received lessons in drawing from David, and first exercised his hand in tracing objects of natural history. He also made collections of European birds, and displeased his father, who was a rigid disciplinarian, by his wild and wandering habits. His subsequent career presents a series of experiences and adventures remarkably curious and animated. At the age of seventeen we find him, a

gay, handsome youth, established in the country on one of his father's estates, called Mill Grove, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, passing his time in hunting, fishing, drawing, attending balls and parties, and raising all sorts of fowls. He is an admirable marksman, an expert swimmer, a good dancer and skater, plays on the flute and violin, is skilled in training dogs, and in stuffing and preserving animals and birds, has great bodily strength, and great beauty of form and feature. At this age he was preposterously fond of dress, and loved to hunt in black satin breeches, pumps, and ruffled shirts, obtained from Paris.

This is his May-day, his flowering season, and the efflorescence is quite extraordinary; but the bitter winds and storms and the nipping frosts are sure to follow. He marries at the age of twenty-eight, moves to the West, and in various business ventures at Louisville and Hendersonville his property, which is considerable, is entirely swept away, mainly because of his own preoccupation and distaste for business. Then follows the *Æneid* of his life — his wanderings in the West and South-west; his struggles to earn a livelihood, which he does as a crayon portrait-painter and teacher of drawing; his passionate pursuit of his beloved birds; his adventures in Kentucky and along the Mississippi — twelve checkered years, putting his patience and purpose to the severest tests, but rich in ornithological studies and experiences. At one time, in New Orleans, he is too poor to buy a book to write his journal in; but, on hearing that an expedition is talked of to survey the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, his spirits revive, and, thirsting for new fields of adventure, he writes to President Monroe for an appointment as draughtsman and naturalist to the expedition. The project lightens his heart instantly, and in imagination he sees the new and rare birds which await him in those unexplored regions. He seeks a recommendation from Vanderlyn, the historical painter, then living in New Orleans, and with the perspiration streaming down his face, the obscure naturalist opens his portfolio, and lays his drawings out before the critical eye of the famous artist. Vanderlyn is impressed, and gives him a complimentary note, evidently feeling that he is not the mendicant he at first sight took him to be. But, unluckily, Audubon does not go to the Pacific, and, a few years later, desperately bent on improving his financial condition, he turns dancing-master at Bayou Sara, where his wife holds a position as governess. His music and instructions are appreciated, and his pecuniary prospects brighten. On one occasion he is requested by his delighted pupils and their festive parents to dance to his own music, which he does till the whole room comes down in thunders of applause.

He is forty-six years old before his own earnings, added to those of his brave and hopeful wife, furnish him with the little capital with which he hopes to take the first step toward publishing his drawings. Meeting only with discouragement in this country, he sets sail for England, where he arrives in July, 1826.

The story of his labors and trials, and his final complete success abroad, as told by himself in this volume, is specially interesting, but we have no room to detail it here. His drawings are published by subscription, and in a style that eclipses anything of the kind before known. When completed, he undertakes in Edinburgh his "American

Ornithological Biography," the first volume of which is brought out in 1831, and which is also a great success. Before the final completion of his works, he makes several return visits to this country, and extends his rambles North, South, and West in quest of new material. In 1846, the first volume of his "Quadrupeds of North America" is published, but he is not able to complete the work. His mind and strength fail him, and in January, 1851, he passes peacefully away. The second volume of the "Quadrupeds" is mostly prepared by his sons Victor and John, and has been published since their father's death.

We find no confirmation in this volume of the story generally current that two hundred of Audubon's first drawings were destroyed by mice while stowed away in a chest in Philadelphia. The only allusion to any accident to his works is in his journal of March, 1822, where he says that he "opened a chest with two hundred of my bird portraits in it, and found them sorely damaged by the breaking of a bottle containing a quantity of gunpowder." A fact of such moment as the total destruction of the labor of years would certainly not have been passed over in silence by his widow, who must have known of such an occurrence.

Audubon seems to have been a flowing, picturesque character, not profound or imposing, but ardent, luxuriant, and genuine, and reaching his goal through great hardship and difficulties less by force of will and iron tenacity of purpose than by his copious animal spirits and his unquenchable enthusiasm. He is indeed the ideal of the hunter-naturalist, and the halo of romance surrounds his whole career. Ordinary worldly people looked upon him as more than half-mad, and his long hair and beard and his strange goings and comings confirmed them in the theory; but he was only madly in love with his pursuit — his ideal. He had the stuff in him of which poets and prophets are made; and in his enthusiasm, his impressibility, his unworldliness, his simplicity, his love of nature, his good faith, etc., he suggests and is allied to some of the finest characters in history. He had a lively and a picturesque, but not a profound or comprehensive, sense of things; on hearing Sidney Smith preach he was led to think more deeply, he said, than ever before in his life.

However, he was, perhaps, just what he should have been for the work he had undertaken. His inspiration was genuine; and we mean no dispraise when we say that love of nature and of copying natural forms, rather than the love of science, was the mainspring of his career. To his delight in the rod and gun and in wild sports and rambles, his ambition to do something for science came as the finish and crown, utilizing and sanctifying the whole. And herein we have an important clue to his success. In the pursuits of natural history, above all others, a born lover of the chase for its own sake, and of the exhilarations of streams and woods, has a great vantage-ground to begin with. This vantage-ground Audubon originally had, though, as stated, his passion in the end was entirely bent into the service of science.

His work is most unrivalled, perhaps, in the department in which his artist faculty for copying nature comes into play — namely, in his drawings. It is here that he distances Wilson and all other competitors at

home or abroad. The more his drawings are studied by the light of nature, the more wonderful will appear their spirit and truth. He not only paints the form and color of the bird, but its manners also. Its most characteristic and instantaneous attitude is seized with a grace and a completeness all but marvellous. There is no end to the observations that may be made upon the birds, or to the biographies of them that may be written; but all future artists in this field will copy more or less Audubon's groups and figures.

In painting the birds with his pen he does not achieve the same relative success. His ear is less skilled than his eye. His "*Ornithological Biography*" is a monument of industry and acute observation, and its value in that particular field is beyond price; but the reader may be excused if he feels at times that many unimportant facts are given—facts which are not characteristic or interesting, and which do not help him to identify and "place" that particular species. His style is generally graphic and well-timed, yet it seldom rises into any literary importance, while it occasionally degenerates into a goody-goody strain, that may do credit to his heart but not to his head. Nuttall, though he lacked Audubon's ambition and enthusiasm, had a much more discriminating ear, and is far more successful in reporting the characteristic notes and songs of the different birds.

Compared with Wilson, Audubon has not only the advantage of being much the superior draughtsman, but his text is much more copious and full, and his list of species fuller. Wilson began to publish at a much earlier day relatively to his studies and observations. Audubon's researches not only extended over a longer period of time, but comprised within their range a much larger extent of territory. In point of accuracy of observation and manner of presentation, there is not much choice between them.

Audubon was twenty-eight years old when Wilson began to publish, and though he had then long been known among his friends and acquaintances as an ardent naturalist, he seems never to have heard of Wilson or his book until the latter came into his store in Louisville in 1810. Neither had Wilson any knowledge of Audubon, and he opened his eyes very wide when the Louisville merchant, from whom he wanted only a subscription to his work, showed him a collection of drawings superior to his own, and containing birds he had never seen or heard of. It is evident that Wilson thenceforth looked upon Audubon with a jealous eye. He was silent to all of Audubon's generous offers, treated him coldly when they met afterward in Philadelphia, and in the ninth volume of his "*American Ornithology*" speaks of his visit to Louisville in terms unusually severe, and conveys an impression very wide from the truth, if Audubon is to be credited.

In person Audubon was finely formed, and in his mature life, with his hair falling to his shoulders, his open throat, his keen eye, and animated movements, was a figure of mark wherever he appeared. In the streets of Edinburgh he attracted much notice, and says that his hair gave him as much notoriety as his drawings did. He was perhaps a little boyish and immature in certain phases of his character, and his eagerness for fame, which occasionally breaks out in his journal, is hardly consistent with his really noble and fervid aspirations. But it

must be remembered that he has not the cold reserve and the caution of the Anglo-Saxon character, and the stories of his vanity and self-glorification have their origin in his boyish frankness and a certain transparency, rather than in any undue preponderance of conceit. Take him all in all, he is one of the most striking figures in our history, while the service he has rendered to ornithology surpasses perhaps the work of any other one man who ever lived.—*The Nation*.

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*Problematic Characters. A Novel.* By Friedrich Spielhagen. Translated by Prof. Schele de Vere. (Author's Edition.) New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

FREIDRICH SPIELHAGEN occupies a distinguished place among German novelists. His works, in some respects, seem to approach an English type of fiction more nearly than those of his best known German contemporaries. Realistic and minute in his details, his characters are sharply defined and full of energy and originality, and his incidents novel and striking. He has this advantage also with American readers, that he describes scenery and life in a part of Europe not made familiar to us by books or travel; his most effective scenes being laid upon the Baltic coast and the contiguous islands; and the stern, rugged features which characterize alike the country, the climate, and the coast-folk, are brought out with great vigor and remarkable descriptive skill.

At the same time we must admit that the beauty and artistic form of his works are much marred by the strong "tendency" element that pervades them, and the vehement, bigoted, anti-aristocratic, almost Jacobin spirit, that makes his portraits of the nobility too evidently caricatures rather than likenesses, and impels him to attack a very numerous class of very different individuals—a class, if no better, certainly as a whole no worse, than his own—for the defects and vices of certain of its members. One would suppose, from the writings of some of this school, that the proletarian class held a patent of all the virtues.

This feature in Spielhagen's works is partly explicable from the circumstances of the author's life. Born in 1829, he was at the most impressible and enthusiastic age when the revolution of 1848 broke out, and excited such wild emotions and fantastic hopes among the students of Germany. The effect upon Spielhagen's nature was deep and lasting, and the visions then cherished seem never to have faded from his mind.

The title and motive of the story before us are due to an aphorism of Goethe's:—"There are *problematic* characters who are not equal to any situation in life, and whom no situation satisfies. This causes an exceeding internal discord, and their whole life passes without enjoyment."

Of these problematic characters there are several in the story, and the interest centres in these noble but imperfect natures, perpetually at war with themselves and cramped from perfect development, and consequently enigmatic and suspicious to the narrower but more com-

plete lower natures around them. Oswald, the hero, an illegitimate offshoot from an aristocratic stock, and bred to hatred of the nobility, finds his inculcated *bourgeois* virtues and anti-aristocratic training continually at variance with his inherited aristocratic tastes and feelings, and the passionate pride in which his blood speaks, despite his philosophy.

The great defect of the story is, that while clear and sharply drawn in the details, it makes no satisfactory impression as a whole — it lacks unity. Everything is left unfinished, unjustified, unexplained; and we must await the sequel (*Through Night to Light*) to gather up the loose threads.

The translation is an excellent one: sprightly, accurate, and clear. A few oddities of expression occur here and there; for instance, the proud Oswald saying to the stately Melissa — “Melissa, sweet one, *don't cry*” (p. 106); or “something that is *self-understood*,” for “a matter of course” (p. 113). “*Nervus verum*” (p. 375) we assume to be a mistake for *virium*; but we do not know in what language to look for the title, “*Madame la baronesse*.”—*The Statesman*.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Stretton*. By Henry Kingsley. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

*The Habermeister*. A Novel. By Herman Schmid. From the German. 16mo, cloth, \$1.50. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

*Mollie E. Moore's Poems*. New edition. 8vo, cloth, \$2.00. By mail, post-paid. Houston, Texas: E. H. Cushing.

*Walter Savage Landor*. By J. Forster. \$3.50. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

*Hints for Six Months in Europe*. By J. H. B. Latrobe. 16mo, cloth, \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

*Beautiful Snow, and other Poems*. By J. W. Watson. 12mo, \$1.25. New York: Turner Bros. & Co.

*Friends in Council*. By Arthur Helps. 2 vols., 12mo, \$4.00. New York: James Miller.

*Physical Survey of Virginia*. By M. F. Maury. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

*Leonora Casaloni: A Tale*. By T. A. Trollope. 12mo, \$1.75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.

*Mississippi Valley*. By Col. J. W. Forster. 8vo, cloth, \$3.50. Baltimore: J. S. Waters.

## MISCELLANY.

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**P**ROVERBS.—A proverb, said the sententious Earl Russell, is “the wisdom of many and the wit of one.” Will anybody better that definition? The Earl has originated at least one proverbial expression — “conspicuous by its absence.”

Proverbs take curious forms, certainly. One understands a man having “a soul above buttons,” though such men are in the minority. We have all quaffed “Adam’s ale,” and some of us have tried to sleep in “apple-pie beds.” We know what it is to be “dead as a door-nail.” Happy is the man who has not experienced the truth of the saying, “Give a dog an ill name and hang him.” Who shall venture to deny that “money is the sinews of war,” or that “no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*”? By the way, are women ever heroines to their *filles-de-chambre*? “*Noblesse oblige*” is a good proverb, rather neglected by some of our nobles. That “there is a skeleton in every house” is undeniable: that “speech is silver and silence golden” is a fact forgotten by the loquacious people of the day, from Bright to Beales, from Gladstone to Goldwin Smith.

These, and a thousand other scraps of witty wisdom, the homely traditions of the past, are intelligible enough. But who will explain some of our adages? Why should a man be “as deep as Garrick,” or a prim young lady “as nice as a nun’s hen”? What is the special wisdom of the person who “knows how many beans make five”? Has this anything to do with Pythagoras, who dealt mystically both with beans and numbers? Why should a man be “as mad as a hatter”—or “as a March hare”? Messrs. Lincoln & Bennett and Mr. Christy don’t appear to be lunatics. Why should the broadest of grinners “grin like a Cheshire cat”? And, *à propos* of cats, what signifies “turning the cat in the pan”?

“Like lips, like lettuce”: that’s a quaint old adage. Does it mean that lovers of salad are lovers likewise of kissing? If not, why not? Has nobody ever eaten lobster-salad with his Amanda at Richmond? We leave this long string of problems for our readers to solve, appending the apologetic proverb that “Fools ask questions which wise men can’t answer.”—*Echoes*.

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### THE RETURN OF THE DOVE.

Only a waste of waters,  
Only a tideless sea,  
Which is not life, which is not death,  
But death in life to me.

Only the years on-coming  
Rolling their silent waves  
Over the bygone trouble,  
Over Life’s hidden graves.

Only a drear out-looking  
 For a hope that is long delayed,  
 And a weariful prayer for patience,  
 And a wish that may not be prayed.

Why am I ever watching ?  
 What can I ever see ? —  
 Only a dove that is coming  
 From a far-off land to me.

Only a branch it is bringing,  
 Which tells of a clearer day,  
 And bears me a promise of peace and life,  
 When the waters have passed away.

—*The Spectator.*

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ROUND DANCES AND ANTIQUE WISDOM.—Young ladies will do well to read attentively the pastoral letter of the Fathers of the Faith Provincial Council of Baltimore in the United States, which they will find in the *Tablet* of last week. The Fathers deem it particularly their solemn duty to renew their warning against the modern fashionable dances commonly called German or round dances, which are becoming more and more occasions of sin. These practices, the Fathers state, are so much the more dangerous, as several persons seem to look upon them as harmless and indulge in them without any remorse of conscience. But divine revelation, the wisdom of antiquity, the light of reason and experience, all concur in proclaiming that these kind of entertainments, even when restricted within tolerable bounds of propriety, are attended with more or less danger to the Christian soul. They add that they cannot too strongly reprobate the system of round dancing recently introduced into society, which shocks every feeling of delicacy and is fraught with imminent danger to morals. When the Fathers speak of round dances being condemned by the “wisdom of antiquity,” we cannot help feeling that possibly the reverence in which the British chaperon is held may be somewhat misplaced ; for whatever may be the case in Baltimore, in England elderly ladies not only countenance these objectionable movements, but themselves suffer much in the body by being hustled and pushed about in crowded rooms while watching the sinful activity of their charges. We cannot say which is right, but it is melancholy to see how great a difference of opinion exists between the Baltimore fathers and the Belgravian mothers.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

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#### STRANGERS NOW !

Years of chequered life together,  
 Days of fair and stormy weather,  
 Hours of toil, and weary pain,  
 Moments of eternal gain,—  
 All are gone,—we know not how,  
 And have left us strangers now !

Words that flowed to lighten care,  
 Thoughts which others could not share,  
 Hopes too bright for mortal eyes,  
 Prayers for wisdom from the skies,—  
 All have ceased,—we know not how,  
 And have left us strangers now !

Will it evermore be thus ?  
 Shall the past be lost to us ?  
 Can the souls, united here,  
 Never once again be near ?  
 Must we to the sentence bow —  
 “ Strangers ever, strangers now ? ”

Thorns amid the roses press ;  
 Earth is but a wilderness ;  
 Flitting o'er a fallen race,  
 Love can find no resting-place :  
 Where his flowers immortal grow,  
 Shall we strangers be as now ?

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ANCESTORS TURNED TO PRACTICAL ACCOUNT.—This is a practical age. The most practical man it has yet produced is, I should say, a certain engineer whose local habitation is at Grenoble. This ingenious individual has hit upon a process by which the human body may be turned after death into — *building-stone*. According to him nothing can be more simple. You take your defunct, and plunge him into a liquid of the engineer's invention, cover him with a sort of cement, and then — proceed as usual. In forty or fifty years you dig him up again. And there he is — perfect freestone. And so shall we build houses for them that shall come after us. “ Imperial Cæsar ” need no longer sigh to think that, “ dead and turned to clay, he may stuff a hole to keep the wind away.” He may be the chief corner-stone of his own monument — *qui sait ?* — *Echecs*.

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### SONNET.

IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.—MAY, 1869.

The air is faint, yet still the crowds press in ;  
 With stir of silks and under-flow of talk  
 That falls from lips of ladies as they walk,  
 Ere yet the dainty service doth begin :  
 Ah me ! the very organ's glorious din  
 Is tuned to pliant trimness in its place.  
 And over all a sweet melodious grace  
 Floats with the incense-stream good souls to win !  
 O God, that spaks't of old from Sinai's brow !  
 And Thou that laids't the tempest with a word !  
 Is this Thy worship ? Come amongst us now  
 With all Thy thunders, if Thou wouldst be heard.  
 So tyrannous is this weight of pageantry,  
 Almost, we cry, “ Give back Gethsemane ! ”

—*Alsager Hay Hill.*

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LIBERTY UNDER THE EMPIRE.—A French journal is responsible for the following:—In a certain small provincial town one of the residents, M. A. B., found that his house was rendered both damp and dark by the contiguity of a large tree which was inconveniently near to his windows. He would gladly have had it cut down, but the tree belonged to the commune and was not to be meddled with. Being a man of resources, he sent for insertion to one of the Paris papers the following paragraph:—“There is still in existence one of the trees of liberty of the date of 1793. It may be seen at X., close to the house

of M. A. B., and the passers-by reverently uncover their heads to this venerable witness of our grandest struggles and our most illustrious victory." Three days afterwards an order came from the préfecture in Paris for the Mayor of X. to cause the said tree to be cut down—which was accordingly done forthwith.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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THE SHEPHERD'S WINTER SONG.

Oh, winter, horrid winter !  
The world is very small,  
Thou shut'st us in the valleys,  
In narrow bothies all.

And when I pass the cottage,  
My true-love's dwelling-place,  
Scarce will she from the window  
Put out her pretty face.

And if I pluck up courage  
And go into the house,  
She sits beside her mother  
As still as any mouse.

Oh, summer, lovely summer !  
The world is very wide,  
The more I mount the hill-tops  
It spreads on every side.

And standing on the boulders  
My love, I call to thee,  
And no one hears, but echo  
Brings back my voice to me.

And when my own I'm clasping  
On mountain top so free,  
We spy o'er all the country,  
But no one's by to see.

— *Uhland*.

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TRESPASSING FORBIDDEN.—A pendant to the anecdote of O'Connell silencing the vituperative fish-fag by calling her an isosceles triangle, and declaring that he had seen her walking out with a trapezium, has been found by the Winchester gentleman, who, in front of his rockery of ferns has placed this notice, "Beggars, beware! Scholopendriums and Polypodiums are set here!" It is said that the beggars' keep at a respectful distance, though its effect would fail if the beggars were unable to read. A country friend of mine adopts the plan of marking in chalk on his gate-post that mysterious abracadabra of a "beggar's mark" in the form of a square, which, in the cadger's language, means "Gammy (unfavourable), likely to have you taken up: mind the dog." This he varies with the hieroglyphic of a chalked circle, with a dot in the centre, which signifies "Plummuxed (dangerous), sure of a month in *quod*." Peripatetic vagabonds can understand these marks when they cannot read plain print.—*Once a Week*.

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MODERN INNOVATION.—The *Oswestry Advertiser* reports an amusing discussion which took place at a recent meeting of the poor-law guar-

dians in that town as to whether the girls in the workhouse should wear hats or bonnets. A proposal on the part of some benevolent persons to supply them with plain black straw hats free of charge excited the suspicion rather than the gratitude of the guardians. "It's like the altar cloth," exclaimed one of them, "and we shall be going on to Roman Catholicism." Another detected the germ of a social revolution. "I shall deprecate it very strongly," he said. "I know my 'missis' won't allow one of her servant girls to wear a hat. If the children are brought up to wear cock-a-lorum hats here, they'll want to wear them when they go away. They'll be wanting feathers next, and then you'd have young gentlemen coming courting after them." Finally one of the guardians moved that they should "stick to the bonnets," which was agreed to.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

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LIFFITH LANK'S MENTAL PHOTOGRAPH.—(*A Contribution to the Mental Photograph Album, by Charles H. Webb*).—*Your Favorite color?*—Red—when it wins.

*Flower?*—Flower of the family.

*Tree?*—My own roof tree.

*Object in Nature?*—A waterfall.

*Hour in the Day?*—Bed-time.

*Season of the Year?*—First of May.

*Perfume?*—An odor of sanctity.

*Gem?*—Jemima.

*Style of Beauty?*—Grecian, with the bend.

*Painters?*—Old masters and young mistresses.

*Musicians?*—Women who play on my feelings.

*Piece of Sculpture?*—God's image, cut in ebony.

*Poets?*—Tupper (M. F.)

*Poetesses?*—Mother Cary's chickens.

*Prose Authors?*—Walt Whitman.

*Character in Romance?*—Abbot's Napoleon.

*In History?*—Joseph.

*Book to take up for an hour?*—Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs.

*What Book (not religious) would you part with last?*—My pocket book.

*What epoch would you choose to have lived in?*—Before the era of woman's rights and tights.

*Where would you like to live?*—In clover.

*What is your favorite amusement?*—Riding down Broadway in an omnibus.

*What is your favorite occupation?*—Endorsing for friends.

*What trait of character do you most admire in Man?*—Persistency.

*What trait of character do you most admire in Woman?*—Consistency.

*What trait of character do you most detest in each?*—Pure "cussedness."

*If not yourself, who would you rather be?*—Susan B. Anthony.

*What is your idea of happiness?*—Clamming.

*What is your idea of misery?*—Feeling that you are one too many.

*What is your bête noire?*— Being introduced to people I don't know.

*What is your dream?*— Starting in new.

*What do you most dread?*— Going to Brooklyn.

*What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics?*— Constancy, industry, and economy.

*What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable?*— Compassion. \*

*What are the sweetest words in the world?*— "You are my affinity."

*What are the saddest words?*— "I don't see it."

*What is your aim in life?*— Amiability.

*What is your motto?*— When you must you'd better.

#### AGLAIA.

Love is enough for you and me —

Enough, enough for you and me :

Yea, though the world's foundation rock

And stagger to the final shock,

And earth be swallowed in the sea ;

Though nature's laws should break their trust,

And bring the worlds to primal dust —

If only love be left — as so it must —

It is enough for you and me.

Oh, to be thus for evermore !

With her head upon my breast,

My little bird in her chosen nest

Of circling arms, at rest, at rest ;

To hold for ever in embrace

The speechless beauty of her upturned face —

Were heaven enough for me.

O thou, my heart, be still, be still,

And do not, do not fill

Too utterly the pulse of love

With rapt conceptions, such as range above

Men's power to hold and live ! Be calm until

My listening soul has heard

The breathless fall of every word,

Like music of an unseen angel playing

Upon an instrument divine —

The heavenly things her eyes are saying

Looking into mine :

Those eyes of hers that are to me

My arguments for immortality ;

For what but something gifted, something crowned

With god-like motive and eternal years,

Can fill, without a word, without a sound,

To shaking fulness love's immortal cup

With language that the spirit only hears —

Bringing its speechless treasures up

From those unfathomable spheres

That lie far down beneath the source of tears ?

—J. B. Selkirk.

AUTHORS, TAKE NOTICE.—In a critique on the famous French novelist of the last generation, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve quotes the saying of La Bruyère, that "for every thought there is but one expression, and that

one must be found." Such a maxim, hung above the desk of literary workers, would help to spur even the most conscientious of them up to the mark. Following this are others, which the critic thinks Balzac would have profited by keeping in view. Vauvenargues says, "perspicuity is the varnish of masters." Bettine writes to Goethe's mother: "A work of art should express only what elevates the soul, what gives it a noble joy." Writers always gain by keeping a high standard ever before their eyes; and their having a high standard is presumption that they can reach it, or approach it.—*The Galaxy*.

POLITE TO A DEGREE.—The Americans are not only "go-a-head" in the ordinary sense of that term, but in an extraordinary sense of it. The French, I thought, took the palm in the matter of politeness from all other nations; but I much doubt whether the most polished of our neighbours ever went half so far as the transatlantic gentleman who had the following characteristic advertisement inserted in a New York paper a few weeks since, in order to the recovery of a decidedly *stolen* coat:—"If the party who took a fancy to my overcoat was influenced by the inclemency of the weather, all right; but if by commercial considerations, I am ready to negotiate for its return."—*Cassell's Magazine*.

#### MID-DAY IN SUMMER.

Lo! lying in the fierce meridian heat,  
The beauteous earth looks like a thing that dreams,  
And, all o'ercome with stupor strangely sweet,  
She wholly in the warm sun's clutches seems.  
Cows seek the shed's cool shade; in sober wise,  
So lazily through the languid noontide air,  
A crow flies from the high green hill that lies  
Aback beyond the flat. The heat, the glare  
Chalks out the white highway that runs along  
The distant upland. Not a bird makes choice  
To warble even the fragment of a song,  
And nature would not own a single voice  
But for the restless brooks that, all alive,  
Murmur like bees content in honeyed hive.

—*Chambers's Journal*.

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.—The wretched inhabitants of Alaska have little cause to congratulate themselves upon their change of masters. The kindly neglect of the Russians was better than the determination to "civilize" them which the Americans have displayed. The United States soldiers set to work very soon after their arrival, and it is proudly reported that they have already destroyed several villages. It was thought better, says a New York journal, quoting the report, "to destroy the huts than to execute the people, as they place little value upon their lives, but will suffer dreadfully for want of shelter." "The way in which our troops are killing off these poor wretches, and burning their huts, is disgraceful to the country." Perhaps when Congress meets we shall hear of "resolutions" of sympathy with the poor Indians. Or is it only when the oppressed live under some other Government that the Americans feel pity for them? — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S career of usefulness at Cornell University is not likely to be very protracted. His friends here may hope for his quick return. He has been telling the Americans now, from the safe retreat of Canada, that Englishmen will not allow their character to be abused or their honour impugned, and that "serious consequences" will ensue to the said Americans if they do not keep this fact in mind. This is not the sort of thing that Mr. Goldwin Smith's American admirers have loved him for, and as he has contrived to challenge a fight with the press, his life is likely to be made far from agreeable. The papers come out every morning, and Mr. Goldwin Smith only makes a speech about once a week. He has been ridiculing one journal for writing an article on the hats and boots of a rival editor. His fate is settled. Already a newspaper, once devoted to him, has sneered at the library he presented to Cornell University as "an old box of books," and made out that he gave it on the principle of throwing a sprat to catch a herring. Mr. Goldwin Smith has found that there are corrupt politicians in America as well as in England — perhaps, too, a venal press. He appears to have become deeply attached to his own country. After all, his visit is not likely to be without good effects upon his mind.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

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"BONNIE JEAN."—The following anecdote respecting Burns's "Bonnie Jean" is given in the *Dumfries Herald* of May 27; and as it might easily drop out of sight from appearing merely in a local print, you may allow me to record it in your widely-circulating pages. The writer, who signs himself "D.," gives it thus:—

"The following story was related to me by a lady who had the particulars of it from Mrs. Burns herself, with whom she lived for many years on terms of the closest and most friendly intimacy. It may be notified that the anecdote has never 'been in print.' It is well known that the fame of Burns sent troops of admirers from 'a' the airts the win' can blaw' to visit his widow, who continued to reside in the house in which her husband died. A big, burly, open-hearted Englishman one morning touched the 'knocker' that adorned the door of the modest house in Burns' Street, being anxious to see the celebrated 'Bonnie Jean.' The appeal was answered by Mrs. Burns herself, who, happening to be 'elbow-up in her baking,' was not in a state to receive visitors. The stranger soon told his story, and was courteously shown ben to the parlour by Mrs. Burns. Ever anxious to gratify the admirers of her husband's genius, the good lady doffed her dusty apron, put on a tidy cap, and immediately reappeared in the room where the stranger was waiting. The Englishman seeing his old friend who had opened the door to him, asked again to see 'Bonnie Jean.' 'Weel, sir,' said Mrs. Burns, 'Bonnie Jean stands before ye, and I'm afraid by your look that you're somewhat disappointed.' 'Ten thousand pardons, madam,' said the stranger, rising, 'I thank you for your goodness in permitting me this distinguished honour and valued privilege.' It is unnecessary to detail the usual commonplace conversation that took place on such an occasion. Just as the Englishman rose to depart he expressed his delight with the interview, and proceeded — 'I am, madam, a most enthusiastic admirer of your husband's memory and genius, and should value as priceless the smallest thing you have to give. I would willingly pay for anything without giving you offence; but the most worthless thing in your eyes would be to me priceless: any scrap, or article, or relic, I would keep as the apple of my eye!' 'Weel, sir,' answered Mrs. Burns, with a twinkle of fun in her eyes, 'I fear the house now contains very few of these relics of the bard; indeed, so great has been the demand for them during the bypast years that I begin to think the only relic left is *mysel*,' and doubtless you'll no tak the gift o' that!' The Englishman doubtless made good his retreat."

CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE. (*From Notes and Queries.*)

QUOTATIONS.—“Macbeth,” I think, abounds with stock quotations to a greater degree than even “Hamlet.” Here are a few which are as “familiar as household words”:—

“When shall we three meet again?”

“I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none.”

“Throw physic to the dogs.”

“Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud?”

“The time has been that when the brains were out  
The man would die.”

“There is no art  
To find the mind’s construction in the face.”

“That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.”

And a number of others equally well known, but which to quote would fill a column. There is an anecdote told of an elderly lady who had never been in a theatre, or seen a play performed, being once induced by her son-in-law to witness a performance. The play was “Macbeth.” At the end she was asked how she liked it. Her reply was, “Very well; but it is all quotations.”—*Cassell’s Magazine*.

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## THE GREEN TABLE.

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THE art of advertising has already attained the dignity of a fine art, and may claim a literature and a *Kritik* of its own. Indeed, between the ordinary newspaper notice and a genuine masterpiece, there is a difference as great as that between a schoolboy’s scrawl and a group by Raphael. A careful study of some of the highest achievements in this line has enabled us to divide artistic advertisements into three styles or orders: the Classic, the Byzantine, and the Romantic. The Classic, grave and learned, appeals to the intellect; the Byzantine, bizarre and ingenious, to the curiosity; and the Romantic, imaginative and poetic, to the emotions. We subjoin three specimens of what we consider good work in each style.

*Specimen of the Classic Style.* The following is a genuine advertisement taken from an American paper:—

“What signifies all the dispute respecting the question of superiority in the ancients or moderns? Sir William Temple, and Doctor Bentley, and Doctor Wotton, and the Earl of Orrery might have shed ink until this time, and never would the superiority of the ancients respecting a knowledge of the properties and the right use of the OYSTER have been established to the satisfaction of GEORGE WATSON.

"What are the facts? So superstitious and ignorant were the ancient Greeks and Romans, that they believed oysters to grow fat with the two first quarters of the moon, and become lean with her waning. *Ostreis et conchyliis omnibus*, says Aulus Gellius, *contigit, ut cum lunâ crescant pariter, pariterque decrescant*. So says Cicero. Gellius quotes Lucilius: *Luna alit ostrea*: Horace also says—

———*nascentes implent conchyliâ lunæ.*

"It is true they had some taste respecting the relish of oysters, and knew how to distinguish well. What says Juvenal of the nicely discriminating taste of an oyster epicure?

———*Circeis nata forent, an  
Lucrinum ad Saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo  
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu—*

*i. e.* he could tell at the first taste whether they came from the Cajetan rocks, the Bay of Lucrinum in Campania, or from Richborough, in Kent county, in England. And Horace mentions the great superiority of the Circean oysters:—

*Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris,  
Ostrea Circeis, Miseno oriuntur echini.*

So also Pliny:—*Circeis autem ostreis neque dulciora, neque teneriora, esse ulla*, etc. In short, it is my opinion that the Circean oysters very much resembled the oysters at my house, called the *York Cove* and *Queen's Creek*. They knew as well as we that the best oysters are taken from the *coves*: *optima sunt ostrea*, says Pliny, *siquando lacus adjacet aut fluvius*; by which, says Casaubon, we are to understand the *Cove oysters*.

"But what is this to the purpose? It only shows that the ancients had a relish for *raw* oysters. Show me that they ever cooked. Where is a treatise in Greek or Latin on *roasting, stewing, frying*, and other ways of dressing oysters? Here is a proof of modern superiority. They had no house set apart for the particular purpose of regaling the lovers of this delicacy. Juvenal, to be sure, mentions a bad lady's eating great oysters at midnight—

*Grandia quæ mediis jam noctibus ostrea mordet—*

but from the context it may be seen that she ate them—or rather *bit them off* (*mordet*)—at home. This is another proof of modern superiority. In short, had G. WATSON time to examine the writings of the ancients, (much of which he has forgotten since turning his attention to the delightful task of pleasing the palate of a patronising public) he might prove in almost every way, as it respects the oyster, that the ancients were far, very far inferior to the moderns.

"For nourishment what equals the oyster? What says *Willich on Diet and Regimen*, a work that should be in every family? 'Oysters are easily digested: they may be eaten with great advantage by the robust, as well as the weak and the consumptive.' Though G. WATSON'S reading is not so extensive as that of those who have read more than he has, yet he must acknowledge that neither in Galen, nor in Hippocrates, in Cullen nor Boerhaave, has he ever found half a syllable against the wholesomeness of this sovereign of bivalved crustaceous aquatics.

"But let me draw towards a close by observing that I am a great lover of peace of mind, and have a great affection for all my fellow-creatures. I hence strive to prevent any injury to my feelings or the feelings of others. There is nothing that touches G. WATSON'S nice sensibility so quick as a neglect on the part of his kind customers to settle all arrears before leaving his house. With all his benevolence toward his friends, he must say that

he expects a reciprocation of favors: this indispensable return is PECUNIARY and IMMEDIATE."

*Specimen of the Byzantine Style.* One morning, immediately after an election, the walls of Paris appeared placarded with the following announcement in gigantic capitals:

I AM FAMOUS

THANKS TO THOSE WHO HAVE CHOSEN ME

IN ORDER TO PROVE MY GRATITUDE

No one saw this remarkable notice without his curiosity being greatly excited as to the personality of this exultant candidate, and the nature and extent of his gratitude. But on close examination the spaces between the lines of capitals were occupied by lines of small type, completing the sense as follows:—

"I AM FAMOUS

for the last twenty-five years for the  
excellence of my family groceries.

THANKS TO THOSE WHO HAVE CHOSEN ME  
to supply their families.

IN ORDER TO PROVE MY GRATITUDE

I have reduced the price of my tapiocas, sagos  
and arrow-roots, twenty-five per cent."

*Specimen of the Romantic Style.* This we extract from an English paper. Nothing finer has ever been produced in this style, in our judgment.

A MYSTERY.

I that rustic path was treading, when the sun his rays were shedding—beaming, gleaming, fairly streaming through the trees; and I watched the streamlet glistening, as entranced I there was listening to the melting, merry music on the breeze, when beneath a tree reclining, where no ray of sun was shining, lo! I saw a fellow-being on the ground! Though no other feature shifted, quickly soon his eyes uplifted—upward lifted as he wildly looked around. "Good friend," said I, approaching, "do not charge me with encroaching—are you waiting for some messenger of news?" But no other word he uttered, and no other sentence muttered, save—"you'll find there's none like Firth's Boots and Shoes!"

"That's a strange expression, surely!" said I, looking down demurely. "I trust, good sir, that you the question will excuse."

But he only looked the prouder as he spoke the words the louder, "There's always perfect comfort in Firth's Boots and Shoes!"

"Why, bless me, man!" I shouted, as his sanity I doubted, "'Tis surely nought to me what people's goods you use!"

But he only cried the higher, with enthusiastic fire, "You'll save your cash by wearing Firth's Boots and Shoes!"

So I left him there reclining, where no ray of sun was shining, and frequently I wondered at the words the man did use; thinking surely 'twas a mystery, and that some hidden history was weaving round myself and Firth's Boots and Shoes. So then I resolved to buy them: nay, I felt compelled to try them. And behold! I've cause for gladness that the words I deemed were madness induced me thus to purchase Firth's Matchless Boots and Shoes!

SQUABBLING over the authorship of poems, or what pass as such, seems to be rather a favorite occupation of late. Not long ago several people were pulling caps over *Rock me to Sleep*, for the pleasure of the combat, we suppose, as the thing was decidedly not worth quarrelling about. Now a Mr. Watson and a Mr. Sigourney, the nephew of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, both claim the authorship of an extremely indifferent piece, depicting the remorse and death of an abandoned woman, and entitled *Beautiful Snow*. Mr. Sigourney's statement is, that it describes a personal affliction of his own. He had married "a young, wealthy and accomplished lady," whom he "idolized," but she plunged headlong into vice and dissipation, and was at last arrested and "sent to the workhouse as a common street-walker." Finally she died in the street, and was found covered with snow, upon which her husband immediately composed the poem in question.

This may be very good evidence to the authorship, but what manner of man can the husband be, who, when overfallen by so appalling a domestic calamity, so crushing a disgrace, sits down to jingle it into verse; hitches his misery and shame into rhyme, and lets it go "the rounds of the press;" and now lets the whole shameful and disgusting story, which people had happily forgotten, be raked up again and published, that all men may know that the "street-walker" in question was his once "idolized" wife, and that *he* wrote *Beautiful Snow*.

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SIR THOMAS BROWNE wonders that no mild lawgiver has yet proposed that capital punishment be inflicted during sleep. We have ourselves been expecting to see a suggestion from some humanitarian that in future chloroform shall be administered to criminals and the spinal cord divided. But this utilitarian age looks upon the life of the felon as a valuable forfeit to the State, from whose work profit may be extracted. "The worst use you can put a man to, is to hang him," is a favorite phrase, as if *use* — expressible in units of currency — were the one point worth considering.

But while insisting that when a man has made his existence clearly incompatible with the existence of Society, the worst use that can be made of him is to leave him alive, we readily admit that his removal from life should be effected with humanity. To promote this end, a French philanthropist has long been devising a mode of abbreviating the sufferings of criminals condemned to death, and he has produced an improved guillotine by which the operation is shortened two-thirds of a minute. The platform in use hitherto, and the little stair leading to it, are done away with, and the prisoner walks upon a level directly to the plank. "Mounting the scaffold" will henceforth be a mere figure of speech.

This also puts an end to the "dying speeches" to the populace. "We shall no more," says a witty French journal, "hear a criminal exclaim: 'My friends, I die for murdering my father. I used a piece of newspaper in loading my gun; it was found, and I was lost. Take warning by me, my dear friends, and if you kill your fathers, don't load with a piece of newspaper.'"

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HERR O. KLOPP, a German savant and historian, has been long engaged in preparing a complete edition of the works of Leibnitz, which was looked for with interest by the whole learned world. Unfortunately for the learned world, an important part of the material consists of the Leibnitz MSS. in the private library of the King of Hanover — the library on which Bismarck laid his rapacious claws the other day, when he seized the other portable property of the unfortunate King George. Herr Klopp is in consequence refused access to the MSS., and his work brought to a stand. The French Institute has addressed a letter to Herr Klopp, deploring "the interruption of so important an undertaking, which was at once an honor to Germany and a benefit to the world."

This is liberal Prussia.

IN the village of Petit Pérignat, situated among the mountains of the inland province of Auvergne, is a tavern bearing the sign: "*Grand Café of the Imperial Marine.*"

IT is not often that a pun can be translated and the same play of words preserved. Here, however, is one that we take from a French newspaper. Two voters were discussing the merits of the Count d'Alton-Shée, one of the candidates in the late elections, and the objection was made that he was an ex-peer. "So much the better," said his friend, "he has the advantage of *ex-peer-ience.*"

THE Coming Man, say the reformers, will not chew, smoke, drink wine, dance, play cards, hear an opera or a play, waste time on novels or poetry, indulge in any kind of unconstructive recreation, own slaves, or do anything which savours of patrician elegance, or a life of ease and leisure; and he will treat women as he treats Tom, Dick, and Harry. Perhaps so. But then it is to be hoped he will hold to the philosophy of Malthus, and be the Going Man as soon as possible, leaving no heirs to his faith and practice.

This is emphatically the century of small crusades. The advent of a big fanaticism would really be a relief. We "malignants" are hardly entreated: the reformers do not give us, even in their ideal, anything large enough to laugh at. A bundle of negatives, plus sanctimoniousness, is intolerably diminutive—a misery smaller than we can bear. If the thing is hypocritical, it is paying too dearly for the whistle, and a fiddle would certainly be preferable; if in sober earnest, for the credit of human intellect, we are sorry that the game is not hypocrisy.

A GOOD deal of confused effort at explanation has been made by the commentators in regard to Shallow's reply to Parson Evans: "The luce is the fresh fish: the salt fish is an old coat." Read in its plain natural sense, it certainly seems simple enough. Shallow defines his family cognisance, discriminating it pointedly from similar bearings. The luce, he says, is the freshwater fish: here we have definition. He then goes on to say that the salt-water fish is an old coat-of-arms, familiarly known. He would, in his vanity, call attention to the fact that in its heraldic bearings his family differs from others more than the listener would seem to think. To catch Shallow's sense, the reader must wear, *pro tem.*, his thick solemn skull, impervious to a jest, and pay no attention to the Welsh Parson's wit. Justice Shallow, indeed, ignores it altogether, and is intent on the dignity of his house. His remark (just before Evans's raillery), "It is an old coat," refers, it is true, to his own family coat-of-arms, but then, we apprehend, *old* has its literal sense; while in the contrast afterwards made between the fresh and the salt fish as emblems in heraldry, *old* has in addition something of its acquired sense of *well-known* and *common*.

IN moral progress, our gain upon the culture of what we are pleased to call the Dark Ages, is somewhat questionable. In one point, at all events, the comparison does not redound to the glory of this boasted Nineteenth Century. At the very source of that chivalry which was the ruling spirit of feudal days, lay the sense of personal duty; that principle of Individualism, so apparently lost in this age of mass-action, in which the rage for combination and association saps the sense of responsibility. At this day, the town of Mansoul has, alas, no corporate existence of its own, either for good or for evil: it is merged in a vast association scarcely human at all, babbling the strange litanies of a new *cultus* called Sociology, and ruled, there is reason to fear, for the most part by the same old Diabolus painted by Bunyan;—only ruled in these days through the medium of select committees.

No man's gifts, however great they may be, can be reputed truly his, until by their use they reflect upon him the glory which the world has been taught to feel belongs to them. Shakspeare, putting this great truth into the mouth of Ulysses, enforces it still further by declaring—

That no man is the lord of anything,  
(Though in and of him there be much consisting)  
Till he communicate his parts to others ;  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them formed in the applause  
Where they are extended, which, like an arch, reverberates  
The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat.

It is true, as Thackeray says, that each separate soul of us is an island in the great ocean of life. But there are boats of sympathy which ply between shore and shore ; and to some few it is given to find a fellow isle, willing, nay eager, to help build a causeway which shall forever link the two together.

AN interesting historical discovery has been made by a Prussian savant, of the name of Bergenroth, who was commissioned by the English government to investigate various collections of Spanish archives for papers illustrating the relations between Spain and England in the middle ages. Among other important documents, M. Bergenroth discovered a hitherto unpublished mass of correspondence of Ferdinand the Catholic and Charles V.

From this correspondence it appears that Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and mother of Charles, was not really mad, as all the world has hitherto believed. The story was an atrocious fabrication, under cover of which, first her father, and then her son kept her incarcerated in order to keep possession themselves of the crown of Castile, which was hers by right of her mother Isabella. After long years of rigorous and even cruel captivity, the unfortunate lady did at last lose her senses, but not until her old age.

We are continually called upon to reconstruct our views of history, which, the more we study it, more and more resembles Hamlet's cloud, taking whatever shape partisanship may determine. We must draw a new likeness of Charles, who is no longer the prince full of Flemish *bonhomie*, good knight and boon companion, rigorous and despotic, but not personally cruel ; and when this is done, Philip II. will appear a less surprising anomaly.

WHAT soft sounds sometimes gather round a poet ! Take the sweet Roman lyrist, for example, and pronounce the names with which, in his country home, he was most familiar. Horace's Sabine farm lay near the village Mandêla, that little village which he describes as "wrinkled with cold." From his Bandusian spring, "more gleaming than glass," flowed the Digentia down into the Farfaris, and past the ruined fane of the goddess Vacuna. The Farfaris flowed into the yellow Tiber.

It is queer how in the best of men human nature asserts itself so strongly that personal feeling will tinge every view we take of things beyond us. Bunyan, scorned by the lettered prelates of the English Church for his lack of scholarship, does not fail to note the fact that Pilate was a linguist. The passage occurs in the little piece entitled *Sighs from Hell*, and reads thus :—"Take notice of this, you that are despisers of the least of the Lazaruses of our Lord Jesus Christ ; it may be now you are loth to receive these little ones of His because they are not gentlemen ; because they can not, with Pontius Pilate, speak Hebrew, Greek, and Latin." The great allegorist, in the heat of his rhetoric, forgot that St. Paul was also a man of learning, and certainly none the worse Apostle for being so.

HERE is a little song of Clemens Brentano's, done into such English as we can command. Will any of our readers give us a better version?

“High on the mountain summit  
He built his tower so fair,  
But storm-clouds fold about it  
And keep him prisoner there.  
The clouds they will not scatter :  
The path is too steep for me —  
O love, my love on the mountain,  
O were I but with thee !

With thee above the clouds, love,  
With thee above the storm,  
Where sweetest birds are singing  
In the sunshine soft and warm.  
Alas, my wings are broken,  
Are broken to heal no more,  
Unless I can win to my darling  
Through cloud and gate and door.”

“If high my tower is builded  
On the mountain's rugged brow,  
Alas, too late I rue it,  
I can not leave it now.  
The doors they will not open :  
The bars all rusted be —  
O love, my love in the valley,  
O were I but with thee !

To walk in the blooming garden,  
Or roam the woods with thee,  
Where the nightingale's song is ringing  
From every bush and tree.  
I can not weave me a garland,  
Nor sing my songs so sweet,  
Unless through valley and forest  
I can win to my darling's feet.”

She pierces the cloudy barrier,  
She passes the portals through :  
Her wings expand and bear her  
Far up in the æther blue.  
Away to the azure regions  
Where happy spirits soar —  
“Farewell, my own, my chosen,  
Farewell for evermore !”

He passes through the storm-cloud,  
And goes by wood and glade,  
Singing his sweetest love-songs  
And weaving a rosy braid.  
Deep under the blossoming clover,  
He sleeps in that silent dell —  
“Farewell, my love, my darling,  
For evermore farewell !”

A CORRESPONDENT sends us, as a pendant to the answers of a theological student recorded in our May No., the following replies of a Sunday-school pupil, for the accuracy of which he vouches, as he made notes of them at the time.

- Q. Who brought the flood upon the earth?  
 A. Noah.  
 Q. What did the Lord promise Moses?  
 A. That he would deliver the Israelites to Egypt.  
 Q. Whom did the Lord appoint to assist Moses?  
 A. Pharaoh.  
 Q. Where did Jacob wish to be buried?  
 A. In the sea of Bethlehem.  
 Q. Who went up with Joseph out of Egypt to bury his father?  
 A. A great company of Egyptians and Americans.  
 Q. What were the names of Joseph's sons?  
 A. Ephraim and Gumelastic.  
 Q. Where are the mountains of Ararat?  
 A. In Methuselah.  
 Q. What was Cain's punishment for the murder of Abel?  
 A. He was carried to heaven without dying.  
 Q. Who killed Goliath?  
 A. George Washington.

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ANOTHER friend gives us the following anecdote:—

Travelling through a thinly-settled district of western Pennsylvania, he passed a tumble-down log-cottage on the roadside, and his attention was attracted by a long rough pine board, nailed up in the fashion of a sign, and bearing, in characters of very primitive fashion, this inscription:—

“my wyf Queres A Goose  
 and i Queres the Ganders.”

Utterly confounded by this mysterious intimation, he knocked at the door to have the riddle explained, but the cottage was empty. He rode on, greatly perplexed, and trying in vain to divine the peculiar relation which this singular family appeared to have established with geese, and judged of sufficient importance to proclaim thus ostentatiously. Presently he met an old countryman limping along with a stick, and asked him if he knew the house. “O yes; I live there with my old woman.” “And what do you do?” “Well, you see my old woman and me are a kind of doctors like; she cures fever-nagurs, and I cures the yallow janders.”

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MR. PEABODY has addressed a letter to the trustees of the Peabody Education Fund, expressing his gratification at the manner in which his views have been carried out, and thanking the people of the South for their cordial co-operation in giving effect to his wishes. It is his design that the revenue from his gift shall be first applied in helping those districts that have suffered most, and where there is the greatest need of this assistance; as these recover prosperity, the relief can be extended to other districts, until all the fourteen Southern States have shared his bounty. To effect this more amply, he places in the hands of the trustees another million of dollars, making the entire gift three and a half millions.

We make no comment upon an act of beneficence which has no parallel in history. Such deeds are their own best eulogy.

THE  
NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE,  
SEPTEMBER, 1869.

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SCIENCE AND RELIGION, OR THE POSITIVE  
PHILOSOPHY.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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*"Ον οὖν ἀγνοοῦντες εὐσεβεῖτε, τοῦτον ἐγὼ καταγγέλλω.—ACTS XVII. 23.*

**F** AITH and Science: this is one of those questions old as man, old as thought, yet ever new, because of the two faculties of our consciousness,—faith and knowledge. Ever seeking several satisfaction, ever rivals, ever contesting, yet ever blending, and pursuing a harmony never to be fully realized. One—intangible, flexible, and ethereal as the air we breathe—demanding wings to soar above its clouds; the other, fixed as the dull clods we tread upon—accessible, however, and always yielding something to man's efforts, and generally in proportion to his efforts. Science, sometimes opening fountains from the rocks to man's sturdy blows, leads him further and further into the desert of investigation, promising with its enchanted mirage, cooling shades and pools of water at every stage, at last to slay him with thirst. Thus it

“palters with us in a double sense;  
That keeps the word of promise to our ear,  
Yet breaks it to our hope.”

However far we may advance, the horizon still is boundless, and still a desert. Not a bush, not a rock of shade, nor a well of water

at which we may drink and say the soul is satisfied. *Mara, mara*; it is all bitterness, weariness, and unrest.

On the other hand Faith seems to rest under the shadow of its own wings. Annihilating time and space—such are the powers of the imagination—it reaches at a bound the land of promise, a land of hills and vines, of showers and streams, of trees and springs of water.

Is there ever to be an antagonism between these two? Is the contest necessary and real, or only apparent? Is Faith only a delusion, a will-o'-the-wisp, or is *it* the only reality, and Science the deceiver? Cannot Faith be recognised as the attendant ministering spirit to this toiling Titan, permitted to fan the desert traveller with her wings, and bring him angel's food in the morning and in the evening?

Thus stands the problem, however: an *apparent* contest; and if no solution is offered, a contest it must be to the end of time.

It is not right, perhaps, to trouble merely popular readers with such questions. They cannot solve them; but practically they realize no difficulty, and are nigher the truth than the great and learned who muddle their brains with insoluble abstractions. Yet such is the tendency of that popular mind (and said to be more so in this than any preceding age), that it is never content, is ever reaching up to share the fruits and dangers of the most advanced speculations. It is useless for the baffled *savant* to tell them his disappointment; to tell them that there is no satisfaction in much knowledge; that it yields not the promised fruit; that perfect knowledge and perfect certainty are unattainable. They also wish to experience for themselves its vanity and bitterness of soul.

To state the proposition fairly to the popular understanding: There are two methods by which men have always sought to know Truth—that is, to know the laws of being and of action,—by Religion and by Science. Various are these methods described, according to the circumstances of the age and the author. Sometimes it is Reason and the Imagination—the former as the faculty of Truth in the abstract, the latter of Truth coupled with the Beautiful; or described by the distinctions of social development which severally represent them in concrete—the Philosophers and the Clergy, the State and Church; or only from a religious point of view, as the Natural and the Supernatural; or again from a purely scientific point of view, as Analysis and Synthesis; or yet again from the mode of investigation pursued, as *à posteriori* and *à priori*. Still it is only method—purely a question of method, if we could but look at it rightly.

Fully to elucidate all this would require at least a respectable royal octavo volume, as we see from what such authors as Kant, Cousin, Mill, Comte, Hamilton, Spencer, etc., have to say of Logic, Method, and First Principles. But without going so deep for our foundation, may not a few suggestions aid us in comprehending these things, at least as popularly presented? And a living controversy it is, which, if any one doubts, he has only to glance at the current literature of the day. For instance, recent papers by two reverend gentlemen, Mr. F. W. Farrar, of the Church of England, and Dr. Hannah, of that ilk.\*

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\* *The Contemporary Review*, December, 1868, and January, 1869.

The only thing new and strange about which is, that it is raging between two clergymen, and not as heretofore generally between the *genus irritabile vatum* and some of us *procul profani*. Under some circumstances this would be amusing, but the consequences now are too serious for many smiles. While this shallow contest is going on in the market-place, the common citadel of the combatants is being fired by two unrelenting enemies, the two modern forms of Materialism: the "new philosophy," which with dreary hopeless eyes looks upon all things as the Hebrew seer described — a great valley of dry bones, dead, dead, without soul or spirit; and on the other hand the religio-mystic atheism of M. Comte, which proposes to galvanize these bones, to animate them, not indeed with true life, but with appearances only. They will give us a religion, not of Revelation or Divine authority, but of appearances theatrical, a *Schauspiel* to amuse the childish tastes and wants of this poor creature, man, all whose conceptions are anthropomorphic, and whose powers of thought must be aided by sensuous images. Doubtless the priests of this new religion admit that there may be a few chosen spirits of the Diogenes pattern, capable of doing without garments; but the mass of us poor concrete mortals needing clothes, they tender us this cheerless drapery, beautiful as the crystals which adorn the leafless trees some wintry morning — and as cold. Not inappropriately is their system described in epigrammatic style by one of the former class as "Catholicity minus Christianity," — that is, minus Deity and minus that very Humanity it professes to adore.

This is wandering a little from the subject — Science and Religion. Are they correlative at all? Do they treat of the same subject-matter, and do they harmonize or conflict? Such are some of the questions suggested: all of them too mighty for a humble undertaking like the present. Yet in strange tough meshes may the human mind sometimes become entangled; and often more easily cut by a nibbling mouse than torn by a struggling lion.

It might be said that, pursuing different methods, travelling different roads, these methods never can meet, and consequently never conflict. This, in the main, is true; yet they sometimes invade the territories, each of the other; and they may also meet on common ground, in the same subject-matter, and may conflict or may harmonize. In the higher ultimate questions of Faith — Deity, Creation, a Future Life, etc. — they never can have any correspondence, because Science reaches not to them. There it is without data to go upon. Inductive Science is indifferent to these questions. It may venerate them as above it, or reject them as beside it, as without foundation and idle. At any rate, whether true or false, whether useful or worthless — beyond the reach of any of its implements and formulæ. Yet there is a lower theology, which is the application of supernatural ideas, constituting the laws of man's being and action, which may be canvassed by Science. Here is common ground; and the two methods will regard and treat it either as allies or rivals.

It is well said that Truth consists of a knowledge or conception of the laws of being and of action. The investigation of Truth as it concerns man is to arrive at rules of action. Hence for us the end

and object of all knowledge is moral—moral in the highest sense of the term—the law of that complex being, man—what he is, and what he is to do. Commonplace and shallow as all this may seem, it is common sense; and a common-sense view of it is all that the popular mind requires. It is the true and sufficient one.

Now, can we know this code of laws with certainty, and how? By what method? By the Theological or Scientific? . . . . To recapitulate a little before we advance:—Here is one great school, remember, which gives up the search. Disgusted with the labor and with doubt, drearily, hopelessly they tell us, with Mephistophiles's sneer: It is unattainable. Man's beginning was no higher, his end no nobler, than that of the ephemeral "Cicada which sings and hops, and hops and sings," finally to perish in a puddle. Therefore, like the grasshopper let him sing and hop, for hop and sing is all that he can do. One of the first who systematically gave this counsel—Lucretius—gives it the awful lie when he describes that terrible uneasiness and dissatisfaction with which the Epicurean rushes from city to country, from country to city; from crowd to solitude, from solitude to bustle; seeking rest and finding none; and finally rushes as readily out of a life, which with unrestricted pleasure is yet unbearable. Between us and this terrible condition of suspense (worse than despair) of universal skepticism, comes our last development of the modern *savant* with an opiate, and tells us there is certainty and satisfaction (to a certain extent)—the certainty of Science; that the deductions of Science may be trusted—nothing else; that all else is worthless, and we must exclude our minds from the consideration of such, as we would from "politics of the moon." Unfortunately this ghost will not always down at our bidding; and this scientific certainty, in which alone we are permitted to confide, what is it? The definition might be given in the words of one of their grand masters; but these gentlemen are very haughty, and universally deny obligations to each other. It is therefore best to extract a notion of it from all of them generally.

Of purely scientific certainty there can be no question. It is confined to the mathematics, which cannot but be certain, because it is constructed entirely by the mind from its own conceptions and *à priori* definitions. The definitions being comprehended, premises may be stated, and the conclusion follows absolutely—as it is called, apodictically.—Pass on, now, to that which is meant when the term Science is used alone: the inductive Sciences, which, by a systematic questioning of Nature and accumulation of facts, proceed to draw general principles and rules. They tell us (that is, the more logical portion of their premise) that Nature is harmonious; that all the laws of God must be one as he is, and that in Nature there can be no jar; therefore, what we see are but parts, fragments of these laws; and that from any one of them, as from a single bone of a lost quadruped, we may build up the entire system of which it forms a part; therefore, again, what we cannot see and draw from these facts of Nature, cannot be true or valuable. If this is not a fair analysis of their logic at its best, it cannot be given in so many words. Beginning first with the sublime position, the harmony of the universe (a purely *à priori* conception, be it observed, and one drawn from the definition of Deity, not from analysis of Nature),

their major premise (universally suppressed and generally forgotten)—we are let down finally to the miserable and impotent conclusion, that all we cannot derive from sensuous Nature is worthless. This is no exaggeration. The position might be abundantly proven from eminent authors who regard themselves as excellent reasoners. But it would be useless to cumber these brief pages with notes and references. Their general conclusion is, to reject everything that savors of the supernatural ; to reject everything that says it is of Faith, and everything that is called Religion. Especially is this enmity levelled against any system which professes a revelation ; because, according to their preconceived philosophy, no communications have been, or ever can be made to man except through Nature ; and because also of the exacting claims of these systems of Revelation, which demand homage even of the *savant*—himself the prophet of knowledge and priest of another religion, the religion of this enlightened age, Science. So far from this being an unfair statement of their logic, it is more than they demand. It is supplied, we see, with a major premise, without which they could have no ground for certainty even in their affirmatives—a premise, though suppressed, universally assumed and unconsciously acted upon by all, or their minor would also be involved in absurdity.

This, then, is that scientific certainty which they tell us is all that is worth attaining—as thus: The sun rose this morning ; so he did yesterday ; so the day before ; and so (for aught we know) he has done daily from all eternity: *ergo* he will rise tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, and (for aught we know) will continue to do to all eternity. The parenthetical “for aught we know” must be thrown in to show the true degree of certitude. Or to take another illustration: A patient has chills ; a physician prescribes quinine, and sagely tells us why—to wit: A was afflicted in this way ; I administered the drug, and he was relieved ; the same with B, the same with C ; and therefore I hope, think, or believe it will have like effect with D. Such would be the language of a wise physician. And such the utmost certitude of inductive Science. But our modern philosophy would change the modest “Think, hope, and believe,” into the positive Know ; and thus add to the prudence of true science the effrontery of the quack ; who in proportion to his ignorance is certain of a cure, while he also condemns every other nostrum but his own. .

Taking, then, scientific certainty as the basis, and the above as a fair statement of its scope, might not the conclusion which abolishes Religion and Faith be still questioned? And ‘be it remembered that Religion stands on the vantage-ground. It has possession. Science finds it here ; Science is the attacking party, is in the aggressive, and according to all rules should be required to make out its case to the exclusion of all reasonable doubt. For, supposing the proposition of their minor premise, to elaborate all truth *from one*, to be possible ; and suppose we select for the purpose some obscure “tooth or toe-bone” of material analysis: is it logical to draw negative conclusions from an affirmative fact—a universal negative from a particular affirmative? This is the true condition of the case. From an affirmative fact or series of facts, a negative not contradictory is sought to be drawn.

Truly, our materialists, who boast of rejecting metaphysics, have also rejected logic.

Again, supposing this most beautiful conception of induction to be possible — that is, the harmony of all creation, and the building up of all truth from one *à posteriori* fact — has this been done? Has it ever been even attempted? What labor, what patience, are required; what enormous observation of facts, what profound analysis and comparison of the observations! This is the method truly stated. Honor and glory be to it.

Till this is carried out, inductive Science cannot be certain, even with its own degree of certitude. Their boasted scientific certainty cannot be attained until there is a complete array of all facts, and a complete comparative analysis. Abstractly considered, then, where is the great advantage of this kind of certitude over the certitude of ordinary belief?

After all, there seems to be in practice no science yet at all; only two kinds of dogmatism. The *savant* dogmatizes from a few facts, imperfectly observed, imperfectly compared and analyzed; the priest or religious teacher dogmatizes from no facts whatever (or from a few which he is pleased to tell us are supernatural), but deduces from certain *à priori* conceptions derived from the very definitions of things themselves. It is manifest, if certainty is what is desired, the confidence of the latter system ought to be greater than the former by many degrees. For Theology is a science as clear and apodictical as the mathematics, if only you grant the fundamental definitions. Let them define God and define man, and assume an ontological basis for their definitions, and the chain of dogma will hold together in irrefragable links, down to the very last item of human concern, in irresistible sequence.

But Science is not satisfied. It is aggressive, belligerent. It seeks to subject to its method the whole subject-matter of Religion, and to derive that other kind of certitude appertaining to Science from the analysis; and if this cannot be reached, to neglect or abolish the dogma.

This, at last, is the question: Shall Science be permitted to invade this dominion of pure *à priori* definitions and dogmas; and will it be allowed to impose upon Religion its own terms?

In the first place, we have seen that it does not follow that a religious dogma is false because not sustained by *à posteriori* inductions from Natural Science. If it could be shown that a dogma of Faith was not supported by Science, nothing could be inferred. It would be necessary to show that it was contradictory to known faith, or contradicted by Science; and to show this satisfactorily, it would be necessary to have all facts marshalled before us; and for this, one would need to have the comprehension of a Divinity to insure against possible mistakes in apprehension and in ratiocination.

Newton's most laborious train of reasoning, on the falling of the moon to the earth as the demonstration of his conception of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, those antagonistic powers which give harmony to the mechanism of the universe, proved abortive, we are told, on his first efforts, from error in the original empirical measure-

ments of a portion of a meridian of the earth. And shall we conclude that Science and Religion are contradictory before we have measured a degree of a meridian of this celestial orb? Again: only a few years ago it was "most potently believed" that the sun was 95,000,000 of miles from this humble planet. Yet with equal certainty they now tell us this was a mistake. From failure to correct certain appearances in the observations made at Wardhus and at Otaheite, the calculations were wrong by nearly 4,000,000 of miles. Quite a small variance, possibly, in the estimation of the worshippers of this notion of exactness in Natural Science. After all, this boasted scientific certitude can never amount to more than an approximation. And if you admit approximate conclusions in the room of absolute certainty (by the ignorant attributed to Science, which they do not understand), then perhaps it may be shown even on *à posteriori* grounds, that in the alleged supernatural matters we may arrive at equal certainty as in the natural.

But Religion "has another hold upon us." It is not content with a simple acquittal. We cannot yet be permitted to leave the court. The new materialism that has had it arraigned cannot object to its using the same materialistic data and method to establish approximate conclusions of its own. This is but an extension of the right of cross-examination.

It is seen that outside of mathematics (which is indifferent), Science in the natural order has only approximate conclusions. They may be absolute, "for aught we know"; but in order to render them absolute, we have to allow them their major premise, from the higher *à priori* grounds of which they desire to be independent. And we have further to suppose two things of their own method: first, that the observations are perfectly reliable and true—which with these imperfect instruments, the five senses, we never can be; and second, our reasoning must be absolutely without error. This last we may be certain of, since the logical faculty is infallible, provided the premises are completely given. But there is the difficulty—the premises. Do they contain the fact, and all the facts? Astronomers tell us how slight a disturbing cause will falsify their most confident predictions. To be certain of these predictions to the second requires that everything should be considered. Even new invisible planets have been felt before seen by some minute disturbance, some slight falsification of the predictions of men of science.

Now then, if our reasoning is good and true, undisturbed by invisible, unconsidered influences, passions, prejudices, and powers natural or supernatural—why may we not approximate religious truth also from *à posteriori* premises, by reasoning back from observations made of the phenomena of Nature. All assert that these phenomena must be harmonious, there can be no contradiction in them, they must all mean something; and certainly religiosity is among the phenomena, and very prominent among them, in the natural history of man.

But this is one of the grand problems, requiring for its solution the devotion of years and genius, and far beyond the powers and present purposes of the present writer.—Let us return once more to the supposed conflict of Religion and Science, popularly considered. Here-

tofore only general terms have been used, and abstract matters considered. To be specific: In what is it supposed this conflict consists? What are the facts?—for Science deals only with facts, and popular observations require instances, particulars. Is it upon the essence and existence of Deity they take issue? The definition of Deity, we have seen, is the foundation of Religion, and proceeds upon *à priori* grounds. Is the foundation of all existence, logic and thought? But how can it be brought into question by *à posteriori* observations of Nature? Science—that is, the inductive Sciences—is indifferent. The utmost it can say is *nescio*, or *non sequitur*. If it says with Lelande, “I have not seen God at the end of my telescope,” nothing yet is proven contradictory. There are even many material heavenly bodies which have not come within the field of his telescope. And supposing all the arguments inconclusive and impotent to carry positive conviction of this primary dogma, it is immaterial to Science, as at present understood. Is it then Creation? All that Science dares to say is, that it cannot be proven; that there are no data (*i. e.* in inductive Science) whereby to determine whether the visible creation is eternal, or began in time. This then is also a question of indifference. Science says, I cannot determine; true Science will not say it cannot be determined. And after all, it is only Science in its present stage that says *Nescio*—I know not. We have not yet reached common ground, or place of possible conflict.

Is it in the existence of certain organizations or societies, professing by myths or revelations to teach the laws and will of the invisible God—professing to have Divine authority for so teaching? The fact of such organizations is not disputed; so much is ordinary history; but in their claim of authority is the very gist of the question. Here is common ground in Sociology, and here is a possibility of conflict.

The modern *savant* feels himself also a prophet, teaching with authority; only, instead of “Thus saith the Lord,” it is “Thus saith Science.” And our modern prophet is as imperious as any that ever rebuked kings of Israel and of Judah. What is more to the purpose, he is more firmly believed than ever was any of the school of Samuel. There is no end to superstition and fetishism. The ignorant multitude, incapable of comprehending a train of scientific reasoning, any more than in the days of Isaiah they could the Divine afflatus, or in any age the poetic ecstasy, only have to be told it is Science. To them this is the grand “fetish,” the “big medicine.” If they believe the speaker, if he has the air and manner and reputation of a *savant*, they implicitly submit; with the still more perfect parallel, that the quack who vociferates loudest is regarded as the most profound doctor. The false prophet is always preferred to the true, in Science as in Revelation.—But of this also another time. For the present let us stick to the inquiry, Wherein can Science, mouthed by the quack or declared by the true prophet, differ from any other Divine communication? The short answer is intimated in the very outset of this paper: In method—method only. But this is not the point; just here. It is as to these Divine (or human, as you please,) organizations, and their tenets or dogmas; or tested by their dogmas. Their claim of Divine authority is a question among themselves, and may be omitted; the *possibility*

of it is of more general interest, and may be taken up in proper order. This authority, whether claimed from myth or revelation, may be of interest to Science, because it appeals in some sense to the rules of evidence. Hence the possibility and comparative probability of their claims may be investigated. Not here, however; this would be getting into polemics. Let us imagine the existence of but one, and let us suppose we have reached that stage of the investigation when from its dogmas alone respect is challenged. Let one of the organizations be chosen, and let it be one of the oldest—the Jewish, which is the basis of all religious thought among these Western civilized peoples. This is one that professes to have Divine revelation. And let us suppose Science to be impeaching this claim on the ground of the inconsistency of its tenets with known facts. Again it will be necessary to specify. It is not proposed to write a body of theology: a few specimens by way of illustration will suffice. To narrow the field, let us select one science as well as one religion, and one fact or set of parallel facts. Our reverend friends confined their attention to Geology, Geography, and Ethnology—especially Geology.

The gravamen of the bill is touching the first eleven chapters of Genesis. The charge will run somewhat thus: These eleven chapters assume to be historical; they assume to be written by Moses under Divine inspiration, and therefore claim to be Divine revelation; yet they are full of errors and impossibilities: but God cannot err; they are therefore not of Divine authority: consequently, also, the prophet who assumed such authority was an impostor, and the society founded by him not Divine. Such is the train of reasoning, and oftener thought than candidly outspoken. To this we may imagine the Jewish people to respond, and either deny *in toto* the charge, or, as the lawyers say, confess and avoid—confess apparent grounds, and yet escape the consequences assumed to follow. The former is the plan generally adopted, and learned treatises have been written sufficient to fill the Vatican Library—all of them doubtless very good and very edifying to pious minds who believe the grounds. But how with skeptics whose minds are not satisfied? Being allowed to plead everything in defence, we may imagine the Jewish doctors to reply: In the first place, that this Book of Genesis is a very ancient and sacred book, and highly venerated in all ages of this people, but it is not to be regarded as one connected treatise, or by one author; that it consists of many fragments or detached pieces mechanically bound together, but not necessarily unique; consequently, it may be supposed there were several authors, instead of one; and if one, there is no proof that Moses was that one; because the Pentateuch is called of Moses by tradition is not proof that he wrote the whole five books, or any part of them; if he wrote more than the two tables of the Law, it does not now appear what; and it is not probable he wrote the first chapter of Genesis, in style so different from all the rest, or the last chapters of Deuteronomy, which give account of his death and burial. Again, supposing Moses the author, or by whomsoever written, these five books profess to contain a Divinely-communicated ritual law, but do not claim inspiration for themselves, or in any other respect; that there is no claim to inspiration for the historical matter, either in the books themselves or

by the nation ; and lastly, there is no claim that these eleven chapters are historical. The contrary may all be as stated by the objectors, but they have no right to hold believers to defend more than the books claim for themselves, and more than orthodoxy requires them to defend as of their system.\*

These eleven chapters in their cloudy, gigantic stride, may have been written (it may be further argued by believers) by some ancient seer, to whom "men appeared as trees walking." They speak of nations, of races, and of periods, and not of individual men, days, and years. Especially is this apparent in the first three chapters. The first chapter (then, according to this hypothesis) down to the end of the third verse of the second chapter, we are told, is evidently written by a different hand from the second and third chapters. In the original (it is said) this is very manifest. For instance, there is a great difference in the style. In the first chapter only one name occurs for Deity — the plural *Elohim*, and repeated in almost every verse. In the fourth verse of the second chapter commences a different narrative and in a different style ; and for the first time *Adonai* (our adopted substitute for the lost pronunciation of the ineffable name), the "Lord God," is used — a name of the Adorable not known before the days of Moses. The second and third chapters then might have been written contemporary with or subsequent to the Lawgiver ; probably contemporary, before *Adonai* had come to be used alone. Even to an English reader, these two portions seem very different, and written for different purposes — the first chapter, probably written long anterior, a lofty poem of the general creation — the noblest, the most majestic ever penned, which has excited the admiration even of heathen critics before fanaticism ruled the hour, the reader of which cannot but feel the inspiration, whatever conception he may attribute to that word. But whatever meaning is attached to this term, and whatever interpretation may be put upon this grandest of poems (and as time rolls on, new meanings of it are continuously unfolded) — whatever it means, it is not historical. Though written in the usual anthropomorphic style of prophetic visions, it has nothing in it of the attributes of history. With no date but *Bereshith*, "in the beginning," and no fact except *Bara*, there was "created and made," with which it begins and ends, how can it be considered historical? If historical, you take away the aroma of its inspiration. The great point and object of the Divine poem was to assert a *creation* ; that there was a beginning of things in time ; that the visible world is not eternal, but had a beginning ; and not as an emanation from the Supreme, but holds that relation to him philosophically known as a Creation. Now take up the second and third chapters, from the 4th verse of the second. This, again, seems another unique work. The very commencement of it shows a different hand, or time, or object ; shows at least a transition to another subject, or another view of the same subject. "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth in the day when the Lord God," etc., not alluding to the preceding work mechanically bound up with it, nor to any

\* The writer deprecates the idea of being held personally responsible for this view of this part of the Scriptures, because he puts these arguments in the mouth of an Israelite, merely as *ad hominem* : That, if all skeptics say of these chapters were true, it would not touch the Divinity of the religion. There are, however, eminent critics who embrace this view as the final and sufficient one, and without diminishing the firmness of their faith in the religion or the sincerity of their piety.

other narrative, but to the following "These." The object of it most manifest, whatever else might have been in the mind of the inspired writer, was to account for the origin of "good and evil," and the foundation of human society. It is also expressed in that *chiaroscuro* characteristic of the divine ecstasy, but absolutely repels the very suggestion of historical narrative. . . . This is enough. If it could be shown that these chapters of Genesis were contradictory to assured and well-settled discoveries of geology, ethnology, etc., the Jewish people would still say: Nothing follows. For though they believe these Scriptures inspired, and that they teach in sublime mystic poesy the secrets of Creation, of Law, of Sociology, etc., they nowhere attempt to dogmatize Science. They teach no history, no geology, no geography, no ethnology; consequently cannot conflict with any of the deductions of any of these sciences.

Furthermore, they would philosophically take the position that inspiration is not to be looked to for any principles of Science. Such is not the scope of Revelation. God having endowed man with reason, and placed him on the earth with a destiny to subdue it, was not so great a blunderer as again to reveal what was already taught or revealed by placing him here with understanding, and the facts surrounding him. His own observation and his own reason is all the revelation man needs and has for these things. With Abraham commenced history. But even if the writer or writers of these ancient poems intended history, and if the ordinary interpretation of them was in the sense intended; and if this interpretation should be found in conflict with history, with geology, etc., etc.; if it were proven that the world is many millions of years old, and that this Hebrew author, whether writing poesy or history, did think it only 6000 years old—that is, was simply in error—how would that affect the claim of this nation to be the people of God? Not one particle. Not a particle more than the 6th Eclogue of Virgil affected the Roman Constitution. Whoever wrote these works, at whatever time, and for whatever purpose, cannot affect the main fact (believed in this system to be supernatural)—the call of Abraham, and the organization of an elect people having the Divine Oracles. The first chapters of Genesis have nothing to do with the fact, abundantly attested in history—the existence of a peculiar people in Palestine (now scattered over the earth), having a peculiar government, religion, manners, and laws, and which they believed to be Divine. They might have regarded all the first parts of the Book of Genesis as fiction, and yet believed that the Law was given on Sinai. There is nothing in them, as is seen, to compel the question of a revelation by and to a peculiar race and the inspiration of these ancient writings to be coupled together. The nation might now (as some individuals of them do) regard this part of Genesis (and all the historical parts of the Book) as without inspiration, and yet believe their nation to be the chosen people of God, in whom all the races of the earth are to be blessed. Here, then, is one religious organization—the very recipients of the supposed revelation touching cosmogony—that we see cannot be affected in any way by the discoveries or conjectures in geology and other sciences, nor by any interpretation that may be put upon their sacred books. For the society, the nation, the

race, existed before the books, possessed of the same religion, and not derived from them. On the contrary, the volume derived all its sacred character and authority from the sacred people who possess and publish it. The nation is the revelation. This would remain intact though every sacred book were lost. How futile, then, to think of alarming such a religion with sensational cries of new discoveries in geology—"Usher's chronology overthrown," "Mañ 30,000 years on the earth," or 30,000,000. What difference would it make? It would only strengthen the position of this people as to the fact and want of a revelation, by calling them out of the surrounding darkness in these later ages. Convince them that all their books are fictions or parables, and there would still remain the stubborn fact—the People.

Thus we see, from one point of view, there is at least one religion that cannot be injured by the developments of Science—but strengthened. Possibly, something similar may be done in all other cases. At any rate the conclusion of the whole matter is, that Science is, negatively considered, harmless. And if the two could be got to look upon each other rightly, it would set them both free. Neither would be debased—neither injured. Science would go on in the natural order, breaking the rocks, and demanding oracles from the winds and waves; and Religion would be uninterrupted in her high vocation—"To erect man above himself."

II. But there is more to be said. It is impossible to take inductive Science—the observer of facts, and reasoner from them—and be blind to the great mass of religious phenomena, as already said, appertaining to this animal, man. It is, perhaps, his most distinguishing differentia. And is it impossible, by comparative analysis, to interpret these phenomena, translate them into current vernacular, and discover what is the meaning of it all—what is the pabulum to satisfy this great want in his civilization? Is it impossible to cultivate it as other sciences, and the results?

This brings us to the consideration of Positivism, which proposes to give us a philosophy and culture of religion, as a branch of Social Science.

LAWRENCE C. JOHNSON.

*(To be continued.)*

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## JINNY'S THREE BALLS.

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### I.—JINNY'S FIRST BALL.

"How kind you are!"

"LOOK at that girl, Fitz. I'll bet you anything you like she hasn't been trotted out once to-night. Poor thing!"

"She's not bad looking; at least, not very, but awfully raw," said Captain Fitzpatrick, leaning against the doorway, and surveying the lady in question critically, while she dropped her shy eyes and blushed over ears and forehead.

"I wish I wasn't engaged all the way down," continued his good-natured friend (who was called Dick Jones, and therefore surnamed by his brother officers, after the manner of their kind, "De Courcy"), "or that Sydney wasn't such a lazy wretch."

"Look here! I'll ask her," interrupted Fitzpatrick, starting from his languid attitude, "else the unlucky little monkey will do something rash. Here goes. Put a bold face on it, and introduce me; there's a good fellow."

"My friend Captain Fitzpatrick, of the 190th — Miss Lake."

"May I have this dance?" asked the captain, sitting down good-humoredly on the so-long vacant bench, and showing his big white teeth in a pleasant patronizing smile.

"Yes. O, thank you very much."

"May I put my name on your card? Perhaps you haven't got one? Let me pick up your handkerchief. Stay; there goes the fan too. How cruel to give me so much trouble, isn't it?"

Then, at last, his shy neighbour looked up, and burst out vehemently: "I am so — so stupid and awkward. — No, I've no card; I haven't danced once this evening. Pray, forgive me."

"Forgive you! I should think so. What a shame! — This promises to be amusing." The last five words were spoken to himself, as he turned and contemplated his partner.

She was not much to look at, he thought; a tall, slim girl, with abrupt, awkward movements, a blunt nose, a wide mouth, and big, limpid, brown-gray eyes, with long level brows, and thick straight lashes. She was badly dressed in a tumbled tarletane, white, with blue flowers, ill made, ill fitting, displaying a sufficiently snowy, but lamentably thin neck and arms; and she wore an unfashionably tall wreath of forget-me-nots on her waveless, thick brown hair, and a black ribbon round her long throat. She was not pretty, — she never would be; but she might one day have a good figure; and her eyes were fine, and her hair and teeth not bad. And then, she had a sort of innocent, babyish air, thought Captain Fitzpatrick, that made her look quite jolly sometimes, in spite of her "missishness." Poor little Jinny Lake

of sixteen! It was a dangerous gift to her, that silly, happy, sweet smile, which lit eyes as well as lips; that low, cooing voice, which said such rash and simple things with that unconscious pathos of tender trust. At least, any one who loved Jinny unselfishly would have thought so, and trembled for her; but as no one did, it was no great matter. She might wear her heart outside, for daws to peck at, and no one would care; not, certainly, the aunt and sole guardian whose guardianship and affection were so careless and so torpid, they might almost as well never have existed. Before the music of the next dance struck up, Captain Fitzpatrick had learned almost as much of Jinny's life and prospects as could be told. The knowledge awoke in him such immense wonder and pity, that he determined to ameliorate her sad fate as much as lay in his power, and at the same time to form her character. Yet he had not the appearance of a safe mentor, as he bent towards her, his bright blue eyes dancing in amusement at her *naïveté*; his curved, delicate lips laughing beneath the silky curls of his golden-brown mustache; his glossy, close-cut head almost touching the ugly blue wreath. He looked kind, and good-tempered, and cheery, as he was, but a great deal too handsome and graceful, and agreeably conscious of those facts, for a safe instructor of susceptible youth.

"Well, you shall enjoy yourself for what's left of the evening," he said. "I'll tell you: I'll introduce two of our fellows to you, and —"

"There are only two dances more," answered Jinny, with alarmingly open appeal; "and I thought perhaps *you* —"

"Thought what, Miss Lake?"

"Nothing; at least — no, I mean *you* are *so* kind, that —"

"You'll just as soon dance, then, with your humble servant? Was that it, eh?"

"O yes; indeed, it was!" she cried with shy, vehement relief.

"All right; I shall be only too flattered, I'm sure," the captain observed, unable to resist a rather conceited drawl, and a complacent caress of his mustache by a slender silver-gray hand, no larger than Jinny's own, and far defter than her long young fingers. Then they whirled away, — Jinny in a seventh heaven of delight, doubting her own identity, and exciting the wonder of the sleepy old doctor who had consented to chaperon her to this, her first ball, but had not made the slightest effort to help her to either refreshment or dancing from the moment of their entrance until now.

When the last dance was over, and Miss Lake had made no movement to rejoin her chaperon, Fitzpatrick saw the matter was in his own hands. Partly through native docility, partly through her vast admiration of himself, she would have been content to sit all night with him in the empty ball-room. So he said, feeling quite benevolently prudent, "By Jove! I'm sorry it's over. I suppose I must give you up to that old foggy now?"

He did it accordingly; and then Jinny, holding out a fervent hand, said, "Good-by" in a depressed and gloomy manner.

"O, it's not 'Good-by,'" he answered, laughing; "of course I must see you to your carriage; and then —"

"But I'm going to walk," avowed literal Jinny; "a fly's too dear."

"All the jollier. I'll come with you, if I may?" There was nothing very tender in the pleading of his bright blue eyes, but Jinny found it irresistible.

"O, I *should* like it!" she whispered, and soon came forth from the cloaking-room with a thin old shawl huddled round her; her dress caught up, regardless of grace, in a great bundle in front, and such an eager, shining, fluttered face as made Fitzpatrick feel at the same time thrills of affection and contempt for her. Poor Jinny! She was lamentably ignorant of these little details of the art of pleasing, to be so imprudently ready to be pleased.

Old Dr. Irving (in deference to some vague notions of "leaving young people alone") plodded on behind the two, who hardly noticed his forbearance, and never thought of a comic, sad, little romance, over years ago, of which a raw young Sawbones and a retired grocer's daughter were hero and heroine. It was a longish walk, and Fitzpatrick became a little tired, and thought with angry sadness of a big cushioned carriage which had brought him and somebody else back from many balls; but Jinny was radiant, and he could not spoil the pleasure ringing so sweetly in the foolish, soft accents, nor mar the perfection of *her* happiness, because she could not make his own.

The same motive, he believed, made him say, when he left her, that he would "do himself the pleasure of calling."

"Do, please, do!" cried she, squeezing his hand. "O, how *kind* you are!" And she stood and watched him when he had bid a cheery, respectful good-night to the old doctor, making his way lightsomely down the muddy road with the sort of dancing walk, funny enough in its way, which characterizes many cavalry men, but which seemed to her inexperience only another individual charm.

He would almost have laughed could he have guessed the passionate gratitude and trembling reverence with which Jinny regarded him; the latter feeling, indeed, I think little Captain Fitzpatrick had never, in the course of his five-and-twenty years, inspired before. She went up stairs slowly, and sat down on the bed in her little room, without once looking in the glass, as most girls would, under the new and agreeable circumstances, have done; but she was thinking of him, not of herself. She was so bewildered she could not have uttered one of her thoughts distinctly; and after sitting quite still, with a dreamy smile on her lips, for a long time, her head dropped on her shoulder, and she fell asleep.

As to Fitzpatrick, he was on the whole happier than he had allowed himself to be for a long while. This poor child's awkward admiration soothed the self-esteem which had recently received a sad shock; and its character was novel; people were wont to pet, and chaff, and be warm friends with him; but no one had ever seemed to look up to him until now. He resolved inwardly to be very kind and patronizing, and show the world in general, and *one* lady in particular—whose ears it *might* reach—that he could be worshipped as well as worship. And then, he really pitied this poor little Miss Lake, wondering that girls did not die, or "go cracked," who led such weary lives as hers.

He came to see her next day, sending in his card by a stolid maid, to whom he had first to explain this piece of courteous propriety. He

found her alone, in a dingy, slovenly room, with a faded "Kidderminster" on the floor, fluffy green rep curtains, and stunted furniture of a mysterious red wood, which *might* have been mahogany, or deal red ochre, and varnish. There were some gaudy cheap china vases, containing bouquets of paper flowers, on the mantelpiece, reflected in a little greenish chimney-glass; two portraits of Jinny's parents (a pale ugly clergyman, and a pale pretty governess), flanked with some smudgy prints, decorated the walls; while the signs of occupation, which sometimes redeem an otherwise dreary apartment, were here only added uglinesses — some checked dusters in process of hemming; the *Slap Bang Polka* dog's-eared, open on a rickety, old-fashioned piano; and the ball dress of last night thrown forlornly on the sofa, to be cobbled up for next time: all this made Fitzpatrick shudder as he came in.

Jinny jumped down from the window-seat, where she had been undisguisedly watching for him, and ran to meet him very gladly, unconscious of the bad policy of her eagerness, which made her visitor cooler in his greeting than he might otherwise have been.

When he was seated he looked at her critically, and came to the conclusion that she was better looking in the day than at night, and her awkwardness rather less apparent in the high woolen dress that veiled her thin, sloping shoulders, and fell in straight, heavy folds — pleasanter to look at than that stiff crumple of tarletane — to her feet. Besides, her hair arranged without attempt at effect, and roughened by the window-curtain against which it had been impatiently rubbed, suited her better; and the creased pink ribbon, twisted inartistically through it, did not "go" badly with her flushed cheeks and soft, colorless eyes. But for all that,—for all her happy look and almost fond smile,—Fitzpatrick was not going to let her off that offence against propriety,—the making this visit *look* like a rendezvous, by her eager cry: "Here you are at last," and her non-mention of her aunt. It was his duty to teach her such things, so he began in a society tone, tintured with a certain rebuking courtesy: "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lake?"

"I told you she was an invalid and never came down," returned the *mal-à-propos* Jinny.

"Did you? Ah! I'd forgotten," said the captain, fibbing, with a view to avenge himself for her persistent want of tact. But she was not hurt by his forgetfulness; she had never thought his gracious ears *could* remember her silly words; for silly even the every-day folks round her said she was; and what must *he* think! So she only answered: "I'm glad—no, I don't mean that, only, now, you have no one to talk to but me, have you?" and Fitzpatrick could not but be disarmed by her persistent humility.

He paid her a long visit, and promised to come again. He ascertained where she took her walks, and said inwardly he would sometimes look her up in them; although, when his minute inquiries had led her to cry delightedly, "Are you going there too?" he had replied coldly that he more often rode than walked. He went away much raised in his own estimation, and consequently pleased with Jinny, leaving her in a self-depreciatory state, possibly quite as happy in its way.

She saw him again very often, although he was quartered at the next town, and had to ride or drive over each time. He was always kind to her, and more complimentary than any one else; and he would sometimes hint at a secret trouble in his life, in a way which gave him additional interest in her eyes. Jinny had never known *any* young men, had scarcely *seen* any so handsome, or, at all events, so refined, and in a manner fascinating, as Francis Fitzpatrick; no one took any interest in her, cared whether she was pleased or sorry, looked well or ill, laughed or cried, except him. He used to give her hints about etiquette, gravely consider and advise her toilet, lend her novels and poetry, and sometimes send her music,—not songs, for she excruciated him by her faulty pronunciation and “veiled” voice, but easy pieces, or perhaps the last valse.

Then at times he would praise her, and make love to her a little carelessly,—half laughing at his own sentimental speeches, half doubting whether, after all, this humble, adoring little soul would not make a better wife than another he had once courted in vain. And, meanwhile, he ran up to town, paid visits and went to balls in the neighbourhood, flirted in a harmless way with every pretty girl he came across, rode in local races, played in local cricket-matches, and was more popular than any other man in his regiment, and deservedly so. Every one liked him: alas! it is a fatal thing to love with entireness somebody whom every one likes. I can hardly tell what were Fitzpatrick's real feelings for Jinny; perhaps he did not know himself; certainly he would not inquire about them too closely, lest they should not warrant his words and actions with regard to her. He pitied her very heartily, enjoyed extremely her deep trust and open adulation; but beyond this, mystery reigned,—a mystery his friend Jones's clumsy, though conscientious efforts to clear up had only increased. Jones had first chaffed him about “the native,” and his jokes not being taken as he, Jones, conceived a man in love should take them, he remonstrated, and made Fitzpatrick very angry; his anger with his friend being, perhaps, due partly to anger with himself. But, unluckily, neither had any effect on his conduct towards Jinny.

And Jinny? Three words tell her silly story plainly enough,—she loved him. She had not paused to weigh his love for her, nor think whether he treated her with proper deference, nor whether their positions coincided, nor anything. Her heart had gone from her before she knew she had a heart, almost; and, whatever happened, she could never, never take it back. This awkward girl, with her half-grown ways; with the cooing, tender voice that said so many foolish, frank words; with silly, soft eyes, like those of some gentle, half-tame animal; with her piteous utter ignorance of how to win a lover, and retain him: this country simpleton, who had not even begun to care about dressing becomingly, yet loved with the woful strength, the rash self-abnegation, the dreadful faith that has made of women noblest martyrs and basest criminals in all ages; which bade fair to make of *her*, with her commonplace surroundings, only one more, it might be, hard old maid, it might be, happy wife and mother,—happy despite her unlikeness to her husband's people.

For alas! when Jinny tried to put her love into words, none seemed

so fit to express it as the answer to that question in the Catechism which she had learned before she was confirmed : "What is thy duty towards *God*? To believe in Him, to fear Him, to love Him ; with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, with all my strength ; to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, all the days of my life."

An unutterably piteous profanity, almost to be pardoned when you think of the certain promise of failure and despair in the application of such awful words to a mere human being, especially a human being like Captain Francis Fitzpatrick.

But Jinny, rejoicing in the sunshine, recked no more of a better Light than she did of the coming darkness, and considered him missionary rather than tempter. Did he not tell her what was proper, and did he not say propriety was goodness polished, and in a society setting? She never told herself he could not change, because that would have been, to her simple mind, to acknowledge a possibility of his not loving her, and his looks and tones declared — O a great deal more surely than words — that he did! And to care for a stupid, ugly thing like her must be great love indeed, all his virtue, and none of hers.

So Jinny reasoned, and grew more familiar with her gay captain, and now came and sat near him, and stared devotedly in his face, or took his hand in her long, thin fingers, admiring its delicacy, or the perfection of his dress, from the brown velvet morning coat to the Indian gold coins that fastened his wristbands, and the marvel of a boot that defined that high-bred slender foot. And Jinny's open and lavish tribute began to shock him a little ; that *other*, had she loved him ever so, would never have let him see it so slavishly ; Jinny's fond flatteries began to pall ; there had been stinging sweets of old, far racier in flavor. Besides, the wound Jinny had soothed was healing, and invalid diet became proportionately mawkish. "But it would be so awfully awkward to cut the thing suddenly, and really she was a dear little child, and too good for a heedless fellow like him,—in *some* ways,—not good enough in others ; not fair, nor stately, nor clever enough to present to the regiment and society as Mrs. Fitzpatrick. No doubt the affair would in some way die a natural death, and if not — if not — why, hang it all! the girl shouldn't have made love to him in that way!" to which girl, next moment, he would make such a speech as : "No, you mayn't be *pretty*, exactly, but I'd rather sit here with you than with all the pretty girls under the sun."

And Jinny would give a tender half-shake of her head, and stare at him with her big, wistful eyes in silent, adoring gratitude.

After these impulses of treachery, Fitzpatrick was subject to revulsions of kindness, in one of which he committed a rash act. He asked Jinny, and old Dr. Irving, as her chaperon, to a dance his regiment were about to give prior to their departure.

The unfortunate child danced about the room when he revealed the former fact to her (carefully concealing the latter) ; her joy was not quite so graceful in act as in feeling, and Fitzpatrick, with rather a cross laugh, told her she would tire herself before the party if she did not stop.

So she crept up to him, instantly subdued, and asked with an absurd air of tragic anxiety : "Can I wear my tarletane frock *again*?"

"No, by Jove! I don't think you can," he answered. "You must manage something else,—coax it out of the aunt, or spend your pocket-money; there's a good child. *I* want you to look nice."

A sweet, warm feeling made Jinny thrill at the "owning" sound of his last words: to be a credit to *him*, for *him* to be proud of her! If Jinny had been offered marriage by the Prince of Wales, and an act of Parliament made on purpose, it would not have flattered her half so much. She grew confident, and said, with a new little air of dignity, "O I'll manage somehow."

And the impressionable little officer thought he might rely on the feminine art he had been the first to awaken. Jinny's aunt, who always heard of his visits, and always said, in answer to her niece's rapture, "~~He~~ must be very agreeable,—give me my drops, dear," and then always shut her eyes and slept,—gave her consent; the doctor said he would take her; so there was no obstacle in her way, and she was perfectly happy.

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## II.—JINNY'S SECOND BALL.

"I have no one but you!"

JINNY'S dressing for the ball was a feverish affair indeed, and when she took a final survey of herself in the glass, a burst of tears was the result. "I look so—so ugly," she sobbed; "*he*'ll be ashamed of me." And then she scandalized her clumsy attendant by adding in a low, piteous tone: "If I'd only prayed to be pretty all this time, I might have been made so by now."

However, she had to choke down her tears (it was well, for she had not the rare art of crying becomingly), for the fly, which Dr. Irving paid, was at the door. She had no loving, last inspections to go through; her aunt had been in bed an hour, and their one maid had "no opinion of Miss Jinny." Besides—awful thought!—she might keep *him* waiting. So she ran down stairs, jumped into the fly, with breathless, fervent thanks to Dr. Irving, and was on her road to paradise.

The moment of alighting, of finding her arm instantly in his, of being led into a whirling world of lights and music, and all wonder and beauty; of flying with him down a long vista made by shining dresses and uniforms, seemed to Jinny ever after (such a brief earthly "ever" as hers was!) like an incredibly glorious dream. She could not speak, nor clearly see what went on around her; could only breathe out the weight of her happiness in long sobbing sighs, till the first dance was over. Then she looked up at him with such mingled rapture and devotion that he was moved and half-frightened, and exclaimed, "By Jove! you absurd little thing, what is it? What are you making those big eyes of yours bigger, if possible, about?"

"It is all so delightful!" she answered, clinging closer to his arm. I think that night Fitzpatrick found it delightful too; for Jinny, dressed all in white, with a tall "mother-of-pearl" comb in her brown hair, and the unfailing black velvet round her throat, looked her best (though she had not thought so), and was stimulated to unwonted powers of

repartee by a certain playful tenderness which peeped out in her "friend's" manner, by certain small attentions too, that seemed to her guileless mind very serious and sweet signs. At first, perhaps, she danced with too hearty enjoyment to be graceful; but the passion of happiness, for which her stagnant existence had ill prepared her, acted like physical fatigue. She soon sank into a state of silent and exalted bliss, too great for words or gestures of delight; only her poor little face beamed, a great still radiance lit her round eyes, till they seemed gazing at paradise; and whether she sat at Fitzpatrick's side, or danced with him, or looked up in his face as he bent over her, there was a fond, helpless, clinging confidence in her attitude that told the same tale: "My sun, my strength, my life, how should I live without thee."

But the moment came when all this bliss was to end, and forever, if she had but known it. Unhappy child! it was perhaps her very own silly hand — silly, because it forgot all else in his clasp — that wrote the first letter of the fatal "Finis." When she was cloaked, when Dr. Irving had gone to see about the fly, Fitzpatrick stayed with her, and told her he should see her home. "We can drop the old doctor," he said, gazing into her face with a very kind smile, and pressing her hand to his side. "And then I'll see my guest home. That'll be quite the right thing to do, eh, Jinny? Won't it, little one?"

She nodded vehemently; he felt her droop and lean against him with a movement of trusting love he could not misinterpret.

"Are you tired, darling?" he asked with a vague impulse of caressing gratitude. "Not tired of me, you wicked little child?"

"O, how could I be!" she sighed; and then Dr. Irving came to announce the fly, and acquiesce sleepily in Fitzpatrick's little arrangement; and they three got in, and were driven off.

"Good night, my dear; sleep well," said Jinny's chaperon, with a curious doubt and tremble in his voice, and a curious suspicious glance at her companion. "Take care of her, sir; she's alone." Then he got out, and pattered up the path to his dreary little cottage, without ever a look back at the clear stars just waning in the early morning grayness, though dead-and-gone memories were wakening in his dull breast.

Fitzpatrick was quiet enough during the rest of the drive, though he did not draw back from the girlish figure that leaned against his shoulder; though he took the thin hand that was so wofully ready to be taken, he refrained from putting his arm round her, or speaking more words of love. Slumbering honour was stirring a little; Jinny was so utterly and awfully in his power, he was for the time more afraid of her than of the most self-possessed prude in the world.

But this was not to last; when the fly had set them down, and rattled away, Fitzpatrick still lingered, and stood close to her. The sky was growing from deep blue to warm pearly gray; the stars fading tranquilly out; a soft air stirred the shrubs in the little garden, and blew a long tress that had lost its curl against his cheek, and sighed a tender little song in Jinny's ear. The sky, and the wind, and the flowers were very sweet: in that July night, society, society's restrictions and obligations, seemed worlds off. He forgot for a moment that

he had given his heart elsewhere ; he forgot that Jinny Lake was ugly and simple and poor, could only spoil his worldly career, and never satisfy the fastidious cravings of eye and mind. He only realized, looking down on that innocent face, shining with a soft glory of believing love, that he was all her life to her ; had moulded her every thought and deed since their first meeting, that here was a worshipper who, disowned and rejected, no after power and success could ever give back to him.

"O Jinny," he began painfully, and stopped.

Then she found words at last,—words piteous through trust, not through doubt.

"Oh, I do, do love you ! You won't leave me, will you ? I have no one but you, indeed, indeed, I could not live."

Her head had fallen on his shoulder ; her large eyes were lifted, wet with tears ; in the faint starlight he saw the half-smile of fervent happiness on her lips, and bent and kissed them,—kissed that smile away from them.

"And I love you, too, my own, dearest little Jinny," he murmured.

She lay quiet on his breast till he saw fit to release her, which he did presently with a troubled : "I must not keep you in the night-air, my child. Give me another kiss for 'Good-night.'"

She was very obedient : she trusted him so ; her lips were put up like a child's ; she never asked whether he would come on the morrow, nor *when*, nor wanted promises and asseverations, as some women do.

"Good-night, my darling," he said, turning away.

"Good-night, good-by," said Jinny, crying happily. Then she gathered a late rosebud, and gave it him ; and he taking it,—her first gift of love,—with tender and gallant thanks, left her.

She leaned her bare arms on the top of the little gate, and looked at him, picking his way daintily across the stony road ; once he turned, and took off his hat, and she kissed her hand many times, fondly. She stayed there a long while, staring in vague, passionate thankfulness at the blushing sky, rehearsing over and over again in her own mind his words, his kisses, his kind looks,—wishing the morning sunshine would come and bring him back ; for would he not be with her always and forever now, since he had said he loved her, and *his* love could not forsake or lie, whatever they said in story-books !

How she would obey and please him in all things ! how hard she would try not to be awkward and foolish any more, to move and speak gracefully as he said girls should move and speak, to learn the music and sketch the scenes which Fitzpatrick had admired. She would go out that very day, later, and try and copy a barn, with a group of birch trees behind it, and then begin to practise a new valse. Well, it seemed very hard to leave the spot his recent presence had made lovely, to turn away from the magical morning glow breaking over the distant wood, from the low twitter of the little birds in the nearer trees, and shut herself up in her ugly little room.

But she should take her fairy gift of joy with her there, close to her heart, never, never to leave it more, except with life, and what outer dreariness could matter now ? "Nothing, nothing matters !" she whispered to herself, fondling her own hand because he had held it in

his, as she laid her head (such a dizzy, throbbing head !) on the pillow ; " I can never be unhappy again."

Morning came ; Jinny gave her aunt an account of the ball, in which Fitzpatrick figured prominently enough, but she did not repeat his words. She had a vague notion he would want to see that lady himself ; and if not, why, there was plenty of time to tell the sweet secret that was, as yet, her very, very own,—no sharer in it.

So she drew, and practised, put on her prettiest dress, and then began to think it time for Fitzpatrick to come. She was not a bit exacting ; but he had said he loved her, and she judged his love by hers.

She sat in the window waiting, or ran down the garden path, heedless of sun and dust, to look out at the gate, from morning to sunset. She strained her eyes till it was black night, and came back into the room with sad reluctance, but without the faintest touch of fear or distrust.

He did not come the next day, nor the next to that. But why drag out such a story ? He did not come at all. Weeks — months passed. Through all the glaring summer, passers-by never missed the slight unformed figure crouched in the window-seat behind the faded green rep curtain, or standing at the little gate with its blistered paint, one thin hand shading the round soft eyes that stared yearningly down the dull road, and blinked back the sad tears that would rise sometimes, or pressed against two simple lips ever in a piteous quiver of expectation. People learned to notice her,—notice the two muslin frocks she wore,—blue and lilac "week and week about," growing more limp and faded each time ; the heavy hair she soon ceased to dress with care and pleasure ; the plain face that was plain again now, and had a startled, feverish wildness in the great, wistful eyes. She did not care if it was fine or dull, whether the sun scorched or the rain chilled her : if the maid brought her a cloak, she would huddle it round her abstractedly, or perhaps let it fall. It did not much matter,—nothing mattered now, she repeated with dull iteration, not until he came.

I cannot tell her feelings ; I can only say she loved him better than ever, if she believed in him so utterly no more. She might have thought him ill or dead ; only one of the tradesmen, who sometimes went to the town where his regiment was quartered, had seen him at intervals apparently quite well and cheerful. She thought he must have some good reason for keeping away as he did ; perhaps he wanted to see if she really loved him.

She was patient ; and waited because she could do nothing else,—she knew none of his friends, and she dared not try to find out indirectly about him.

Still less, at first, did she dare to write to him ; she had heard him condemn so severely a lady who had taken some such step ; but as his maxims of propriety faded, as the yearning to see him widened and deepened in the woman's heart, her fears forsook her. Four months after the July dawn that saw their parting she wrote him a letter, which, abrupt and ill dictated as it was, had the pathos of a hundred impassioned appeals in its helpless pleadings. Twenty times it was written out in Jinny's best hand, and torn up : completed, it was, after all, a brief and simple epistle :—

MY DEAREST CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK,— Please will you tell me if I have done anything to vex you, for I am so very unhappy because you do not come. I know the young ladies you know do not write to gentlemen ; but I have only you, and cannot help writing ; and I will never do it again. Indeed, indeed, I do love you so very much, and am till I die your own  
JINNY."

Why did he not come? Poor Jinny! The question that perplexed her so was easily answered.

The morning after the ball, the evening glamour over, he took himself to task. He had gone too far with a child he never meant to marry,— a good, affectionate, ugly little girl, whom it was absurd to suppose could ever be his wife. He was truly very sorry to part from her, to lose her foolish flatteries and lavish sympathy ; but for her sake, even more than his own, things must go no further.

It would not do to have farewell scenes, for he knew he was soft-hearted, and could not bear to see a woman cry. There were no presents to be sent back ; one poor little rosebud he did indeed, with a sigh, fling into the grate ; but the music he had given her, poor little soul! she was welcome to keep,— even to play it to some cad of a fellow whom she would end by marrying. He became a little plaintive on this text, thinking of little Jinny's loving ways ; but was soon consoled by an invitation to stay at a specially "jolly" house in the neighbourhood, where there were lots of horses and pretty girls. That was Fitzpatrick's epitaph for his last amusement.

Jinny's letter, coming when he was on leave, first gave him a fit of the blues, and then made him quite angry it should have had such a power,— so ill spelled, written, and expressed an epistle.

He tore it up, angry with himself and her, stamped about the room, and made a wholesome resolution to be careful of country-town innocence for the future.

After this ebullition, his spirits returned, and he soon became, to use his own phrase, "as jolly as ever."

"By Jove, cunning dodge that letter!" he laughed to himself. "But it's no go, my little friend ; we are not quite so green as you fancy. If I ever console myself about the old trouble, it won't be with you. Ah! what a girl that other was ; such a lot of style, and go, and pluck!"

Alas! if Jinny could have seen the reception of her first poor little heart-utterance, her love-letter, written when love, on one side at least, had long been over!

*(To be continued.)*

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*St. Paul's.*

AD ROSAM.

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"Mitte sectari ROSA quo locorum  
Sera moretur."—HOR.

---

I.

I HAD a vacant dwelling —  
A tenement that I,  
As nought can serve the telling,  
Decline to specify ; —  
Enough 'twas neither haunted,  
Entailed, nor out of date ;  
I put up "Tenant wanted,"  
And left the rest to Fate.

II.

Then, Rose, you passed the window,—  
I see you passing yet,—  
Ah, what could I within do,  
When, Rose, our glances met !  
Who could have seen and waited ?  
Who could have looked, and stayed ?  
My fort capitulated  
Before a siege was made.

III.

I heard the summons spoken  
That all hear — king and clown :  
You stopped — the ice was broken ;  
You smiled — the bill was down.  
How blind we are ! It never  
Occurred to me to seek  
If you had come for ever,  
Or only for a week.

IV.

The words your voice neglected,  
Seemed written in your eyes ;  
The thought your heart protected,  
Your cheek told, missal-wise ; —  
I read the rubric plainly  
As any Expert could ;  
In short, we dreamed,—insanely,  
As only lovers should.

## V.

I broke my Psyche, Röslein,—  
A gem that Taste assures,—  
Because her lips and nose-line  
Were parodies — to yours ;  
And you, without vexation,  
May certainly confess  
Some graceful approbation,  
Designed à mon adresse.

## VI.

You liked me then, Carina,—  
You liked me then, I think ;  
For your sake gall had been a  
Mere tonic-cup to drink ;  
For your sake, bonds were trivial,  
The rack, a tour-de-force ;  
And banishment, convivial,—  
You coming too, of course.

## VII.

Then, Rose, a word in jest meant  
Would throw you in a state  
No apropos investment  
Could quite alleviate ;  
Beyond a Paris trousseau  
You prized my smile, I know,  
I, yours — ah, more than Rousseau  
The lip of d'Houdetot.

## VIII.

Then, Rose,—but why pursue it ?  
When Fate begins to frown  
Best write the final "fuit,"  
And gulp the physic down.  
And yet,—and yet, that only,  
The song should end with this :—  
You left me, left me lonely,  
Rosa mutabilis !

## IX.

Left me — with Time for Mentor,—  
A dreary tête-à-tête,—  
To pen my "Last Lament," or  
Extemporize to Fate,  
In blankest verse disclosing  
My bitterness of mind,—  
Which is, I learn, composing  
In cases of the kind.

## X.

No, Rose ; though you refuse me,  
 Culture the pang prevents ;  
 " I am not made "—excuse me —  
 " Of so slight elements ;"  
 I leave to common lovers  
 The hemlock or the hood,  
 My rarer soul recovers  
 In dreams of public good.

## XI.

The Roses of this nation —  
 Or so I understand,—  
 By careful computation,—  
 Exceed the gross demand ;  
 And, therefore, in civility  
 To those that can't be matched,  
 No man of sensibility,  
 Should linger unattached.

## XII.

So, without further fashion —  
 A modern Curtius —  
 Plunging, from pure compassion,  
 To aid the overplus,  
 I sit down, sad — not daunted,  
 And, in my weeds, begin  
 A new card — " Tenant wanted ;  
 Particulars within."

A. D.

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 BRIGANDAGE IN MEXICO.
 

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 FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.
 

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THE number of brigands in this country may be estimated, approximately, by knowing that the Government employs nearly 20,000 troops and police in the business of hunting down violators of the law. The sum of the annual executions for robbery on the highways, if a record were kept, would be perfectly astounding. As it is, the public are apprised only of those vindications of the law that

occur on the great thoroughfares, and near the chief cities. For the past eight months, Government has made special efforts to crush out this national disgrace ; and for this, when we remember there have been half a dozen State revolutions in full blast all the while, requiring men and means for their repression, the Minister of War and the President deserve most honorable mention. Not that they have succeeded, but that they attempted to do so. It is a task of Herculean dimensions, this beating and trampling out established customs, and hammering grace and morals into the people. Success need not be expected while the present generation survives. For half a century brigandage has been growing in numbers and respectability ; and during some periods of Mexican history, robber bands were more powerful than the established government. Scores of times, as the instruments of ambitious chiefs, have they demolished and set up governments. In times of revolution these bold marauders range themselves on the side of the probable winner, always turning the scale, but in the meantime keenly alive to the liberty of crusading with a semblance of authority upon the lives and property of men. They are revolutionists in principle ; for to them a season of anarchy is a rich harvest. When laws are silent, they are a power in the land ; and during these periods the people fear them as they do a pestilence or a famine.

The professional robber and the *plagiarist* (kidnapper), although both operating against society, have distinct fields of action. The robber hovers about villages and on the highways ; the plagiarist fixes himself in the mountain fastnesses, and makes raids upon haciendas and cities. The latter select a man of wealth, one who can command from five to fifty thousand dollars ; and him they spirit away in darkness or daylight, from his own home or on the road, wherever he may be. When they *spot* a man, legions cannot save him. They carry him to the mountain den, and from thence they make demands for ransom. Compelled by threats or torture, the victim writes an order upon his agent or friends to furnish the sum demanded. But it happens sometimes that the money cannot be raised at once. The plagiarist taking the failure as a refusal, sets about his work in a way that in most cases crowns the negotiation with success. He begins by sending to the family of his prisoner a piece of the victim's ear ; then a finger, then a bit of his nose. If these warnings fail, the whole ear or tongue goes ; if these go unheeded, then the head is sent. There are cases on record where the victim was dragged at a horse's heels for miles, and presented, a mutilated mass, to his family. The system is practised to an alarming extent, and in defiance of police and military. There are seasons when a man of wealth dare not venture outside of the city gates without a guard, or even beyond his own door after sunset. A kidnapper knows every rich man in a circuit of fifty miles, and his exact worth in available dollars. This knowledge is acquired through his agents and emissaries, who are stationed in every town and city. The emissaries are silent partners, and are by no means wholly of the lower class. Indeed the clan claims adherents among the most respectable families in the country.

According to the creed of the plagiarist, he is in no sense a thief or an enemy to order. He holds that all property in the realm is for the

good of the whole ; that when any man hoards up wealth, he withholds from the poor, who want bread, the share to which human right entitles them. No logic can convince him that he is an outlaw ; and when driven hard for justification, in his cool phraseology he tells you he sins against society through necessity.

The *ladron* (robber) reasons from the same premises. A robber never believes it criminal to appropriate ; and when the strong arm of the law pronounces against him, he goes to his death like a hero, unterrified, conscious that he is dying an honorable death. Public opinion has sanctioned for so long a period outlawry and robbery, that time only, and the most rigid laws, or annihilation of the race, can wipe out this national characteristic.

For the suppression of a custom so damaging to the prosperity of Mexico, the authorities have used every available means. There is to-day no great thoroughfare in the Republic that is not patrolled by troops. No specie *conducta* leaves the interior for the seacoast without its guard. Every mile of stage road is guarded by mounted men, and every railway train carries its squad of red jackets. No public man or foreign emissary comes into, or goes out of the country without an escort of national troops. Every town and village on the principal roads has a garrison for protection, and to render assistance when the road-guard is overpowered. With all this precaution, but a slight percentage in the decrease of executions is manifest ; and in most of the provinces lawlessness is checked only, not crushed out. In many portions of the country, vast tracts of territory are held in undisputed possession by these bold knights of the carbine. The lack of roads and communication, the continuous mountain ranges and *barrancas* that are impassable for troops, fit Mexico peculiarly for the operations of predatory bands, and form natural defences that bid defiance to any beleaguering force.

In the infancy of the Republic, robbery was made a punishable offence, and the penalty imprisonment in jail. Then the penalty was changed to that of laboring on the highway. Subsequently the chain-gang punishment was introduced, and still exists for minor offences. Santa Anna enacted a law holding the citizens responsible for robberies committed in their district, and compelled them to arm and patrol, or pay for the losses incurred through the incursions of these land-pirates. Later, the death-penalty was substituted, but with no better result. It is alleged that some American officers during the occupation in 1847 instituted whipping (some natives yet exhibit what they say are marks of the lash), and that it, while not so rigid, was a more effectual preventive of theft than the bullet.

What is called respectable employment in Mexico can scarcely be had. The professions are limited. The avenues to promotion outside the army are inaccessible to the moderately educated. A Mexican will not work if he can subsist without it. He is too proud to soil his hands, and the prejudices of society condemn a man to the lower class if he attempts to earn a living by toil. To thousands then of the idle, is presented the unpleasant necessity of a choice between packing and digging, or entering the bandit profession. The conventionalities of caste, and the love of adventure, together with poverty,

in the majority of cases win the ambitious over to the "lance and road."

The organization of these brigands is almost perfect; and their bands are well armed and well mounted. They ride the best horses of the country. The bands vary in size from five to five hundred. The large organizations operate with a twofold object: to fight against the party in power, and for a subsistence. They are most numerous in the west—in the States of Jalisco, Colima, and Guerrero—where but few roads cross the country, and where their strongholds are impregnable. In these fastnesses, and within a circle of fifty leagues, they are masters. From thence they raid upon the rich valleys and towns, and levy *prestamos* (forced loans) at their discretion and convenience. Several collisions with the national forces have occurred within the last eighteen months, and terminated in the almost complete annihilation of several battalions of troops. But the bandits avoid these engagements when it is possible to do so; their object being to acquire money and property, not to gain battles. The smaller bands rob for a living; they are influenced by no other motive. It need scarcely be mentioned that these men have their sympathizers in the army. The thief-catchers and thieves are frequently accomplices. When the American Secretary of Legation was robbed a year since on the Chichuite mountains, the "*Siglo*" charged the guard with complicity. The case admitted of such a construction. Three robbers put to flight seven well armed soldiers, who were detailed by the commandant at Paso-del-Macho as an escort. Without firing a shot or being fired at, the escort turned and fled four miles. When the charge of complicity was made so openly, the officer on the road found it necessary to vindicate the conduct of his troops; and *knowing* where to find one of the bandits, he captured him—a boy of fifteen years—took him to Atiac, near the spot where he committed the crime, and hung him on a tree. The young fellow went to his execution smoking a cigar. These men have no regard for human life; they kill a man without a particle of remorse, and when the law gives them to the bullet, there is no trembling or supplicating for mercy. The executions are simple business transactions. On these occasions the utmost good humor prevails. The culprit is as gay as the rest; he smokes and drinks to the last moment. Cases of repentance are rare. They cannot be persuaded that they are criminals, and their consciences recognize no sin in taking what the "world owes them." The robber-clan defies all law; the wrong against the race is, from the bandit point of view, all sickly sentimentality. The most daring men of the country belong to these organizations; and if a traveller escapes when not hedged in by lances, it is a miracle. Formerly no resistance was offered by diligence passengers: it was deemed wiser to lose one's purse than one's life; and even now it is but seldom that passengers arm for defence, and fight their way through. The business of robbing consequently carried but little danger with it. The profession was generally accounted a peaceable one. Evading the road guard required no great amount of ingenuity; hence every idler was induced to embark in it. There are scores of cases where two highwaymen have disarmed and robbed a whole diligence-load of able-bodied men; where

women even, with *machetes*, made twice their number of the lords of creation "stand and deliver." A Mexican never resists — a foreigner sometimes does. A native is content if his life is spared : a foreigner — English or American — is not so readily persuaded. More recently, travellers have shown fight, especially on the Vera Cruz road. The bandits on several occasions not only had a warm reception, but were slaughtered like cattle in the shambles. Some time ago two friends, well armed, took passage in the diligence at the capital for Vera Cruz, and when near Puebla were halted by a well mounted band of seven, armed with carbines. As usual, preparatory shots were fired to "bring the diligence to." In the briefest possible time the two friends were in position outside, and as the robbers advanced, opened fire upon them. The native travellers remained in the diligence, trembling spectators of the scene. For a time the fight was sharp. Every shot of the assailed took upon the assailants, and in a very short time four of the robbers lay dead, and the rest were in full retreat to the chapparal. At Puebla the victors were acquitted and an escort furnished them. The robbers, maddened by the loss of their comrades, gathered in force on the road, determined to slaughter every passenger ; but the guard was a formidable one, and the plucky travellers arrived in safety at Vera Cruz. After that encounter but few feints were made in that locality ; the robbers now come up at a gallop, firing into the coach and at the horses indiscriminately. If passengers resist these onslaughts, and are overpowered, no quarter is shown them. Under the most favorable circumstances, a refusal to surrender valuables will subject the traveller to the most brutal treatment. These bold fellows hold that valuables *in transitu* are their own peculiar property, and will beat or murder the unfortunate traveller for interfering, as they term it, with their legitimate business. Some of the more dainty and gentlemanly accept diamonds, money, and jewelry ; others take coats, shawls, dresses, boots, and all species of wearing apparel. If there is no immediate danger of rescue, they rifle the mails, and break open the valises and trunks. Passengers are not unfrequently left almost destitute of clothing in the road. It was no unusual spectacle several years since for the citizens of Paso-del-Macho to see travellers coming into that town baggageless, hatless, coatless, bootless, shirtless, and happy even for such a deliverance. The bandits of that benighted province at the epoch of the French intervention were types of finished mendacity and scoundrelism : a race of miscreants upon whose faces Providence had written warning to their fellow-creatures, and who on no occasion exhibited mercy to age, sex, or condition.

As before hinted, a Mexican will seldom risk his life for the property he carries with him. He will promise to do so, and will carry a pistol for the purpose, but when the time for action arrives he is sure to turn up missing. Of native cowardice and duplicity scores of examples in this connection might be cited, but one will suffice for this article. In the cemetery at Jalapa a simple stone marks the spot where sleeps a young American — Yorke by name. He, in company with seven Mexicans, left the City of Mexico in the morning diligence for the east, and by way of the national road. All were armed with revolvers. As some of the party carried money and valuables, it was

agreed before starting to fight their way through. Each man on the first alarm was to alight, take position as he saw fit, and fire without orders. Yorke carried two Colt's revolvers. No robbers appeared until some five leagues east of Jalapa, when a band of fifteen issued from the thick underbrush, and immediately opened a heavy fire with pistols and carbines upon the diligence. Yorke, as agreed upon, jumped from the coach, calling upon his comrades to follow, and taking a position, returned the fire. Not a solitary passenger moved from the vehicle; he stood alone, with the fire of the whole gang directed toward him. He fired eight shots, then fell dead. The fiends then rushed upon him, and literally hewed his body to pieces with their sabres. His eight shots killed three and wounded four more of the assailants. His fellow-passengers delivered up their arms, were bound, robbed, stripped of their clothing, and almost beaten to death.

When the roads are too well guarded the bandits turn off into the interior, and swoop suddenly upon some defenceless village, commit murders, sack it, and sometimes burn it, then decamp without loss, carrying off their booty. Complaints go up to the capital, and troops are sent into the lawless district; but in the meantime the band has fallen upon another village in a distant province. In these remote districts colonels and captains are clothed with extraordinary powers in brigand cases. They seldom refer a case to higher authority; they apprehend, and when the evidence is clear, execute the offenders in from two to ten hours after capture. Frequently the shooting follows the instant after capture. The prefect of a canton has similar jurisdiction in special cases, and he exercises his power without stint or hesitation. Here is a case in point:—Two years ago, two Americans, travelling overland from the Rio Grande, stopped over night at a town in the State of Vera Cruz. Employing a guide, they set out for the port of Vera Cruz. Journeying southward, they were ambuscaded in a *baranca* by the comrades of the guide, who murdered and stripped them, and taking their horses, fled to the mountains. On the following day the prefect of that canton pursued with a score of soldiers, and on the third day overtook and captured the murderers. He carried them to the spot where the tragedy was committed; the evidence seems to have been conclusive, for without form of trial, and within sight of the graves of the two dead men, he swung them from the nearest trees. The bandits were left hanging for weeks as a testimony of Mexican justice. But this swift punishment does not deter men from engaging in the business of outlawry. A Mexican brigand goes to his death with as much self-possession as he does to the confessional.

These gentlemen of the road are often fine looking fellows, dashing and polite, and exceedingly well dressed. Now and then a spark of the Robin Hood gallantry shows itself. They are not wanting in professional honor either, and at times they exhibit a dash of good nature that is curious and diverting. Some time before the evacuation of Mexico by the French, while passing from Mazatlan on the Pacific to Guadalajara, in the diligence, with a party of three ladies, four children, and an old man of seventy, a well mounted, well organized troop of ten men overhauled us. To show fight under the circumstances would

have been madness; hence we submitted gracefully, losing money, watches, arms — no more. It was a time when the road swarmed with bandits, some under the Liberal flag, others independent. A view of the situation indicated very clearly our condition. The next band finding no money, would take our clothes and rifle our baggage. The next, finding nothing else, would take our lives. Indeed, when a man puts himself in the way of being robbed here, it is necessary to have something to be robbed of. His person will suffer for his poverty. There is no remission for the sin of travelling with an empty purse. Our case was submitted to the robber chief, and the old man — our Spanish spokesman — was eloquent and complimentary. His logic seemed irresistible; for without a word of parley, the chief wheeled his horse, ordered his men in front and rear of us, and motioned the driver to push on. He remained with us all that day, drove off and talked off no less than four robber bands, and saw us safely in the *garrita* at Guadaljara. Since the close of the late war I saw on the streets of the capital this same robber chief, now an officer high in rank in the national army.

A well organized band makes no attack unless certain of a prize. Each band has its emissaries in the towns on the road where it operates. The number and nationality of each load of passengers are accurately reported at the principal rendezvous in time to attack; spies watch every movement of the traveller. The exposure of watches or jewelry or money at stations is sure to provoke attack. If arms are aboard, and carried by Americans or English, the prize must be a rich one to induce an assault. They abhor an armed "Gringo" (American), and dislike to war on women. Ruffians as many of them are, they rarely commit great outrages upon ladies. But it has occurred more than once, and with circumstances of horrible cruelty.

A life's experience has made them adepts in the business of robbing. They are swift and noiseless in their researches. An expert hand will relieve a dozen persons in a twinkling. Your purse, watch, or shawl goes before you have time for reflection. You wonder, when it is all over, how it could have happened. They have a wonderful *penchant* for rings, diamond pins, and jewelry of all kinds. When the spoils are gathered, and your baggage ransacked, the polite bandit lights a cigar, offers one to each passenger, and bowing low as he turns, spurs rapidly away and is lost in the dense chapparal.

From childhood a Mexican is taught the use of the lasso. He catches his mules and cattle and horses on the prairie with it, and if he chooses to adopt the life of an outlaw, his past practice ensures success in catching men. He sits a horse gracefully, and rides wherever man can ride. If he is alone, and fears the bullet or lance of his contemplated victim, he resorts to the lasso. Riding on the table land west of San Louis in the month of May, the writer was brought face to face with two horsemen, one pursuing the other. They were at a gallop. The pursuer, when within forty yards of his victim, loosened his lasso from the saddle, swung it round his head for half a minute, and as he spurred forward, dropped it like a hoop over the traveller's head. He then turned his horse's head, struck across the plain, and brought his prey to the ground. Dragging him a short distance over

the grass, he alighted suddenly, rifled the pockets of watch, purse, and pistols, and was off like the wind before a bullet could reach him.

The Government has resorted to every species of legislation to break up the system. The criminal code is nearly uniform in all the States. Stealing a horse, stopping the diligence, forcible entry of a building with the theft of the simplest article, are all crimes punishable by death. In a country like Mexico, however, it must not be presumed that justice always overtakes the evil-doer, even when he is fairly caught. Money has many uses, one of them being to compromise cases — in short, to purchase the lives of criminals. In this land there is no hope for a man destitute of friends and money. For such there is but one way. He passes the processes of the law without delay, goes out with the pitiless guards, receives the well aimed shots, and the majesty of the law is vindicated. Then there is a blast of trumpets in the newspapers in praise of justice in this Republic. Extenuating circumstances are sometimes seen in aggravated cases, the tongues of witnesses grow dumb, or the convicted murderer or robber is spirited off to another State. It is money that is potent to arrest the bullet, that buys witnesses, and that opens the prison gates to the greatest and most notorious brigands and criminals in the land. Official corruption permeates through every branch of the courts, and the sum of it is beyond conception. There are well authenticated cases in every canton, of attorney and judge bidding against each other for a fee to release a criminal and cheat the law; instances, and scores of them, where ten dollars and twenty dollars saved the lives of men, and where the want of that amount sent others to felons' graves.

Although the law condemns the system of brigandage, society as a mass does not. It is not an uncommon thing here for a noted robber to be admitted into the best society and rise to civil distinction. The antecedents of most of the military men would not bear rigid investigation. When a man abandons the road, the doors of society are open to him. The worst phase of chivalry is a living reality in Mexico. If it has degenerated into brigandage in the eyes of the outside world, be sure natives do not "see it in that light." It is a Castilian offshoot, and revered still as in olden times. The ballad that has lived longest in Mexico is one that extols the bandit knight, with "horse and lance and lady," as the embodiment of the noble and heroic. No doubt the Government is earnest in its efforts to crush the life out of brigandage. For this the civil and military forces wage incessant war upon it. But it is the few grappling with the many: law and order battling with long-accepted custom. Nevertheless, the slaughter of *ladrones* abates not. The death-penalty, the rattle of musketry, the hundreds swept monthly into robber graves, scarcely create a lull in the great national business of *prestamo-ing*, robbing, and throat-cutting.

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*Good Words.*

## HAPLESS LOVE.

HIC.

WHY do you sadly go alone,  
O fair friend? Are your pigeons flown,  
Or has the thunder killed your bees,  
Or he-goats barked your apple-trees?  
Or has the red-eared bull gone mad,  
Or the mead turned from good to bad?  
Or did you find the merchant lied  
About the gay cloth scarlet-dyed?  
And did he sell you brass for gold,  
Or is there murrain in the fold?

ILLE.

Nay, no such thing has come to me,  
In bird and beast and field and tree,  
And all the things that make my store,  
Am I as rich as e'er before ;  
And no beguilers have I known  
But Love and Death ; and Love is gone,  
Therefore am I far more sad,  
And no more know good things from bad.

HIC.

Woe worth the while ! Yet coming days  
May bring another, good to praise.

ILLE.

Nay, never will I love again,  
For loving is but joyful pain  
If all be at its very best ;  
A rose-hung bower of all unrest ;  
But when at last things go awry,  
What tongue can tell its misery?  
And soon or late shall this befall —  
The gods send death upon us all.

HIC.

Nay, then, but tell me how she died,  
And how it did to thee betide  
To love her ; for the wise men say  
To talk of grief drives grief away.

## ILLE.

Alas, O friend, it happed to me  
To see her passing daintily  
Before my homestead day by day.  
Would she had gone some other way!  
For one day, as she rested there  
Beneath the long-leaved chestnuts fair,  
In very midst of mid-day heat,  
I cast myself before her feet,  
And prayed for pity and for love.

How could I dream that words could move  
A woman? Soft she looked at me;  
"Thou sayest that I a queen should be,"  
She answered with a gathering smile;  
"Well, I will wait a little while;  
Perchance the gods thy will have heard."

And even with the latest word,  
The clash of arms we heard anigh;  
And from the wood rode presently  
A fair knight well apparelled.  
And even as she turned her head,  
He shortened rein, and cried aloud—  
"O beautiful, among the crowd  
Of queens thou art the queen of all!"

But when she let her eyelids fall,  
And blushed for pleasure, and for shame,  
Then quickly to her feet he came,  
And said, "Thou shalt be queen indeed;  
For many a man this day shall bleed  
Because of me, and leave me king  
Ere noontide fall to evening."

Then on his horse he set the maid  
Before him, and no word she said  
Clear unto me, but murmuring  
Beneath her breath some gentle thing,  
She clung unto him lovingly;  
Nor took they any heed of me.

Through shade and sunlight on they rode,  
But 'neath the green boughs I abode,  
Nor noted aught that might betide.  
The sun waned, and the shade spread wide;  
The birds came twittering over head;  
But there I lay as one long dead.

But ere the sunset, came a rout  
Of men-at-arms with song and shout,  
And bands of lusty archers tall,  
And spearmen marching like a wall,  
Their banners hanging heavily,  
That no man might their blazon see ;  
And ere their last noise died away,  
I heard a clamour of a fray  
That swelled, and died, and rose again ;  
Yet still I brooded o'er my pain  
Until the red sun nigh was set,  
And then methought I e'en might get  
The rest I sought, nor wake forlorn  
Midst fellow men the morrow morn ;  
So forth I went unto the field,  
One man without a sword or shield.

But none was there to give me rest,  
Tried was it who was worst and best,  
And slain men lay on every side ;  
For flight and chase were turned aside,  
And all men got on toward the sea ;  
But as I went right heavily  
I saw how close beside the way  
Over a knight a woman lay  
Lamenting, and I knew in sooth  
My love, and drew a-near for ruth.

There lay the knight who would be king  
Dead slain before the evening,  
And ever my love cried out and said,  
" O sweet, in one hour art thou dead,  
And I am but a maiden still !  
The gods this day have had their will  
Of thee and me ; whom all these years  
They kept apart ; and now with tears  
And blood and bitter misery  
Our parting and our death might be."

Then did she rise and look around,  
And took his drawn sword from the ground,  
And on its bitter point she fell —  
No more, no more, O friend to tell !  
No more about my life, O friend !  
One course it shall have to the end.

O Love, come from the shadowy shore,  
And by my homestead as before,  
Go by with sunlight on thy feet !  
Come back, if but to mock me, sweet !

HIC.

O fool ! what love of thine was this,  
Who never gave thee any kiss,  
Nor would have wept if thou hadst died ?  
Go now, behold the world is wide.  
Soon shalt thou find some dainty maid  
To sit with in thy chestnut shade,  
To rear fair children up for thee,  
As those few days pass silently,  
Uncounted, that may yet remain  
'Twixt thee and that last certain pain.

ILLE.

Art thou a God ? Nay, if thou wert,  
Wouldst thou belike know of my hurt,  
And what might sting and what might heal ?  
The world goes by 'twixt woe and weal  
And heeds me not ; I sit apart  
Amid old memories. To my heart  
My love and sorrow must I press ;  
It knoweth its own bitterness.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

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## MR. NEILL ON THE MARYLAND CHARTER.

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*To the Editors of THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE :*

GENTLEMEN : — In the July number of *The Eclectic* of 1868, you were good enough to publish an article, prepared by me at your request, reviewing a very spiteful paper upon Maryland and Marylanders, which appeared in the London *Athenæum* but a short time before, *à-propos* of a little work called "*Terra Mariæ*," by Mr. Edward D. Neill. The writer in the *Athenæum* had been pleased to say, among other agreeable and equally credible things about "the good people of Baltimore" in particular, that "they pique themselves upon being planted by a lord, while the neighboring States were planted by commoners like Walter Raleigh and William Penn." In commenting upon what I felt justified in styling the "amusing littleness" of this imputation, I used the following language :

"Whether Calvert was lord or commoner, or commoner made lord, is to us a matter of profound indifference. We are proud of his name and of him, only because we are proud of the immortal principles on which his colony was founded, and which place the landing of the pilgrims from the Dove and Ark among the grandest incidents of human history. *We are proud of his great charter, as one of the noblest of the works that human hands have reared—the most glorious proclamation ever made of the liberty of thought and worship.* Had he been Irish peasant instead of Irish baron, we should reverence him perhaps the more, and certainly feel none the less the honor of descending from the good, brave men, who made the precepts he bequeathed them a practical and living truth."

I had the gratification of seeing these observations of mine quoted and cordially adopted by a learned writer on the Early History of Maryland, in *The Southern Review* of January in the present year. They do not appear, however, to have met the approbation of the author of "*Terra Mariae*," whose want of sympathy with Calvert I took occasion to notice in the article referred to. Mr. Neill has since published a pamphlet entitled "The First Baron of Baltimore," the special object of which appears to be to dislodge the founder of the Maryland colony from the high place which he has occupied, down to this time, in the Pantheon of history. In the "Introductory Note" to the *brochure* in question, he quotes that sentence from my article which is printed in italics above, and comments on it as follows:

"The following pages form the first part of a little work on the Founders of Maryland, which may be published at no distant day; and if their perusal convinces the unprejudiced that the original charter of Maryland does not contain a single provision for civil or religious freedom, still none the less to be honored are advocates of 'the liberty of thought and worship,' wherever and whenever discovered."

The remainder of the pamphlet is dedicated to what is supposed, by the author, to show that the charter of Maryland "recognized neither civil nor religious liberty." It concludes with extracts from the charter of Carolana (granted in 1629 to Attorney-General Heath), which are printed in parallel columns with selections from the Maryland charter, and the deduction is drawn from their comparison that Heath's charter was "the document from which the charter of Maryland was framed" in 1632. Not only the merit, but even the originality of Calvert is thus sought to be impeached. The *New York Nation*, glad of the opportunity to uproot any Southern tradition or memorial of honor, unites with Mr. Neill (though without his courtesy) in assailing the proposition which I have italicised. It says that "no wilder talk than this has ever been uttered by any worshipper of the Puritans," and that "the parallel between the Carolina and Maryland charters, with which the pamphlet (of Mr. Neill) ends, proves the unoriginal character of the latter, and sets the question of freedom of worship at rest."

It was no part of my purpose, in reviewing the article from the *Athenæum*, to enter into an analysis of the Maryland Charter, or particularly to canvass its merits. I referred to it, as the extract above cited will show, for the exclusive purpose of repelling a very puerile and foolish accusation, which would have made us ridiculous, if true. We were charged with being a generation of tuft-hunters, who were proud of our colony because a lord, and not a commoner, had founded it. The reply was, that we cared for Calvert only because of his works, and that he would have been the same in our honor and remembrance

if he had been the humblest of men. We had pride in the great principles on which his government was founded, and in the charter he had prepared for it ; and we were proud of him as a man, because we owed these to his virtues and wisdom. His rank was not a feather in the scale of our reverence. About the charter there was no discussion, because there was no controversy ; for the *Athenæum* had found no fault with it, and had made no question of its originality or its excellence. The broad language which I used, and which is now objected to, was, therefore, not controversially nor argumentatively employed, so far as concerned the charter itself. It merely described or expressed the high estimation of the charter and its author which led the people of Maryland to have pride in them both. Whether that estimate was well or ill founded, was not the question. The allegation of its existence, as an honest and genuine feeling and opinion, sufficiently repelled the charge which I resented ; and the fact that it does exist — which I presume will not be disputed by any body here — was all that I undertook to assert, or could be held to make good.

I trouble you with this much, not because I have any doubt about the historical justice of the praise which we accord, in Maryland, to the Founder and his charter, but because the criticisms to which I have referred are a sort of invitation to controversy on the point ; and as I do not propose to engage in any, I think it due to you to show that I placed *The Eclectic* under no obligation to do so. I decline entering into such a discussion, not merely because I have neither the health nor the leisure to engage in it, but because the whole subject has already been dealt with, fully, by much more competent hands. Mr. Neill is probably not aware, and the *Nation* can hardly be expected to know, that the merits of Lord Baltimore and his charter, in every historical aspect, civil and religious, have been the subject of as thorough and exhaustive a discussion, in this State, as any seeker after knowledge or novelty could desire.

The second annual address before the Maryland Historical Society, delivered on December 9th, 1845, by Hon. John P. Kennedy, was a "Discourse on the Life and Character of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore." It was an able and instructive essay, full of learning and historical research, presenting, with much force of reasoning and illustration, its author's views upon the spirit and purpose of the Maryland Foundation. Considerable exception was taken to Mr. Kennedy's discourse, which was regarded by many, and especially by members of the Catholic Church, as unjust to Calvert in several particulars, but chiefly in those relating to his change of faith and the connection of his religious views and purposes with the establishment of the colony. A controversial paper, joining issue with Mr. Kennedy on these points, was deposited in the Historical Society by Dr. James Wynne, one of its members, and soon afterwards published. Mr. Kennedy's address was likewise reviewed with considerable acrimony in *The United States Catholic Magazine*, a periodical then published in this city by Mr. John Murphy, under the editorial direction of the Rev. Dr. White, and the Rev. Dr. Spalding, of Louisville, now archbishop of the diocese of Baltimore. The review was attributed (I believe justly) to the late Mr. Bernard U. Campbell, who was thor-

oughly versed in the early history of our State. It was written with so much cleverness, ability, and spirit, as to demand a reply from Mr. Kennedy, who accordingly published in the *Magazine* an elaborate and able defence of his positions. The controversy was closed by a full and learned article upon the other side from the reverend editors of the journal. In the ample and thorough survey of the whole field which this discussion involved, I am not aware that a single point of importance was overlooked, which Mr. Neill has brought forward in either of his works. On the contrary, desiring to treat him with entire respect and courtesy, I feel bound to say, that I do not think he has contributed a single new idea or original illustration to the matter in hand. I have searched, in vain, through his observations, for a solitary novel fact or view, which would seem to justify re-opening the discussion. Indeed, the whole tenor of his productions would lead one to suppose that he had gone on, examining for himself, without sufficient previous general preparation to be aware of the extent to which the reading public was already acquainted with what he saw for the first time.

I should not do justice to the attention which our early colonial history has received under the auspices of the Maryland Historical Society, were I to overlook the admirable paper on "The Origin and Growth of Civil Liberty in Maryland," which was read before it in 1850 by Mr. George William Brown, as the fifth annual address. This was followed in 1852 by a learned and philosophical discourse on "Calvert and Penn," read by the Secretary (now President) of the Maryland Historical Society, Mr. Brantz Mayer, before the sister society of Pennsylvania, and published by the latter. To the showing and result of these various scholarly disquisitions, produced by men of very different religious and political convictions, each viewing the facts of history in the light of his particular opinions, those who share the feelings and views which I have ascribed to our people may be content to direct the minds of "the unprejudiced." They will undoubtedly find, as every reader of the Charter is presumed to know, that it contains no strings of political axioms or platitudes, such as are laughed to scorn in some of our helpless Bills of Rights, and that it proclaims no "self-evident truths," such as those with which the Declaration of Independence has set men together by the ears. But, interpreting its provisions by their practical and substantial import and result; by the freedom and toleration, the gentleness and accord, the humanity and charity, which grew up and flourished at once in its sunshine; we have a test of what it meant which cannot be gainsaid. Men may differ as to whether the higher merit belonged to the Protestant king who granted, or the Catholic subject who sought and prepared the charter. Some may believe that the glory of Maryland toleration was in the Act of 1649; others may agree with Mr. Kennedy, whom Chancellor Kent (vol. 1, p. 646) has cited as authority for the opinion, that the charter itself is exclusively entitled to that honor. There may be good ground for the belief that Calvert did not regard democracy as synonymous with freedom or good government, and that he even entertained the odious notion of creating a colonial aristocracy as time ran on. There may be dispute, too, as to whether the provisions of the charter were

not, in some regards, ambiguous from intention, so as covertly to authorize the freedom and equality of religious opinion which some do not read in the letter of the text. All of these and like questions will be found treated with fullness, ability, and force, on both sides, in the essays to which I have alluded. But, amid them all and above them all, stands forth the glorious and ever-living fact, that when the seeds of the Maryland charter were sown in the virgin soil by the St. Mary's, what sprang spontaneous from them was "the liberty of thought and worship." I have not imagination enough to persuade myself that this could possibly have happened, if the germ of that liberty had not been in them. We know what grew from the sand in which Puritanism planted its dragon's teeth, and we recognize in that growth and its increase, down to this day of its temporary predominance and savage riot, the hideous features of the monster whose teeth were planted. If the successors of Calvert had given to the earth what the Puritans gave, they and theirs would have reaped the same Devil's harvest, beyond a doubt.

Before leaving the subject, it is proper I should add a word or two concerning the discovery which the *Nation* welcomes, and Mr. Neill supposes himself to have made, in regard to the Carolana charter, and on the authority of which the originality and merit of the charter of Maryland are disposed of in so absolute and summary a way. Assuming, without investigation, that the charter of Carolana is correctly quoted in Mr. Neill's extracts, I must still regard it as very singular that he should have allowed himself to be led into so unjust an error by the mere fact of its partial resemblance to Calvert's work. It is undoubtedly true that the charter of Maryland did not take its present shape until 1631-2, and that the charter of Carolana was granted in 1629. But Mr. Neill and the *Nation*, I respectfully submit, ought both to have known that, except in its description of localities, the charter of Maryland is conceded to be but a transcript from that of Avalon, prepared by Calvert's own hand, and granted by King James, as far back as 1623—six years before Carolana was founded. Surely gentlemen who are engaged in reforming the verdicts of history might be expected to remember at least its leading facts. That Mr. Neill's was a lapse of knowledge rather than of memory, is apparent from page 52 of *Terra Mariae*, where he describes Calvert, in 1631 or 1632 (it is not clear which), as occupying his "leisure hours" in "writing a charter for a new plantation"—Maryland. He could not have occupied many of them if he had only to copy from Attorney-General Heath, or from himself.

And here let me remind the learned critics of the *Nation* that Carolana and Carolina were not, as they imagine, the same colony, but two very different plantations: the former chartered in 1629 by Charles I., the latter by Charles II. as late as 1663, more than thirty years after Lord Baltimore had been laid beneath the stones of St. Dunstan's. Whatever may have been the case with that of Carolana, we have the authority of Hildreth for saying, that at least the charter of Carolina, which the *Nation* supposes to be the same, was "principally copied from that of Maryland."

I venture to think, then, on the whole, that "the question of freedom of worship" is not yet altogether "set at rest," against Calvert, by the

parallel columns of Mr. Neill, and that the entire demolition of a great historical name is neither so simple nor so instantaneous a process as your clever New York contemporary is pleased to consider it. Every one admits, of course, that if the interests of truth demand, at any time, a reversal of the judgments of the past, neither prejudice, nor prescription, nor sentiment, can be permitted to stop the way. It would be a sad thing indeed for many of us, in this generation, if we had not an abiding confidence that the merciless hand of the future will unmask hundreds of patriots and heroes, and unfrock scores of saints, who will go down to it, from us, in a glory of laurels and halos. But the interests of truth are not altogether in the charge of historical iconoclasm. The breakers of old images are too commonly seeking after pedestals for idols of their own ; and experience admonishes us daily that the prejudice which seeks to pull down is as frequent, to say the least, and quite as rampant, as that which clings tenaciously and blindly to what it finds already set up. Men's passions strike backward as well as at the foe in front, and their theories and crotchets seem, in this, almost as wild and unreasoning as their passions. There is a pride of opinion in controversy which turns fiercely back from an obnoxious creed or dogma, to assail the memory of its departed and consecrated champions, precisely as the mob which has beheaded a king will not rest till it has scattered the bones of his ancestors by the wayside. Those, therefore, who cherish the integrity of history and the memory of the truly great and good who fill its honored graves, cannot scrutinize too carefully the moving causes of every assault upon their fame. Great names belong to mankind, and to diminish their number or dim their brightness is to impair the world's inheritance. Whether this be done in the spirit of wilful injustice, or unconsciously, under the influence of religious or political partisanship and bias, the result is the same. Society is deprived in either case of an example, a lesson, and a source of ennobling pride. To know what the world would lose by dropping the name of George Calvert from the list of its worthies, it is only necessary to read the judgment passed upon his character, by one who certainly pronounced it under the influence of no local prejudices or religious sympathy. I quote from the first volume of Bancroft's *History of the United States*, page 244 :

"Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages. He was the first, in the history of the Christian world, to seek for religious security and peace, by the practice of justice and not by the exercise of power ; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience ; to advance the career of civilization, by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects."

Need I add the confirmation of this judgment, adopted from *Graham* by the wise and philosophical *Kent*, in his lecture, "*Of the Rights of Persons*" ? —

"Thus," he tells us, "to use the words of a learned and liberal historian, the Catholic planters of Maryland procured to their adopted country the distinguished praise of being the first of the American States in which toleration was established by law ; and while the Puritans were persecuting their Protestant brethren in New England, and the Episcopalians retorting the same severity on the Puritans in Virginia, the Catholics, against whom the others were combined, formed in Maryland a sanctuary where all might worship and none might oppress, and where even Protestants sought refuge from Protestant intolerance."

Surely such a record as this is too noble and too well attested to disappear before a paragraph, or even a pamphlet. Surely we who have inherited and are proud of the "Land of the Sanctuary," are bound to see that such renown be dealt with fairly. When I turn to the works of Mr. Neill, and study the spirit in which he assails it, I am obliged to say he does not strike me as free from the bias which historical criticism cannot share and be just. When he accounts for the small success of early Presbyterianism in the Maryland colony, on the ground (*Terra Mariæ*, p. 198) that this particular faith, as contradistinguished from that of other denominations, "has never yet been able to flourish in a land destitute of school-houses and where labor is not honored," we may respect his religious opinions, but it is impossible to say that they have made him liberal, or even fair. When, further on in the same volume (p. 220) he describes converts to Methodism as having previously fed on "the husks of religion," in contrast with the Methodist clergymen, who "seemed to diffuse its essence," it is hard to persuade ourselves that he is very tolerant of the folds in which his prodigals had thus eaten with the swine. He attributes "the first great religious awakening in Maryland" (whatever that may mean) to the influence of those "despised people," the Quakers, and deems it important to establish the superiority of their preachers over the Catholic clergy, by quoting the saying of "a Judge's wife," in regard to George Fox, that "she had rather hear him once than the priests a thousand times." (p. 136.) Possibly, if the lady had been cross-examined, she might have confessed that she would have preferred to listen to a single sermon from any body to a thousand from any body else. Such cases, it is safe to say, are not rare, even among the most orthodox. On page 65 of *Terra Mariæ*, Mr. Neill repeats, after Winthrop, the familiar story of the Maryland sailors who visited Boston in the "Dove" in 1634, "for the purpose of cultivating friendly relations with the colony of Massachusetts." The men were confined to their vessel, under the rigid rules of the port, a great deal more than was reasonable or convenient, and they were charged with having amused themselves, as they lay in the stream, by calling the Puritans on shore "the members," the "holy brethren," and other nicknames. It is further recorded by Winthrop, that they "did curse and swear most horribly." The Boston authorities, being unable to get at the alleged culprits themselves, determined, very characteristically, to lay hold of somebody else. They accordingly captured the unfortunate and innocent supercargo of the "Dove," who happened to be on shore, in their power, and forced him to give bail for the appearance of the scoffers who were not. We all remember how the descendants of the self-same Puritans used to practise upon the same principle, among us, during the late revolution, by arresting men's wives or sending their daughters "across the lines," when they could not find the husbands and fathers. Mr. Neill mentions the whole incident as an evidence of "the prejudices against Puritans," which, he adds, "were not entirely confined to the mariners of the Maryland Province." It would have been strange, he must admit, if the supercargoes had not shared them likewise. But is it not stranger that he should have forgotten to mention — what the New Englander, Hildreth, so frankly states — that the magistrates of Boston were not

altogether moved to wrath by the bad manners or bad words of the Marylanders, but "were rather suspicious of a people, who '*did set up mass openly*'"? (Hildreth, Hist. U. S., vol. 1., p. 209.) In other words, they would not "cultivate friendly relations" with "Papists."

Such slips as these, and scores of others in the same direction, as insignificant in themselves and yet as important in what they indicate, are quite sufficient, I think, to put "the unprejudiced" on their guard against Mr. Neill and the reviewers who endorse him, when they assume to pass sentence on George Calvert, his charter, his principles, his religion, or his colony. I am sorry that I must further qualify their estimate of Mr. Neill's liberality of sentiment, by referring to page 66 of *Terra Mariæ*, where he insinuates that Leonard Calvert protected his colonists in their religious scruples, not because he thought that toleration was right, but because, "had he oppressed them, they would have crossed the river to Virginia, where settlers were so much needed." If a good act did not deserve the charity of having a good motive ascribed to it, Mr. Neill might at least have assigned a plausible one. He certainly must have known, what Leonard Calvert could not have helped knowing, that there was no danger of a Puritan's running away from Maryland, to look for religious sympathy in Virginia.

S. T. WALLIS.

*Baltimore, July 22d, 1869.*

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*Macmillan's Magazine.*

### SUNSET OFF THE AZORES.

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NOW under heaven all winds abated,  
 The sea a settling and foamless floor,  
 A sunset city is open-gated,  
 Unfastened flashes a golden door;  
 Cloud-walls asunder burst and brighten,  
 Like melted metal in furnace blaze  
 The lava rivers run through and lighten,  
 The glory gathers before my gaze.

The great ship rests in her months of sailing,  
 Is glad with rest as a living thing,  
 Her fallen sails feel the south wind failing,  
 And her keel the wave that is quieting.

While all is given till all is taken,  
Can I, who look from her deck, be dumb?  
O Spirit that dwells in my spirit, waken!  
I whisper the charm, and I say to you, Come!

Look up! most beautiful trembling daughter,  
Turn now thy timid and eager eyes,  
A perfect circle of sapphire water  
Quivers under the blue-built skies;  
Straight west light paves the level sea,  
Invites thy feet, and leads to where  
The blue is broken up for thee,  
And spoiled with sunset splendours there.

O Spirit of Song! arise, have pity  
On beauty that lives and dies alone,  
For no idle eyes in field or city  
Made bare, but maiden and all thine own;  
Alone along the sea and sky  
It burns, and pants, and palpitates —  
Too gracious art thou to deny  
The tender word for which it waits.

That blooming sunset, so travelling ever,  
At every horizon takes root, and grows,  
And opens, folds, and fades, yet never  
A mouth that kisses the kindling rose.  
But here are lips for all thy leaves:  
Even as this vessel on the sea,  
That slowly sways, and softly heaves,  
I rise, I rest, I float in thee.

The western heaven now like an ocean  
Is swept and stormy with weather wild,  
With reefs fire-foaming, in grand commotion  
The burning bergs are tossed and piled.  
The western sea like starriest skies  
With diamond lustre sparkles fast,  
One path of lavished light outvies  
The nebulous way, and flames at last.

The smoothing waters by winds forsaken,  
Yet swell at heart, like a sobbing soul,  
That cannot, deeply and lately shaken,  
Yield all at once to a calm control:  
Though still in rolling downs they pass,  
Their surface, purged and pure of foam,  
Becomes that glory's faithful glass,  
A floor that mirrors all the dome.

O Sea! the kiss of the Sun, thy lover,  
 Draws very near, but shall not be seen;  
 Cloud-curtains, gold and crimson, cover  
 The Sun, the king, and the Sea, the queen:  
 They come together in secret rooms,  
 And, woven out of a floating thread,  
 The curious work of costly looms  
 Is hung about their splendid bed.

Eastward, an isle, half sunken, sleeping,  
 Crowns the sea with a bluer crest:  
 Vine-clad Terceira! — but I am keeping  
 A tryst to-night with the wondrous West.  
 What there is wanting of purple islands,  
 Lo! golden archipelagoes,  
 Coasts silver-shining, and inner highlands,  
 Long ranges rosy with sunny snows.

All glowing golds, all scarlets burning,  
 All palest, tenderest, vanishing hues,  
 All clouded colour and tinges turning,  
 Enrich, divide the double blues: —  
 O'erleaning cliffs, and crags gigantic,  
 And in the heart of light one shore  
 Such as, alas! no sea Atlantic  
 To bless the voyager ever bore.

Behold! it groweth, the hanging garden,  
 To a great and goodly blossoming;  
 All flowers hereafter must ask for pardon,  
 One sunset blanches their colouring.  
 Would I ever gather the sweetest rose?  
 Could I dip one lily in yonder light,  
 And heighten the cheek of its maiden snows  
 With a blush half-way on the leaves as bright?

But strange with passion, and sad with yearning,  
 With singing shaken, with effort weak,  
 Song's lowered eyes to her lord are turning,  
 Her faltering voice, and her altered cheek:  
 She saith — "I lavish my slender treasure  
 Of speech, shall silver avail with gold?  
 Words as much as a mouth may measure  
 With beauty as much as a heaven may hold."

Refrain! thou willing and singing Spirit,  
 Come back to me, enter my soul and sleep.  
 Did I deem thy feet or thy wings came near it,  
 That went for a little way on the deep?

Is the ocean sunset, the great sea-splendour  
Too far for thy feet, and too high for thy wing?  
Then nestle again on the heart of the sender,  
Too fondly loosed at a distant thing.

“Ah Love!” — she whispers — “I cannot sever  
So far from thy soul as that western sky:  
Could I gain it quite, I might come back never  
To the warm low place where I love to lie.”  
Then, while the pageant with pomp amazing  
Passes us by in this lone sea-spot,  
Be still with me, hand in thy hand, and gazing,  
I shall see it all, though I say it not.

FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

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*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A STORY OF EULENBURG.—PART I.

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I.

BEFORE entering fully upon this history, I must begin by explaining that in one of the most celebrated galleries on the Continent there stood many years ago, and still stands, a certain statue, to which tradition, for some forgotten and unintelligible reason, has given the name of the nymph Hercyna, whom I find to have been, according to Pausanias, one of the attendants of Ceres during her wanderings in search of Proserpine. It is of immense age: indeed not a few of its admirers go so far as to claim for it an origin nothing short of Athenian, while even the more moderate are not unwilling to have it ascribed to that Rhodian school which produced the Laocoon. Nevertheless, in spite of its extreme antiquity, it is extraordinarily perfect: not a single detail is destroyed or even injured by accident, neglect, or time. Nor has it been undeserving of its singular good fortune, for it is wonderfully beautiful — so much so that the fact of its fame not being as wide as the whole world only goes to prove, in the opinion of some of us who hold ourselves to be no mean judges in such matters, that the large but unintelligent jury by whom fame is accorded or withheld, is as capricious in the case of the works of their fellow-men as in that of their fellow-men themselves. For my own part, I own to a love for this particular piece of marble passing my love for any other that it

has ever been my good fortune, during the course of a not very short life, to see and know ; and my love for it is strengthened by the knowledge that, while I do not follow the multitude — for whose opinion in art matters I have not the faintest respect — I have on my side the opinion of all critics by whom, on other grounds, I am proud to be directed.

For the benefit, both of the many who have not seen it and of the many who, having seen it, have unobservantly passed it by — for there is not much about it in the guide-books — I must give a short description of this really wonderful work of art ; and I promise, in order the better to secure the perusal of it, that I will avoid any vain and useless endeavour to express in anything like appropriate words the enthusiasm I always feel in approaching this subject — that I will myself be as cold as the marble of which I speak. Besides, no one can hate more than I hate it the common jargon of enthusiasm in art matters, which is almost invariably as much the result of affectation and pretence on the part of those who indulge in it, as the profuse use of technicalities is the result of real ignorance. My description, therefore, shall be as short and as plain as possible ; and I hope that I shall receive some credit for my reticence, seeing that, once started, I could continue upon this theme for the space of a dozen volumes, and more if I pleased.

After all, what matters it whether we know or do not know when, or where, or by whom, the statue was produced ? Had it been manufactured in Manchester yesterday, instead of having been created, as tradition would have it, in Athens more than two thousand years ago, it would not be a jot the less beautiful. In size, then, it is rather large. The figure, which is entirely nude, is full, and of exquisitely perfect proportion, without any unnatural forcing of lines in order to obtain additional and artificial grace, as in the case of the *Venus de Medicis* and some others. It is in the face, however, that lies its chief attraction. Every other great statue that I ever saw depends for its beauty upon the element of form alone ; but in the face of the *Hercyna*, beauty of form is subordinate to beauty of expression. The outline is that of a classic nymph ; the character, that of a woman who has lived and suffered. The sculptor, whoever he was, would seem to have trespassed so far on the province of the painter, that colour alone is wanting to make his creation appear to be in truth alive. As regards attitude, the figure stands erect, but undulating, with the head slightly turned aside and thrown back, so as to make the sad but calm smile of the perfect lips seem as though it were speaking silently to heaven of sorrowful, but not unhappy, memories. One who watches it for any length of time wonders that he does not hear the very words with his ears, so near to the lips do they seem ; and to say that before long he sees the bosom actually rise and fall in tumultuous waves, is only to remark a phenomenon that is common to all really great figures, whether carved in marble or painted on canvas, when the attention is concentrated upon them for three or four minutes together. The only defect in the whole work is not a fault in art, but an unlucky caprice of nature, who ever seems to abhor absolute perfection — that is to say, there is a thin black vein in the marble which, beginning behind the

left shoulder, passes over and in front of it, and then, dividing, runs a short distance along the arm in one direction and down the left breast in another.

So much for my description, in the course of which I have certainly kept my promise about not being over-enthusiastic. But there is something to be said about the statue historically as well as artistically. When I said in my very first sentence that it stood in the gallery some years ago, and that it stands there now, I chose my words advisedly. Within my recollection there was an interval of time during which no one knew or knows where it stood, or even whether it stood anywhere at all. The gallery in question is one of the best kept in the world: there is a staff of thoroughly well-selected and trustworthy custodians and other officials continually on duty: ingress and egress during the night are absolutely impossible: the marble is, of course, of great weight, and cannot be moved without the utmost care and trouble, and the use of mechanical appliances; and yet, one morning, it was missing from its place, nor could any one even hazard a guess as to what had become of it.

Zealous, long, and exhaustive was the search made by the authorities of the museum, supported by all the resources of the Government, for their missing art-treasure, which had been made the subject of so inexplicable a theft. The police were set to work, and all possible powers and facilities were afforded them. Spies and detectives were employed in almost every large town in all Europe; an incessant and thoroughly careful watch was kept up at the frontiers; and two persons in particular, both of them of high rank, of whom one was notorious for a passion for carrying out practical jokes of the most difficult and *outré* kind, and the other for an unscrupulous mania for collecting works of art, were kept for a long time under secret and close *surveillance*. Popular suspicion at last reached the very highest quarters of all, and began to hint that the police had missed the right track not altogether unintentionally. But in this matter popular suspicion was, as usual, unjust. I could tell some curious stories about what was incidentally discovered in many unexpected quarters, and perhaps I may tell them some day; at present, I will only say that I was living in the city at the time, and was intimately acquainted with the chief curator of the museum, Doctor Adolf Mohnkopf — now, alas! no more; and as I, though filled to the brim with troubles of my own, could not help taking a warm interest in this curious affair, I made use of the opportunities which were thus open to me of acquainting myself with every step that was taken, and, indeed, became myself no inactive amateur detective. All, however, was in vain; not a trace of the truant nymph could be discovered, and at last all men tacitly agreed that the matter must be allowed to drop into the *limbo* of inexplicable mysteries. Nothing more was said about it save when the unfilled pedestal served as a text for the amusement of visitors. I was much younger then than I am now, and I remember, when all was given up, writing a long poem on the subject, which was much admired by my friend the curator — who, by the way, was one of the worst poetical critics I ever knew — wherein I argued, with much elaboration of matter and manner, that the nymph Hercyna had gone to rejoin her old mistress, who had

unexpectedly returned to earth ; and that we might thence prophesy an immediate and universal reign of peace and plenty. I am afraid, however, on looking back, that my poetic and prophetic powers were very nearly equal.

But by far the strangest part of the story is yet to come. When the nymph had become no more than a memory among her admirers, and all the gossip and scandal to which her disappearance had given rise — scandal and gossip which, as I have said, had not left untouched the very highest places — were equally forgotten save by one or two of us who had taken a more than common interest in the matter, it happened that one morning, very early, I received a pressing message from Doctor Mohnkopf to the effect that he wished to speak to me at the museum forthwith. People are early risers in that country, and it was very little past sunrise when I found my friend anxiously waiting me in the hall. It was the 15th of September — will the reader be good enough to bear the date in mind? The Herr Doctor was there alone, as was often his habit before the doors were open to visitors.

He was a slow and phlegmatic man, this curator, with an owl-like figure and face which betrayed but little of his real intelligence and quickness of penetration ; but on this occasion he looked, for him, positively wild with excitement — so much so that I felt alarmed. I began to speak to him ; but before I had uttered three words,

“Come with me!” he exclaimed, interrupting me at once ; and then, seizing me by the arm, led me, two steps at a time, up the broad staircase to the door of the great gallery, which, puffing and panting with his haste, he hurriedly unlocked and threw wide open.

I was struck motionless with wonder. There, upon its pedestal, stood the Hercyna, in exactly the same position as that in which she stood when I had last seen her. I had my own reasons for remembering that day.

“In the name of magic!” I exclaimed, “what is the meaning of this?”

“You may well say, ‘In the name of magic!’” he answered. “You know as much about it as I do. No — I am wrong. Do you see no change? Is it the same?”

I looked again. It was then, for the first time in my life, that I remarked in the face that strange, beautiful human look that no other statue ever bore. Then I looked again at the curator and our eyes met. He had observed it also.

The news soon ran through the town, and the police were again set to search. But my friend this time showed but little zeal in aiding them. “What does it signify,” he used to say to those engaged in the inquiry, “so long as we have it again now, where it has been meantime?” This carelessness on his part was set down by some to the effect of increasing age and lethargy ; but I knew better. Certain strange experiences of my life, certain deductions that I was now driven to make from those experiences, enabled me to form more than a mere guess at the real truth of the mystery. I, and my friend the curator through me, had become the sole confidants of the secret of the missing statue. During Doctor Mohnkopf’s life, I have not felt myself at liberty to tell this story, about which he felt a delicacy that I

confess I could not even understand, much less share, although it relates far more to me than to him. Ever since that September morning he would sit for hours absorbed before the figure, like a lover who had grown fat and plethoric before the tomb of the mistress of his youth; and, save to me, he would never even name her name, which he seemed to treat as something sacred. But he is long gone; and I need no longer remain silent, now that by speaking I shall run no risk of giving my old friend pain. I do not think, in justice to another, that this experience of mine ought to be buried with me; and I will therefore, in as few words as possible, relate for the first time the true story of the whole affair. In doing so, however, I shall give results only, and shall ask my reader to accept my facts without expecting me, in every case, to explain how it was that I became acquainted with them all. I do not intend to be cross-examined. If he should be so extremely impolite as to doubt my words, let him, when he is next making a foreign tour, sleep a night at Eulenburg, and spend the next day at the gallery of the museum. In the very first room, facing the door, his eye will be caught by a statue of white marble slightly disfigured by such a stain as I have already described. Then let him take a chair and sit down before it, closing the door behind him if he is afraid of draughts; and I will wager, ay, a thousand to one, that in five minutes he will believe — nay, that he will *know* — that my words are the words of truth. If not — but I do not write for such as he.

## II.

It was a fine spring morning in the town of Eulenburg. The air was sweet and warm; the lilacs were blooming, the sun was shining, and the sky was blue. Nor is Eulenburg by any means a city like some that I could name, which do not feel in their dull hearts the spring that is everywhere around them. On the contrary, it shared to the full the blessing of that short time of the year when the cold winds are over and the full heat of the sun is not yet come.

Who could work on such a day, when more pleasure, and more profit too, could be gained from a single hour of sunny idleness, than from four-and-twenty of the hardest toil? So, at least, on this 23d of May, seemed to think a young and handsome man — I may say this now, even supposing that it were myself, for I am certainly neither young nor handsome any longer — who was sitting, with a drawing-board upon his knees and a crayon in his hand, right in front of the statue known to artists and critics as that of the nymph Hercyna, in the gallery of the museum. But neither were his eyes upon his model, nor was the faintest trace of a line upon his paper. On the contrary, his look was almost as vacant as his paper itself, so far as regarded any interest in what was around him: it sought the window above, through which streamed a sunbeam out of a glimpse of blue sky. At last he seemed able to resist the sight no longer, or the scent of the outside air, which, filling the place with suggestions of fields and gardens, invaded senses and awakened desires which are beyond the reach of all the pictures and statues in the world. Without bestowing

a single parting glance upon the exquisite form before him — more exquisite by far than any he was likely to meet either in street or country road — he suddenly gathered his materials together, tossed on his hat, and burst from the door with a deep sigh of relief and that sharp and glorious sensation of pleasure which, I maintain, in spite of morality, of philosophy, of everything and everybody, always belongs to the neglect of work for the sake of sunshine.

I do not care who contradicts me in this, for I know that all men, even those who may do so most loudly, agree with me in their hearts. Nothing gives such zest to a holiday as the feeling that it is time snatched from work ; and I do not think that rest when work is over, delightful as it is, is fit to be named in the same breath with the delight of idleness. Men rust and grow stupid in rest, but idleness sharpens and brightens. Without being such an enthusiast in its cause as a friend of mine — he was the hardest of workers, by the way — who used to say that his *beau idéal* of a delightful life was having always too much to do and never doing any of it, I certainly believe that society should be so constituted that all work should be left for night, for winter, and for wet weather — that would give plenty of time surely for any amount of it — and, as things are, I hold that sunshine alone is more than sufficient compensation for any pricks of conscience on the score of want of industry.

Such, at least, whatever may be my own opinion in these latter days, was that of the young man who walked away with such gaiety of heart from the museum on that especial May morning. But I was wrong in one point, however. He did give one passing thought to the Hercyna before he left the door. "I wonder how it would be to feel like that statue," he thought to himself. "What a doom for her whose spirit once wondered about the world with the earth-goddess herself to be fixed to a pedestal on this bright day — a day worthy of her own Aonia in the golden age! How she must have envied me when she saw me run out into the sunshine! She must feel lost without her constant visitor, and be positively jealous of Madame Flora. Well, I know which is the fairer of the two to day at least — and hurrah for the fairest, always and everywhere! — Ah!" he exclaimed aloud, suddenly ; for he was suddenly encountered by two ladies, the sight of whom brought his buoyant steps to a stand, his hat from his head, and a flush to his face.

"Mr. Melvil!" said the elder of the two, a pleasant and comfortable person of middle age, in a tone of pleased surprise, "only think of our meeting you here!" She held out her hand as she spoke. Her companion, a very pretty girl, whose age and appearance corresponded with the season, did not hold out hers, but she returned his blush, which was better still.

"The surprise ought to be on my side," he answered. "It is nothing so wonderful to meet me here, I assure you. The only reason why, in fact, I do not feel surprise is, because the surprise is lost in the pleasure."

"Then in that case we will lose ours too, and for the same reason. We have been here since yesterday only. Have you been here long?"

He glanced at the young lady as he answered, "Yes, indeed — for three long months, which have seemed three years. This is my home at present. You are travellers, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied she to whom his look, not his speech, was addressed — and her voice was charmingly sweet and clear — "we are making a tour. Papa is with us."

The young artist's face clouded for an instant.

"I hope Sir John is well?" he asked.

"My brother is not very well this morning," answered the elder lady; "he is rather tired with yesterday's long journey, so Alice and I have come out alone. We were on our way to the museum."

Certainly we are the creatures of circumstances. I do not by any means state this as a truism, but as a good hard truth, which it has taken me more than half a lifetime to learn, and which very few men ever really learn at all. Melvil's delight at being out of the museum was all at once turned to an eager desire to return to it. It was the turn of the goddess Flora to be jealous now — although the Hercyna was by no means avenged.

"Then you are indeed fortunate," he said, "for you have lighted upon the best of all possible guides."

"But you are coming from it, are you not?" asked the elder lady, to whom, however, the offer did not seem to be by any means unwelcome.

"But now I am going back," Melvil answered — "that is, if Mrs. Dalton and Miss Fenwick will allow me."

"We shall be only too delighted, indeed," replied Mrs. Dalton; and the three ascended the steps of the museum.

"All of us must be drunk once," says Gæthe: "Youth is drunkenness without wine;" and on my own authority I will add, without even love, at least when it is not spoiled by the curse of premature self-consciousness or of premature prudence — to my mind respectively the most terrible of misfortunes and the most degrading of vices. The greatest of all fools is he who is wise too soon; but to be such a fool as that was not, thank God, the fate of myself or of Lewis Melvil; and he, even had he not already been much more than half in love with Alice Fenwick, would have felt his blood flow with scarcely less warmth than now, while wandering by her side through such a treasure-house of beauty in such an atmosphere of spring. He thought not for an instant that she was far too rich and that he was far too poor for him to be justified — as the world thinks, and, in the present condition of things, rightly thinks — in doing more than admire her from a respectful distance; that society had placed between the only child of a titled merchant-prince and the younger son of a half-pay captain's widow, who might, so far as things seemed, possibly one day or other manage to make some kind of living as a drawing-master, a barrier even stronger than that placed between them by wealth: he only thought, if indeed he thought at all, of the present moment, and of a future whose wildest impossibilities seemed already to be realised. For the present, it sufficed him that he was with Alice: for the future, Titian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, were to welcome an equal to an equal throne. Love and artistic ambition were mingled and fulfilled in the unconscious happiness of the hour. The outside air, which before had drawn him from the gallery, now seemed no longer to speak of fields and gardens; it seemed rather to have its birth in the place where he was, and that the windows were open, not to admit it, but to allow it to spread over

all the earth. Nor, may one suppose, were the feelings of his companion so very different, for she was younger in years than he, and fully as young in spirit.

Mrs. Dalton was certainly the very worst of chaperones. She was not only unsuspicious by nature, but utterly prosaic also, and she would have stared in blank amazement had any one suggested to her that there could be the least particle of danger in that meeting, rendered all the more exciting by a long separation between her niece and the young artist, who was a great favourite of hers. If the truth must be told, she looked upon him rather in the light of a favourite dog, whom she liked to stroke and to feed with sweet biscuit—who might, indeed, be formidable to strangers but could be thoroughly trusted by his friends. I am afraid, when I come to think of it now, that Melvil used to act rather hypocritically by the good lady, and that, to follow out the dog simile, he wagged his tail a little too ostentatiously before her. She was of an age when ladies dearly love attentions from very young men, and can be flattered by a bungler who would be laughed at by a young girl. Besides, to do her justice, she was good-nature itself, and nothing gave her greater pleasure than to see people enjoying themselves, as it is called. Even the most prosaic of middle-aged ladies may have a good deal of youth left in them, so far as want of prudence is concerned. And so, on the whole, it need not afford very much ground for wonder, especially considering her rather full style of figure, that she began after a time to feel reminded, by certain sensations in her neck and limbs, of the Turkish saying about sitting being better than standing, and that she therefore took a seat in front of that *chef d'œuvre* of the Pavotine school, the "Seven Sleepers" of D'Ormiglione. I am thus precise in order that those who are acquainted with the Eulenburg gallery may perceive at once that not only was her back turned towards our friend the Hercyna, but that she would not be able to see it even if she turned her head.

For it was before the Hercyna that Alice Fenwick and her guide ere long found themselves. They had no pains in the neck; for she had kept her head a good deal bent down, and he had not been raising his eyes very high, except in a metaphorical sense. And now her head was bent lower still, and his eyes were not raised even to a level with those of the neglected nymph.

The gallery was nearly empty. It was not the tourist season, and the native Eulenburgers were not among its frequenters, so that it was an ideal place for a *tête-à-tête*.

Lewis Melvil felt a delightful embarrassment at finding himself once more alone with Alice after so long, and for a few moments he was silent. At last he said,—

"How lucky it is I met you this morning, as you are leaving so soon. But I suppose I may hope to see you once more, before you go?"

"That depends entirely upon you, I should think," she answered, with a bright smile. "You know where we are staying?"

"If it depends on me, then—but are you really going on Thursday?"

"Really and truly."

"But that will be a very great mistake."

"Why a mistake?"

"I can assure you there is a great deal to be seen at Eulenburg."

"Indeed! I always heard it was one of the stupidest places in the world."

"I suppose you got the idea from the name. 'Eulenburg' means 'stronghold of owls,' you know."

"And is that the character of the Eulenburgers?"

"Rather. But they—the real owls, I mean—are by no means stupid birds. I have rather an affection for them."

"What a singular taste!"

"You would learn to share it, if you stayed. There are three owls that I almost always see whenever I go in a certain direction at night to whom I always take off my hat, they are so large and so white. I call them Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar."

"How very interesting! But I should scarcely care to stay at a place only to make the bowing acquaintance of three owls, even though they are so large and so white, and have such magnificent names."

"But there is more than the owls; there is the *Dom-kirche* ——"

"The most hideous old church I ever saw."

"There is the country and neighbourhood——"

"I did not think much of it from what I saw in our journey yesterday. And I suppose it is hardly equal to where we are going in Switzerland."

"Had you not better put yourself in a position to make the comparison?"

"You seem very devoted to Eulenburg."

"I am—till Thursday."

"And why till then?"

"Can you ask?"

She did not press the question. He continued,—

"Now that you have once been here, I shall hate the place as soon as you leave it."

She ought to have told him he was talking nonsense, but she did not. She was a very sincere person, and not given to say what she did not think.

"It will make very little difference, I should think," she answered.

"How can it be the same place again?" he asked. "You might as well say that that marble statue in front of us would be the same as before, if it could, for a passing moment, be touched with such real life as that which is mine now."

Poor deserted Hercyna! But then it is true that her ears were made of marble.

"But tell me something about yourself," said Miss Fenwick, hurriedly. "Are you getting on well? Are you working hard? Have you anything to show us?"

"I am doing as well as I can—but——"

"But what?"

"But what is the use?—I was going to say."

"The use!"

"Yes—when it brings me no nearer——"

"But it does bring you nearer—nearer to fame and honour for yourself—nearer to doing something in the world—nearer to doing some-

thing for Art." There was a brightness in her eyes as she spoke that argued her to be worth the love of a nobler man than he.

The enthusiasm that lay under her words was contagious.

"Alice, dearest Alice!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "only say nearer to yourself, and you will have said all."

At least he had now said all ; and, what is more, he had said enough. What more he said may be gathered from the fact that she had listened to him for so long — for she must more or less have felt what was coming — and from the necessary deduction that, having listened to him thus far, she was certainly not unlikely to listen to him a great deal farther. Since, therefore, it would be as highly impolite on my part to write as though my reader were wholly without either imagination or experience as it would be for him to doubt any of my words, I may as well save myself the trouble of dwelling farther on what, after all, is so commonplace a scene, and will only add, that when the two rejoined Mrs. Dalton, who was surprised to find how long they had been away from under her wing — that lady must either have had very great admiration for the work of D'Ormiglione or else great sympathy with its subject — Melvil was more polite and attentive to her than ever, while Miss Fenwick was so silent and *distracte* that her aunt thought her over-fatigued, and marched her home at once. And so the gallery was once more deserted, and the Hercyna left once more alone.

### III.

LOVE and Spring had been in the room with her ; but now they were there no longer. Love had gone out with the lovers, and Spring, as in duty bound, had followed it. And so the day passed on in that empty place, so full of now unseen beauty, until the evening came, and all was darkness as well as solitude. Herr Mohnkopf having made his rounds — a duty which he never neglected, and which he distinctly and particularly remembered having performed even later than usual on that particular day — the doors were closed and barred until the next morning. For a while the saints, heroes, and angels, the trees, rocks, and rivers, that covered the walls, faded away into the monotony of a night without stars. The statues fared worse ; for they remained visible only to become confused masses of shapelessness. But presently all was changed. Any one who has ever had the misfortune, as most would deem it, to be shut up alone in a picture-gallery on a moonlight night, will readily recognise in the idea that, in the night time, painted and carved figures take their turn of life and wakefulness, something more than a mere child's fancy. Without being one's self a Christmas child, and without its being the night of Saint Walburga, this is something like what one would see.

The moon rises slowly, but is not as yet in sight ; the first sign of her gradual coming being a single lance-like beam of a pale amber colour thrown through one shining point of the great window, and striking full upon the blue robes of the *mater dolorosa*. Above, below, and on all sides of its path, everything in the long bare chamber, whose walls and ceilings have receded into a vague region of night which

knows not of bounds and limits, is only thrown into a deeper obscurity and a deeper and yet more mysterious repose ; but those blue robes, pierced by its touch, presently begin to flutter and wave. Their artificial lights and shadows, made for the eye of the sun, change, and deepen, and grow pale ; their folds become confused, and hang in a strange disorder. Before long, though slowly, the figure itself gradually rises under the influence of the rising and brightening dart of amber, which begins now, as its shaft broadens and ascends upon the wall, to change from amber to gray. Tremblingly she stands out for a single moment from the dark background ; and then, in the dead silence, she once more kneels to weep and pray, not now as the painter, but as the moonlight wills ; not now the still, motionless figure such as the sun points out with his wand of truth to common eyes, but with manifest tears and heavings of the breast, with eyes that strain and lips that quiver. But she does not wake alone for long. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the white, round shoulder, whiter and rounder even than in the softest twilight, but clearer and brighter even than when seen in the fresh light of an autumn morning, and the wreath, no longer of marble, but of pure silver, of some vine-crowned Mœnad flash out of the darkness as if to mock the tears of the mother of sorrows. Prayer-absorbed, and with eyes averted from earth, she indeed sees not the advent of the wine-priestess ; but the motion of the white arm is not unheeded. The hand waves and beckons ; the foot moves as if to leap from the pedestal. The marble grows drunken with the first full draught of moonlight, and, by reflecting, bestows also what it receives. At the silent summons other phantoms rise into waking, first singly and slowly — then more quickly, and by tens and scores — then furiously, and by hundreds at once. First appear the kindred and fellow-servants of the Mœnad : Bacchus hurls himself from his car — Venus stands half emerged from her shell — Silenus rolls on the ground, and his sides shake visibly with the silent laughter which he cannot contain. But all is grotesque and out of keeping. It is not into the arms of Ariadne that Bacchus springs : alas ! it is the longing embrace of some holy Theresa which is to be balked by that of the unholy god. The court of Venus is no longer made up of the nymphs and shepherds of Cyprus ; those that flock round her now are worshippers of a far other kind. That worn, meagre form that presses nearest is, despite the goat-skins in which he is clothed, no Arcadian shepherd, but Saint Anthony, or Saint Paulus Eremita ; that knight in snow-white armour is Sir Galahad ; that tall, pale woman with the wounded breast is not Cleopatra, but Lucretia ; those mitres betoken not priests of Serapis, but popes and prelates ; those filets belong to vestals, and those dark robes to nuns. Nor is it some revel of Bacchantes at which Silenus laughs ; it is that in the confused mingling of outlines, in the distortion of forms, in the maze of colours, the pure and reverent harmony of day is lost at last in a whirl of blasphemous obscenity which it were utterly unfitting to describe, either here or elsewhere. And yet the pure and beautiful is not altogether wanting ; but it is only that the crowd of monstrous combinations may be rendered more horribly grotesque by force of contrast. For a moment, perhaps, Titania, with her dainty and delicate court, may come forward to lead a more sweet and tender

revel; but she strives in vain. How should poor earth-fairies stem a torrent in which saints and angels themselves are lost and intermingled with a triumphant orgy of satyrs, apes, goblins, and fiends? It is all a veritable nightmare, only without sleep — a witches' Sabbath of Art. At last, so do the shadows of heaven, earth, and hell mock each other with contortions and grimaces that they become undistinguishable. Evil burlesques good, and good evil. The place, formerly so empty, begins to swarm. It is true that the forms which fill it do not touch the floor, but that is only because the air is a firmer ground for gambols such as theirs. It is certainly not that they are contained and supported by their frames and pedestals. And, what makes it all the more bewildering, all the more weirdly oppressive to the soul, is the utter silence of it all — for, but for the occasional cry of some wandering owl, not a sound is to be heard. There is music of a sort, indeed, but it is music without even the shadow of a sound — the music of a vague and fancied rhythm such as the deaf seem to hear when they watch the feet of the dancers. But meanwhile the light grows still broader and broader, whiter and whiter. Its current changes, and the kneeling mother, who has alone remained true and steadfast, is lost in the wider flood. She is no longer the one pure note in that harmony of discord. And now wilder and wilder, faster and faster, more and more dream-like grows the dance of shadows.

The moon is wholly risen, and the grotesque vision changes again. The last gestures, the last attitudes, the last contortions of feature remain, indeed, but they are arrested and fixed by the cold lake of light. The outlines, although no easier to unravel, no longer bewilder by ceaseless variation, and the colours, washed in a bath of whiteness, are startlingly clear and bright — clearer, brighter, and purer than on the sunniest of days. And so, for a full minute, the vision remains; and then at last it begins to grow pale and faded, as before sleeping eyes wearied out with dreams. The full light, instead of spreading, now begins to concentrate itself, and falls upon some beautiful statue, which it renders doubly beautiful. The walls, with their now languid burden, begin to retreat again into dim, mysterious distance; and the eye is fascinated only by that one still figure, shining like a silver mist in the strong but fantastic light, with its transparent outlines, and its form that has become pure once more; for it is no longer one of that world of shadows that have now slowly vanished back into the black chaos whence they came.

But to be alone in the moonlight for long together is impossible. One troop of shadows departs only that another may succeed it. There are always memories and dreams. When the rays of the sun are upon us it is possible to live in the present: warmth and light destroy regret and fear. But it is not so when the only light is of a night which does not bestow the forgetfulness of sleep. Now, as a statue cannot accurately be said ever to wake, so, logically, it cannot be said ever to sleep, any more than, since it does not live, it can, when destroyed, be said to die. It follows, then, that as she did not sleep, the night fairies — or fancies, call them which you please, they are the same thing — trooped down upon the moonlight to the Hercyna also as soon as she seemed to be left alone.

"I am called beautiful," she said, or rather they said for her. "From the bounds of earth men come to see and worship me. At my feet thousands have sat—thousands before my eyes. My form is of the gods, men say; a pattern of human grace—nay more, of grace that is not human, but divine. Poets have sung of me, and painters studied me, and sculptors have copied me. Rich men have spent their gold to buy me, and the poor have drawn from me and from my loveliness full many a draught of joy and comfort. Even the air around breathes but the glory of my beauty. I am verily a goddess and a queen. And then—one breath of spring, one glance of the sun, and lo, my crown falls off, and is no more.

"Is, then, the spring more beautiful than I? Are flower-buds better carved than are my lips, and are the leaves more lovely than my hair? Is hawthorn-bloom more white than is my bosom, and are the waves more graceful than my limbs? Yet must I think so, since spring conquers me. My lovers leave me at her lightest look; and even he, my truest slave of all, who daily sat before my feet, and sought to learn my secret, and declared my praise over all things that are on earth, even he has left me at her whisper—even his eyes no longer rested upon mine, but roamed from me to seek the far sky, and his feet fled from me, as though I were to be loathed, and were not beautiful.

"And yet is spring truly more beautiful? For he left the spring, and came back hither for the sake of one whose form, though like, was yet no match for mine. More lovely than the spring, then, he at least must have deemed her; but surely not than I. That cannot be. Is any part of her to be compared with the all-perfect whole that my great master made me? Hers is but the imperfect beauty of a woman; mine, the complete beauty of all womanhood made perfect wholly—nature's beauty blent with all the beauty of triumphant art.

"What is this thing called life, which is in truth my rival? What the thing that makes men stone to me as I to them, and makes them flesh to those that are of flesh? What is this thing that is called love, the child of life and spring, that I, with all my beauty, cannot gain from my poor rival? What this thing called youth, that I have never known?

"I hate it all, the godlike beauty in which thus I dwell as in a prison. I would yield it all could I but also know what these things are—could myself hear the music of the birds, and breathe the flowers' fragrance—understand how beauty is not all things in the world. Ah! my great master, hadst thou also breathed, like him of Amathus, a living soul into the beauty fashioned by thy hands! Be thine the curse, not mine, if my desire prove stronger than my strength. I would no more be but of stone. I am weary of the world of art, and yearn for that of nature. Be it for pain or torment, only let me live!"

The moonlight grew paler and more pale. It was fading away from her—in another instant all would be dark again.

"Give me life," cried once more the voice of her dream: "let me only leave this place and live!"

Then once more the moonbeam streamed full upon her, pale no longer, but filled with a new and golden light; and a whisper reached her that came from no dream of hers,—

"As thou wilt, daughter of my mortal hands, so be it fulfilled to thee even unto the third time."

In fancy she bowed her head and clasped her hands.

"Be then my desire fulfilled for the first time!" her thought exclaimed. "Soul of my master, let me live!"

The golden followed the silver light. The moon had climbed out of sight, and the long gallery was again wholly plunged in darkness.

I believe I have already mentioned that this was the night of the 23d of May. If not, I now supply the omission.

#### IV.

I AM sorry to say that I must here disregard the artistic unities, for which I am old-fashioned enough to entertain a profound respect. The place, for the present, is no longer Eulenburg, but Paris; the time, no longer the best time of spring, but the middle of the Paris season, which, as everybody knows, is just the most detestable time of the whole year. As I fancied, so I found it—that the peaceful German city, where I had spent so many happy and studious days, had really become hateful to me after Alice Fenwick had carried the spring away with her. Our foolish scene before the Hercyna had, as might be expected, led to nothing, except that I was left profoundly and miserably in love. That I was loved in return, I had been assured, and I believed; but this only made matters all the worse. I was not of a nature to love without hope; but, under the circumstances, there was but little, if any, difference between hope and despair. Can I make myself understood by this cynical, impassive generation of young men, who seem to me to be born bald and grey-headed? Shall I be believed, even by their sisters, when I say that Alice Fenwick was literally the one idea of my soul; and that I was wrapped in a very luxury of wretchedness in perceiving how slender was the chance that she could ever be my wife? It was so, however; and perhaps a few old fellows of my own age, who keep yellow and ragged camelias wrapped in tissue-paper in some dusty, out-of-the-way corner, will sympathise with me. Yes, we used to love in my day, and rather prided ourselves on our weakness; and, let me add for the benefit of my younger friends, accustomed as they are to ask about everything, Does it pay? that this weakness of ours was very often productive of a good deal of strength. Enthusiasm of every kind is power, even though it be caused by so trivial a thing, as they might term it, as an honest love for a young and innocent girl. And so it was, that my life in Paris was anything but unprofitable to me. My energy needed some vent, and I took a pride in proving to myself that I was not quite unworthy of my goddess. Of follies I was guilty without end—*cela va sans dire*—Bohemia is not a land of modern discovery, and its inhabitants are not very worldly-wise, or very constant in practice. I may as well say at once that I lived like my companions, who were not exactly what are called "steady young men." There are certain lyrics of Béranger and of Henri Murger which I still read sometimes, and always with a sort of feeling that I myself am the author of them, so much the experience expressed in them appears to

have been my own. But even in the Bohemia of the *pays Latin* there are more modes of living than one, although externally the life of its inhabitants may appear to be much the same. I, at least, had thrown out one strong anchor which had taken firm hold below the shoals and shifting sands; and I must say also, in justice to myself, to my friends, and to many sad and pleasant memories, that far more mud has been thrown upon me in my more prosperous days from the carriage-wheels of good society, than ever, during my garret life, was splashed from the unprudish feet of Jeannette or Madelon.

It was at this idle, hard-working, happy, miserable, extravagant, self-denying period of my career, that I was one day met upon one of the *boulevards* by my friend—or acquaintance, I ought perhaps to say, to be strictly accurate; but we were all friends in those days—poor Félix Laurent, whom my old comrades, now so scattered, will recognise at once as the best and most promising of us all, and who died just too soon to achieve the most splendid fame. Some day, perhaps, I may tell his story—but this by the way. At present I must confine myself to my own. I turned, and we walked on together. I had been struck by an amused look on his usually over-serious face, and, after a short time, he said,—

“My dear Lewis, only think what has just happened!”

“What?” I asked. “I never try to guess. Life is short, you know——”

“And Art is long. But even art has an end at last. That is the very point.”

“Well, then?”

“You know what I have been wanting for so long, and intriguing for too, after my own fashion? Well, I begin to consider myself a complete Talleyrand, and to perceive that diplomacy is my true career. I am to be at Madame M——’s this evening,” he added, naming the wife of a well-known banker and financier. I knew why he wished to be there; but, though the story is both curious and romantic, it is too long to insert here, and is, besides, quite irrelevant.

“The banker’s wife?” I asked; “I know. By the way, she is bitten by Anglomania, is she not?”

“That is her last whim. Ah—a thought strikes me!”

“Allow me to congratulate you.”

“Congratulate yourself, rather, and do me a great service.”

“Consider it done.”

“I shall cover myself with no end of *éclat*. Englishmen are rare with us just now—have you a dress-coat?”

“After a fashion.”

“All right. And gloves?”

“They may be borrowed or stolen.”

“Good. Then come with me to Madame M——’s. I shall be prime favourite for a whole day if I bring her a live *Anglais*, especially if you will condescend to behave as much like a bear as possible, and talk about nothing but *rosbif*, and *la boxe*. Madame will adore you. Now I think of it, don’t wear gloves. It will look more barbaric. If you will only shave your face and dye your hair scarlet, it will be glorious.”

"I will do what I can. Perhaps a pair of boxing-gloves would be better even than none at all?"

"With a kilt and a collar *à la* Byron — the effect would be superb! So you will come?"

"With pleasure."

So we dined, and having dressed ourselves — I remember that my dress-coat, which was of fabulous age, split under the right arm as I put it on, and, having to be cobbled up by unpractised fingers, gave me the acutest anxiety and discomfort for the rest of the evening; and that I had to go half starved for two days and more to provide myself with gloves and the numberless *et-ceteras* of which a man who is outside the world of receptions is always in want at the last moment — we proceeded to the *hôtel* of Monsieur, or, practically, of Madame M——. I believe that Félix was in his heart rather disappointed that I had not actually carried out the programme of costume that we had arranged; but he was really grateful to me for coming: and after all, as he was good enough to tell me as a piece of consolation, though my dress might be tolerably orthodox, my accent, on which I particularly prided myself, was abominable. I was duly presented to madame, and favoured by having to receive from her a monologue in some language which I could not understand, but which, from just catching the words "*zat grand poète*, tender, impassioned, *sublime*, your Sare Adam Smit," I conjectured might be my own. However, there was neither necessity nor opportunity to answer, so I listened with as much stolidity as I could assume, bowed stiffly when it was over, said "Oh, yes!" like Lord Allcash in 'Fra Diavolo,' and then, having done my duty as an Englishman, made way for my successor.

The new-comer was a lady — or let me rather give her the higher title of woman, for of all women she was, so far as figure and features were concerned, the most beautiful I ever saw. To say that she was a model for a sculptor, is to say nothing, even though the sculptor had been Praxiteles himself. She was, I believe, rather tall; but so perfectly was she proportioned that it was impossible to tell without carefully comparing her with others; and one was not likely to look much at others when she was by. The true test of a beautiful face is the profile; and hers was of the best and most faultless Greek type, of the low-browed order, like that bust which every one knows so well under the name of the nymph Clytie. Her hair, however, was not dark, as might be expected from the style of her features, but lay in great thick waves of shining gold, partly gathered up closely at the back of the head, and fastened by a small *stiletto*, and partly flowing down the neck, and thence over the shoulders in a broad cataract of loose and natural curls. It grew down in front considerably over the line of the forehead, which was marked by a kind of frontal, such as the ancient Greeks called an *amphyx* — I am thus seemingly pedantic, because, although I believe it is still in use, I am ignorant of its name in the technical language of modern *coiffeurs*. It did not, however, strike me as being a well-chosen head-dress; for, being of bright gold, it was scarcely distinguishable from the hair itself, and seemed to argue an imperfect eye for harmonies and contrasts of colour. The slender neck was wonderfully graceful, and it, together with the face, the shoulders,

the arms, and the hands, was of a pure and transparent whiteness that was literally dazzling, reflecting light instead of absorbing it. And yet, in reality, it could not be very clear, for it was without the delicate pencilling of the veins or the passing rose-tints that we generally admire in fair complexions. Her eyes were large, and of a rich deep blue, but cold; and cold also was the expression of her perfect lips, which were as pure and undisturbed in their outline as those of a young child. The whole character of the face was grave and by no means unamiable; but the coldness of the eyes and lips, and the general faultlessness of the features, and the completeness of their repose, made it far from being what an Italian would call sympathetic; it seemed made to be admired far more than to be loved. Her dress, I fear I must confess, I have forgotten; and so I may fairly assume it to have been in as good taste as was possible in days when the apparent object of dressmakers was to make the costume of each successive year more hideous than that of the preceding. But I have always observed that as long as a beautiful woman is dressed fairly according to the existing fashion, it is of very little consequence, in the eyes of men, what that fashion is. I only call to mind that she seemed to affect pale and uniform colours, and that she wore but few ornaments: there was a necklace of pearls, certainly, and a bracelet or two; but there were no earrings, for the delicate ears were not even pierced; and there was no display of diamonds, which in itself made her look rather remarkable in a room full of jewels. Yes—I do remember one point in her costume; she wore a scarf of white lace, embroidered with golden thread, carefully but gracefully arranged over her left shoulder and the upper part of her left arm. The general effect she produced at first sight was that of a cold cloud of gold and snow.

As I had but just left the side of my hostess when this lady approached, I was still near enough to hear her first words. What the words themselves were is of no importance, conveying as they did no more than some ordinary salutation; but I was immediately struck by the voice in which they were spoken. It was of a rare *contralto* quality, and wonderfully soft and clear. Her pronunciation of French, although lady-like and correct, was still that of a foreigner; and its full and rather inward character made me think that her tongue must be familiar with some strongly-aspirated language—such as Spanish, for instance. And yet, charming and musical as were her tones, they, like her face, wanted the indefinable charm of sympathy. Moved by the interest which her appearance excited in me, I spoke to Monsieur B——, a young man of good family with whom I had some slight acquaintance, and asked him if he could tell me anything about the stranger.

“Of course I can!” he answered. “It is the Circassian Princess. Have you never seen her before?”

“I am ashamed to say that I have not even heard of her.”

“I suppose you have been away from Paris,” he said. “She is to be the lioness of the season—of the rest of it, that is. Beautiful, is she not?”

“And her name?”

“Her name?—*Diable!* I wish I had been taught Circassian. We

always call her the Princess. What is her name?" he asked of another man who was near; "I am ashamed to ask, but I never can remember names that I can't spell."

"What — the fair Hungarian's?"

"No — the Circassian's — the Princess's."

"She's a Hungarian, I believe — or else a Russian, or Servian, or something of that sort. De Sancy knew her at Vienna."

"And yet the name is by no means hard or unvocalic," said another. "Madame la Princesse de Paro — that's all."

"That's not the name I heard; there were z's and gutturals in it. But De Paro — that sounds Italian or Spanish. And how is she a princess?"

"How she is a princess I cannot tell you," said an old gentleman in spectacles; "but the name is not Italian and not Spanish. Paro is the name of an island in the Archipelago which used to be called Paros in old times. The difference in the name is very slight, you see."

"Then we may call her Princess of the Marble Mines?"

"Precisely so," said the old gentleman. "Monte Marpessa, in the island of Paro or Paros" — and he began a long discussion upon marble in general, from which he naturally branched off to that of Monte Matto and Carrara; thence to the mineral wealth of Italy, thence to mines in general; and so, naturally, to the inevitable *bourse*. I afterwards learned that he was my host, Monsieur M — himself.

It was clear enough, from the course of this conversation, and from others in which I shared that evening, either as talker or listener, that, while it was evidently the right thing to seem to know all about her, no one really knew who the Princess, as she was called, was, or whence she came. And yet at the same time no one, even among the most habitually suspicious, hinted a doubt of her being fully entitled to the very highest consideration. Perhaps the fact of her having a great reputation for wealth had something to do with this. There was also another remarkable thing respecting her, that among all the women present I noticed a singular amount of real, not affected charity, in their allusions to one whom, one would think, they had so much reason to fear as a successful rival of them all, in one way or another. They seemed, indeed, scarcely to speak of her as if she were one of themselves — to speak of her as if they and she, in spite of their common sex, had little or nothing really in common. It was even stranger still, that she did not seem to have the power of drawing men to her side. I feel sure that on that evening not one woman who was there lost a single attention by reason of the presence of this lady. I can answer for myself, that in spite of curiosity, interest, and admiration, I not only did not feel attracted towards her, but even almost repelled by her; and this sensation of mine, I have no doubt, was shared by all in the room to a greater or less extent.

At length our eyes happened to meet, and, to my surprise, I could not help seeing that she gave a slight start, and that it was some instants before she looked away again. In fact she favoured me with a long look, not in the least of boldness, but rather of surprise and even of anxiety. If I had not been certain of the contrary, I should have thought she recognised me; and, as it was, I fancied that she must have

mistaken me for some one else. In a few minutes, however, I was still more surprised when I was led up to her by Madame M——, and formally introduced to her. It could only have been in consequence of her own request ; for certainly my hostess had no reason of her own for paying me any particular attention.

When we are young — I am not sure that I might not add, when we are old also — we are apt to think that every handsome woman who treats us with anything like deference is intellectually remarkable. I daresay that I am not without my full share of this sort of vanity. But I am sure of this, that vanity had nothing to do with my perceiving, after a very short conversation, that the Princess de Paro, whoever she might be, was no ordinary person. She was by no means what is called a well-informed woman, that was evident ; but she was something very much better. She was, as evidently, a quick and accurate observer ; she had a lively desire to know and understand everything, and a ready intelligence that worked well with her desire. Of course I did not notice all this at that particular time, but I may as well mention it here.

She appeared to know, or to assume, that I was an artist by profession, and she talked to me and asked me many questions — some of them, I must confess, wild and ignorant enough — as to the various pictures and statues in the several galleries that I had visited during my few years of study, and with which she herself seemed to be fairly acquainted after a vague and desultory fashion. Our conversation lasted some time ; and we became such good friends that she even made me promise to call upon her in the course of a few days, and show her some of the contents of my portfolio. As may be supposed, I felt exceedingly gratified, and saw a long vista of prosperity opening out before me, at the end of which shone, with renewed brilliancy, the now dimly-shining star of Alice Fenwick. For do not let me be misunderstood. The admiration that I still felt for my new and interesting acquaintance was cold as the marble of Marpessa itself. Now that I had spoken with her, I was still more acutely sensible of that want of something about her — call it heart, or sympathy, or what you will — that I have mentioned already. I instinctively felt that she was not a woman whom I could possibly have been inclined to love, even had my love been free.

There is nothing more that I need say about this particular conversation. Laurent walked home with me, and we had a good deal of talk together, in which, as may be supposed, the Princess de Paro held a prominent place. We had both been struck by her in much the same way, and we rivalled each other in inventing the wildest romances about her. The conversation that I had held with her at last naturally led our own into the same groove, and, in order to illustrate some remark of mine, I took a portfolio of studies and turned to one of my sketches made in the Eulenburg Museum. As we went on with our discussion, Laurent lazily continued to turn over the rest, and to glance at them one by one. At last he started and paused, and then asked for a sheet of paper and a pencil, with which I supplied him. He was not a man of much humour in conversation, but it was his habit, when he sat talking with his friends, to amuse himself with making caricatures and humorous sketches, which were gems in their way. It was thus that I

now supposed him to be engaged, but at the end of ten minutes he showed me the result. "What is that?" he asked.

"That?" I said, rather puzzled; "why it is an exact copy of the outline of my last study of the *Hercyna* in the Eulenburg Museum."

"And now give me your colour-box, and stand over me while I go on."

With his wonderfully facile, bold, and yet accurate hand, he worked rapidly for a short time. Soon, without the alteration of a single point in the outline, without a shadow of change in the expression of the features, the pencilled lines developed into that cloud of white and gold which we had heard called "*Madame la Princesse de Paro*."

V.

I FULLY intended to call upon my new friend very soon; but a day or two after Madame M——'s reception I heard some news that led my thoughts into an entirely new channel, and, as is usual when the mind is filled with a fixed idea, rendered me procrastinating about other matters. Besides, I was by no means drawn towards Madame de Paro otherwise than as towards a possible patroness, so that my visit to her wore the air of being a matter of duty rather than of inclination. Tamely as I have thus spoken, the news which thus had the effect of distracting me from obeying the calls both of self-interest and curiosity was at that time terrible indeed—it was nothing less than that Alice Fenwick was engaged to be married to the eldest son of a peer of great wealth and importance, both political and social. Patrons and patronesses seemed nothing to me now; and I fell—absurdly it may be, but none the less really for all that—into a state of unhappiness of which I cannot even now think without pain. Most of the sorrows of youth we would willingly feel over again, for the sake of having once more the faculty of feeling them; but there are some that we would no more undergo for any price whatever than we would again fall down a precipice for the sake of again having the strength by which we climbed to the summit. I was all the worse off, too, because in this matter I had no confidant, and had to bear my sorrow alone. Nor had I any means of learning to what extent the projected marriage was one of affection or of policy, and so I had all the torment of jealousy added to my despair.

So much I am bound to say of my then condition for the sake of explaining matters. I do not say it because I in any way wish myself to be regarded as the hero of this true romance. I therefore hope that I shall be acquitted of the sin of egotism in the matter; and it is in that hope that I speak dryly and coldly of set purpose, and not because my mental state at the time was in any degree the result of morbid fancy or vain affectation. After all, my own love-story—that of the lover being refused by the family of his mistress on account of his own want of means and position, and cast off by his mistress herself for the sake of the wealth and position of a rival—is of too commonplace a character, thus far, to deserve that it should be unnecessarily dwelt upon, when it is attended by the ordinary incidents of reality instead of the dramatic accessories of fiction, and when the narrator, whatever

skill he may have acquired in the combination of form and colour, is unpractised in the art of painting in words. And so, on the whole, I think I have now said enough to show why it was that Madame de Paro passed out of my thoughts so soon. But at the end of some days, or weeks, I forget which, I was reminded of her by receiving a short note, which, with Laurent's sketch, I have by me still. It was to ask me to call upon her at an hour which she named, and to let her see any sketches of mine that I pleased and could conveniently bring ; and she more than suggested that she hoped to be able to put work that would be worth having in my way.

Will it be believed that I was even then indisposed to see her? Nevertheless, such was the case ; and even now I am myself unable to discover any satisfactory reason, even fully taking into account the mental illness by which I was then prostrated, to account for all the symptoms of my strong disinclination. However, as a mere matter of the most common politeness, it was impossible for me to refuse ; and so, at the time named, I kept the appointment, carrying with me a portfolio, the contents of which, however, I was by no means careful to select or arrange.

Madame de Paro — if she really bore the title of Princess, I imagine that it was in the Russian or Slavonic sense, and not in any sense in which the title is used in Western Europe — occupied magnificent apartments, which seemed to show that her reputation for wealth was not ill-founded ; but they were not furnished quite according to modern ideas of taste, although it would be difficult to say in what the difference consisted. It struck me, however, that the occupant herself could have no very settled taste in the matter, for there was a sort of strife between the extremes of classical simplicity and of almost barbaric splendour. She was reclining on a sofa when I came in, and apparently amusing herself by contemplating the effect of her *pose* in one of the mirrors with which the room was filled. Her general appearance was much the same as when I saw her at Madame M——'s, and although it was now day, her complexion was as perfectly free from the least suggestion of colour as then, showing that its extreme clearness and whiteness had not been due in any way to the effect of artificial light, but was natural to her. She was, however, much more plainly and negligently dressed than I had expected to find her, and she looked rather fatigued and *ennuyée*.

She seemed glad to see me, and again held me under that long look of hers which I have mentioned already, and which, peculiar as it was, was as unembarrassing as it was unembarrassed.

"I am delighted to see you, Monsieur Melvil — and all the more as I see you have brought your portfolio. However, we will look at that presently — there is plenty of time. But how pale you are ! I hope you have not been ill ?"

I answered by making some vague excuse for not having called on her sooner.

"I am afraid you work too hard ?"

"That would not be easy in Paris, madame."

"Why ? Paris is only a place like others."

This speech struck me as being rather absurdly *blasé* for a woman like her, and I set it down to affectation.

"Well," I said, "I find it so uncongenial to work that I think of leaving for that very reason."

"Indeed! And where should you go?"

"Oh, I don't know — anywhere. Perhaps back to the little German town I was at before I came here."

"Ah, you were telling me about it — Eulenburg, was it not? What sort of a place is it? I have never been there."

I gave her some account of the place and of the gallery of the museum, in which, with the strong curiosity as to all artistic matters which I had before remarked in her, she seemed highly interested. The missing statue was also mentioned. She asked me to describe it to her. I did so with something of my lost animation, and then, seized with an irresistible temptation, added,—

"But if madame will stand before that long glass, she will herself see an exact copy of it — if not its original, for I almost suspect madame, in spite of all appearance to the contrary, of being at least two thousand years old, and to have sat to Polydorus."

She smiled, rose, and went to the mirror, into which she looked earnestly and gravely. Any other woman would have sought to find a compliment in my words, but she took them literally. After an instant or two she returned to her seat.

"Then I could sit to you as the statue?" she asked, in a serious manner.

I looked up. "She can't surely be going to propose herself as a sculptor's model," I thought; and yet there was something altogether so strange about her that I should not have been very much astonished. There were many ladies at that time of quite as high a position as hers seemed to be, who did very odd things and indulged very odd caprices — odder than that, by far. Besides, when I came to think of it, her social position was, after all, very vague; and her visiting Madame M——, though a kind of certificate of good reputation, was not absolutely final. A banker must pay some amount of respect and attention to a rich and distinguished client even though she may not be a real princess.

However, there was nothing for it but to say, "As well? What sculptor could ever hope to find a statue half so perfect?"

"Did you not say you considered the Hercyna perfection?"

"As perfect as a statue can be."

"And me?"

"As perfect as a woman."

I almost began to think my new patroness a little touched in the brain, her questions seemed so utterly beside any mark whatever.

"Come, let me see your portfolio," she said, suddenly.

I opened it. I have already said that I had not taken any trouble to make any arrangement or selection, and as I have always been what good housewives call an untidy person, I had no accurate notion as to what it contained — nor did I very much care. She sat down at a table, and began to turn over the sketches, while I stood over her, so that I might give any explanation that she might require.

I am certainly not going to give a catalogue of what she found there. In fact I remember very little as to what she then saw, for my mind

was by no means so intent upon my exhibition as by rights it should have been. Madame de Paro still kept up her interest, and asked some hundreds of questions, some of the most childish character, some which, as coming from a lady, made me stare considerably, and some showing not only intelligence and even depth of thought, but an experience of far greater width than my own. In justice to her, however, I must say that the freedom of her talk seemed rather to be that of an innocent child who has been brought up in an impure atmosphere of which it has caught up the phrases, but nothing more, than that of a woman who is consciously coarse or eccentric ; and I must also add that there was nothing else in her manner and tone that was not perfectly modest and refined. Her questions and remarks were all made with a directly and honestly critical purpose ; and had I been ten times vainer than I ever was, I should have thought no otherwise either of them or of her. If I have not succeeded in making my portrait of her intelligible, or like that of any real human being — if I have not made her *live* — it is because she had not hitherto seemed to myself to live. There was something still so very unreal and unwomanlike about her altogether — not in my eyes only, but judging from my observations taken at Madame M——’s, in those of other people also — that it seems to me as difficult to make her live in words as if she had been a Wyvern or a Gorgon.

At last she came to a sketch at which she paused for some time in silence. I did not immediately notice this, however, for I had fallen into a brown study, so that, while my eyes were mechanically directed to the portfolio, my thoughts were far away from it. Presently, however, roused by some slight movement of hers, I became conscious of her long silence, and I looked. To my infinite distress she had come across a slight water-colour picture of Miss Fenwick, which I had taken some time ago, and had brought with me from England.

A mirror was opposite to Madame de Paro as she sat at the table ; and just then I happened to catch in it the expression of her face. It was very peculiar. She was looking intently at the sketch with a slight frown of puzzled annoyance something like that of a naturalist who has suddenly come across some undiscovered specimen which belongs to no known class, and, by its existence, protests against some favourite system of the finder. I neither spoke nor moved, hoping that she might pass it by without remark.

But I was disappointed. “Yes,” she said, parodying the “*Il y a des fagots et des fagots*” of Molière ; “there is life and life. I must know this woman.”

I did not answer.

“This face is no sculptor’s model,” she said ; “and yet——” I saw her glance at her own in the mirror, and then look again at the sketch, which she examined in every way, sometimes bending closely over it, sometimes holding it at arm’s-length, as though it contained some secret that she could not read. At length,—

“What does this picture mean?” she asked.

“It is the portrait of a young lady.”

“No — it is more than that. It is the portrait of one who has done more than merely live.”

"More than live? What is there more than life?"

"Is there not what men call love?"

She looked at me as she spoke, with that long look of hers. I fancied that she had read my own secret. For the first time my eyes fell before hers; and they rested on the picture. She sighed deeply; and her look once more sought the mirror, into which she gazed intently.

"Am I not right," she asked, "in thinking that that face has loved?" I was confused and silent.

"Strange!" she said, half aloud. "There seems to be as much difference between love and life as between flesh and marble. May I keep this sketch?" she asked, suddenly.

"If madame would excuse me," I stammered. "It is the portrait of a friend — and ——"

"But your friend would excuse you, surely? I have taken a fancy to it — I really wish for it. As to the price, I will name that myself."

"If madame could choose any other — but I have reasons for asking madame to allow this to remain mine."

"So be it then. But will you do me one favour instead?"

"I shall be only too happy."

"Paint, then, my own portrait twice: the first time at once, and the second whenever I may desire it."

"I do not profess to be a painter of living portraits; I am far more versed in marble. If madame desires her portrait, I can recommend her others far better — there is Félix Laurent ——"

"No; I will be painted by you, and by no other."

I was not altogether disinterested in my disinclination to undertake the task. The unreasonable antipathy that seemed to exist on my part towards Madame de Paro kept growing stronger and stronger; and this fact, combined with her extreme singularity, made me a little afraid of her, while at the same time I was not in a mental state to care very much about understanding her better. Perhaps at any other time curiosity and artistic interest would have made me leap at the chance of obtaining so remarkable a study; but it was not so now.

"Since you really wish it madame ——"

"I do wish it. When can you give me a sitting?"

"Whenever madame pleases."

"To-morrow, then?"

"By all means."

"At ten o'clock. I do not want a large picture — about that size will do," she said, pointing to the sketch of Miss Fenwick. "Where do you work? I will come to you there."

I gave the address of my own small and inconvenient studio, at the same time apologising for the want of accommodation she would find there.

"I will be with you at ten to-morrow, then, punctually. As to terms — will you leave them to me?"

"On condition that madame is satisfied with the result; for I confess I doubt my ability."

"Let it be so, then. But I shall be satisfied."

I put up my portfolio, and was about to leave the room.

"Stay," she said, suddenly; "the lady of that sketch — how is she named?"

"Mademoiselle Fenwick, a young English lady," I answered, as carelessly as I could.

"And do you see her often?"

"I have not seen her for long."

"And you consider her very beautiful?"

"I consider her beautiful."

"More beautiful than that statue at Eulenburg?"

I could not help smiling, in spite of my embarrassment. "As regards form by no means. That statue of which you speak is the most beautiful piece of form I ever saw. Supposing that it had been a living woman, no woman living would be comparable to it."

"You think, then, that it wanted nothing but life?"

I could not for the life of me make out at what the lady was driving with questions that seemed so utterly absurd. But, as she evidently expected an answer,—

"With life," I said, "it would have been the perfection of woman's beauty."

"You are wrong, then," she replied, quietly. "There would have been something still wanting to make it perfection."

"And that would have been——?"

"Surely you, an artist, are not ignorant? Well, you will see in good time. Meanwhile I shall reckon upon your being prepared to receive me at ten o'clock to-morrow."

And so ended my second interview with the Princess de Paro.

*(To be continued.)*

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## POEM

READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,  
AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING, JULY 1, 1869.

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### I.

HERE, at the well-remembered gates  
Through which we entered Learning's fane,  
Led, brothers, by the kindly fates,  
In joy we meet again ;  
And all the troubled Past rolls by  
Like storm-clouds from the summer sky,  
Till lo ! Youth's sudden re-appearing grace,  
A golden sunlight, bathes and beautifies the place.

### II.

To-day, our Mother greets her sons,  
With tender meaning in her eyes,  
The lofty and the lowly ones,  
The wayward and the wise ;  
Alike, who, to enrich her fame,  
Come laurelled with an honored name,  
For virtue, knowledge, proud achievement known,  
And those who haply yet can offer love alone.

### III.

And this in wealth I freely bring,  
As mindful of this careless rhyme,  
When only high imagining  
Befits the thoughtful time,  
When memories round us thickly throng  
Had moved the mightiest lords of song  
To epic majesty or lyric rage,  
Such as still lives and burns on the Miltonic page.

## IV.

But well I know that love sincere  
Our Mother will not cast aside,  
Nor yet with solemn brows severe  
Our little failings chide ;  
To-day, no crabbed tasks she sets  
Of cosines or of sulphurets :  
The Sibyl's awful tome she shuts awhile,  
And bids us all once more be happy in her smile.

## V.

Since last these friendly walks I trod,  
My rambling feet have chanced to stray  
Where rise o'er England's verdant sod  
The "antique towers" of Gray ;  
And where all softly Isis glides  
To mirror in her tranquil tides  
The stately domes, the immemorial trees,  
That give a nameless charm to Oxford's lettered ease.

## VI.

But Eton lacked the magic spell,  
With Oriel's ivy-clambered walls,  
That works its wondrous miracle  
In these familiar halls ;  
That leads our footsteps swiftly back,  
In fancy, o'er life's devious track,  
Till on, by paths with plenteous roses strewn,  
In glad surprise again we reach our twentieth June.

## VII.

O Alma Mater ! brighter far  
To us thy whitewashed brick arcades,  
Than Europe's Gothic minsters are,  
Or classic colonnades :  
More dear these hills of oak and pine  
Than all the purple Apennine,  
Since here from boy to man we grew in turn,  
And lessons daily caught we never can unlearn.

## VIII.

Here Nature year by year revealed  
 The truths that Science would impress,  
 As Spring threw over copse and field  
 Her newly woven dress ;  
 And Autumn, walking in her pride  
 The maple-belted mountain-side,  
 Flung out her scarlet banners to the day,  
 Till the whole Blue Ridge owned her coming and her sway.

## IX.

The Present was a rhythmic ode  
 That beat to pulses of the heart,  
 And music from the Future flowed  
 Diviner than Mozart :  
 That music swells for us no more,  
 That strain is hushed on sea and shore ;  
 But those who come our places here to fill,  
 Can catch its joyous burst, its glorious strophe still.

## X.

How quick from premise unto proof  
 Our yet undimmed perceptions ran !  
 How fair we built from base to roof  
 Our *châteaux en Espagne* !  
 Then life was but a reeling sense  
 Of something like omnipotence :  
 The lips we loved, the sweetest earthly flowers,  
 Bloomed, smiled for us, and all the giddy world was ours !

## XI.

*De Juventute*, threadbare theme  
 In every age of pen and tongue,—  
 How gladly we dream o'er the dream  
 We dreamt when we were young !  
 Nor futile yet this backward view,  
 Could we our early faith renew,  
 And with the joy and freshness of our youth,  
 Revive in all its strength our boyish trust in Truth.

XII.

For soon amid the worldly din  
 Of man's incessant strife for gold —  
 What time our hair grew gray or thin —  
 That early faith grew cold :  
 Illusions that we dearest held  
 Were sadly, one by one, dispelled :  
 The pageant faded, and that boyish trust,  
 Ere life's meridian hour, lay trodden in the dust.

XIII.

One self-same fortune all have known  
 Of human life's unvaried round,  
 Who wandered to earth's farthest zone  
 Or tilled their native ground :  
 On far-off oceans rudely tost,  
 Or deep in roaring cities lost,  
 All, all have grieved, whatever else was gained,  
 Some precious chance ill-used, some guerdon unattained.

XIV.

In vain, as boys or men, we seek  
 The mind's ideal ; still it flies  
 Our eager grasp, from peak to peak,  
 Beyond the distant skies ;  
 Or from some lofty pathless cliff  
 Forever mocks us with an *If*;  
 Until we weary of the idle quest,  
 And, baffled oftentimes, sit down and long for rest.

XV.

And thus, in ceaseless care and strife,  
 Man walks the plain or toils the steep,  
 And then at last "our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep" :  
 Thrice happy they who leave behind  
 Some deathless work of heart or mind,  
 Some gem discovered in the mines of Thought,  
 To tell that they have lived, and have not lived for nought.

## XVI.

"But why not," some one seems to say,  
 "O Poet! with your verse infuse  
 The humor of a livelier lay,  
 Or woo a merrier Muse?  
 Why turn in this dejected mood  
 From platitude to platitude,  
 Content on trite moralities to dwell,  
 So often drily taught and only learned too well?

## XVII.

"Need poet by what themes be told  
 The passing hour is best beguiled?  
 The Graces never yet grew old,  
 And Love remains a child;\*  
 And woman's neck is still as white  
 As Helen's, and her eyes as bright;  
 And 'neath her smile the Future's shadowy scope  
 In sudden glow assumes the radiant hues of Hope."

## XVIII.

The timely hint I fain would heed,  
 That sadness is not Wisdom's plan,  
 And scatter from the sportive reed  
 The jocund notes of Pan;  
 And yet I do but strive in vain  
 Some mirth to mingle with my strain:  
 The lighter fancies bring not their relief,  
 The pensive humor holds and deepens into grief.

## XIX.

For, brothers, while your ranks I view,  
 Another throng, methinks, I see,  
 And read the Psalmist's line anew,  
 The Dead alone are free!  
 Some who departed ere the flame  
 Of conquest and of ruin came,  
 And some who passed through battle's fiercest fire  
 Beyond all earthly wrong, and struggle, and desire.

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\* Les Amours sont toujours enfans,  
 Et les Grâces sont de tout âge.

## XX.

And death hath to their presence lent  
A grace the living cannot reach,  
Their silence is more eloquent  
Than our imperfect speech —  
The calm of an eternal rest  
Is in each countenance exprest;  
I mark the halo round each shining head,  
And feel we are less great, less noble than the Dead.

## XXI.

Their praise demands a loftier verse:  
Ah! what avails this feeble line  
Thy merit, THORNTON! to rehearse;  
Or, gifted COLEMAN! thine?  
The orator whose deeds eclipse  
The memory of his fluent lips,—  
The gentle scholar and the faithful friend,  
Who Falkland's knighthood seemed with Arnold's lore to blend.

## XXII.

While here our sorrowing Mother keeps  
His loss as her peculiar pain,  
For yet another child she weeps  
Who came not back again —  
Whose brief career on earth would seem  
A tender but unfinished theme —  
MAUPIN, translated to the silent shore,  
Robed with immortal youth, and fair forevermore.

## XXIII.

What helps it now that I should seek  
Of NEWTON's cherished worth to tell;  
Of FAIRFAX, peerless name! to speak,  
Among the first who fell;  
Of BROWN to sing, whose diamond star  
Of death in battle shines afar;  
To call up LATANÉ's benignant shade,  
Upon whose early grave some few poor wreaths I laid?

## XXIV.

The fame how shall my rhyme declare  
 Of him, with every virtue sealed,  
 Who glorious made the name I bear,  
 On Shiloh's crimsoned field;  
 Of TERRELL, PAXTON, RIVES, who died  
 Upborne on triumph's transient tide;  
 Of CUNNINGHAM, bewailed with costliest tears,  
 And HARRISON, cut down in manhood's opening years?

## XXV.

What pen, though dipped in morning skies,  
 What sweetest song of living praise,  
 The unavailing sacrifice  
 Shall mark to coming days,  
 Of gallant PEGRAM, loved, deplored,  
 A saintly life, a stainless sword,—  
 The young Marcellus of the falling State,  
 A Virgil's lay alone might fitly celebrate?

## XXVI.

Nor yet less dearly mourned are they,  
 Faithful in council and in camp,  
 Who perished in the slow decay  
 Of life's expiring lamp:  
 I think of TUCKER's features lit  
 With music, tenderness, and wit;  
 Of HEATH's fine head with Learning's laurel decked,  
 And RANDOLPH's brow where sat ancestral Intellect.

## XXVII.

Rest, heroes, rest from toil and care,  
 By mountain slope or ocean's tides,  
 Or deep in that rich Valley, where  
 Old Stonewall's ghost still rides;  
 Albeit no memorial stone  
 May make your names and valor known,  
 There fairest maidens scatter blooms around,  
 And with perennial love your quiet graves are crowned.

## XXVIII.

Guard well, ye mountains, their repose ;  
Chaunt, ocean, chaunt their requiem ;  
From you whate'er of greatness flows  
Was imaged forth in them ;  
And all on earth that's fair and bright,  
Of dearer charm or larger light,  
Shall still keep fresh the memory of the brave,  
While Alleghany stands, or rolls th' Atlantic wave.

## XXIX.

Their varied lives agree in one  
The sacred mandate to renew —  
What still your hands find to be done  
With all your might to do :  
They teach that not till we have striven  
With all the strength that God has given,  
Can we relinquish the appointed task,  
And on our feeble work His blessing dare to ask.

## XXX.

An exile from my place of birth,  
I bear, in antique urn enshrined,  
No handful of my native earth  
To keep the spot in mind :  
All that thou wast, that now thou art,  
I shrine, VIRGINIA ! in my heart ;  
Thy hills, thy plains, thy rushing streams I see  
Upon whatever soil my feet may chance to be.

## XXXI.

Her future what though clouds enfold ?—  
Brave hands the waste may renovate,  
And make her greater than of old,  
Aye, something more than great :  
In labor, not in listlessness,  
Lies hid the secret of success ;  
And now, as ever, empire's fruitful seeds,  
Bearing an hundredfold, are homely, toilsome deeds.

## XXXII.

Wise Nature reconstructs her realm  
 In beauty from her primal springs :  
 The blue-bird twitters in the elm,  
 The corn still laughs and sings ;  
 Heaven showers upon the thirsty plain  
 The early and the latter rain,  
 And Plenty waits with ever liberal hand  
 Her unexhausted gifts to pour upon the land.

## XXXIII.

And, casting off unwise regrets,  
 We yet may hope that time shall prove  
 Kind hearts are more than bayonets,  
 And force less strong than love ;  
 We *know* that order shall appear  
 When God has made His purpose clear :  
 The darkest riddles shall be understood,  
 And all the perfect world shall in His sight be good !

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

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*Belgravia.*

## MY NAMESAKE AND I.

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**M**Y name is Murray Menteith, and I wish it wasn't. At least, I don't exactly wish it wasn't, because it is a pretty name, and a *good* name, which is more important. Common people, who are uncertain, or only too certain, about their grandfathers, are not likely to have such a name among them as Murray Menteith. My brother's name is Douglas, and even that circumstance, otherwise gratifying, has proved inconvenient to me in connection with a horrid fatality which has pursued and come up with me on several occasions already, and

may have ever so many shocks in store for me yet ; so that, while I don't exactly wish that Murray Menteith was not my name, and Douglas Menteith my brother's, I do wish very sincerely that we were the only Murray and Douglas Menteith in the world, or at any rate in this part of it.

Douglas has not been pursued by the above-indicated fatality, and I had rather not mention the matter to him ; for his nature is somewhat rugged, and he has an odious habit of laughing at anything which he considers a good joke, perfectly indifferent to the sensitive feelings which may be lacerated by the witticism. Perhaps his turn may come, and then he will welcome the sympathy of a brother whom he has hitherto regarded rather in the light of a "muff," just because I have a turn for sentiment and am not ashamed of it, and because I don't devote myself to fatiguing bodily exercises, for cruel purposes, which he calls field-sports.

I am studious, well-informed, and decidedly well-looking, though not precisely what your patrons of prize-fighting, or women who look upon a heavy dragoon as the ideal of manly beauty, would call a "fine man." I am not tall enough to be awkward, nor short enough to be insignificant, and my personal appearance is indicative of intellectual superiority, and a thoughtful habit of mind. My namesake may possibly resemble Douglas, who is a big fellow, given to cultivate his muscles at the expense of his brains, and who subscribes heartily to that creed which has been pithily summarised as "fearing God, and walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours." The other Murray Menteith, who is the bodily presentment of my "fatality," may be like him ; indeed, I have no doubt he is, for as he has been described to me, he is a coarse sort of person, of practical tastes—as it is the fashion to call those horrid energetic people who put themselves into perpetual perspirations, and make everyone else uncomfortable ; but he cannot possibly resemble me. But that I regard the expression in a Shakespearian and therefore unobjectionable sense, I should not like to say that a "cursed spite" caused my namesake and his brother, who is my brother's namesake, to arrive at St. Andrews—an institution, as everyone in and out of Scotland knows, unrivalled in the world as a seat of learning—just before my brother and I quitted the classic halls, to whose shelter I look back with reverence, and he, I regret to say, does not look back at all. I never happened to see the gentlemen—our "doubles," as Douglas called them ; but he did the very day we left, I believe, and laughed in his big, obstreperous sort of way over some execrable joke about our being also "quits." Of course I took no notice ; to rebuke him would be unbrotherly, and I endeavour to amend his taste and correct his failings by silence. I merely remarked, when the similarity of names turned up again in conversation, that it was very fortunate we were leaving the university, so that no absurd mistakes could be made, or stupid, ill-bred, practical jokes attempted. I made the remark somewhat severely,—Douglas has a shockingly unrefined taste for practical joking,—and I never gave the subject another thought.

My pursuits are literary,—chiefly poetical, with a dash of the philosophical, and a tendency towards the scientific. I am fond of geology,

and I may say devoted to philology, and its cognate science ethnology. I am an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Tennyson, Professor Huxley, Max Müller, Captain Grant, and Arminius Vambéry. I should like to go to Central Asia if it were not for the heat, the fatigue, and the necessary hypocrisy with respect to my religious opinions. That, and the smell of the camels, I never could endure. Douglas has no tastes, as I understand the term; he is a "very fair farmer," according to the barbarous phrase in use in Dumfriesshire, and has the cruel propensities I have before mentioned. So he and I parted company after we left St. Andrews, and I remained for some time in Edinburgh, while he sought the secluded scenes and congenial cattle of Glentacket, as a place as flat as the Bog of Allen was absurdly named. I shall ever recall that brief period,—even though, as the poet (who understood human nature so well that he made a lover talk to his mistress of his "calm light love") beautifully sings,

"Bleak as the blast of December my life may prove,"

for then I revelled in the fresh delights of literary society; I met numbers of persons of my own way of thinking; though perhaps the majority were a little superficial; and I frequently danced with Susan Price, whose only defect was her name. I allude to this frivolous, and indeed fatiguing, amusement thus emphatically, because if I had not danced with Susan Price, I could not possibly have enjoyed her society so much as I did; for dance she would, and dance she did, whenever and wherever she had the opportunity, of which there was no scarcity in Edinburgh, during that unusually gay and delightful season. Susan Price was the daughter of a London lawyer, the eldest daughter, report said the prettiest, and she was staying on a tolerably long visit with her mother's sister, Mrs. Sandilands, whose house was one of the pleasantest in Edinburgh, and who declared, with charming candour, and in a broad Lowland accent, that she hoped her niece would not "go south" single, but marry and settle within easy reach of Princes-street. Susan Price was a very pretty girl when I met her,—at a scientific lecture, by the way, which gave me a high opinion of her intellect, and laid me open to surprise when I discovered the catholicity of her tastes, and her peculiar predilection for the fastest kind of dancing. Nay, I will be magnanimous, and acknowledge that she is a very pretty girl still; though the dream is ended, the sleeper is awakened; and I am—well, not exactly desolate, but certainly disconcerted. She had bright brown eyes, and bright brown hair, and a bright brown complexion, I think, but no doubt I ought to use some other word to describe it, and her cheeks glowed with a rich colour which looked like the very hue of health, and which the east wind itself could not either wither or harden into coarseness or blowsiness. She had a bright brown look about her altogether, and the whitest teeth—with such a milky innocent whiteness, though; no suggestion of snap, snarl, or moral cannibalism about them—and the sauciest smile, to be perfectly modest, and becoming a well-bred little lady, I ever saw. I don't mean to say I fell in love with Susan Price, but I walked into love with her, intentionally and deliberately. She suited me exactly, according to all my theories. She was pretty and bright, and sweet enough for me, in

my capacity of poet in taste and feeling, though not yet "vulgarised in verse," as I have seen it beautifully expressed. She was clever enough to understand me perfectly without attempting any absurd equality; indeed, she was much too sensible for anything of that sort, and recognised the grand truth that a husband's place is that of Gamaliel. She had quite an ardent taste for science, attended all the lectures, which abounded just then, with exemplary punctuality, and was so enthusiastic about the "pioneers of civilisation," as she called my favourite travellers, that I began to think whether a mild exploration, in some not very dangerous region of the tropical zone, might not be a possible method of adding *éclat* to a honeymoon trip. Susan Price was very energetic; I could not avoid seeing that; and though it jarred upon me a little, I remembered that one energetic person in a household was rather an advantage, and that, at all events, when we were married, she would probably give up dancing.

I have said her name was her sole defect, but I soon ceased to mind it; indeed, I rather liked the idea of changing it for her, especially as I discovered one evening, while the "sides" were blundering through the invariably impracticable fourth figure of a quadrille, and looking foolish and miserable in the attempt, that she particularly admired my patronymic. I had been thinking about the proposal, and all the other formalities which must be encountered before I could call Susan my own, and "Miss Price" no longer, and though I flatter myself I am not a man who could possibly look or feel ridiculous under any circumstances, I confess I felt anxious that these preliminaries should be conducted with becoming dignity, and at the same time with a certain touch of originality befitting my poetical and refined temperament.

We had been talking of the new novels, and the names (and indeed the colours, for "red" was coming into fashion just then) of their heroines, and then of Highland and Scotch names in general.

"I like almost all the Macs," said Miss Price, in her decided lively way.

Then I explained to her the significance of the Mac and the O, so puzzling and meaningless to all but the Celtic ear. Her attention wandered, I thought, as I got farther into the mazes of the clans and the tartans, and I recalled it by saying abruptly,

"We are rather proud of our name, Miss Price; do you like it? Time out of mind we have borne the same Christian names, and have always been Douglas and Murray Menteith."

"Murray Menteith," she repeated softly, "Murray Menteith." I had never thought the name so musical, so refined; I had never liked it so much before. A swift, rosy blush spread itself over her face, and there was a look in her brown eyes I had never seen in them till then. "I do indeed like it; I think it a beautiful name."

What happiness! What a delightful opportunity! What a capital suggestion! It might have been rather commonplace to ask her to accept the name she admired, had it come about in any other way, but in this, it was exquisitely opportune.

Ah, yes, of course, it was always my luck! The "sides" left off their imbecile capering, the music changed, and we had to begin the

fifth figure, danced too, in the deadly-lively style at present in vogue, in which one is debarred from the brief but delightful familiarity of the "galop round." When we were at liberty to stand still again, Miss Price, whose fatal activity of mind made it hopeless to attempt to renew a conversation of which the thread had been broken, plunged into a discussion about the imperial quadrilles, and the *valse à deux temps*, or "waltz, ah, don't attempt it," as Douglas called it, not once, which might have been pardoned as a youthful indiscretion, but every time he could drag the joke (!) into the conversation. That was my last dance with Susan that night; but I did not mind that much, because I knew I should see her the next day at a "literary tea," where I had promised to read some "selections" from the poets, and I thought, after brief reflection, that such an occasion would be even more suitable than the present. I did not even hand her downstairs, but I followed in her wake, and as she tied the cords of her pretty scarlet cloak in the hall, I saw the end of a piece of paper remarkably like an envelope protruding from what I believe I ought to call the tucker of her dress. This little discovery filled me with joy — security I cannot say I needed — for I had copied for and sent to her, in the afternoon, some delightfully soothing lines on perpetual grief, which I had found in an old annual, and of course they formed the contents of the envelope thus prized and honoured.

I was not a little provoked to find, when I reached my chambers that night, an urgent letter from Douglas, requesting me to go to Glentacket at once on business of importance. He did not mention its nature, but said he would send a gig — a horrid conveyance, which to my mind combines the utmost possible discomfort with the greatest possible risk — to meet me at the nearest station at four o'clock on the following day. This was a pleasant arrangement, and there was no appeal from it, as he had been careful not to tell me what I was wanted for; and suppose there had been a death in the family, and I had not gone, nobody would believe I had not known it. No, I must go; duty said so, and natural curiosity echoed it; and so I made up my mind, sent an apology and an explanation to Miss Mac Murdo for my non-appearance at the literary tea, and started for Glentacket, where I found Douglas in his usual oppressively robust health and intolerably boisterous spirits, and my aunt and the girls as uninterestingly well as women who live in the country, dine early, and have no pecuniary troubles, and nothing on their minds but tracts and bead-work, are accustomed to be. The business on which Douglas had sent me so inconsiderate a summons was the sale of a farm, which it appeared he could not effect without my concurrence. I am sure he might have taken it for granted; I neither know nor care anything about business, so long as I get my rights; and to do Douglas justice, I am quite sure of getting them, in any matter in which he is equally concerned. The business had one recommendation, it was soon over, and I determined to return to Edinburgh on the next day but one, and had before me the delightful prospect of meeting Miss Price at a lecture on the latest developments of conchological science; an occasion upon which I thought it probable she might be sufficiently at leisure to regard me with interest and attention. With my poetical temperament, I am naturally a great smoker, and I am also

naturally fond of gazing upon the moonlit heavens, free from the vulgarising obstructions of domestic architecture. The indulgence of these tastes in combination, on the second evening of my stay at Glentacket (the first was wet, as usual), led to my strolling unsuspectingly along the terrace in front of the house, falling down a short flight of steps, one of Douglas's horrid "improvements,"—really, his restless activity of mind in matters of no importance grows more and more offensive,—and finding myself struggling in the mud of an artificial pool, with an inartistic and ineffective little fountain in the middle of it, against which I cut both my shins severely.

I caught a very bad cold, I was much bruised, and dead-lame. Hence confinement to my bed for two days, to the house for a week, and also hence these presents, the plaint of a victim of circumstances and of a coincidence. Of course I thought incessantly of Susan Price, and my deferred proposal; and of course I planned a number of schemes for making it, when the time should come, duly effective and elegant. I pined to learn something of her during the lengthsome days of absence. Had she danced as much as usual, while I was unable to move, except in a kind of a hop at once painful and ungraceful? Perhaps to her also the hours had been "leaden-footed," and she had found no solace in society or science. Had she communed with her own heart and *been still*? had she read the verses, and wept over them? had she, perchance, taken them to be my own composition? Delightful thought! for though I must needs undeceive her, the tender, woful wailings of so pathetic a plaint would marvellously tend to attune her heart to all the softer emotions. I wearied for some news of her, and I almost cursed the inaction to which I was condemned, and the absurd process of wet-rag and oil-silk bandages, and weak-tea and dry-toast diet to which I was subjected.

At length news of her came in a most unexpected manner—no other than a letter from herself—which my sister Lucinda handed to me with a grave expression of curiosity becoming a young person of serious tendencies.

"Is that pink paper the fashion among worldlings, Murray?" she asked. "Your correspondent writes rather a careless hand; and I can't say I admire the seal."

I did not know the hand (it *was* big and spluttering—a wilful, wayward kind of scribbling—but characteristic, I thought afterwards, and nice in its way), and I looked close at it, and the seal. It bore a well-cut impression of a Cupid, in the customary full undress, carrying a lantern, his finger on his lip, and the legend was "Hush, hush!" I did not read the letter until Lucinda had left the room, which she did tossing her head with virtuous indignation, and, I have no doubt, entertaining the gravest suspicions of my correspondent. Imagine my feelings when the following lines met my enraptured gaze:

"Princes-street, Tuesday.

"MY DEAREST MURRAY,—As I have not yet heard your present address, and I can't put off writing to you on the chance of a letter which may not come for two or three days—it's well you explained that *business* engages you, sir, or I wouldn't bear your silence patiently—I send

this to St. Andrews, always, I suppose, a safe address. You will be savage when you hear that all our plans are knocked on the head ; and now, after all your anxiety to get to Edinburgh, and all your impatience at the delay, you will not find me there. Papa has written to Mrs. S. to say I *must* return to London at once, though Julia is not to be married for three weeks yet, because that horrid old nuisance Dr. Tuthill is going up to London on Friday, and papa will have me go with him, to prevent my travelling alone, or his having the trouble of coming for me ; indeed, he couldn't do that because of business. Bother business ! I hope — if we get through all our troubles well, and papa can be brought round to see that as we love each other so devotedly, and are determined never to love any other person, he had better let us marry quietly — you will never have any business ; I feel sure it is the greatest barrier to domestic happiness. However, I haven't time to write about that now. I must go, that's certain ; and I only wish it were as certain that I shall come back ; but that depends on many things ; and I think it would be better for you to come up to London, and have it out with papa at once. He will be softened by Julia's wedding, and I think we may depend on mamma, when we tell her, to worry him. Of one thing, at least, you need never feel a doubt — I mean of my constancy. We may be parted by the ruthless will of an inexorable parent, by our own remorseless destiny, by anything short of death — but in vain ; I shall ever remain your own

“SUSAN.”

My own Susan ! Enchanting, heavenly, delicious ; but still puzzling. There was the letter, directed to St. Andrews, and forwarded to me at Glentacket ; there was the signature ; there was the delightful assurance. My own Susan ! But who was Julia ? She must suppose me far more familiar with her family and their concerns than I really was ; she must have intended to tell me several things, and left her intention unfulfilled ; and yet “My dearest Murray,” and “Your own Susan,” and the whole tone of the letter — the comfortably-engaged tone, the perfectly unembarrassed sentences ? Had I proposed to her, and forgotten it ? Had I proposed to her in a fit of somnambulism, or in a “spiritual trance ?” I didn't believe in spiritualism, and openly scoffed at it : had the spirits taken this revenge upon me ? It was dreadfully puzzling, and every moment's reflection decreased my first astonished pleasure. Where was the delightful embarrassment, where was the poetical emotion now ? Really, Miss Price had wonderful quickness of comprehension, and had taken a hint with marvellous celerity, for I could not distinctly remember having ever given her one. I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable indeed, when I happened to turn over the sheet of paper on which the letter was written, and then I saw a postscript scrawled on the other side. Remembering the proverbial value of such an addendum, I read it rather eagerly :

“I must spare a minute, darling, to tell you how good I think you for not objecting to my dancing. I really am fond of it for its own sake, and I don't care a bit for my partner, whoever he may be. And then, I have always your last letter next my heart, which dances too,

and I think of you all the time. There's a queer little man I meet almost everywhere, and I really like dancing with him. You'll laugh when I tell you why,—because he has nice little feet, and never tears my dress; because he is so silly and romantic and conceited, that he goes on talking for ever about himself, and the books he reads, and the things he likes, so that one need scarcely talk at all, and I can think of you without being interrupted; and last, and most of all, because his name is—Murray Menteith."

An explanatory postscript with a vengeance! I pass over my feelings in silence. Poor girl! She had indeed chosen the wrong casket; but I could not aid her now. How happy, how intellectual, how refined a life might have been hers! I proceed to my actions. To write upon the letter, "Opened by, but not for me, Murray Menteith," to hand it to the postman, and abandon it to the dreary vicissitudes of official destiny, would have been the simplest course. To have enclosed it in an indignant letter to the misguided Susan, and sent a copy to her papa, warning him that the wife of his bosom was about to "worry" him, would have been the course adopted by mere vulgar vindictiveness. I trust I am not vindictive; I know I am incapable of vulgarity. *Noblesse oblige*, and I am confident that even *the other* Murray Menteith is a gentleman. I placed the letter in a large envelope, I sealed it with the imposing armorial seal of the Menteiths, I addressed it to "Murray Menteith, Esq., St. Andrews. If absent, to await arrival." And I determined to forget Susan Price there and then; a resolution to which circumstances have not permitted me to adhere.

I have alluded to a "fatality." Can I do less, when at least a dozen letters of congratulation addressed to the other Murray Menteith, on the occasion of his marriage with the misguided girl, reached me instead? Is it less a "fatality" that I am constantly rallied on my state matrimonial; that people are always requesting an introduction to my wife; that I am subjected to constant expense and trouble in sending back parcels that don't belong to me, and do belong to Miss Price's husband; and that I have good reason to believe much missing property of mine is at this moment in their possession? Lastly, is it anything less than a fatality that the scientific and literary world, the world of taste, *my* world, in short, are always making extraordinary mistakes, of which he invariably reaps the benefit, between my namesake and me?

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## AT ARLINGTON.

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THE broken column, reared in air  
To him who made our country great,  
Can almost cast its shadow where  
The victims of a grand despair,  
In long, long ranks of death, await  
The last, loud trump, the Judgment Sun,  
Which come for all, and, soon or late,  
Will come for those at Arlington.

In that vast sepulchre repose  
The thousands reaped from every fray,  
The Men in Blue who once uprose  
In battle-front to smite their foes —  
The Spartan Bands who wore the Grey.  
The combat o'er, the death-hug done,  
In Summer blaze or Winter snows,  
They keep the truce at Arlington.

And, almost lost in myriad graves  
Of those who gained th' unequal fight,  
Are mounds that hide Confederate braves  
Who reck not how the North wind raves,  
In dazzling day or dimmest night.  
O'er those who lost and those who won,  
Death holds no parley which was right —  
Jehovah judges Arlington !

The dead had rest ; the dove of peace  
Brooded o'er both with equal wings ;  
To both had come that great surcease,  
The last omnipotent release  
From all the world's delirious stings.  
To bugle deaf and signal gun,  
They slept, like heroes of old Greece,  
Beneath the glebe at Arlington.

And in the Spring's benignant reign,  
The sweet May woke her harp of pines,  
Teaching her choir a thrilling strain  
Of jubilee to land and main,  
She danced in emerald down the lines,  
Denying largess bright to none,  
She saw no difference in the signs  
That told who slept at Arlington.

She gave her grasses and her showers  
To all alike who dreamed in dust ;  
Her song-birds wove their dainty bowers  
Amid the jasmine buds and flowers,  
And piped with an impartial trust.  
Waifs of the air and liberal sun !  
Their guileless glees were kind and just  
To friend and foe at Arlington.

And 'mid the generous Spring, there came  
Some women of the land who strove  
To make this funeral field of fame  
Glad as the May-god's altar flame,  
With rosy wreaths of mutual love.  
Unmindful who had lost or won,  
They scorned the jargon of a name —  
No North, no South, at Arlington.

Between their pious thought and God  
Stood files of men with brutal steel ;  
The garlands placed on "Rebel sod"  
Were trampled in the common clod,  
To die beneath the hireling's heel.  
Facing this triumph of the Hun,  
Our Smoky Cæsar gave no nod  
To keep the peace at Arlington.

Jehovah judged, abashing man ;  
For, in the vigils of the night,  
His mighty storm-avengers ran  
Together in one choral clan,  
Rebuking wrong, rewarding right,  
Plucking the wreaths from those who won,  
The tempest heaped them dewy-bright  
On Rebel graves at Arlington !

And, when the morn came young and fair,  
Brimful of blushes ripe and red,  
Knee-deep in sky-sent roses there,  
Nature began her earliest prayer  
Above triumphant Southern Dead.  
So, in the dark and in the sun,  
Our cause survives the Tyrant's tread,  
And sleeps to wake at Arlington !

JAMES. R. RANDALL.

## THE SOLAR MUTABILITY.

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WE now know that our own sun (resembling in this probably most other solar bodies of the same kind) is in so highly fluid and excitable a condition as to be constantly sending out from its surface forked tongues (thousands of miles in extent) of inflamed hydrogen gas, like the flickering streams of light from the stars of a street illumination; and, moreover, as to be subject to great periodical disturbances, now called "magnetic storms," which are in all probability caused by certain combinations in the movements of those little solid bodies, on one of which we live, round the sun. Even now one such epoch of magnetic storm seems to be thought pretty near at hand. The sun has been lately exhibiting the most surprising forms of disturbance, and presenting to scientific eyes less "fixity" of essence than ever. Spots so vast that we must estimate their dimensions by millions of square miles have broken out from time to time, and have presented rapid changes of figure, indicating the action of forces of inconceivable intensity. Clusters of smaller spots, extending over yet vaster areas, have exhibited every form of disturbance known to the solar physicist, and every degree of light, from the apparent blackness (in reality only relative) of the nuclei, to the intense brilliancy of the faculous ridges. And we now know that these appearances are not merely matters for the curious, with which, as they happen at a distance of above ninety millions of miles, practical men need not concern themselves. In point of fact, it is by no means impossible that the issues of peace or war, of a financial crisis, or a religious agitation, may be closely bound up with these phenomena, if not, indeed — which is also quite possible — the sudden disappearance of our whole system after the fashion of other solar systems which have thus disappeared. This much, at least, is certain, that the vast changes now going on in the physical constitution of the sun are changes which do most powerfully affect the electric condition of our earth, which have in former years caused the most violent disturbances in the various artificial as well as natural electric apparatus of the world we live in, and which, to speak of the least of all its possible effects, might, just as well as not, happen some day to throw the electric condition of every telegraphic cable on our planet, under the sea or above it, into the most dire confusion, and send down telegraphic companies' shares to zero in a lump, even if they did not contrive to telegraph to us, after some strange inarticulate fashion, that shares in all public companies, even in that very limited public company, the human race, are, in a physical point of view, of very doubtful value indeed. Let us explain briefly to what we allude.

On September 1, 1859, shortly before noon, two astronomers — Messrs. Hodgson and Carrington — one at Oxford, the other in London, were at the same instant scrutinizing a large group of sun spots. On a sudden two intensely bright patches of light appeared in front of

the cluster. So brilliant were they that the observers thought the darkening screens attached to their telescopes must have become fractured. But this was found not to be the case. The bright spots indicated some process going on upon the sun's surface—a process of such activity that within five minutes the spots travelled over a space of nearly 34,000 miles. Now, at the Kew Observatory there are self-registering magnetic instruments which indicate the processes of change by which the subtle influences of terrestrial magnetism wax and wane. At one time the line traced by the pointer will be marked by scarcely perceptible undulations, indicating the almost quiescent state of the great terrestrial magnet. At another, well-marked waves along the line exhibit the pulsations of the magnetic system, influenced in a manner as yet unintelligible to the physicist. And then there is a third form of disturbance, the sharp, sudden jerks of the pointer exhibiting the occurrence of those mysterious phenomena termed “magnetic storms.” When the records of the Kew Observatory came to be looked over, it was found that at the very instant in which the brilliant spots of light had appeared to Messrs. Hodgson and Carrington, the self-registering instruments had been subjected to the third and most significant form of disturbance—a magnetic storm began, in fact, as the light broke out on the sun's surface. But this was not the only evidence of the sympathy with which the earth responded to the solar action. It was subsequently found that soon after the spots of light had appeared the whole frame of the earth had thrilled under a mysterious magnetic influence. At the West Indies, in South America, in Australia, wherever magnetic observations are systematically made, the observers had the same story to tell. In the telegraph stations at Washington and Philadelphia the signalmen received strong electric shocks. In Norway, telegraphic machinery was set on fire. The pen of Bain's telegraph was followed by a flame. And wherever telegraphic wires were in action, well-marked indications of disturbance presented themselves. Even this, however, was not all. The great magnetic storm was not a mere instantaneous electric throe. Hours passed before the disturbed earth resumed its ordinary state. And thus it happened that in nearly all parts of the earth night fell while the storm was yet in progress. During the night magnificent auroras spread their waving streamers over the sky, both in the northern and southern hemisphere. As the disturbed needle vibrated, the coloured streamers waved responsive, and it was only when the magnetic storm was subsiding that the auroral lights faded from the heavens. Now, it is evident that these phenomena show the most intimate relation between these peculiar disturbances in the sun and the magnetic currents of our own earth. Directly one of these changes takes place upwards of ninety millions of miles away, the electric condition of our planet is changed in some mysterious way, of which our instruments, and even the condition of our sky, bear record. The pens of all our telegraphic wires may some day trace in flame a handwriting more ominous of human destiny than was the handwriting which during Belshazzar's feast, traced a warning on the wall of the fall of the Babylonian dynasty. Moreover, note this, that these changes in the condition of the sun take place at intervals of about eleven years. The variable star which

swings round it, as well as supplying us with light and heat and (apparently) magnetism, clouds over every eleven years these spots, so that it seems most likely that every eleven years certain magnetic conditions recur which have not occurred in the interval. If so, perhaps, the magnetic excitement of 1859 will recur, and it may be in much greater force next year,—in 1870. And if it does, how are we to say what may or may not recur with it? It is quite possible that those periods of speculative financial excitement—which are also said to follow a periodic law of something very like the same period—may be more or less dependent on the magnetic condition of our planet, that so mean a phenomenon as speculative frenzy on the various stock exchanges of Europe may be more or less connected with these wonderful discharges of voltaic batteries in the sun. Is it quite impossible that the electric politic condition of Europe in 1848—and again at an interval of eleven years, in the year of Italian revival and revolution, 1859—may not recur after one or more period of eleven years, in 1870, in consequence of the returning epoch of magnetic excitement in the sun?

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*Good Words.*

FOUR SONNETS.

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I.

A SNOW MOUNTAIN.

CAN I make white enough my thought for thee,  
 Or wash my words in light? Thou hast no mate  
 To sit aloft in the silence silently  
 And twin those matchless heights undesecrate.  
 Reverend as Lear, when, lorn of shelter, he  
 Stood, with his old white head, surprised at fate;  
 Alone as Galileo, when, set free,  
 Before the stars he mused disconsolate.  
 Ay, and remote, as the dead lords of song,  
 Great masters who have made us what we are,  
 For thou and they have taught us how to long  
 And feel a sacred want of the fair and far.  
 Reign and keep life in this our deep desire:  
 Our only greatness is that we aspire.

## II.

## SLEEP.

(A WOMAN SPEAKS.)

O SLEEP, we are beholden to thee, sleep,  
 Thou bearest angels to us in the night,  
 Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by thy light  
 Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep ;  
 Love is a pouting child. Once I did sweep  
 Through space with thee, and lo, a dazzling sight —  
 Stars ! They came on, I felt their drawing and might ;  
 And some had dark companions. Once (I weep  
 When I remember that) we sailed the tide,  
 And found fair isles, where no isles used to bide,  
 And met there my lost love, who said to me,  
*That 'twas a long mistake : he had not died.*  
 Sleep, in the world to come how strange 'twill be  
 Never to want, never to wish for thee !

## III.

## PROMISING.

(A MAN SPEAKS.)

ONCE, a new world, the sunswart marinere  
 Columbus, promised, and was sore withstood,  
 Ungraced, unhelped, unheard for many a year ;  
 But let at last to make his promise good.  
 Promised and promising I go, most dear,  
 To better my dull heart with love's sweet feud,  
 My life with its most reverent hope and fear,  
 And my religion, with fair gratitude.  
 O we must part ; the stars for me contend,  
 And all the winds that blow on all the seas.  
 Through wonderful waste places I must wend,  
 And with a promise my sad soul appease.  
 Promise then, promise much of far-off bliss ;  
 But — ah, for present joy, give me one kiss.

## IV.

WHO veileth love should first have vanquished fate.  
 She folded up the dream in her deep heart,  
 Her fair full lips were silent on that smart,  
 Thick fringed eyes did on the grasses wait.  
 What good ? one eloquent blush, but one, and straight  
 The meaning of a life was known ; for art  
 Is often foiled in playing nature's part,  
 And time holds nothing long inviolate.  
 Earth's buried seed springs up — slowly, or fast :  
 The ring came home, that one in ages past  
 Flung to the keeping of unfathom'd seas :  
 And golden apples on the mystic trees  
 Were sought and found, and borne away at last,  
 Though watched of the divine Hesperides.

JEAN INGELow.

## MOSCO'S AUTOMATON.

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**I** HAVE got a hard and heavy head ; it's like wood. I don't think I ever think ; and don't know as I ever did, except about nothing ; and I often set doing that for hours at a time.

"You blockhead !" father he ses to me (which is a shipwright), "you're only fit to cut up into a figure-head, you great, hungry, hulking, wooden-headed lubber you !" — for he had put me to lots of trades, and it was no use ; everybody said I had no head-piece — no, not for going errands, nor giving away handbills even. It's no good dunning things into my head, for the only thing I ever could remember is meal-times. Nothing I eat hurts me, and nothing don't seem to do me any good. Nothing makes me laugh nor puts me out of temper. The only thing ever I see makes me feel like laughing is meals, and then I've got something better to do ; and the only thing makes me feel like getting out of temper is getting out of bed of mornings to chop wood ; but when you *are* out of bed, you may as well chop wood as do anything else, for aught I know. The snail gets to his bed as quick a the swallow, and don't get near so tired.

Well, there was a conjurer chap came into our town — a brisk lively sort of chap that could talk like a pump, in a regular stream. He see me loafing about, and give me an order to see his show, providing I would go up on the platform to hold some things for him. I went up, and did what he told me. It seemed to amuse the people very much, for they laughed themselves nearly into fits, and said : "Did ever you see a man keep his countenance like him ?" and, "It's just as if he was cut out of wood." Now, unless a man sees something to laugh at, he has got no call to laugh — and that's why I didn't.

After it was over, the conjurer chap come to me, and ses : "I never see your living equal. You must be used to the public, not to mind them any more than if you was a stone idol ?"

"I never see the public before," I ses.

"You didn't ?" ses he.

"No," I ses.

"Well, look here," he goes on, "I don't mind standing you half-a-crown if you'll tell me what you was a-thinking of when the public was screaming with laughing at you."

"Victuals," I makes answer.

"Come and have some along with me," he replies, "for I think I can put you in the way of getting them regular."

So I did.

Next day, he goes to see my father.

"Your son has a wonderful talent, sir."

"Hang his talent," ses my father : "it's a pity he can't use it on any other tool than a knife and fork !"

"A natural gift, sir, for not laughing at anything, such as I never see before out of the reserved seats. The question is, could he be depended upon always to keep his countenance as he did last night?"

"I never see him smile in my life," father makes reply, "nor get angered, nor put out; in fact, I never see him take notice of anything. There's no mistake he can keep his countenance, which is a good deal more than his countenance 'll ever do for him."

"I don't know so much about that," the conjurer ses, "for I'm open to give him two pound a week and his board, if he'll sign articles with me for twelve months."

"And what is he to do?" ses my father.

"Nothing — except to be looked at, and that won't hurt him, I suppose?"

"Well," father ses to me, "is it a bargain?"

"I don't care," I ses. So I joined the show.

The public is an obstinate lot, for when you laugh, they won't; but if you set your face against laughing, or if you've got no call to laugh, through not seeing anything to laugh at, they will laugh like mad — leastways, so I've found it.

Signor Mosco was the conjurer's name, or, at anyrate, the one he went by in public. He was called a pretty good hand, but I couldn't see much in what he did. I knew where the bullets went to when he made-believe to ram them into a pistol with a barrel like an ear-trumpet. I stuffed the gold watches in the half quartern loaves, and ironed out the ladies' and gentlemen's pocket-handkerchiefs, while he was pretending to burn them. It's surprising what little things amuse the public. I used to tell 'em so, when Signor Mosco had done one of his best tricks, but they only grinned, and said: "Lord, how he does keep his countenance!" and, "What a nerve he must have, to be sure!" There was the hat-trick. The tins, and the feathers, and things look a good deal when they are all thrown about, but they took up no room scarcely when I'd put 'em together, ready for use. And as to rolling two rabbits into one, what was there to surprise *me*, knowing all along very well what was become of the second rabbit, when I shouldn't have took on very much even if he *had* rolled 'em into one, except it was at dinner-time. There was the decapitated head and the basket trick, and the magic flowers, and the woman setting on nothing, which was called Mecca. Well, I see the looking-glasses and the false bottoms, let alone the legs of the decapitated head; and, consequently, I couldn't see anything in any of it.

There was only one part of the entire performance that ever I *could* see anything in, and that was, as the bills put it: "The Marvelous Mechanical Man or Wooden Automaton, on whose construction no less than twenty-five years have been expended, to bring it to its present perfection as the greatest wonder of the age."

I will tell you about it.

First of all, there was a large box, or pedestal, for the figure to stand on, and containing the works, which was carried off the stage, and into the centre of the reserved seats. It had a winch, to turn with a handle like a bed-post key, to wind up the man, and when wound up made a noise like an engine getting up steam, which was the works running

down. Then the man was brought down off the stage, carried upright by four strong fellows. His feet were fastened to a round wooden stand, like children's soldiers stand on, in which was a worm for the great screw on the top of the pedestal. When brought down, he was hoisted up on the pedestal, and turned round and round until screwed on. There were a great many tubes, and wires, and levers connecting the figure with the box, and sticking out round it, which looked very curious, and, besides, shewed the working parts. But a worse finished man no one ever see at a tobacconist's shop-door, which made it the more singular his doing what he did. About his neck and the back of his head the paint was wore off, shewing the bare wood ; and the same with the point of his nose, which was splintered ; and likewise his hands, which were glued and cracked. Signor Mosco used to explain this had occurred in packing, and that he would repair the injuries. But it seemed as if it always did occur in packing, for the injuries never were repaired. Then, as to his complexion, it would have been a disgrace to any house-painter. It was red and whitewash, varnished, and done so badly, that it looked as if you could see the grain of the wood through the paint. I've often asked Signor Mosco why he didn't paint his automaton better, but he only grinned, and said : " How precious green *you* are, ain't you ? "

Everybody who see the man used to say : " How stupid of Signor Mosco, after making such a clever figure, not to have spent a pound or two in finishing it properly, instead of leaving it such a clumsy wooden scarecrow."

The newspapers, too, used to speak most disrespectful of the man ; like this which I've cut out :

" Signor Mosco revisited our town with his interesting exhibition last week. His remarkably skilful feats of pretidigitation were the admiration of large and fashionable audiences. To the other attractions of his entertainment, the professor of the quick-fingered art has now added what he is pleased to term *The Marvellous Mechanical Man*. The performances of this automaton are particularly clever, but it belies its name. It might with more correctness be termed a figure, for it is so roughly constructed as to bear no more resemblance to humanity than the effigies which are carried through our streets on the 5th November. We cannot help thinking that if Signor Mosco would devote a little more pains to the finish of his wooden effigy, and to concealing some of the cords and levers by which the life-like motions are too obviously conveyed to the limbs, the illusion would be rendered more complete."

So far from being angry at reading such notices, Signor Mosco always used to chuckle and slap me on the back, and want to know why I didn't laugh too. I ses, very naturally : " Because I don't see anything to laugh at." " Well," says he, " you *are* a cure, you are, and the biggest I ever see."

But that figure only got worse, and more shabby and rickety, the more that was said about it, until at last, whenever the men used to carry the automaton to his pedestal, one of its arms would drop off. The professor always said it was an unforeseen accident, and apologised for it. But it was an unforeseen accident that used regularly to occur every evening, and get apologised for. And what was another singular

thing, the worse the figure was, and the more rickety he got, the more clever people thought his performance was.

Well, when the Mechanical Man was screwed down on the pedestal for his performance, Signor Mosco would commence with a short lecture on the powers of the lever, the screw, and the pulley, and the spiral spring. He would then go and wind up the machine, with the handle like a bed-wrench. It made a great clatter, and took a long while to wind, owing to the power of the spring. When he had done, the whole concern began to go "Cr-r-r-r," and kept on going so all the time, whilst the people could see the works going round through one side of the pedestal, which was of glass. The professor would then strike sharply with his wand, and pull a cord that worked the levers of the automaton's head. "Wake, Francisco!" ses he; and Francisco, which was the wooden figure, begins to move his head, very slow, first from right to left, then from left to right. Then Signor Mosco pulls another string, and Francisco opens his eyes, very gradually, or quick, according as the string is pulled. Then it would be: "Raise the right arm, and salute the company;" which the figure would do, rather stiff and jerky, but still he did it. That stiffness and jerkiness of the movements (and they were all like that) was what people seemed disposed to grumble at. "We want to see 'em a little more airy and graceful," the public ses. "Ladies and gentlemen," ses the Signor, "what can you expect from machinery?"—which was very true. "But to show you the command I have over the automaton when at a distance from it, I will now return to the stage, after simply pressing a spring in the figure's back, and, sitting before the index-board connected with the figure, I will enable you to put its abilities to the test." He sat at a small table in front of the stage, where there was a board like a draught-board, but covered all over with knobs. People were then to question the automaton. The figure did numbers and counting, by slowly jerking up its right hand as many times as was wanted. "Yes" and "No" he did with his head, by bending it for "Yes," and shaking it for "No;" and this way he would tell fortunes and ages quite equal to a learned pig or an educated pony. Indeed, there was no end to the questions he could answer, and they were very often right, which was a wonder for machinery. Francisco used to finish up by whirling his arms round like the wooden sailors do on weather-cocks, and he would keep on till the professor touched a button and stopped the works, when his arms would remain sticking straight up, until a string was pulled to let them down, and even then they would still keep on swinging backwards and forwards for a bit. There were some people wanted the automaton to do more, but the Signor said it couldn't be done, not by machinery.

In due time, as we went round the provinces, we come back again to the town where my father lived. I was against going there at all. I told Signor Mosco so; and I didn't want him to shew the Mechanical Man there, as I told him they weren't good judges of machinery in that place. But he wouldn't listen, and so the automaton was done there the first night. We had got about half-way through his performance, and the professor had gone on to the stage, whilst Francisco was answering questions. There is mostly a crowd of people round

the figure at such times, but to-night there was a wiry old man pressing his way close up to the wooden effigy, and looking into its eyes.

"Now, sir, *will* you keep your hands off that figure, if you please — do you hear me?" Signor Mosco ses.

"Mother!" the old man bawls out to his wife, taking no notice — only laughing fit to split — "mother! come here, I tell ye — I'm blowed if they haven't been and made a figure-head of our Bill!"

I couldn't see anything to laugh at, for it was two pound a week and victuals out of my pocket, let alone the exposure.

## MOSAIC.

"**H**UMANITY has its two sides:—one side in the strength and intellect of manhood; the other in the tenderness, and faith, and submissiveness of womanhood; Man and Woman, not man alone, make up human nature. In Christ, not one alone, but both, were glorified. Strength and Grace, Wisdom and Love, Courage and Purity,—Divine Manliness, Divine Womanliness. In all noble characters you find the two blended; in Him — the noblest — blended into one perfect and entire Humanity."

"THIS is the glory of womanhood,—surely no common glory,—surely one which, if she rightly comprehended her place on earth, might enable her to accept its apparent humiliation unrepiningly; the glory of unsensualizing coarse and common things,—the sensual objects, the objects of mere sense,—meat, and drink, and household cares,—elevating them by the spirit in which she ministers them, into something transfigured and sublime.

"The humblest mother of a poor family, who is cumbered with much serving or watching over a hospitality which she is too poor to delegate to others, or toiling for love's sake in household work, needs no emancipation in God's sight. It is the prerogative and the glory of her womanhood to consecrate the meanest things by a ministry which is not for self."

"THE only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not 'I can't eat!' but 'I can't work!' that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man, that he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over; and the night cometh when no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our

unhappiness,—it is all abolished ; vanished, clean gone ; a thing that has been : ‘not of the slightest consequence’ whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart ; as the unmusical Meat-jack with hard labor and rust ! But our work,—behold, that is not abolished, that has not vanished : our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains ;—for endless times and eternities, remains ; and that is now the sole question with us forever more ! Brief brawling Day, with his noisy phantasms, his poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone ; and divine, everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come ! What hast thou done, and how ? Happiness, unhappiness : all that was but the *wages* thou hadst ; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward ; not a coin of it remains with thee ; it is all spent, eaten ; and now thy work, where is thy work ? Swift, out with it, let us see thy work !”

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“THERE are two ways in which alteration may be effected. If it be done gradually from above, it is a reformation ; if suddenly from below, it is a revolution. If the higher do the work God has given them to do, of elevating those below, you have a country working out her national life securely ; if, on the other hand, those below either tear down wantonly, or by the selfishness and blindness of those above are *compelled* to tear down such as are socially their superiors, then there comes a crisis which no country ever yet has passed through without verging upon ruin.”

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“WE maintain that it lies within the discernible and traceable powers of a truly Christian ministry, to shed over our land a brightness as of the resurrection morning. The nation would live anew ; the golden day would break ; the baleful forms and influences of crime would be smitten ; and infidels, as they saw the serpents which now cast their deadly coils round the limbs of the nation, writhing with dazed eyes and relaxing hold, in the overpowering light, would be astonished and silenced.”

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“NEARLY everybody whose business it is to preach and persuade, has seen how slowly reason makes her way amongst men, by how much baseness, and meanness, and selfishness the noblest causes are hindered, and needs both to be extraordinarily hopeful and extraordinarily healthy to avoid turning aside now and then, in weariness and disgust. Journalism is probably to anybody who needs positive or palpable results, day by day, to keep his ardor alive, the most discouraging of professions ; nothing but either strong faith or a great deal of self-confidence, is sufficient to satisfy a man that he is really doing more than increasing his list of subscribers.”

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“CHRISTIANITY will humanize ; we are not so sure that humanizing will Christianize. Let us be clear upon this matter. *Æsthetics* are not religion. It is one thing to civilize and polish ; it is another thing to Christianize. The Worship of the Beautiful is the Worship of Holi-

ness; nay, I know not whether the one may not have a tendency to disincline from the other.

"At least, such was the history of ancient Greece. Greece was the home of the Arts, the sacred ground on which the worship of the Beautiful was carried to its perfection. Let those who have read the history of her decline and fall, who have perused the debasing works of her later years, tell us how music, painting, poetry, the arts, softened and debilitated and sensualized the nation's heart. Let them tell us how, when Greece's last and greatest man was warning in vain against the foe at her gates, and demanding a manlier and a more heroic disposition to sacrifice, that most polished and humanized people, sunk in trade and sunk in pleasure, were squandering enormous sums upon their buildings, and their æsthetics, their processions, and their people's palaces, till the flood came, and the liberties of Greece were trampled down forever beneath the feet of the Macedonian conqueror.

"No! the change of a nation's heart is not to be effected by the infusion of a taste for artistic grace. 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus.' Not Art, but the Cross of Christ. Simpler manners, purer lives, more self-denial, more earnest sympathy with the classes that lie below us,—nothing short of that can lay the foundations of the Christianity which is to be hereafter, deep and broad."

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"It might be a question whether there is a sin possible to a writer, which no conceivable amount of genius is sufficient to induce us to pardon. If such there be, it is that committed in the works of Byron. We can bear with him in all his petulance and scorn, in his unhealthy egotism and half-conscious affectation; one star-glance of his Muse will cast a redeeming light over all that; but, if we see him dragging in the very mire the pinions of that very Muse, and heaping foul ashes on her head, how can we pardon him? We may have a certain sympathy with him, as we mark his regal port, though his aspect and fierce demeanor seem to speak defiance to God and man; but we cannot pardon him, when we see him, a vile toad, squat at the ear of youth and purity, instilling foul poison. We may own a grandeur in Cain, and have a word to say even for The Vision of Judgment, but Don Juan must be flung upon the dunghill."

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"ALL grand truth is a statement of two opposites, not a *via media* between them, nor either of them alone."

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"MANY devout people decry the present advantages and the natural benefits of goodness. They even magnify the happiness of the vicious life, and often say that but for future rewards and punishments they would break through all moral restraints. This is a kind of selfishness which implies the want of real goodness. In such mercenary virtue, it is difficult to see what there is that deserves reward. To be bribed or terrified into being honest argues but little real honesty. If virtue be not estimable in itself, there is nothing estimable in following it for the sake of a *bargain*.

"If the principle is carried into a future life, it is but intensified

selfishness. A religion which has no other foundation than the hope of heaven or the fear of hell is a false religion. It worships a god of terror—a fiend, and not God. True religion must have its foundation in the moral nature of man. There may be morality without religion, but there can be no right religion without morality. We know God as a moral Being, and as such we must worship Him. Our love of goodness is the only measure of our love to God.”

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“THERE are some spirits which must go through a discipline analogous to that sustained by Elijah. The storm-struggle must precede the still small voice. There are minds which must be convulsed with doubt before they can repose in faith. There are hearts which must be broken with disappointment before they can rise into hope. There are dispositions which, like Job, must have all things taken from them, before they can find all things again in God. Blessed is the man who, when the tempest has spent its fury, recognizes his Father’s voice in its undertone, and bares his head and bows his knee, as Elijah did.

“To such spirits, generally those of a stern, rugged cast, it seems as if God had said: ‘In the still sunshine and ordinary ways of life you cannot meet Me; but, like Job in the desolation of the tempest you shall see My Form, and hear My Voice, and know that your Redeemer liveth.’”

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## *THE HAVERSACK.*

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IN the summer of 1862, Price’s army lay at Tupelo, Mississippi, with its main outpost advanced as far as Baldwin, which was garrisoned by a small force. The Northern army, under Rosencranz, confronted us with its nearest outpost at Rienzi, distant from Baldwin about seven miles. Almost daily there were light skirmishes occurring between the pickets of the enemy and our adventurous cavalry, who were constantly beating up the enemy’s quarters. One day about sunset, a force of the enemy was seen hovering near our picket line. As our garrison was small that night, the troops were ordered to repose upon their arms, as a night attack was anticipated, and the sentinels were instructed to use more vigilance than usual. At 12 o’clock, P. M., the little garrison was sleeping quietly, and nought was heard save the rustling of the wind amid the dry oak leaves, or the pace of the wearied sentinel as he traversed his beat—when bang goes a gun, and in an instant the stillness of the camp is broken, and all is commotion. For a few moments there was an awful confusion among the nervous in getting on their cartridge boxes, but the lines were hastily formed, and officers cautioned their men to be calm and resolute. A party sallied out to make a reconnoissance, and in a short time reported “that the picket had fired at a man who ran, but had seen no demonstration since.” The remainder of the night was quiet, but

an "eternal vigilance" was kept by the sentinels. Next morning, at 8 o'clock, an old lady came in and reported that she had called to collect damages for the loss of her pet milk cow, which was her chief support, and which had unfortunately approached too near the picket line during the night, and was fired into and her leg broken. There was much laughter among the troops as soon as this became known, and ever afterwards in camp the sentinel who fired the shot bore the sobriquet of the "Cow-killer."

The day following, an occurrence happened which, for individual daring and brilliant success, I do not think was surpassed during the progress of the war. A brave captain of a partisan company attached to the garrison at Baldwin, sallied out alone to observe the movements of the enemy. Approaching within two miles of Rienzi, he chose a position in a dense thicket which lay in a ravine, and by which the road wound leading into the country from Rienzi. Dismounting, he waited patiently for several hours to see what would turn up, when presently his patience was rewarded by hearing the sound of horses' feet. As the sounds became more distinct, he distinguished several voices. "Now is my time," said the captain to himself; "if they are not too strong, I'll teach them a little lesson in the art of war." Soon the road brought them in sight: six blue coats—a corporal and five privates, well mounted, with bright carbines and sleek-looking horses (what game for a Confederate!), little dreaming in their fancied security that a grey coat was sternly watching them, ready to spring upon them like a tiger from his lair. With carbines "at will," and in loose order, on they came. "Halt! or I'll fire upon you," came a voice like a thunderbolt upon their startled ears from this dense thicket, and fear instantly pictured a thousand grey coats with deadly rifles aiming at them. Before they could rally, there stood a grey coat with a double-barrelled gun levelled at them. "Lay down your arms, or I'll order my men to fire into you!" shouted the brave captain, and quickly the carbines were dropped on the ground. "Empty your holsters!" came the command, and quickly the pistols came out, and down on the ground were dropped. The captain coolly walked out and secured their arms, assuring them if they moved he would order his men to fire. When he had bundled up their arms he secured them behind his saddle, and with double-barrelled gun in hand, mounted his horse, and ordered the squad of prisoners to move on, and without further difficulty he brought them in to head-quarters. Imagine their looks when they came in! Six stalwart fellows, captured and brought in by a little swarthy fellow who had no assistance but his good pluck and coolness to back him in such a hazardous game. "Don't let our fellows know how we were captured," the prisoners said. "It will never do; we will never outlive their derision if they hear it." — *W. C. T.*

AN ODD CHAP.—The many slang phrases and expressions in frequent use among soldiers, such as "Come down out of that hat," "Here's your mule," etc., became very tiresome and disgusting to men of any taste. But I could not refrain from laughter at an occurrence which took place as we passed a body of infantry on one occasion. I was riding with our third lieutenant, who was wearing a very large Mexican hat. The *sombrero* called forth many sallies, greatly annoying the sensitive lieutenant. Very near the road was standing a tall, awkward fellow, who, bending forward, looked at him with the most ludicrous expression of countenance, and saluted him with, "How are you, hat?" My companion's bad temper had to give way to a hearty laugh.

SPADE DRILL.—Our readers are not to imagine that the drills we allude to are gardening drills, having for their purpose the culture of potatoes and cabbages, but rather the culture of the soldier in the art of protecting himself in the face of an enemy. The good old days of "close quarters" and squares are gone for ever—cavalry will never be used again

except to furnish videttes and gallopers, or to follow up a beaten and disorganized army. We shall seldom or never hear of dashing charges, where troopers ride through and over entire brigades of foot. We shall seldom or never read, with throbbing heart and leaping pulse, the story of fringe of steel meeting fringe of steel, and the deadly glance of hatred flash from eye to eye. No, those days were numbered when *les armes de précision* were introduced, and now that the Chassepot and the Snider have taken the place of the rifle muzzle-loader, the chance of sustained open fighting at short ranges becomes almost impossible. As far, then, as cavalry is concerned, we must consider its cases would be hopeless if hurled on infantry armed with the new weapons.

With regard to infantry, we think, as we have already written, that crossing of bayonets will become obsolete. How will it be possible for a regiment or brigade to close with another, when each side may be plumping in bullets from a range of a thousand yards up to three hundred, at the rate, per man, of seven or eight a minute? It seems to us then, that the authorities of the Horse Guards have taken a step in the right direction in issuing orders for "spade drills" at Aldershot, and we trust that such drills may become a part of the exercise of all bodies of her Majesty's troops.

It was our privilege to be present at many of the victories gained by the already exhausted Confederates over their ever-increasing enemies. A battle won only served to weaken the unyielding Southerner, who, although he might nearly destroy an army in his front, suffered greatly from the success that crowned his valour. The North thought nothing of losing twenty or thirty thousand men in an engagement. There were plenty more where they came from. The Atlantic seaports were open at its back, and when the patriotism of its own people failed, there were Irish and Germans in shoals, eager to flock to the Stars and Stripes at thirteen dollars a month. With the South it was different. Every man who bit the dust was a man lost, gone for ever. The Southern coast was strictly blockaded, and after three years of victory, incessant-fighting began to tell on the rapidly decreasing population—at least that portion from which its soldiers were drawn. There was no extraneous aid to be obtained. The old and the young had to leave their homes for the field: the cradle and the grave were alike robbed to fill the shattered ranks.

Yet when the South was reduced to the direst straits, fighting an enemy whose force in each encounter preponderated as three to one, it gained some of the most brilliant of its victories, the last flashes of glory, as it were, of an expiring hero. It was the concluding campaign in Virginia, the Federal army being led by Grant. Starting from the Rappahannock, the Northern general, with overwhelming masses, made a dash for the Confederate capital; but Lee, with his compact body of veterans, whose tattered banners were inscribed with victory on every shred, sorely hampered him on his flank. Spottsylvania Court-house and The Wilderness taught Grant that the diminished Confederate forces were not to be despised; as often as he halted in his march (both commanders moving on parallel lines) and attacked them, so often was he checked and driven back. And why? Because the Southern soldier, with a readiness that appeared to be intuitive, had a knack of protecting himself, which necessity developed to such an extent that fifty thousand Confederates soon learnt to despise a hundred and fifty thousand Federals. On each occasion that General Lee was attacked by Grant on the race to Richmond, his men, who had frequently no better tools than their bayonets and pannikins, would, with marvellous rapidity, cover themselves thoroughly with a slightly sunken trench and breastwork. In attacking these improvised lines Grant frittered away an entire army, and it was only when Lee had but eight thousand men left to contest miles of country that the final blow to the great internecine war was given. The new motto of the soldier should be: He who turns the land shall reap the victory.—*Echoes.*

IN the days before the war we once heard an honest-hearted South Carolinian say that there had "been three great men in the world — Shakespeare, Napoleon, and John C. Calhoun." We noticed recently, displayed and for sale, in a part of the city much frequented by the Hibernian element, three highly-colored prints representing the "Three Great Generals of the War — General Lee, General Grant, and General Corcoran." If anybody is pleased to differ from either of these historical and personal estimates, he may do so at his leisure.— *The Galaxy*.

AN old author quaintly remarks:—"Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among *silks* and *satins*, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

A BUTCHER'S BILL.—Some recent statistical papers enable us to furnish the following. Can there be need to point the moral?

<i>Killed.</i>				<i>At a cost of</i>	
785,000	-	-	Crimean War	-	£340,000,000
45,000	-	-	Italian, 1859	-	60,000,000
800,000	-	-	U. S. Civil War	-	1,400,000,000
45,000	-	-	Prussian	-	86,000,000

Total, 1,675,000 lives at a total cost of £1,886,000,000; the cost of killing each man being about £124. 9s. 9d. The loss to the world's trade, taking each man to consume £10 a year of manufactures (a moderate computation), and to have lived thirty years, amounts to £502,500,000, to say nothing of their earnings and the results of accumulated labour and capital. And this and these have gone for ever! Utter waste, and sheer extravagance of blood and treasure.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN paper publishes an obituary of "Sim," Chief of the Washoe Indians. It says that he was a "good, though very dirty red man. He possessed a well-balanced head of hair, and stomach enough for all he could get to eat. His regard for the truth was notable—he never meddled with it. He left no will, and his estate consisted of a pair of boots."

BEFORE starting from Arkansas, on the Marmaduke raid into Missouri, the General told us we might expect to starve and fight. We found he understood the subject. Not quite as well did the troops fare as do the guests at the St. Charles, N. O., or Delmonico's, N. Y. At times corn was issued to man and horse alike. One of my meals was raw corn and raw fat middling, without "a streak of lean;" and that meal was enjoyed. I supped one rainy night on wheat, rubbed out by my hands and winnowed by my breath. We had drawn sheafs of wheat for our horses and no food for ourselves, and on the following morning partook of a similar breakfast. On the route, the slippery elm trees were skinned to fill our empty stomachs. They yet stand as an evidence of what was borne by the Southern soldiers. We would have been glad to get General Marion's potatoes. But the boys were cheerful. Though hungry, tired, and sleepy, they never shrank or failed in their duties, by day or by night. In reference to our *commissaries*, I told them the difference between the Yankees and ourselves was, the former were Feds and we were *un-feds*.

## REVIEWS.

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*The Mississippi Valley : its Physical Geography, including sketches of the Typography, Botany, Climate, Geology, and Mineral Resources, and of the Progress of Development in Population and Material Wealth.*

By J. W. Foster, LL.D., President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science ; joint Author of "Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Region ;" Lecturer on Physical Geography and Cognate Sciences in the University of Chicago, etc. etc. Illustrated by Maps and Sections. Chicago: Griggs & Co.

THE geography of the interior of the North American continent presents at least as many remarkable features as any other region in the world ; and nearly all are touched on, more or less carefully and elaborately, in this treatise, which, though professedly confined to the Valley of the Mississippi, really takes in all that is most noteworthy in a general survey of the whole country between that river and the Pacific. The varieties of soil and climate in that vast region are many and strikingly diverse. There are the rich alluvial "bottoms" of the valleys, formed by the deposits of the rivers, which are constantly changing their courses ; there are the dense forests with their gigantic trees and rich brushwood, the pestilential swamps formed by stagnant water and decaying woods, and the "oak-openings," where the trees grow like those of an English park, shading a sward perfectly free from jungle or underwood ; there are the prairies or treeless plains, sometimes "rolling" like the waves of a solidified sea, sometimes as absolutely level as the sea in a dead calm ; and finally, there are the arid, barren, salt-incrusted plains of the Great Basin of Utah, cut off from all communication with the sea, like the Valley of the Jordan, and giving off by evaporation from the surface of its lakes and the dry soil of its plains as much water as rains and mountain streams can supply. The climate varies almost as strikingly as the features of the land ; from the malarious, moist, tropical atmosphere of New Orleans, and a considerable part of the lower course of the great river, to the dry healthy heat of Utah, and the alternations from intense cold to intolerable heat, which characterize great part of the central country. In one part of this vast region the soil actually seems to float ; and neither foundations for houses nor graves for the dead can be dug in the neighbourhood of New Orleans without coming upon what seems to be a continuous and inexhaustible body of water at a few feet below the surface. In another, the Colorado, flowing hundreds of feet below the surface of the country, leaves a desert table-land above and around it. All the chief peculiarities of these differing regions and climates are described, and

their relation to the geological character and history of the continent discussed with great care and evident knowledge by the author, whose reasonings are not the less interesting that his conclusions do not always agree with those most familiarly known, if not exactly accepted, among English readers.— *The Saturday Review*.

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*The New West; or, California in 1867 and 1868.* By Chas. Loring Brace. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

THAT California will survive the perils of being "written up," as she has survived those other critical periods of her adolescence—fire, flood, and vigilance committees—we have but little doubt. But it must be confessed that she is at present in a position of some delicacy and peril. To be the continual theme of rapturous praise may be as trying to States as it is to individuals; and to be the subject of that vague compliment expressed in such adjectives as "wonderful," "surprising," and "astonishing," is very apt to estop any real criticism. Gratitude and reciprocity of courtesy are good things in their way, and are serviceable in after-dinner speeches; but on the whole, they are hardly safe to base books of observation upon. Unfortunately, most of the works lately written about California have been projected as often from obligations of good feeling as from accuracy of judgment. Whether there is some subtle glamour in the air which takes captive all but the sense of enjoyment in the traveling book-maker, we know not; but a majority of those who have written about us seem to have exhausted themselves in trying to impress the reader generally that they had a good time. To describe that which seemed *strange* to them rather than that which was truly *characteristic* of the country; to praise the several points of interest with a singular and appalling similarity of adjectives; to point out some of our salient faults without perceiving that they are simply exaggerations of our national failings; to call certain peculiarities "Californian" that are only *Western*; to perpetually refer conditions of race and society to conditions of climate; to attempt to take a photograph of a social aspect whose expressions are continually changing even on the camera; to give a sketch of California to-day, without perceiving that it will not answer for to-morrow; to forecast the prosperity of the State for the next fifty years from the records of the past fifteen—to do all this in a wild, hilarious fashion, with a general suggestion of heady Sonoma wine and clinking glasses, and a dreadful next day of revision, errata, appendix, foot-notes, preface, and a nervous anxiety as to whether it is the proper thing—this has been the blessed privilege of most writers on California, since Fitz Hugh Ludlow and Bellows. Perhaps the latter gentleman can hardly be considered responsible for what he wrote of California and Californians at and after the period of the Sanitary Commission, when his generous bosom was swelling with patriotic gratitude, and he was fain to call in the electric wires to safely discharge himself of poetic praises of California. But, as a general thing, the later books on California have all the painful monotony of Visitors' Albums at noted places, and are surprisingly alike in detail and commentary. There is the usual

voyage, and the genial, accommodating Somebody — the usual astonishment at the size of Some hotel — the never failing trip to Seal Rock — the aspect of the city, and representative Somebodies — the markets — FRUIT!!! — the Mint — gold bars — growth of the city in twenty years — probable growth of the city a thousand years hence — San Francisco the capital of the globe — China trade — Chinese in California — representative Chinese Somebody — San José — CLIMATE!! — Sacramento — the Geysers — Yosemite — WINES! — vigilance committees — opinions of prominent Somebodies on things in general — hospitality — thanks to every body — Pacific Railroad — greatest work of the age — thanks all around, etc. While these details are invariably the same, they are of course more or less truthfully or artistically executed; and they sometimes rise to the dignity of thoughtful analysis: as in Sam. Bowles' "Across the Continent," and in this later volume of Mr. Brace.

Yet, we confess to some disappointment with Mr. Brace's "New West;" perhaps, because we expected a freedom from the ordinary weaknesses of tourists — which we are now convinced is superhuman — perhaps, because, at first glance, his handling of the heterogeneous facts he has collected seemed clumsy, and his classifications cheap, showy, and even suggestive of advertising. But the reader who overcomes this first impression sufficiently to give Mr. Brace a careful hearing, will find that in many practical points he is well informed — that he has kept his eyes well open, even if they were not always directed to the right point, and that his publisher, perhaps, is to blame for the capital letters, page headings, and the general *fanfare* of trumpets throughout the volume. It may be possible that the new California fever of 1869 has accelerated the bringing out of this book, and that material from which a much better book might have been made has been hurriedly sacrificed to meet the exigency. At present the work is neither a narrative of travel, tourist's journal, nor philosophical study of the country. Its divisions are accidental, and the author talks of twenty or thirty different subjects in one chapter — gliding from one to the other with an ease that suggests, if it does not really indicate, superficiality. The remarks upon wines, mining, and agriculture are exceptions to this, and show what Mr. Brace can do when he gives time to it. But we are impressed throughout the book that he is continually grappling with more than he can handle; and that, in his conscientious desire to try all the stops in this great California instrument, he seldom manages to give us a whole tune, or music that is entirely harmonious. Sometimes this oppressive fullness leads to amusing complications. In a chapter which commences with Building Associations and cheerfully digresses to Blankets and Evil Speaking, Mr. Brace has the following paragraph:

"There is much kind charity exercised in private toward the self-respecting and decent poor, whose sufferings in California are beyond belief, because here men are ashamed to beg. Mr. Swain has given the most touching instances of labors among this unfortunate class. Clergymen, in general, occupy in this State a very influential and honored position, and have fairly remunerative salaries."

In making this extract, it is but just to the author to say that there is nothing in his volume to justify the supposition that there was any

intentional satire in this remarkable conjunction of the concluding sentence.

Of Mr. Brace's accuracy and judgment we can not speak as positively as we can of his truth and sincerity. He is, probably, as accurate as a man could be under the ordinary conditions of a visitor. When he talks rapturously about the "divine" climate, we must, of course, take into consideration the fact that he had just "recovered from a tedious fever," and we fear, too, that we must account some of his tributes to our generosity to the exceptional Higgins' election bet and hand-organ procession, which he witnessed. He met "good fellows" everywhere—the urbane host was omnipresent. A few months of such pleasant company and pleasant sight-seeing bore fruit, as we have seen. A good deal of what printers might call "fat"—copious extracts from newspapers, reports, etc.; a chapter on "correspondences between the Pacific coast and Syria"—substantiated by scriptural quotations, in which Hebrew poetry is reduced to practical prose, and the resemblances very much strained—a prophecy of a great independent Pacific Empire in the future, and we have the substance of this latest book on California.

Perhaps it may be the best that we shall get, or, at least, as good as we deserve. But we still indulge in the hope that there may be some one, who, coming unheralded and unannounced, unknown and unconsidered of men, may be even now quietly taking our measure; some comprehensive and catholic man, independent of praise or obligations of hospitality, that may be silently absorbing the flavor of our civilization, giving to his labor of love years where the ordinary book-maker gave months; wandering over the country afoot, avoiding the dreadful round of sights, but haunting the nooks and by-paths; mingling with the true pioneers of this wonderful young empire, in their pioneer outposts; losing himself in trackless forests, and on mountain trails, where no tourist ever strayed; or losing himself—as no tourist has ever been able to do—in the trackless city, merging his individuality with the mass, moved by their impulses, and swayed by their instincts; and so saturating himself with the tone and color of a volume, which shall furnish—as no other book has furnished—a faithful text for the coming historian.—*The Overland Monthly*.

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*Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, gathered Behind the Scenes in Richmond, containing Curious and Extraordinary Information of the principal Southern Characters in the late War, in connection with President Davis and in relation to the various Intrigues of his Administration.* By Edward A. Pollard. National Publishing Co. 1869.

THE sensational title of this book is a good index of its character. It betrays at once the pretensions of the author and the *animus* with which he writes. In his preface Mr. Pollard says that he is "conscious of attempting a high and difficult task." "Jefferson Davis," he adds, "should have a truthful and acute biographer, one who would do something more than echo the shallow clamors and interested

opinions of the day." This biographer Mr. Pollard wishes us to understand he is. "The writer may say, without vanity or self-assertion, that he is peculiarly fitted to be the biographer of Jefferson Davis. He was near him during the whole war. He had occasion to study his character assiduously, and to pursue him in his administration with a curious and critical industry; and his opportunities as a journalist in Richmond enabled him to learn much of the veiled mysteries and inner scenes of the weak and anomalous government that wrecked the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy." Mr. Pollard was "near" Mr. Davis only in the sense that he lived in the same city with him. He was not "near" him in the sense of being within the circle of his confidence or that of his friends. His "opportunities as a journalist" were those of a writer upon the staff of the Richmond *Examiner*, a paper which "pursued" Mr. Davis "in his administration with a curious and critical industry," for the purpose of attacking and defaming him. Many, if not most, of the quotations from Richmond journals which Mr. Pollard makes use of for the purpose of sustaining the allegations of the present work, are from the columns of the *Examiner*. The writer relies upon his own diatribes of five and six years ago in justification of his fierce invective now. The whole book is written in the style and temper of a leader in the *Examiner*. It is a good newspaper style, perhaps,—dashing, telling, vigorous; but it is not the style in which history should be written. It lacks the calm judicial spirit. Mr. Pollard sets out with his conclusions instead of arriving at them. He starts to make a case, not to form a verdict. His temper throughout is that of an embittered partisan continuing the "pursuit" which *The Examiner* commenced. Yet Mr. Pollard "repels the accusation of any prejudice," in the very front of his work, and asserts both his ability and his disposition to do Mr. Davis exact justice in all things!

Nor is Mr. Davis the only sufferer from the envenomed spirit in which this book is written. A tone of universal misanthropy pervades its pages. Mr. Pollard is a wholesale iconoclast, and delights in breaking the popular idols. Even candid, honest, Robert E. Lee is taxed with "disingenuousness" after the battle of Gettysburg in not confessing the true causes of a disaster of which the General nobly said, "it is all my fault." Stonewall Jackson is represented as a fierce egotist even in his religion, and as devoured by "an enormous and consuming ambition." The Cabinet, Congress, the Heads of Departments, are treated with impartial abuse. Not only individuals but whole classes and localities come in for their share of coarse, unsparing invective. The Southern people *en masse* are reproached for the facility with which they acquiesced in the results of the war. The city of Richmond is habitually spoken of as "the filthy and accursed city," or "the cruel and licentious city;" all the dark features in the picture are brought prominently forward, and studiously exaggerated, while whatever was good and noble and self-sacrificing is kept out of sight, or passed by without notice. Personal and physical peculiarities and infirmities are seized by Mr. Pollard and used to heighten the effect of the caricatures which he presents for historical portraits. Doubtless many of these pen-and-ink sketches are like—very like, for Mr. Pollard excels in word-painting; but they are only such resemblances as are the carica-

tures in *Punch*, drawn by an enemy's hand, and which no friend would care to preserve. Thus Mr. Davis is constantly spoken of as "neuralgic" and "dyspeptic." We wonder whether, in the same spirit, Mr. Pollard might not be described as "atrabilious" and "splenetic." Even Mrs. Davis, the President's wife, is made the subject of a most unflattering personal sketch. In his eagerness to make telling pictures, Mr. Pollard sometimes falls into mistakes, as, for example, when he describes the by no means corpulent Governor of Georgia, Joe Brown, as "the obese prince of Southern demagogues." "Obese" is a very good epithet of abuse; only it loses somewhat of its point when applied to a lean man.

There is a similar inaccuracy of detail in many other cases, which, coupled with the passionate temper of the book, utterly destroys its usefulness as a contribution to history. There is a lack of authorities for what are stated as facts in its pages, which also greatly lessens its value. Mr. Pollard's say-so is the only authority given for many of the most startling statements, or those, rather, which Mr. Pollard wishes to be regarded as such, for it may be observed that his work is very far from fulfilling its promise of a "revelation." There is not a single fact of importance stated in it which was not more or less matter of gossip in Richmond or at the different army head-quarters long before the close of the war. It is precisely this gossip of the streets and the newspaper-offices, such as anybody living in Richmond might have picked up without an effort—a sort of knowledge which implies no peculiar opportunities or admission "behind the scenes"—that Mr. Pollard has served up, sauced with the vinegar of his own highly vituperative style. So far as the stories he repeats are of a discreditable and damaging character, he has been at no pains to sift them, but apparently has willingly taken them upon trust, and is only too happy to reproduce them. So far as what he says is true, he has made no discovery, shed no new light, but simply re-echoed the common talk and sentiment of the Southern army and people.—*The Statesman*.

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*Our Admiral's Flag Abroad. The Cruise of Admiral D. G. Farragut, Commanding the European Squadron in 1867-68, in the Flag-ship Franklin.* By James Eglinton Montgomery, A. M., of the Admiral's Staff. New York: Putnam & Son.

THE claim of Americans to a peculiar immunity from flunkeyism, as the result of republican institutions and education, is acknowledged most readily and unreservedly by those who never meet Americans, and rarely read American books or newspapers. To such credulous persons we recommend the perusal of an elaborate account of Admiral Farragut's European visit in the flag-ship *Franklin*—a visit which had no ostensible purpose, and no visible result, and the most notable incidents of which were the courteous receptions given to the American officers in a number of European Courts. Why this large and expensive book was written and published, except to assure the Americans that one of their most distinguished seamen had visited the

palaces of the Tuileries and of Tzarskoe Zelo; and had been civilly treated by Napoleon III. and Alexander II., we cannot conceive; any more than we can understand why, in a despatch announcing his visit to Portsmouth, the Admiral should have thought it necessary to observe that he had met with the greatest "kindness and courtesy." We should have supposed that even Americans would take for granted the courteous reception of their squadron and its commander by the princes and fleets of all friendly Powers.—*The Saturday Review*.

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*By-Ways of Europe.* By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR'S last book of travel is prefaced by a familiar letter to the reader. It contains the statement—which we think most readers will regret—that it is positively Mr. Taylor's last appearance in the character of a traveler; and certain other egotisms, which are not so new, and which, we are sorry to add, are neither genial nor pleasant. For Mr. Taylor's personal disclosures have very little of the calmness and perfect good-humor which redeem the egotism of other clever men. Artistically good as is the construction of his "familiar letter," it is artificial in tone, gratuitous in attitude, with a certain personal fussiness in its confidences—all of which make it unpleasant reading. Why Mr. Taylor, after twenty years of successful travel-telling—a success marred only by this inherent quality—should deem it essential for the public to know that he deprecates and renounces that which has made his reputation, can only be accounted for by the supposition that Mr. Taylor's opinion of himself is better than that which he conceives to be entertained by his readers—an opinion natural and human enough, but one which can not be gravely offered by an author without the imputation of egotism. Nor is the information concerning the causes which led him to become a writer of travels sufficiently interesting to conceal merely personal details, and the central fact that Mr. Taylor likes to talk about himself. His ingenious defense of his egotism is intended to be amusing; and is, perhaps, even more so than was intended. When a man gravely assumes that posterity will be interested in the unimportant details of his life, and makes it an excuse for *ante mortem* confidences, he originates a conceit much funnier—because seriously intended—than that suggested by Dr. Holmes, in his famous motto to his "Autocrat" papers, of "Every man his own Boswell." Yet most readers who are dependent upon others for their opinions—and the class is much larger than people are willing to confess—will be glad to know that Mr. Taylor refutes the old slander that Humboldt had said of him that "he had traveled more and seen less than any other man living;" and will be glad to know it even at the expense of learning, in addition, that Humboldt had begged him "not to undervalue what he had done."

In giving this space to Mr. Taylor's weakness, it needs to be added that it does not prevent him from writing very entertaining books; and that, in the "*By-Ways of Europe*," he has furnished us one of the most original collections of sketches of travels we have ever read. The

conceit of presenting out-of-the-way nooks and by-paths in the traveled highways of Europe and Asia has been cleverly and successfully carried out: so well, in fact, as to lend something of the charm of discovery to Mr. Taylor's always entertaining skill in describing localities. His digging up of Andorra—the little “Republic of the Pyrenees”—forgotten in the world's history, and his visit to “The Grand Chartreuse,” are felicitous strokes of fortune, to say nothing of their graphic power. His “Catalonian Bridle Roads” are characteristic bits of roadside Spain, as good as any thing Mackenzie left us; “Balearic Days” is an interesting description of comparatively little-known Minorca. Mr. Taylor's style seems to be a kind of graphic Realism peculiar to himself—the little poetry in which he indulges always being within the limit of the average reader, and never sufficiently positive to shock the sensitiveness of the severely practical. But while Mr. Taylor always impresses us with the sense of truthfulness and fidelity, we never forget that he belongs to the nineteenth century and the American nation; and that he considers himself free to indulge in its expansive poetry, “ideas,” prejudices, “manifest destinies,” and other privileges. In one or two instances, he apparently remembered, also, that he had been a lecturer and a semi-political martyr. His high sense of literary art—which is so often the only conservative feature in men of Mr. Taylor's temperament—only restrains him at times from “orating.” An amusing instance of this truly American tendency, as well of the special weakness we have before alluded to, is given in his account of his visit to Garibaldi at Maddalena, and his non-reception by that red-shirted hero. A man of lower literary culture would have ridiculed Garibaldi for his churlishness; a man of higher instincts would have entirely omitted the purely personal episode, or dismissed it in a line; but Mr. Taylor dwells upon it with a fatal persistency that is quite inconsistent with his philosophy or dignity, and scarcely increases our respect for Garibaldi or himself. Perhaps one of the hardest of literary and social feats is to receive a snub gracefully; and it is not altogether surprising that Mr. Taylor has failed. Yet we must repeat here, that the volume is original, apparently truthful, and exceedingly interesting; and that, with a felicity rare enough in these days to demand praise for a man less popular than Bayard Taylor, the poetic and practical suggestiveness of its title-page is fully and thoroughly carried out in the volume.—*The Overland Monthly.*

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*The Habermeister. A Tale of the Bavarian Mountains.* Translated from the German of Herman Schmid. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

THE interest of this story centres in the influence and proceedings of the *Haberfeld*, a secret association of peasants for the redress of offences that the legal courts could not or would not reach, and for the castigation of minor moral delinquencies. The proceedings of these Bavarian “Regulators” were of rather a serio-comic character. The accusation having been made in secret, at night, before the tribunal assembled, and vouched for by a respectable householder, who

pledged, nominally at least, his life and goods to its truth, sentence was solemnly pronounced by the Habermaster, and promptly carried into execution. The Habermasters, masked and fantastically disguised, then went to the culprit's house, and summoned him or her by a hideous charivari of cow-horns, bells, and tin pans, which seems to have had a peculiarly appalling effect on these simple mountaineers. The charge and the ban of the tribunal were then recited in doggerel rhymes. Unfortunately this Mumbo-Jumbo proceeding was very seriously taken to heart; and the sentenced person, from this time looked upon by all as irretrievably disgraced and ruined, was compelled to leave the country, or live the life of a pariah and outcast. If the procedure of the courts which the Habermasters undertook to supplement and redress, was worse and more oppressive than this, it must have been iniquitous indeed.

The author has by no means made as much as he might of this novel and effective subject; but the story possesses considerable interest, and is simply and naturally told, without those wearisome flounderings in the profundities which so many German novelists seem to consider it their singular duty to perform.— *The Statesman*.

*Force and Nature. Attraction and Repulsion: The Radical Principles of Energy, discussed in their Relations to Physical and Morphological Developments.* By Charles Frederick Winslow, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

THIS work is an attempt to show that there are two forces at work in nature, attraction and repulsion, and that such undue prominence has been given to the former that our attention has been diverted from facts proving the existence of the latter. According to our author, Newton's view of nature, as expressed in the law of gravitation, was one-sided. "The fact that the force of gravitation may be proved by the calculus to act with certain fixed laws, does not by any means disprove the existence, nor even imply the non-existence, of another force. It is the existence and phenomenal capacity and power of *this other force* which I propose to discuss in the following pages, tracing it into its broadest expansions, applications, and connections with other forces and all forms of matter."

The introductory chapter, from which we have thus quoted, seems to declare that the immaterial world also is to be included in the new philosophy; but inasmuch as the only allusion to this metaphysical application of the theory is contained in a few sentences which we confess we find obscure, and as the fuller treatment of it is reserved for the thirteenth chapter, which is not yet published, we say no more about it here.

In the chapter on space, the theory that space is filled with an attenuated ether is pronounced a gross error. The existence of such a medium is declared unnecessary either to account for the retardation of Encke's comet or to explain the propagation of light and heat. Both of these phenomena are due to the force of repulsion. The commonly received idea that light and heat are radiated *in all direc-*

tions from the luminous body is rejected — light and heat being the results of forces acting only between matter and matter. As the presence of matter is necessary as an object for the action of gravity, so there can be no emission of light or heat in space where there is no matter to be heated or lighted. This novel theory conflicts with the belief in the “immense waste of solar light and heat into space” of which Sir John Herschel speaks, since, according to the new theory, the sun’s beams are solely directed to the members of our solar system and other celestial bodies.

The work covers a wide field, and presents in a new light a large collection of phenomena in the various branches of molecular physics. Science must gain something from every new theory upon such subjects as heat, light, electricity, cohesion, volcanoes, earthquakes, tides, aurora borealis, magnetic storms, spectral analysis, solar spots, meteors, zodiacal light, and so on. These subjects are ably discussed, and the reader, if not converted to the views of the author, must receive many new and valuable suggestions. We notice the curious fact that earthquakes are more frequent when the earth is near its perihelion than when near its aphelion.

The part of the book most open to animadversion is the chapter on cosmical repulsion. Newton’s principle of the inertia of matter is declared erroneous :

“Such a principle or entity we may now safely affirm (and most philosophers will sustain the view) has no existence in nature. It is purely an abstract assumption, entirely imaginative and theoretical, without essence or existence in fact — although, without such an hypothesis, dynamical enquiries would be almost impossible. The term must be regarded as a relic of a period of philosophical speculation when the subtle spirit of enquiry *assumed* in discussions errors for facts, while scholars were positively ignorant of the true nature and relations of matter and force.”

Again, the author says :

“In the present state of physical knowledge, matter cannot be demonstrated nor imagined to exist independent of immanent, active force. A molecule has power within itself and of itself to move, and to move other molecules near enough to it to receive the influence of its own living force ; else matter of itself has absolutely no existence, and force alone exists.”

By rejecting the doctrine of inertia, the author makes room for the introduction of his theory of the simultaneous action of two forces in the motions of the planets. What is known as centrifugal force — which is only one form of the force of inertia — is superseded by the omnipresent force of repulsion. Thus, if a planet revolves about the sun in a circular orbit, a force of attraction tends to draw it towards the sun, and an equal force of repulsion tends to urge it from the sun. So, when a weight attached to a cord is swung around the hand, the resistance felt, which produces the tension of the cord, is, by this new system of mechanics, an active force of repulsion between the weight and the hand. Whatever reason there may be for believing in the existence of intermolecular repulsion in physics, we had supposed that the perfect agreement of the theoretical results of the law of universal gravitation with observed facts implied the non-existence of any other interplanetary force ; and the author, evidently feeling the difficulty of

introducing another force in celestial mechanics where none was needed to account for the observed motions, seizes upon Newton's centrifugal force, and, declaring false his doctrine of inertia, which lies at the foundation of centrifugal force, replaces it by an equal force called cosmical repulsion. The old faith of Newton and Laplace will not lose many of its adherents, we should say, by the presentation of such a forced theory as this.— *The Nation*.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Countess Gisela: a Tale.* From the German of E. Marlitt. Part I.  
75 cents. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

*Miscellaneous Poems.* By Rev. J. Keble. \$2.00. New York: Pott & Amery.

*The Subjection of Women.* By J. S. Mill. \$1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*Secret History of the Southern Confederacy.* By Edward A. Pollard.  
Philadelphia: National Publishing Company.

## MISCELLANY.

### AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

(*From our Lady Reporter.*)

"A Lady's Club and Institute will shortly be established in London."— *Vide Evening Paper.*

A COMMITTEE meeting in connection with the above proposed Club and Institute was held yesterday afternoon, at the Hon. Mrs. Shallowbrain's town residence, on which occasion the new and costly tea equipage of the fair hostess was introduced for the first time, and was the object of universal admiration and envy.

The proceedings were opened by the honourable lady in person, who begged to be informed "if the Committee found its tea as it liked it?" An affirmative reply being received (with an amendment from the youngest Miss Sweetlips, for a *little* more sugar), business was resumed.

Hon. Mrs. S.—Ladies, before going any farther, I should just like to thank you all for choosing me as your president. *It shows how good you are!*

COMMITTEE.—Oh, please don't mention it, dear!

Hon. Mrs. S.—Well, then, I won't; but I must say I think it was very nice of you. I *had* intended showing you some rules and regulations which I thought would do for our club; but as George wanted to take me to the theatre last night with his brother (who came up the other week for Christmas, you know), I really haven't had a moment to spare. I'm very sorry; but —

COMMITTEE.—Oh, don't bother about that, dear! It's of no consequence whatever. The rules will do at any time.

Miss SINGLELASS.—I'm sure I shouldn't wish to interrupt the meeting; but would Mrs. Shallowbrain mind telling us what her brother-in-law is like? Is he handsome?

Hon. Mrs. S.—Well—yes! he is rather, but then he is so *dreadfully* countrified. You see, dears, although he's very well off—exceedingly well off, I may say!—he will persist in keeping a lot of bullocks and crops and things, and breeding them for the Cattle Show they make such an absurd fuss about. However, if the meeting likes, it can be introduced to him.

COMMITTEE.—Hear, hear!

Hon. Mrs. S.—One of the next things we have to consider is the formation of a library in connection with our Club. Of course we should get all the new novels we fancied as they came out, but, meanwhile, I thought we had better lay in a stock for immediate use. If you like I will read you a short list, which I think will meet with your approbation.

COMMITTEE.—Oh, please read it, by all means!

Hon. Mrs. S. (*reading*).—"The complete works of Miss Braddon." (Applause.) "The complete works of Mrs. Henry Wood." (Renewed applause.) "The complete works of Ouida." (Vociferous applause.) "The 'Confessions of Gerald Estcourt,' and others, by the same author. 'Cometh up as a Flower,' and that charming novel, 'Sweet Anne Page!'" (Loud and prolonged cheering, and a voice, "Oh, delicious!") Of course there are plenty of other books we shall want, and I shall be glad to receive suggestions from the Committee.

Miss FITZBECKER.—Don't you think we ought to have the works of George Eliot, dear?—just for the look of the thing, you know!

Hon. Mrs. S.—Well, I scarcely know. Certainly, "The Mill on the Floss" was rather interesting, especially where Stephen Guest runs away with Maggie when he is engaged to her cousin.

Miss WITLESS.—"Adam Bede," too, wouldn't be bad, if it were not for that tiresome vulgar Mrs. Poyser.

Hon. Mrs. S.—But then just look at "Silas Marner" and "Felix Holt." They were both horribly dry, and I assure you that there were whole pages of "Felix Holt" I didn't understand one bit.

Miss FITZBECKER.—Well, perhaps, on the whole, we had better let George Eliot's works stand over. (Hear, hear.)

Hon. Mrs. S.—As for poetry, we should of course have Tennyson, and any other you might like to name.

Miss WITLESS.—Tupper is very, *very* beautiful!

Hon. Mrs. S.—Well, then, say Tennyson and Tupper. Browning is altogether out of the question. (Hear, hear.) He always makes one's head ache, and can't be understood, after all.

After a few further remarks from various ladies of the Committee, and a proposal that Miss Singlelass should be Secretary (which honour was declined on the ground that she made such bad capital Z's), the meeting broke up.

A confidential chat subsequently took place amongst a select few, but of this we are forbidden to give any account.—*Judy*.

### THE RIPENING CORN.

How sweet to walk through the wheatlands brown,  
When the teeming fatness of Heaven drops down;  
The waving crop with its bursting ears  
A sea of gold on the earth appears;  
No longer robed in dress of green,  
With tawny faces the fields are seen;  
A sight more welcome and joyous far  
Than a hundred blood-won victories are.

Beautiful custom was that of old,  
When the Hebrew brought with a joy untold,  
The earliest ears of the ripening corn,  
And laid them down by the altar's horn;  
When the priesthood waved them before the Lord,  
While the Giver of Harvests all hearts adored;  
What gifts more suited could man impart  
To express the flow of his grateful heart?

A crowd awaits 'neath the cottage eaves,  
To cut the corn and to bind the sheaves;  
At length is heard the expected sound—  
Put in the sickle, the corn is browned;  
And the reapers go forth with as blithe a soul  
As those who joined the Olympian goal;  
And sorrowless hearts and voices come  
To swell the shouts of the harvest home.

And there is a Reaper on earth well known,  
Whose deeds are traced on the burial-stone;  
He carries a sickle more deadly and keen  
Than e'er on the harvest fields was seen;  
He cuts down the earliest ears in spring,  
As well as the ripest that time can bring;  
The tares he gathers to flames are driven,  
The wheat is laid in the garner of Heaven.

— *London Farmer's Magazine*.

*La Musique Populaire* reproduces a good story of Fischer, the oboist. Invited to dinner with a lord, he was asked, on sitting down to dinner, if he had brought his instrument. "No," responded Fischer, "my oboe never dines;" with which rebuff he took his hat and left the house.

TO MY NOSE.—Among the poems mentioned on this subject, the following has apparently escaped notice. It appeared in the *Irish Penny Journal* of Nov. 28, 1840. I do not know the author, but, nevertheless, I think his production is worthy of a corner in “N. and Q.”

LIOM. F.

“SONNET ABOUT A NOSE.

“Tis very odd that poets should suppose  
There is no poetry about a nose,  
When plain as is the nose upon your face,  
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.  
Noses have sympathy: a lover knows  
Noses are always *touched* when lips are kissing:  
And who would care to kiss where nose was missing?  
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,  
And where would be our mortal means of telling  
Whether a vile or wholesome odour flows  
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?  
I know a nose, a nose no other knows,  
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows;  
Beauty is in its form and music in its blows.”

— *Notes and Queries.*

THERE is something very genial and attractive in the following story, which comes to us from Rome. In preparation for the Œcumenical Council the Pope ordered from his architect certain embellishments, the plan of which was brought for his inspection by that gentleman's little son. Charmed by the plan, the Pope opened a drawer full of gold, and said to the child, “Take a handful of coin as a reward for the beauty of your father's work.” “Holy Father,” replied the child, “take it out for me: your hand is bigger than mine.” Pius IX. could not help smiling, and obeyed the child.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

A CERTAIN lion, too free with his tail, thrust it one day out of his house into the window of his neighbour's. This neighbour was a tiger, who resented the intrusion by severely mauling and gnawing the intruding member. In consequence, the lion fell sick, and his owners judged that, to save his life, the injured tail must be amputated. But how to overcome the leonine antipathy to human surgery? Chloroform offered its assistance, and was tried. Five ounces of the sedative did his beastial majesty inhale, or imbibe, and then he fell into a deep sleep. The surgeons entered his cage and, with knife and saw, took off the diseased appendage close to the body. Then it was thought that the beast had died from his dosing, he could not be made to breathe, and his lungs had to be pumped into action by mortal aid. At last he shook off his sloth and stalked his cage in grateful acknowledgment of man's lordship of creation, the only lion in the world who had been curtailed like a christian. This is no fable. The animal belonged to a menagerie in Madras, and the operation was performed only a few weeks back by one Dr. Miller. Does the case suggest anything towards the humane slaughter of beasts for food?

— *Once a Week.*

THE USES OF VANITY.—“The Pacha rested by the fountain, the flowing waters of which made an oasis in the desert. His horse and his camel cropped with delight the green herbage near the fountain. Their shadows lay strongly and darkly upon the grass.

“‘How beautiful,’ said the horse, ‘is that dark form which moves as I move; what grace, what symmetry it shows! I can hardly eat for looking at it.’

“‘It is well enough,’ said the camel, ‘but look at this one which moves with me. It has all the symmetry and grace of the other; *and then, too, it has that pretty little hump on its back.*’

“A dervish passing by, who knew the language of all the beasts, exclaimed, ‘How good is Allah, who gives to every creature its due share of vanity, so that defects seem to their owners especial beauties and merits!’”

NEW BELL INSCRIPTIONS, SHREWSBURY.—The following cutting from the *Oswestry Mercury*, is worth preserving in “N. & Q.”:—

“The following are the inscriptions on the new bells which have been presented to St. Julian’s Church, Shrewsbury, by Mr. Peele:—

No. 1.

‘Peace on earth,’ &c., Luke, chap. ii.

‘My gentle note shall lead the cheerful sound;  
Peace to this parish, may goodwill abound!’

No. 2.

‘Our voices tell when joy and grief betide;  
Mourn with the mourner, welcome home the bride.’

No. 3.

‘May all in truth and harmony rejoice,  
To honour Church and Queen with heart and voice.’

No. 4.

‘Prosperity attend old England’s shore;  
Let Shrewsbury flourish, now and ever more.’

No. 5.

‘For mercies undeserved this *peal* is raised;  
So may Thy name, O God, through Christ be praised.’

J. J. P.

No. 6.

‘With deepest tone I call to church and prayer;  
And bid the living for the grave prepare.’”

— *Notes and Queries.*

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD, AGAIN.—The following extraordinary advertisement appears in a Glasgow paper:—

A young gentleman of independent means, and by the beau sex considered handsome, wishing to forsake *bachelorship*, would be glad to meet a young lady *similarly disposed* and equally endowed.—Address, with *carte*, etc.

Can it be possible? The girl of the period has been accused of aping manly tastes; but surely if she is “disposed to forsake bachelorship,” the girl of the period must after all be a man.

TALES OF MY GRANDMOTHER.—Once she was very ill. Even the doctor ventured to say that he despaired of her recovery. "Then leave me," she said to him, "*it is my only chance.*" In three days she was convalescent.

"Rich and poor," quoth a philosophic guest, dictatorially, "are only comparative terms." "Indeed!" said my grandmother, "I should like to be a begger with five thousand a year."

She could hate intensely. A parson hearing her express strong sentiments about her enemies, addressed her thus: "My dear madam, you must recollect that we are taught in Scripture to forgive and forget." "There's not such a sentiment in the Bible," she replied, taking a sweet pinch and dwelling on it. The clergyman considered, and then went home to find the passage. I don't think he called again for a year.

An "Evangelical" of her acquaintance (for she knew, and was liked, and respected by men of all creeds and shades of opinion) presented her with a work on the Apocalypse, in which he fixed the end of the world within three years from the date of the publication of his first edition. "I hope you don't give this to your son to read: upon the strength of this he will run into debt." So he did, and ruined his father. It was, I believe, a question with the commissioner, whether the bankruptcy wasn't fraudulent, seeing that the insolvent had relied upon his creditor's ignorance of the time appointed (by his father) for the end of all things.—*Once a Week.*

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WELL DONE.—Sending a donation the other day, anonymously, to the Metropolitan Free Drinking Fountains' Association (a deserving society), Waterford Lake signed himself, not inappropriately—"A Well-Wisher."

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THE very day that Sardou's *Séraphine* was to be brought out at the Gymnase, a gentleman presented himself at the box-office, and said: "You had better take back my stall. I know they are all let, and I can't go. I have just received news of the death of my wife."

"*Quel malheur!*" was the answer—"I will return you your money directly."

"Oh no, you need not do that," replied the newly-made widower. "Give me a stall for to-morrow evening instead."—*Echoes.*

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THE Abyssinian sinews-of-war bill has been paid; and it is found that the rescued Englishmen have cost nearly a million a head! It would be difficult, even for George Selwyn, to extract a joke from such a serious subject, though he was once witty at the expense of Bruce, the traveller, whose Abyssinian experiences were not, in the first instance, received with full belief in their truth. The talk at table had turned on Abyssinian musical instruments; and Bruce was asked about them. "I think," said the traveller, "that I saw one lyre there." Upon which Selwyn whispered to his neighbour, "There is one less now that he has left the country."—*Once a Week.*

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN ?

(Written by Lady Nairne when in her 76th year.)

WOULD you be young again ?  
 So would not I :  
 One tear to memory given,  
 Onward I'll hie.  
 Life's dark flood forded o'er,  
 All but at rest on shore,  
 Say, would you plunge once more,  
 With home so nigh ?

If you might, would you now  
 Retrace your way ?  
 Wander through thorny wilds,  
 Faint and astray ?  
 Night's gloomy watches fled,  
 Morning all beaming red,  
 Hope's smiles around us shed,  
 Heavenward — away !

Where are they gone, of yore  
 My best delight ?  
 Dear and more dear, though now  
 Hidden from sight.  
 Where they rejoice to be,  
 There is the land for me :  
 Fly, time, fly speedily ;  
 Come, life and light !

THE GREEN TABLE.

IT is a peculiar characteristic of the Yankee nature that it is never contented unless in a fidget—or, as our Celtic friends express it, a *swither*—about something or other. Like their national concoction, apple-sauce, they spoil unless they are incessantly stirred. The latest agitation is what they are pleased to call Women's Rights, upon which, of course, Mr. Emerson delivers a lecture, and Mr. Stuart Mill—Purveyor-General of logic to the Yankee nation, and who, if they were to assert that the solar system was a New England invention, would find arguments to prove it—Mr. Stuart Mill writes a book. Mr. Mill says that woman has a right to public office and a right to a vote ; Mr. Emerson, that she has a right to half of the world and of everything in it. With all our heart ; only how shall we divide ? If the *G. T.* possessed a pair of horses, which he does *not* possess, and if Mrs. *G. T.* (supposing that lady to exist) desired her share, he would politely offer her the choice ; but if she proposed, like a female Solomon, to cut each horse in two, he would interpose obstacles. And if the American female proposes to be half mother and wife, and half politician and woman of business, to half

order the affairs of the household, and half carry on the business of the world, we call that cutting both horses in two.

At least so that intelligent Frenchman, Count de Gasparin, views it, who says:—

“The female elector will fill her rôle as mother equally ill with that of wife; they will both be lost in the whirl of politics. In the first place public life claims time. Those who invite a woman to become a man, really only wish it to a minimum extent. Unfortunately, logic has its inexorabilities. One is a man or one is not. One enters public life or one does not; it is a question of taking up or letting alone. The women who embark in public affairs must devote a portion of their lives to reading the journals, studying public and political opinion, assisting at public meetings, and following parliamentary discussions. . . . . We should witness the advent of the *man-woman* (*femme-homme*) inferior both to the woman and to the man, who would have lost all grace and not have received strength in exchange. . . . . *I know well what the family would lose; I wish to be informed what politics would gain.* . . . . Woman is superior and influential only on condition that she is a true woman. Take from her neither her silent action nor her noble domestic empire, which includès her household, her children, her husband, and in addition to these, the sick and the indigent. She will lose all, even to her grace, even to her beauty. The political woman, the blue-stocking, the woman who has exchanged her family for the public, stands already before us in the road on which we are urged as a warning and a scarecrow.”

There was a time in ancient Art when the artist, satiated with mere natural beauty, of which he had reached the limit, strove to create lovely monsters. Upon the female form he grafted manly muscle and vigor, and he called it an Amazon, or man-woman; and the male form he softened with female grace, and called it an Androgyne, or woman-man. They were morbid, monstrous forms, but still lovely, for they arose in the Greek mind. The Yankees have caught at the same notion, but the Yankee mind is not the Greek mind, and its productions are in a different style. As for a Hypatia they can show a Mrs. H. B. Stowe, so for the Lansdowne Amazon they produce a Mrs. Cady Stanton or a Susan B. Anthony, and for the Hermaphroditus of the Louvre a Professor Wilcox or a Parker Pillsbury.

It is a doctrine of the Law of Nations (unless Mr. Seward has changed it) that before a dependent country could be recognised by the world as an independent State, it should have given satisfactory evidence of its ability to maintain its independence, and of its fitness for self-government. In like manner (unless Mr. Seward decides otherwise) we have a right to demand of women who claim what they call emancipation, that they shall first emancipate themselves from a tyranny more unreasonable, more burdensome and more preposterous than any male oppression, and the yoke of which they can cast off whenever they will, amid the applause of the civilised world—we mean the tyranny of fashion.

And what compels them to follow it? What mysterious unseen Power issues the appalling edict: “Let the lower limbs be inclosed in a cage of steel,” or “Let bunches of hair taken from corpses, or the clippings from the sick in the hospitals, paupers in the workhouse and criminals in the jail, be fastened to their heads”?

What son or daughter of Adam can tell how a new fashion comes about? Is it the happy conception of some artist’s imagination, at once captivating all by its beauty? Not in the least: the ugliest—by general admission the ugliest—fashion is as promptly and universally adopted and worn as long as the most beautiful and becoming. What woman would wear “a skirt of white gauze over a shorter jupe of currant-colored silk,” though all her friends besought her, upon their knees and in tears, if it did not suit “her style,”—and was not the fashion? Let it once be the fashion, and who can keep her

from it? These things, as Sir Sampson says, are unaccountable and unreasonable.

"Fashion," says 'Thomas Grimm,' "has from time to time its paroxysms. A new fashion comes on like a storm, and all must bow before it. Some fine day it vanishes, and one as little knows why it goes as why it came. No tyrant has such wild caprices; and if you suppose that the most absolute monarch upon earth has any sway over the majesty of fashion, you are much mistaken.

"In the time of Louis XIV the women wore coiffures of monstrous size and preposterous form. Curls were piled upon curls and bows upon bows, until a lady in full dress could not pass through a door without stooping. The fashion had thirty-six different modifications and names.

"The king held these headdresses in abhorrence; he openly expressed his detestation of them, and commanded the princesses of his house to set a better example. At last he launched a royal edict against them. In vain: the *chignons* disappeared for an instant, only to reappear in more colossal proportions. The king saw himself conquered, and owned that his power was unavailing against the might of fashion."

THE mania for coloring the hair new and original hues, still retains its hold of the female mind in Paris — and elsewhere. The color of fresh butter, or *asphodel* — what we call daffodil — made its appearance, but its existence was but evanescent. *Parisine*, a good authority on these subjects, gives us the following classification of blonde hair:—

- "1. *Fulvous blonde*, lightly tinged with auburn.
2. *Flavescent*, color of ripe wheat; a favorite with Rubens and Watteau.
3. *Fulvaster*, color of a lion's mane.
4. *Rubidous*, reddish brown, or mahogany color; a favorite with Raphael.
5. *Phæbean*, a delicate mingling of the hues of platinum, pale ashes, and reflected moonlight.
6. *Maryland*. Nothing is more original than the appearance of hair of this color well frizzed. It resembles the knot of fine-cut tobacco which rises above the bowl of an over-stuffed pipe.
7. *Rutilous*. This is the queen of blonde hair, and is that which exhibits the most splendor in sunlight. The union of rutilous hair with turquoise-blue eyes, is the ideal of beauty."

AT a recent representation of *Hamlet* at one of the London theatres, when the Prince pronounced the words:—

"That undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns——"

a voice from the gallery cried:—"Didn't you see your father's ghost only last night? Where do you suppose he came from?"

M. PONSON DU TERRAIL (author of *Amaury le Vengeur*, etc.) is a very Frenchy novelist indeed, but he must have some Celtic blood in his veins. In one of his recent stories occurs the following comparison, worthy of Sir Boyle Roche:—"He took her hand; it was damp and cold as that of a serpent."

WE would recommend lovers of high-living to take a trip in one of the Dutch mail-steamers plying in the Malay archipelago. They are poor sailors, "only making six miles an hour in the finest weather," but they make it up in the commissariat. Here is Mr. Wallace's report of the way they lived on the boat which took him from Macassar to Banda:—

"At six A. M. a cup of tea or coffee is prepared for those who like it. At 7 to 8 there is a light breakfast of tea, eggs, sardines, etc. At ten, Madeira, gin and bitters are brought on deck as a whet for the substantial eleven o'clock breakfast, which differs from dinner only in the absence of soup.

Cups of tea and coffee are brought round at three P. M., bitters, etc., again at five, a good dinner with beer and claret at half-past six, concluded by tea and coffee at eight. Between whiles, beer and soda-water are supplied whenever called for."

WHO of our readers has not heard of King Cole, that "merry old soul"? And who of them all knows who he was? According to Geoffrey of Monmouth he was king or duke of Kaercolvin (now Colchester) in Britain, and was father of Helena who married Constantius Chlorus and became the mother of Constantine the Great. Such is the luck of names in this world! Constantine marks an epoch in history; Helena is dear to sanctity, and Cole — more properly Coël — lives but in nursery rhyme. We can not help feeling some curiosity as to what was the precise extent of that geniality whose fame has resounded through so many centuries, and whether it was in any way connected with the far-famed oysters of his capital. Probably it was an unpleasant remembrance with the stately sovereigns of the Eastern Court, but affectionate memories still clung to the jovial old Welshman and handed his name and virtues down to posterity.

THE following remarkable series of answers to questions in history, we clip from an exchange. They were given in writing by a student of a public institution, at an examination.

1. Give an account of Raleigh.

He was passing throw the forest When Walter Terral seeing a deer pass by he puled his boe and the arrer stuck a tree and glance off and hit Walter Raleigh throw the head and Walter Terral seeing him dead at wonce feld. And a few years afterwards a man was passing by and found the body and at wonce called some people and they took the boddly and buried him in Wincester Kerfideral.

2. The policy of Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of wriding and she did not live long but rained very short time.

3. The causes that led to dissatisfaction with Charles the First.

Because they did not like him and he run aboute when his head was cut off.

4. The principal battles of the Civil War.

There was the crimmear and the war of the read roses and the war of the weite roses.

5. Life of Charles the First.

Charles the I was a very good king. He came to the frome 1866 and rained 13 years and he was hated by every one and no one loved him and he was executed and he ran aboute when his head was cut off.

MANY words supposed to be new coinages, or provincialisms, or merely a kind of universal baby-talk, may be found in Chaucer. For instance, in colloquial languages, or at least in the language of childhood, we often hear the word "chinchy," in the sense of *trifling*, *insignificant*, or perhaps simply *tiny*. Chaucer uses "chinchè" for *niggardly*, and "chincherie" for *niggardliness*; as in *Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 6004 —

"Thei loven full bette, so God me spede,  
Than doith the riche *chinchè* grede" —

That is, "they [the poor] are far better lovers than the mean greediness of the rich." Another form of the word is "chichè," which seems related to the Spanish *chico*, little.

We sometimes hear the phrase "I do not care a curse for it," which is usually understood to mean that the object in question is not even worth anathematizing. But it is a phrase as old as Chaucer, and has a quite different meaning. In C. T. 3754 we read

Of paramours ne raught he not a *kers*;

that is, he did not care [*vaught*, recked] a *kers* [cress] for love-affairs; *kers* being the Saxon for *water-cresses*.

THE phrase, "He is on his high horse," is precisely analogous to the French, "Il est monté sur ses grands chevaux." See its use in Molière's *Sganarelle* :—

Dessus ses grands chevaux est monté mon courage.

Its use sprang from the custom of knights in feudal days to use for the road an easy-going palfrey, such a cob as the jolly Prior in *Ivanhoe* rides, but when going into battle, to mount the *destrier* [dextrarius] or great war-horse. A man who was on his high horse, was one ready to drink up Esil, eat a crocodile, and play havoc generally. Every old rider understands the feeling, even in these days of fallen chivalry, the sense of exhilaration at playing prince to the beggarly folk on foot. It is only born cockneys, like Mr. Pickwick and the gentlemen of his club, to whom the high horse is a horror.

ODD coincidences sometimes give a strangely capricious air to events of very terrible seriousness. During the outbreak in Paris of June 1848, of which we have been reading a narrative by an eye-witness, there was a barricade erected at the corner of the Faubourg St. Antoine and a little street bearing the queer name of *rue Cloche-Perce*, or Pierce-bell street. This barricade was small, and defended by not more than ten or twelve, but so strong that cannon had to be brought to carry it. Just by the barricade was a wine-shop, the sign of which was a wine-strainer, hung like a bell and furnished with a clapper. This *bell*, during the fight, was *pierced* by a dozen balls, but the clapper remained, and "for half the day," says our authority, "as the discharges of cannon shook the air, this little bell kept ringing, with a clear shrill tinkling heard above all the noise of the firing." Fate loves its little joke, as Victor Hugo might say. The *Anankè* is not too proud to indulge in a guffaw: the Inevitable is not above relaxing into a chuckle. The coincidences of history are the puns of the Abyss—as Victor Hugo might say.

WE pilfer and publish 'unbeknownst' to our friend the author, the following version of Catullus's *Sparrow*, in hendecasyllabics. To our palate they have the right Catullian flavor.

Put on mourning, ye Venuses and Cupids  
With all people that be akin to Venus—  
Ah me! Sparrowkin's dead. It was my darling's  
Own dear Sparrowkin, pet of mine own darling,  
Which she doted on more than her own eyeballs.  
Such a sweet little thing! and knew its mistress  
Just as well as my darling knew her mother.  
'Twould not budge from her lap an inch, I tell you;  
But 'twould flutter about now this now that way;  
Always chirping to its own mistress only.  
Now 'tis going along the darksome pathway  
Yonder, whence it is said no soul returneth.  
May foul fiends be upon thee, naughty darkness,  
Orcus' darkness, that swallow'st all that's pretty,  
Thou hast robbed me of such a pretty sparrow!  
Foul, foul mischief, and luckless little sparrow!

THE engraver must certainly have flattered the goddess of Liberty—a goddess peculiar to the American Pantheon, by the way—in her portrait on the new postal currency. She can not possibly be that buxom and hearty. Not to mention more grievous maladies with which she is suffering, the Great Peace Jubilee (O Peace, what uproars are made in thy name!) must

have given her a splitting headache. She carries in very jaunty fashion the famous Phrygian cap, invented we believe by King Midas to hide his little auricular peculiarities, and very effectively used for similar purposes ever since.

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A CURIOUS legal question has arisen in an assurance case in London. A gentleman holding a policy payable in case of "a violent death" only, was taking a foot-bath in the sea, and while doing so, was seized with a fit, fell into the water and was suffocated. The company refuses to pay, alleging that the fit killed him, and the executor brings suit on the ground that the water drowned him. Rather a nice question: they had better refer it to the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, who displayed such subtlety of intellect on a somewhat similar point.

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AT the first meeting of the Colonial Society (of England), Lord Bury announced that "her Majesty had been pleased to permit the Society to be distinguished by the name of 'Royal.'" This reminds one of Andersen's story, where the kitchen-maid who has found the nightingale for the Emperor of China, is rewarded with the title of "Maid of the Kitchen."

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THE extensive emigration from Germany to this country, which goes on in more gigantic proportions every year, seems to have excited some uneasiness in those parts where the diminution of the population is most perceptible; and the papers are trying to deter the movement by painting in frightful colors the perils and miseries which they will have to encounter and endure in their new homes. No sooner are they on shore than they fall into the clutches of the terrible "baggage-smashers," ("zu deutsch, *Baggage-Zerbrecher*"), a regularly organized association ("eine förmlich organisirte Gemeinschaft"), who break open their chests and boxes and take whatever seemeth to them good. Another gang of sharpers take their money to exchange it for the American paper currency, and convert it to their own uses. When out of the fangs of these harpies, they fall into the hands of the labor-agents, who beguile them by specious promises and send them to the Southern States, where they are made to take the place of negroes and worked like slaves in the cotton fields.

Well-to-do emigrants, who have arranged matters so as to escape these perils, usually purchase land in the Western States, where it is true land of extraordinary fertility can be had for a very trifling price, but it is a considerable drawback to the comfort of a homestead and the pride of independent ownership of broad acres in Illinois or Missouri, to know that you are liable at any moment to be "overfallen by bands of merciless savages" and tomahawked and scalped at your own door. Those who to avoid these dangers are willing to pay a higher price for land in more thickly settled regions, "have to surround their farms with close-to-each-other-standing, nine-foot-high palisades, to protect their crops from the devastations of *wild-hogs, raccoons, monkeys*, and other wild animals."

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CERTAINLY one of the most extraordinary hallucinations of modern times is that displayed by the Nova Scotians in their suspirations for annexation to the United States. Canada, it seems, is too heavy and too strong for them: her numerical preponderance swamps their vote; their interests are sacrificed to hers; they are taxed to further Canada's advantage. This anybody might have foreseen without the gift of prophecy; but what is truly remarkable is their fancy that relief is to be found in annexation to a power whose little finger is thicker than Canada's loins.

They think that their vote will count for more against a majority of twenty millions than against one of two millions and a half, and that they will lighten their burden of taxation by joining a nation where everything is taxed except air and sunlight, and by taking upon their necks a share of the most colossal

debt known to history. They want, they say, "rulers to reverence and a Constitution to live under," and expect to find *these* in the United States!

We can compare these succulent illusions to nothing but the singular fancy of the young person commemorated by Moore, who finding the grave where injudicious friends had laid her, "too cold and damp," selected the "Dismal Swamp" as a dryer locality.

A VALUED *confère*, a countryman of Moore's, whose place at the GREEN TABLE is distinguished by a richer hue of emerald than the rest, assures us that the passage above alluded to is incorrectly printed, and that the true version is,—

"They made her a grave so cold and damp  
That she found it would not do;  
For they buried her in the Dismal Swamp,  
Where people get rheumatism and cramp  
And fever and a-gue!"

AN exhibition has been opened in London of various relics collected in the East during the excavations carried on by Lieutenant Warren under the direction of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Among the "miscellaneous" articles, the catalogue mentions "a little pyx of *mamma*, and a specimen of fish-skin, supposed to be identical with the badger's skin with which the tabernacle was covered." *Mamma* we suppose to be a misprint for *manna*; but we are curious to know if this is exhibited as a specimen of the miraculous aliment which sustained the Israelites on their march. As for the other rarity, this is the first time we ever heard that a badger is a fish.

THE above misprint, odd as it is, is not so amusing as one which recently appeared in *La France*. Mentioning the fact that M. Léon Escudier has recently received the cross of a certain order, this journal remarks: "C'est à l'occasion de l'ouvrage qu'il a *oublié* [publié] naguère sous le titre *Mes Souvenirs*."

A DISCREDITABLE report got into the papers that the gold spike which was driven at the inauguration of the Pacific Railroad had to be watched to keep it from being stolen. We are glad to see this contradicted by an eyewitness in the *Overland Monthly*. So far from this being the case, the gold spike was officially drawn and replaced by an iron one immediately after the conclusion of the ceremonies. A charming bit of unconscious satire on their own proceedings.

A SCRAP of statistics that may be worth preserving:—According to the recent census, the population of Paris, in round numbers, consists of 750,000 men, 700,000 women, and 250,000 children; in all, 1,700,000 souls.

Of these 400,000 are *rentiers*, professional men, and *employés* of the government; 200,000 merchants and tradesmen of all classes; 1,000,000 belong to the various industrial crafts; 100,000 are in schools, hospitals, prisons, etc., and 35,000 are soldiers.

The working population numbers 416,811, of whom 285,861 are men, 105,410 women, and 25,540 children.

As the audience were coming out of one of the Paris theatres recently, they were annoyed by a drunken old man who stood by the door, insulting with the most outrageous language every one who passed near him. A robust young workman presently took off his coat, folded it carefully and handed it to a companion, and then administered a most terrible thrashing to the old rascal. Cries of "Well done!" "Served him right!" "Taught him a good lesson!" arose from the crowd; but the young man, bowing,

with a modest, almost sad expression, said: "Hush, if you please: I am ashamed to say, it is my father!"

ALPHONSE KARR, in his *Guêpes*, speaking of the dexterities of the legal profession, relates a pleasant anecdote of the distinguished lawyer, now deputy, M. Chaix d'Est-Ange. He was employed in a case where both the parties were old men. Referring to his client, he said: "He has attained that age, when the mind, freed from the passions and tyranny of the body, takes a higher flight, and soars in a purer and serener air." Later in his speech, he found occasion to allude to the opposite party, of whom he remarked: "I do not deny his natural intelligence; but he has reached an age in which the mind participates in the enfeeblement, the decrepitude, and the degradation of the body."

VERY recently, in a great city, and at a fashionable hotel in that city, there was a grand congress of the chief lights of the Mesmeric and clairvoyant profession. The proceedings closed with a sumptuous dinner. During the dessert, the president threw one of the mediums into the clairvoyant state, and willed her to see what event of most interest to them had happened during their session. "Do you see?" he asked. "I see." "What do you see?" "An angora cat—white—asleep." "Do you still see?" "I see. A man approaches her—with a knife. Horror! he kills her!" "Do you still see?" "I see. The man enters a large kitchen—he puts the cat into a stew-pan—then into a dish—there is a numerous company assembled at dinner—a man dressed in black brings in the dish—he hands it—" "To whom?" "To you!" The company suddenly separated.

THE DUC D'AUMALE, in his *History of the Princes of Condé*—judging from a review of that work in an English journal—gives a grim picture of the "religious wars" of the sixteenth century. It seems the leaders in that furious struggle, carried on professedly in the service of the Prince of Peace, were little better than so many of the wicked. "Montluc 'loved to see heads fly,' the younger Brissac delighted to stab his prisoners 'until the blood spirted over his face.' The Duc de Montpensier invariably handed over his male prisoners to his Confessor, the Cordelier Babalot, who first questioned (tortured) them a little, then pronounced their sentence and immediately executed it with his own priestly hands." Nor were those of "the religion" any better—if anything, rather worse.

"The Sieur d'Acier had an unconquerable mania for slaying priests and nuns. His friend Briqualmont did not go quite so far, generally contenting himself with shearing off their ears, which he wore stitched together by way of tippet; while D'Aubigné describes with gusto, as a specimen of the times, a terrible scene which took place in the sight of the whole Protestant army. Twelve monks accused of murdering sick and wounded Huguenots were condemned to die. Being informed that he among them who would consent to execute his brethren should be pardoned, two volunteered. But as only one was required, it was resolved to decide which this was to be, by a diabolical species of single combat. Accordingly the two friars, duly befrocked and cowed, were placed in a ring and a rope given to each. Then ensued a struggle unparalleled since the days of the gladiators—the one doing his utmost to strangle the other, amid the laughter of the spectators, until the weaker of the two gave way and was put to death."





Fig. 272

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE  
NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE,  
OCTOBER, 1869.

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CLASSICAL STUDY.\*

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THIS age has no monopoly of thoughtful and earnest men, of broad views and marvellous intuitions. There were thinking people before Cobbett, philosophers before Greeley, and grumblers before Carlyle; and if there is any croaker present who disapproves of educational associations, he can find a croaker of nearly three thousand years' croaking to help him to croak, and he can say with Hesiod: "Potter hath envy of potter, and joiner hath envy of joiner." But the clay that we have to mould is of nobler temper, and the cedars of Lebanon have no such precious wood as is committed to our joiner's art; and I am confident that the moral consecration of our high calling will secure for our meetings that peace and harmony so foreign to the rival interests of the busy world. It is this conviction that has given me the courage to accept the kind invitation of your committee, and that brings me before you to-day to say a few words on a theme well-nigh outworn: well-nigh outworn to others — to some of us a subject of inexhaustible interest. It is this confidence in the singleness of your purpose that emboldens me to plead for classical education, and to plead as I could not plead if that plea were a disguised attack, if my foothold were but a narrow plank with only room for one. But I know that in this assembly there is no danger lest I should seem to disparage the labor of others while claiming a field for my own; and the chief danger is rather lest I should appear unnecessarily to magnify an office which is

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\* A Paper read by Professor B. L. GILDERSLEEVE at the Annual Meeting of the Educational Association of Virginia, Lexington, July 13th, 1869.

so amply illustrated by so many distinguished representatives before me. But in these busy times, in this "hinge of affairs," with a momentous future opening before us, it may be well to repeat the watchwords of our warfare, that we may know our position, that we may muster our forces for the coming conflict. True, some may think that we have no part at all to play in the great struggle of ideas ; that we are the eliminated factors of a problem already solved. If this were so, if the study of the ancient languages and literature were nothing but an elegant pastime, then we, who have given up our brightest years to that study, would be of all men most miserable ; and most of all in this crisis of our history. Better at this time, nay, at any time, be the ploughman in the furrow, the delver in the mine, than the man who turns his brain into a curiosity-shop and his life into a chase after unconsidered trifles. But if it be not a waste of thought to study God's marvellous dealings with the men of old, and to trace His wonderful preparation for the ends of time ; if it be not a waste of feeling to learn to sympathize with the far-searching intelligences that first propounded the problem at which all humanity has ever since been working ; if it be not a waste of strength to spend it on an intellectual gymnastic that finds an immediate application in every process of thought, in every field of endeavor ; if it be not a waste of time to breathe an atmosphere of serene beauty, which lights up the brain and clears the eye, and reveals, as it were, a new and vivid sense — then let us hear no more of "pedagogues" and "gerund-grinders ;" of Dominie Sampsons, who live conjugating and die parsing ; of pedants in grain, who measure all men by the verb in *Mi*, and all women by the verb in *O*. The humblest teacher that leads his class conscientiously along the dreary road from *penna* to *possum* is doing a duty, and shall not fail of his reward, if he does it with an eye single to the glory of Him who gave man the wonderful power of language, and joined together *penna* and *possum* in a wedlock of incalculable importance. Every department of study is valuable as a means and as an end ; and perhaps it may be best for me to say what I have to say about the study of the classics in this order, which some may regard as the order of relative importance. For some modern theorists are prone to regard the means as the end ; to lay more stress on the training that is undergone than on the knowledge that is acquired ; and to look upon the whole apparatus of education as gymnastic appliances for the development of moral thew and intellectual sinew. To them mathematics are parallel bars, and the eloquent classics dumb-bells, and logic swinging in an acrobatic circle. To them the only good of climbing Parnassus is to strengthen your mental calves, and the only use of sawing the cone into sections is to harden your intellectual biceps and triceps. With this view, if exclusive, I am far from being content. It has led to much mischief, and will lead to more. It has given rise to the pernicious notion that the way of imparting knowledge is everything, the accuracy of the knowledge itself nothing. The funnel first and the funnel last, and the thing for which the funnel was made nowhere. And, therefore, while I desire to claim for the study of language in general, and for the study of the ancient languages in particular, the highest disciplinary value, I think it proper to say in ad-

vance that I wish to put the study of the classics, as I have always done, on the high ground of an historical necessity. But not to weary you by an exordium of disproportionate length, let me briefly state the points to which I shall confine my remarks during the time for which I crave your indulgence :

I. The importance of the study of the ancient languages as an intellectual discipline.

II. The æsthetic necessity of classical study.

III. Our historical relation to antique life.

IV. The intrinsic value of antique literature.

That study is of the greatest disciplinary value that brings into play the faculties most needed in the conduct of actual life. This disciplinary value lies entirely outside of the practical utility of the knowledge acquired. It is merely a matter of intellectual development. We do not ask whether the farmer will understand agriculture the better for reading the *Georgics* ; whether the physician will be the more skilful for studying *Hippocrates* ; but will the man who has availed himself of the advantages of classical training be better fitted for the general work of life ? Will he be a better grown man ? We say, doubtless. Doubtless, if we are not to confine ourselves to what the English have chosen to consider classical training ; doubtless, if we are not to spend the prime of boyhood in glueing together wooden verses, and in stowing away in our brains rusty and exploded canons of *Dawes and Jaws* ; doubtless, if our intellectual gymnastics are to be practised in the open air, and the bright sunlight of common-sense. Let me mention some of the disciplinary advantages of the study of the classics ; and first, in deference to the mother of the muses, or, according to an older and more healthy mythology, the eldest sister of the primitive three — first, let me commend the exercise of the memory, which this subject imperatively demands. Without practice, memory, the most vigorous native intellect, is sure to go wrong, and the more certain the greater the vigor. The very material that the mind uses in its combinations serves to steady it in its work ; and there is nothing more pitiable than the vagaries of an intellect that undertakes to build without foundation and without superstructure. Voltaire said of *Laharpe*, that he was an oven in which everything got warm and nothing got cooked. Think of an oven which is always red-hot, and which has nothing to cook, and think of that animate oven mistaking its own crumbings for creation. Now, whatever societies for the prevention of cruelty to children may say, it is, after all, the dead strain that strengthens the memory. Method and analysis are well enough to aid the memory in retaining what it has once grasped, but in the beginning it is the example that is the main thing and not the rule, and the teacher that begins by analysis knows little of his business. He reverses the chemistry of language, which he ought rather to imitate.

Again, the study of language, and especially of the ancient languages, sharpens the discriminative faculty. The coins of the ancient tongues which we exchange into money current with our merchants, are noteworthy for their bold relief, their clear image and superscription ; and even if it were not so, the very act of exchanging or translating re-

quires a more scrutinizing attention; so that the boy who learns among his earliest lessons to weigh and value words, has made a great advance in habits of sober and cautious thought. And this, as I have said, is pre-eminently true of the ancient languages; for modern tongues have set up a kind of free-and-easy exchange, and, in the general abrasion of language, things that are equal to nothing are regarded as equal to one another. But when you come to study a dead language — if I may be pardoned for using an unpardonable expression — it is necessary to scan the words more closely; and in this examination, how much prejudice is dissipated, how much truth comes to light, how many false coins are nailed to the counter, how many lying inscriptions are brought to shame. Surely, the close study of words, if nothing else, would teach the young mind that important lesson of the ancient poet: "Keep thee sober, and remember to distrust; for that is sense." Another important faculty which is drawn out into active exercise by the study of the ancient languages I will call, for want of a better term, the faculty of observing relation. In modern languages, the sentences hold together by simple adhesion; the words are put side by side, and the voice does the rest. Not so in the classic tongues. The voice is not merely in the sentence, it is in the words that compose the sentence. The substantive often calls from afar to its adjective, the verb to its subject; and to the voice the music of the classic sentence is as deafening, as confusing, as the voice of many waters. But the ear becomes accustomed to the concert, and the mind familiarizes itself with the varying position of the members of the great orchestra, and the enjoyment is higher and more intense by reason of the effort. The modern sentence is a ballad: the ancient sentence a symphony. Unfortunately, the great disciplinary advantage presented by this peculiar structure of the classic language is too much neglected. Comparatively few men, at least in this country, ever attain such a familiarity with the formations and combinations of the antique sentences as to follow them with the ear; a familiarity which should be possessed by every schoolboy after a few months of careful training. But every true scholar does follow them with the eye; and does not this power of rapid and comprehensive survey of relations possess some practical moment in the business of life? The man who has attained facility in taking in and arranging ideas, no matter how fast or in what order, or at what angle they may strike his mind, is capable of yet higher things than the immediate comprehension of Cicero's swelling sentences or of Plato's shifting periods; for he has learned from the ancients not merely the trick of their speech, but the perfect balance, the instantaneous readiness, the entire self-possession which we recognize in their history and see in their works of art. But not only does the study of the ancient languages school the mind for the rapid solution of the soluble; it is also of prime importance because so many of its problems are insoluble, or only proximately soluble. This may seem a paradox to some of my audience. But many of you doubtless know that this is claimed as one of the great disciplinary advantages of the study of physical science. Life is not made up of twos and twos. It may have started that way, but it has got into a complication of surds and absconds, which refuse to

give a round answer, no matter how you inquire ; and that is the reason, perhaps, why the German mathematicians — as a learned friend tells me — give their students problems with long and complicated results ; and it may well be maintained that it is a very wholesome discipline, to be brought after long and weary investigation to a horrible aggregate of gnarled roots, flourishing their long cues in the face of the disgusted cipherer. *Sic vita vivitur.* Now, in the study of ancient languages, you have to balance between probabilities, you have to make provisional hypotheses. You can't call Aristophanes from the dead to breathe pungency into Attic salt that has lost its savor. You can't summon Thucydides to tell you how old he was at the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war. Æschylus will not unriddle his suppliants. Petronius will not give you the key to the personages of Trimalchio's banquet. You must be content to know in part ; while the whole field of conjecture and contention lies always open before you, an ample hunting-ground, a spacious palæstra. If I had time, I might endeavor to refute, by example, the common notion that the study of the ancient languages gives no scope for the application of inductive reasoning, that the young scholar has little more to do than to fit examples that are often wayward to rules that are always crooked. But I must content myself with saying that the true teacher does not rest satisfied with this elementary stage, and makes it his great aim to guide the student by the inductive method back to the point already gained, so that what was acquired mechanically may be re-acquired with intellectual conviction ; and if this holds of mere grammar, how much stronger does it hold of textual criticism and comparative etymology — those great departments of philological study, which owe their existence to the inductive method and require the inductive method for the comprehension of their results. But it is time to turn from the first division of our subject to the second ; from the strength which this intellectual gymnastic gives to the beauty in which that strength is clothed ; from the importance of the study of the ancient languages as an intellectual discipline to the æsthetic necessity of classical study. It has been said that the perfection of Greek plastic art is even more wonderful than the perfection of the monuments of Greek literature ; that the ancient poet, the ancient orator, may find an equal in his later-born brethren ; but that artists such as Phidias and Praxiteles will ever be unrivalled and unapproachable. Hence antique sculpture is an eternal norm ; antique literature must be content in time to pass over into the substance of modern thought, and live on, only as the dead forest lives on, in the vegetation which springs up from its decay and is fed on its disintegration. But sweeping assertions never sweep clean, as we all know ; and while we grant the transcendent beauty of the plastic art of antiquity, we cannot admit that the model literature of antiquity is easier to approach, or less exalted above successful rivalry. In the one case as in the other, that perfection is due to conditions which cannot be reproduced. Without the Southern climate, without the gymnastic exercises, without the consecration of physical beauty to the service of religion, Greek sculpture could never have attained its unequalled height ; without the purple air of the Greek language, without the keen encounter of Greek wits,

without the intimate union of all the powers of life, Greek literature would not be what it is. The Greek *ēpos*, the Greek drama, are as impossible now as are the sculptures of the frieze or the figures of the pediment of the Parthenon. The conditions cannot be renewed. Our modern life moves too rapidly, too mechanically. The modern artist writes *fecit* on his works. The Greek wrote *ēpoie*. What modern orator could or should spend, like Isocrates, years over a single speech? What modern philosopher would polish and repolish as Plato did a single sentence? As the ringing grooves and changes grow smoother, and the great world spins faster and faster, we can only behold and wonder at the monuments of a patient past; we cannot rival them. But their influence is strangely penetrating, strangely transforming still. Few men, it is true, in these times, can find leisure for the loving imitation of the ancient models of composition; but many will find time to go through a course of classical study which will make itself felt in every line they write, in every speech they make. Not that we would have orations pieced out with purple patches of Latin quotations, or essays garnished with cold bits of Greek mythology; but the higher use on which we would insist comes from the spirit of moderation, the sense of proportion, the balance of thought and expression, the propriety of diction, the luminous arrangement, which are the characteristics of the higher models of ancient art. The true beauty of the antique is full, not fat, as its strength is sinewy, not scrawny. Its color is clear water-color, not muddy oil. Its music is married to verse as the wife is married to the husband, and knows not the tumultuous passion of the enfranchised goddess of modern times. And it is because of this exquisite moderation, this calm self-control, that the influences of ancient literature are so wholesome; nay, they are not only wholesome, they are necessary. If we are not to lapse into utter formlessness and incoherence, if we are to have language and not gibberish, we must allow ourselves to be taught by those who are masters in an art which it were worse than folly to condemn. Aristotle and Quintilian are better teachers of rhetoric than any of their modern rivals, and translating Latin and Greek models a better introduction to English composition than any popular persuasives to puerile perorations. And not only so, but without the study of the ancient classics, the modern classics themselves will be unintelligible, and even Shakespeare's native wood-notes wild will often be a meaningless song, so closely intertwined are the words of the ancient and the modern muses.

But this brings us a step further, and we go on to say that as the classics must continue to exercise a controlling influence on the culture of taste, so the antique life itself lives on among us in the outspoken force of its noble examples, in the silent power of immemorial tradition. We cannot dispense with the heroes of the classical world. In spite of the cry which you may hear sometimes for deliverance from this body of Greek and Roman death, the worthies of those little peninsulas—worthies that were dead and buried thousands of years ago—still survive as models of those two old-fashioned virtues, patriotism and friendship. Such love as the modern feels for his affianced, the ancient either did not feel or proudly disguised; such philanthropy as the modern boasts of, the ancient was too narrow to entertain or too

honest to claim ; but our friendship pales before his, and our patriotism may draw fresh aliment from the unfailing spring of his love of country. But, not to rewrite Cicero on friendship, or to fight over the Persian or the Hannibalic war, let me ask your attention to some thoughts on the relation of the classic nations of antiquity to that Christianity which I am obsolete enough to consider the centre of the world's history ; not merely the gateway through which all the world must pass, but the focal point to which all must converge. The function of the Roman was mainly transmissive ; and though it might be of some interest to trace the process by which the principles of Hellenism were thus disseminated through the vast Empire, still our chief concern must be with that peculiar type of thought which kept up the conflict with the Christian faith until the time of Julian ; nay, which keeps it up now. Greekdom is at once humanity's highest success and humanity's utter failure. For His own wise purposes, which, in this case, it is not difficult to divine, the Master of history allowed one nation, of all the nations on earth, to evolve itself into a perfect symmetry, to assimilate every element of culture, to attain the highest mental and political and artistic perfection, to show to all the ages the best the world can do, and the final ruin of that best. To the student of God's handiwork in the history of man, the Greek nationality is an organization as perfect as any physical growth on the domain of earth ; and as the student of nature sees in the fossil a living thing, in the withered leaf a mimic tree, in the jagged vertebræ the archetype of the dome of thought, so to the close observer Hellenism shows in its minutest particle the organic structure of the whole. Time and place, age and country, the mould of the body, the type of the mind, architecture and music, rhythm and metre, vowel and consonant, quantity and accent — make your section where you will, and you will find not only that every limb is fashioned upon the same plan, but that every filament repeats the whole structure. And as the anatomist builds up the frame-work of an antediluvian monster from a stray tooth, so, it has been said, the paradigm of the Greek verb alone would enable us to reproduce the great features of Hellenism. And bold as such a statement may seem, it is hardly too bold. The Greek verb is indeed a marvel. Flexible and exact, simple in its means, abundant in its applications, with varying tones for colorless statement, for eager wish, for purpose, for command ; now dispatching the past with impatient haste, now unrolling it in panoramic procession, but bringing forth all its vowels and diphthongs to mark the striving of the will, the thought, the desire, toward the future — can we fail to recognize in this poverty of means and wealth of result the nation that made a handbreadth of earth glorious, and a village of Attica of more moment to the time that now is than all the vast cities of the Chinese Empire ? — can we fail to see a people in whom understanding and passion hold each other in beautiful balance ; a people who have a past but that they may have a future ? Nowhere is there a country so made up of sea and mountain as Greece ; never was there a language in which wealth of vowel and strength of consonant were so blended as the Greek ; never a history in which the mobile masses kept up such struggle with the primal pillar of the State. Vowel chases vowel in the soft Ionian dialect as

wave chases wave on the Ionian shore ; as revolution succeeds revolution in the fluctuating *demos* of Athens. And then, again, consonant crowds on consonant as cliff on cliff in rugged Taygetus, Spartan on Spartan in the dense array of the commonwealth of Lycurgus. It is indeed a wonderful study, this strange flower of humanity unfolding, as it does, from a simple cell into such marvellous transformation of leaf and cup and crown and fruit. Other literatures are more or less sporadic ; other literatures begin with clumsy essays in the most varied directions. Greek literature grows by regular stages, and the first of its growth is only earlier, not less perfect, than the last. It begins with Homer, the mirror of heroic life ; it ends with Menander, the copyist of unheroic life ; and between these two extremes what fine gradations, what delicate lines of connection ! So with the political history of Greece, advancing as it does from heroic sovereignty to the rule of the nobles ; from the oligarchy to the primacy of some usurper ; from the tyrannies to the moderate republic ; from the well-balanced commonwealth to the pure democracy, and from the pure democracy to the rule of the rabble rout and vulgar despotism ; from Homer and Agamemnon to Menander and Demetrius. Such an organic life, such a gradual evolution, has not been granted to any other people ; and hence no other people deserve so well, demand so imperatively, the attention of their successors ; and this demand was never so imperative as at the present day ; for as the spread of Hellenism was, humanly speaking, necessary to the spread of the Gospel, so that very Hellenism was the bitterest foe of the Gospel, and the opponents of Christianity at the present day are fighting on the same old battle-ground and on the same old lines. The Christian historian, the Christian philosopher, can no more leave Hellenism out of his count than he can leave out the human heart.

It remains for me to say a few words on the last topic of this hasty discourse : on the intrinsic value of antique literature. Now, I am not a blind admirer of all that has been handed down to us from the classic time. There is much Greek and much Latin that nothing but dire necessity could make me read ; and I make free to say that I cannot regard a man with superstitious veneration merely because he has "stuffed his head with all such reading as was never read." If he has read with a purpose, then I may admire him. But if he has read merely to have read, I cannot even respect him. Life is short ; we cannot study all the best works of all our best writers. Why waste a moment on Martin Farquhar Tupper or Mrs. Bigamy Braddon ? We have Livy : why be bored with Silius Italicus ? And, even with regard to the best authors, we are too prone to be content with traditional admiration, and only find out what is in our own hearts when some 'great scholar blurts out his honest opinion. O for a few more Scaligers to ventilate the literary world with the winnowing fan of lively criticism ! It is not, then, in the spirit of blind adoration that I would speak of the treasures of thought and knowledge that fill the storehouse of antique literature. Much of it that is valuable is valuable chiefly for its form ; much has passed over into the common currency, the small change of every-day talk. But much can only be appreciated when seen in its proper place and in its proper light, and

much lies there entirely unappropriated. Why, even in the domain of natural science, in which the moderns so far excel the ancients, something may yet be learned from those old pioneers ; and more than once I have read in medical journals of strange coincidences between the observations of the anatomists of antiquity, who had dissected monkeys and who had no microscope, and the discoveries of recent investigators and experimenters. But these are mere trifles and curiosities in comparison with the solid ingots of gold that may be had for the seeking in those Delphic recesses. To those men this life was the main thing, and the conduct of this life a matter of close study and shrewd observation ; and it seems to be impossible to live in constant communion with the first minds of antiquity and not imbibe something of the spirit of moderation, of self-control, of cautious wisdom, that breathes through their counsels. To the statesman, to the student of history, to the observer of manners, the intrinsic value of the great classic works of antiquity is inestimable. Alas ! that Thucydides and Polybius and Tacitus, that Plato and Aristotle, should only be understood so often after events have given the interpretation. In fact, there is no department of human thought or endeavor in which the counsel of antiquity is not directly or indirectly valuable. It is, to say the least, safe to go on the assumption that the great thinkers of the ancient time were not wholly devoid of that robust common-sense which is claimed by many as the peculiar possession of the nineteenth century ; and the more we study, the more reason we find to retract the flippant charges of imbecility and darkness which hot youth is so apt to bring against frosty age. So the novice in the study of grammar is prone to sneer at the whole traditional system, and wonder at the unsatisfactory nomenclature. If he searches a little further, he will feel a reverence for the great minds that first set about the task of bringing order and system into the treasure-house of language ; he will learn to accept a nomenclature for which modern science has found no adequate substitute ; and he will find that, apart from the misconception of brainless compilers and servile translation, the root of the matter is, after all, in those vilified grammarians. We still use the division of Aristotle, and in difficult questions of formal grammar we still have occasion to consult the wisdom of the ancients. For the distortions and the backward reading of their thoughts, the original creators are not to be held responsible. To them the genitive was the case of classification, and not the case of father and son ; the accusative the case of the object effected, and not the case of connection ; and our merriment must be directed against the go-betweens, and not against the principals. But I find that I am drifting upon the shoal of technical dissertation, whereas it were high time for me to shoot my little bark down the last rapids. The habit of lecturing is fatal to eloquence, and I forewarned the kind committee of invitation that I could not make a holiday speech, and that I should be embarrassed all the time by the consciousness that my audience did not need the wholesome discipline which college students require. In my proper field of labor I am sustained by the conviction that the young men need precisely the training which is afforded by the wearisome iteration, the meagre jokes, and the irksome detail of my lectures. But here I have no such sup-

port ; and my only apology for appearing at all I must seek in your generous sympathy with my views, and in my own unabated zeal for a department to which the best energies of my whole thinking life have been devoted. It may be that I have been trying to argue myself into the belief that my life and your life have not been wasted ; that I have been endeavoring to make a necessity out of a luxury ; and that, like the famous princess, I have been counselling the people to eat cake when they are dying for bread. But if that be so, the self-deception is complete ; and not only in my judgment, which were a matter of small moment, but in the judgment of some of the foremost men of the time, the Greek and Roman classics are not merely curious and beautiful heirlooms, like Sèvres china, or like Gobelin tapestry ; they are not merely heirlooms : they are weapons as well ; and in the close encounter of mind with mind, the temper of those antique blades will show that they were forged in the armory of truth. The classics are not a holiday robe to be worn in a raree-show, and then cast by ; they are a living vestment of light and beauty. In no way can we counteract the false tendencies of the age so well as by insisting on the due prominence of studies which, by their very nature, do so much to sharpen the judgment, to balance the character, to refine the taste, and to elevate the moral tone above the mere material and sensual studies which are an historical necessity and an historical power.

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## NUITS.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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THE quiet hours between "bed-time" and the morning twilight have always seemed to me to be most favorable for brain work or brain recreation. There is in day-time more or less clatter in the best regulated households ; and mine ought to be included in this classification, if the quantity of rule is any evidence of quality. Happy in the possession of an amiable sister, of thoroughly matured experience, I do not pretend to interfere with her sway ; and my dormant authority, as head of the house, is neither asserted nor denied. She rather objects to my present occupation, which she thinks an unprofitable expenditure of sleeping-time, and I have therefore allowed her to retire under the impression that I am wrapped in peaceful slumber. In dressing-gown and slippers, I have gained the library. There are two passages, three rooms, a staircase, and no less than six solid doors between me and Amelia. My cigar-case is full, and my present purpose is to empty it through the chink in the east window, in blue

smoke, and presently, if I can get my vagrant faculties under guidance, to write a few pages of "heavy;" that is, my treatise upon "Experimental Philosophy."

Speaking of Experimental Philosophy reminds me of an occurrence which partly explains my present situation. I called to-day at Tark and Pilford's, under instructions from Amelia, and left an order for various articles of household stores. My friend Snedikor was there, paying one bill and making another, and as he and Mr. Tark conversed, I was both entertained and instructed by their interlocation.

"I say, Jones," said Snedikor, "I am just now paying Tark last month's bill. It amounts to one hundred and fourteen dollars, and I offer one hundred and ten, which he refuses. Glance over it, and say if my demand is not reasonable."

I took the bill from his hand, and read it. There were some twenty items. There was one pound of tea for one dollar, and there was one barrel of flour for thirteen dollars; and the other items were cigars, Bourbon and "Nuits," one box of "Partagas seconds," one box of "Rosa Conchas," several two-gallon demijohns of Bourbon, and two bottles of "Nuits," at two dollars a bottle.

"Well, Snedikor," I observed, "Mr. Tark has only to deduct the cost of these two bottles of Nuits, whatever that may be ——"

"Ah!" said Snedikor.

"Humph!" said Tark.

"This Nuits, whatever it is," I continued, "cost four dollars ——"

"Cheap!" said Tark.

"Cheap!" echoed Snedikor. "No; if anything is to be deducted, it must be something else—not the Nuits. In fact, the bill is fair enough, except the part my wife made. Fourteen dollars a month squandered in tea and flour! Think of it! Here, Tark, I present my ultimatum. Receipt the bill, give Jones a bottle of the Nuits as sample, and I pay one hundred and fifteen dollars ——"

"Done!" said Tark.

"Mr. Jones," said Snedikor, "oblige me by trying that Nuits. Try it after dinner. Try it with your mind undisturbed. If you can go about three Partagas between sips, all the better. It is mild as milk, and would fatten a sucking infant. Don't waste it. Eat a good dinner, retire to your own den, lock the door, and go in for Oshum-come." (Snedikor meant *otium cum dignitate*.)

My sister has recently mounted a new hobby. I am inclined to believe that hobbies under a side-saddle are usually ridden to death. Men get thrown, or dismount sometimes, but women never. Amelia's new steed is Temperance. If she had seen Snedikor's bill, I think she would have felt it her duty to call upon his wife, and deluge her with a barrellful of Gough's statistics. Her broom being new, sweeps clean. Every beverage, from lager to champagne, in great or small quantities, in frequent or rare doses, comes under condemnation. I have never been a drinker, hard or soft, and she does not waste much eloquence upon me directly. But as I was doubtful about her opinion of Nuits, I put the bottle in a book-case, behind fourteen volumes of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, as soon as I got home. It happened that I saw a pocket corkscrew in a hardware store on my way, and bought it.

The coincidence is curious enough, as I should not altogether like to go through six doors to waken Amelia to ask for a corkscrew. There is a goblet, of Bohemian glass, on the mantel, which has been dusted and polished so constantly that it must have worn thin. I certainly did eat a good dinner, and this hour — eleven P. M. — promises to be a quiet one; the appliances are all at hand, and I see no reason why I should not taste that *Nuits*. As for drinking the whole of it, the idea is simply absurd.

## SIP I. 11.30.

The cork came out like a pistol-shot. The stuff is not effervescent, and I was unprepared for the shock. Fearing the sound might pierce through the half-dozen doors aforesaid, I put the bottle back, lighted my cigar, and waited. I concocted an explanation, ready for Amelia; but I blush to think how transparent my hypocrisy would have been. The stuff fills the library with its odor! It overrides the fragrance of the *Partagas*! One sniff would be enough to satisfy Amelia, if her nose were here. But all is quiet.

“The night is calm and still —”

and I have had Sip No. 1. I thoughtlessly filled the goblet, and one third of the bottle is gone. One might think the sip was tolerably large, being the third of a bottle. But the stuff seemed so slippery and mild, that I “worried it down” without a struggle.

I owe that quotation to an African citizen who was obliging enough to cut the grass on my lawn a week ago. He complained greatly of the heat, and hinted that a mild stimulant was a sure preventive of sun-stroke. The lawn contains less than half an acre, and the citizen sharpened his scythe eighteen times in four hours. He always came to the shade of a tulip tree, near the window where I sat, while he chopped the blade with his whetstone. The chopping occupied six minutes each time, and he spent four more minutes in trying the edge with his thumb, keeping me in one prolonged shudder. I could not get hardened by the repetition, but every time that I heard the ring of the steel, I waited with ghastly impatience for the final manipulation. Each time I thought the black thumb would drop off, for his attention was given to me during these four horrible minutes, while he discoursed upon sun-strokes and stimulants.

“Sam,” said I at last, in desperation, “this is a temperance house. But we have some whiskey, intended only for medicinal uses, and if you are really ill —”

“Nebber felt wus, sah,” answered Sam, with a grin of delight. “Dis is de tuffest grass I ebber see, and dey do say dat sun-stroke would kill dem mowin’ machines if dey wa’nt kept iled!”

“Very well. The next time your scythe needs sharpening, look on this window-sill. If you should find anything there, take it, but you need not say anything about it afterwards, to me or to anybody else.”

“All right, sah. I savvy. But de doctor always gibs me calomel by de spoonful! It takes mighty big doses of physic to work on my constitooshum!”

Amelia was away for the day. I got the whiskey, and nearly filled a pint tumbler, which I placed on the sill. I then went behind the curtain and waited. Pretty soon I heard the whetstone ; then silence, and then a black paw enveloped the tumbler. It disappeared, then re-appeared, empty. I emerged from my hiding-place, and resumed my seat at the window. Sam's thumb was gliding from heel to point. His back was towards me, and I heard him mutter : "Dem temperance houses is mighty good places for a fellow to be tuck sick in !" As he moved away he saw me, and the look of sublime contentment gave place to a smirk of melancholy meekness. He nodded his head once or twice, and said :

"All right, sah ; *I worried it down !*"

## SIP II. 12. *Midnight.*

In this second instalment of the Stuff, I am proceeding deliberately. The first went down in a gulp ; I am now sipping a spoonful at a time. There is something peculiar about this innocent milk of Snedicator's. While I cannot assert positively that it affects my brain or nervous system, I fancy that I detect a new, magnetic sensation every time my lips touch the goblet. In fact, if it were not ridiculous and absurd, I would say that there is a positive electrical shock, penetrating to my slippers, as the Milk slips into my throat. There is undoubtedly magnetic attraction about it ; it requires some force to pluck the goblet away from my mouth. There was an auroral display last night, and it is possible that the air is surcharged with the subtle fluid. I should like to look out now, to see if Ursa Major is filled up with the luminous streaks. But I have been reading Ossian lately, and he makes six or seven bards "look out upon the night," and every separate whelp of them sees ghosts. My vision is slightly defective, and I have no fancy for similar sights. How is it, that those old fellows, who walked the flowery paths of literature, were universally filled with those weird, ghastly, devilish fancies ? We do not write now-a-days as they wrote, and it is not easy to say that they were victims of a silly superstition ; or, if easily said, it is hard to believe. And coming down a few steps, there is Walter Scott — himself a Wizard — full of ghosts and witches, kelpies and fairies. Still later, there is Bulwer, who wrote the "Strange Story," full of Bulwer mannerisms, and of something else. And there is Snedicator ! I owe an apology to this — Nuits. I called it Stuff. It is Nectar. If anything would quiet a ghost, this would — three sips ! It is too precious to waste on unreal phantasms. What an ass I was to bring only one bottle ! One is no sample. I cannot judge of its quality unless I drink enough to affect me. It is Milk ! Would not affect a sucking infant. Speaking of sucking reminds me that Ponto, who is a setter of pure blood, sucks eggs. He has been caught in the act ; *flagrante delicto*, or something of the sort. My sister Amelia requested me to give him a hot egg, which I did yesterday. I thrust the scalding egg into the rascal's mouth, and forced him to crush it between roof-tree and tongue. He snorted, shook his head, and bespattered me, and then sneaked off to the stable and stole a fresh one to cool his tongue.

SIP III. *Watch stopped.*

That is to say, I attempted to wind my watch, and the key turned the wrong way and broke some internal arrangements. The hands whished round the dial with beautiful regularity, and it was all sorts of o'clock for about two minutes. It fizzed like the tail of a rattlesnake, and stopped at a quarter of nine. I think it is later, or earlier, but it don't matter. I have poured the last drop of the — liquid into the goblet, which is brimful. The bottle is hidden behind the same volumes. These volumes do not amount to any given sum. I looked through Volume IX for "Nuits," but find no such word. But I already know that it is something in Burgundy. "The Red Burgundy!" O rare Charles Kemble! I saw him in *The Inconstant*, thirty years ago, with Fanny as *Bizarre*. At the *Old Drury*! And there was Tom Placide; what other man ever did the Mummy? I wonder if it was *this* kind of Red Burgundy that Mirabel sent for? If I had two quarts of ice-water, I should drink one quart and pour the other over my skull. The goblet is empty; consequently, I want the ice-water. Besides, I have smoked three *Partagas*, and they have made my head dizzy. The book-case in which I hid the bottle was three-quarters of a mile from my chair. Distance lends enchantment. Some one told me that Ponto would suck no more eggs if I cut his tail off. I don't believe he sucks the eggs. He is no Sucker! He is thoroughbred. If I cut his tail off, I should destroy all his waggish ways. I heard of an African citizen who undertook the afore-mentioned cure, years ago, when African citizens were in their nonage. His master told him to be merciful and to hurt the dog as little as possible. But hearing the dog howl continuously for an hour, he went after the future citizen, and found he was cutting off an inch at a time. I wonder if he has the suffrage? I mean the nigger, not the dog. Everybody has heard the pirate song "I'm afloat." I went once to a Dutch opera — *Fra Diavolo*, and Beppo sang this song in English. The music was grand, and the pronunciation atrocious. He concluded each stanza with a dancing and laughing chorus; I feel as if I could do it like him. The book-cases and chairs are already at it, and I'll join the party. The music is in triplets, and the dance is a sort of waltz. Here goes!

\* \* \* \* \*

I wrote the foregoing several nights ago. I have not been well for a day or two. Amelia says she was aroused by a hubbub in the library in the short hours, and recognizing my voice in altercation with our Dutch neighbor, Van Squizzem, she opened the door. Van Squizzem had disappeared — jumping through the window, and I was dancing around the room, laughing diabolically. She was "half stifled by cigar-smoke," but "persuaded" me to go to bed, where I remained about twenty-four hours. Having joined fifteen of Amelia's Temperance Societies, I would give ten dollars to know whether or not she got a sniff of the Nuits. When I see Snedikor, *I'll cut his throat.*

ALCIBIADES JONES.

## THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

---

EACH race that would grow greatly and be free,  
Each people wed and sworn to liberty,  
Must make its passage good through the Red Sea ;  
Happy, if blest with guidance such as show'd,  
To Israel's people, the appointed road,  
And with grand courage and prophetic thought,  
The wonders of their great deliverance wrought.  
But the decrees of Heaven must be obey'd,  
Each trial met, and the dread passage made,  
Ere triumph comes the crowning hour to grace,  
And manhood, blest with freedom, saves the race.

*Chorus of ISRAELITES, in flight.*

They come ! they come ! they come !  
The chariots and the horsemen breathing doom.  
And lo ! before us swells the crimson sea.  
Whither, O whither shall our people flee ?  
Oh ! wherefore hast thou led us forth to die,  
Amidst the Desert, with a cruel death ?—  
Were there no graves in Egypt ?

MOSES.

Lift each eye,  
Nor murmur, for the Lord with sacred breath  
Hath spoken ; and this day that ye deplore,  
For that the Egyptian warriors pursue,—  
Your eye that sees them now, shall see them soon no more !  
They shall all perish !

ISRAELITES.

Be your words but true,  
Then shall we still the Blessed Lord adore !

MOSES.

Adore ! adore ! The Blessed Lord adore !

*The Passage of the Red Sea.*

For, look ! where now behind us, like a shroud,  
Solemn and vast, hath gone that mighty cloud ;  
With face of fire to us, it lights our way,  
And through the thickest midnight brings us day,  
While blackly in the face of Pharoah glooming,  
It speaks God's wrath, his cruel warriors dooming,  
Who shall all perish !

ISRAELITES.

With a mighty voice,  
In thy great glory, Lord, we all rejoice ;  
Thou art the God of Israel, and hast kept  
Thy holy watch above him while he slept.

MOSES.

Yea, borne him out from bondage — made him strong,  
And taught his lips rejoicing and a song ;  
And now, even now, while murmuring, ye repine,  
Because He left you not, as dogs and swine,  
To your Egyptian lords : hath led you forth,  
To be a mighty people of the Earth :  
He builds you up a Holy Habitation !

ISRAELITES.

And Israel shall become the mightiest nation !

MOSES.

Praise ye the Lord ! O praise ! — 'Tis now the hour,  
When the Egyptian comes in all his power ;  
Ye hear his rolling chariots, and the tramp  
Of his fierce horsemen, crowding on our camp ;  
He comes with an exulting thought to slay,  
Or bear us in captivity away ;  
But God is with His people, and this day,  
Shall glory win of Pharoah by His deed !  
Follow ye to the waters where I lead,  
And fear not, when I go aside to pray.

ISRAELITES.

They come ! they come ! Oh, whither shall we flee ?

MOSES.

To Thee ! To Thee ! O Lord of Hosts, to Thee,  
This day, be all the glory ! Yield us not,  
But keep Thy people from the evil lot  
Of blows and bondage ! Let them not prevail,  
Thy foes and Israel's, who, with rude assail,  
And a fierce shout that mocks our hearts' distress,  
Rush on us, in our infant feebleness !  
Even now they come ! Be with us ! Lift Thine arm,  
Strike down the foe ! Thy people save from harm,  
And turn aside all weapons.

*VOICE, from the Pillar of Fire.*

Wherefore cry  
In anguish to Me ? I am ever nigh  
To thee and Israel. To thy people speak :  
Bid them go forward. Let them not grow weak,  
But strengthen them with prayer. Then lift thy rod  
Above the waters.

MOSES.

Lord ! I adore in trembling ! Mighty God,  
'Tis done as Thou hast bidden !

THE VOICE.

Look and see !  
The waters are divided. Thou art free  
To lead thy people over the dry land.

MOSES.

O great and wonderful ! On either hand  
The heap'd up seas are broken ! A high wall  
Towers about us ! Praise, ye people all ;  
Press on, and praise the Lord ! A mighty song  
Shall speak His mercy, that endureth long ;  
His kingdom is forever ! Onward press,  
While the great waters, mute and motionless,  
Look down upon us !

Is the Lord not nigh ?  
He keeps their walls apart ; He lifts them high,  
So that ye pass in safety. Praise, O praise !  
Lift up your hearts, O Israel, in His praise,  
For that He guides you through this great amaze.

By His hand's might, the Lord hath brought you forth  
 From bondage, and shall make you of the Earth  
 A people, building you a habitation,  
 Holy and high !

## ISRAELITES.

And raising Israel to a mighty nation.  
 Praise we the Lord ! O praise !

## MOSES.

Now Pharoah's host  
 Comes rushing toward us with a cruel boast,  
 And a dread shout ! But fear ye not his power,  
 For God is with us in this perilous hour,  
 And ye shall see, this day, His triumph vast  
 Over our foes. Rejoice ! the sea is pass'd !  
 Lift ye your hearts in song ! I pray to God,  
 While ye do praise Him.

## THE VOICE.

Moses, lift thy rod  
 Once more above the waters.

## MOSES.

It is done !  
 O Thou eternal and all-powerful One,  
 The waters roll above them !  
     Israel, see,  
 And sing ! The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously.  
 The rider and the horse are overthrown,  
 And Pharoah's chariots and himself are down,  
 Buried and struggling in the gathering sea !  
     His mighty captains !—  
     What are they to Thee,  
 O mightiest Captain !  
     Thou art the Man of War,  
 And all earth's valiant men but pigmies are !  
 Lord is Thy name ! And glorious in Thy power,  
     Thy right hand dasheth into naught Thy foe !  
     Thou speakest, and Thy winds begin to blow ;  
     Thy floods stand upright, till Thou bid'st them flow,  
 And then they rush, in overwhelming shower,  
 Swallowing their thousands !

Mightiest art Thou, Lord !  
Ay, Mightiest ! Be Thy name for aye adored  
In Israel, by Thy people !

Lo ! they stand,  
Wondering, to see the wonders of Thy hand !

Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel ! For He brings  
His people out from bondage. With His arm,  
Above their enemies the sea He flings,  
And keeps His chosen from assault and harm !  
He hath set free the captive, and He builds  
For Israel now a Holy Habitation !  
Sorrow shall fill the Palestinian fields :

He gives them up a spoil unto our nation !  
Edom shall be amazed ! The mighty men  
That dwell in Moab shall all tremble, when  
Our march is on them ; and, beneath our sway,  
Canaan's people all shall melt away.  
After long trial, and the Red Sea pass'd,  
Ye shall have peace, with liberty, at last ;  
Your bruises all be heal'd, your joys restor'd :  
Only believe the promise of the Lord !

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

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*The Contemporary Review.*

"THE GRAND OLD NAME OF GENTLEMAN."

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"And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of Gentleman ;  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soiled with all ignoble use."—*In Memoriam.*

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MANY hues make up light ; many ingredients a salad ; many qualities the Gentleman. Like both the above, he is no heap of unamalgamated parts, but a perfect whole. And as, again, beautiful sounds amid discords and without connection are not music, so noble traits may be found in a person, and yet, being rare, unsustained, unbalanced, undovetailed into others, will not constitute the Gentleman. Many a one performs at times isolated acts that are gentle and noble. But what we want is the Gentleman ; the man always noble — the perfect cube.

Yet if we seek to define the Gentleman, we must analyze; must take separate acts, constituent principles, just as you resolve light by a prism into its component parts. Light is not blue, yellow, etc., but it is made up of these. And this is an apt illustration; for indeed, to paint this character, we have to dip the brush into the most delicate, subtle, rainbow tints. And here we are reminded of the caution —

“What skilful limner e’er would choose  
To paint the rainbow’s subtle hues?”

And the justice of the warning must be confessed. For essaying to write upon the ideal of the gentleman, it is certain that the paper must be a mere Essay, in the true sense of the word, and no finished treatise. Who could exhaust the subject? Who could do it justice? But the results of individual thought and observation may be put down, and perhaps set some a-thinking; and those who are already collectors of the subtleties which make up the character may find some few specimens in my cabinet which they have not yet placed in their own. At least, I find myself always ready to collect from other drawers, and consider an inspection well rewarded if but one new point be gained from each.

So I mean to jot down some contributions towards the definition of this character. There is need that it be defined, for the words are true that the name, the grand old name, is nowadays more than ever “defamed by every charlatan,” and “soiled with all ignoble use.” Not only are mere accidents or accessories regarded as though of the essence, but things which are quite foreign to it, and which sometimes actually encumber and obscure it, are regarded as though constituent parts of it. A large house, a carriage, much ostentation — what have these really to do with the character? Nor will those of the blood be deceived by them. But, with many, do they not pass off paste for jewels by their showy setting? The “kindly hearted Earl,” in “Enid,” would prove, if proof were needed, how the *Gentleman* still remains when all these things have left him. Geraint too; when —

“Yniol’s rusted arms  
Were on his princely person, but through these  
Princelike his bearing shone.”

We must start, then, by disencumbering ourselves of things external merely — rank, wealth, power, show — all the mere setting of the stone. And further, of things also which, though undeniably advantages and adornments, are yet not of the *essence* of this character; are accidental — can be dispensed with — though they adorn where they may be had. High breeding; liberal education; familiarity with the ways of the best society; polished behaviour; easy manners; experience of books, and men, and countries; absence of shyness; an acquaintance with what is not mere littleness in etiquette; these may be the *cutting* of the jewel. Yet, though many of them will be assumed in this sketch, let it be declared at the outset that the *jewel* can exist without them. Captain Cuttle had none of them, so far as they belong to society; yet who does not perceive “gentleman” written upon his brow? So, too, with Mr. Peggotty; and, in truth, Dickens is

great at giving the rough jewel. I do not recollect a good instance, among his characters, of the polished gem. I myself knew a plain village carrier in whom lurked much of the gentlemanly feeling. My wife and myself were for a few weeks, in the cold months, lodgers in his house. During that time this man laid aside his evening pipe (ye smokers, estimate this act of self-denial !), nor could be prevailed upon to resume it, having settled in his own mind that it must be annoying to a lady. Many would have laughed, seeing him leaning in his smock on a gate in the summer evenings, his beloved long clay enjoyed now without check, had I pointed him out as a true gentleman. But in my mind he ranked as such. He is one proof of many that the character may exist quite independent of accidental advantages, though of course these are of value in setting it off; and without them it is rather latent than developed. Not only the absence, however, but the presence of these accidents, may mislead us in our search: the dulness of an uncut surface, the glitter of a paste, may alike deceive.

Having thrown away the mere setting, and acknowledged that the cutting even is not absolutely necessary, we come now to examine the gem. I take from my cabinet some random notes of the true gentleman, and set them out as they come.

In this character, as the rule, we find a nobility of thought and intention,—a heart that is ever *climbing up* towards what is high, and noble, and great; naturally attracted by a certain affinity with these, and naturally repelled, as by an instinct, from what is low, and mean, and little. One test of this disposition is the judgment of motives in others. Does he most *naturally* suppose these to be pure and lofty, or corrupt and base? Watch what are his affinities, what is his instinct, in a doubtful case. Where there is an open choice will he swoop towards carrion, or soar towards the sun? Not that he is to be a simpleton, easily taken in by transparent shams, nor a Utopian, shutting his eyes to facts. But, in the wide space of neutral ground between *certain good* and *certain bad*, to whether bound does the bias of his mind sway him? In the large realm of *possibilities* will he be hopeful or suspicious, as a rule? The true gentleman is never a suspicious man, never a depreciator. He never gratuitously supposes meanness in another; in the general he is hopeful, and hardly made to distrust. Thus, in a world of extreme littleness and meanness, especially in the imputing of motives and in low suspicions, you are, in the society of the Gentleman, raised into a higher atmosphere; you breathe freer. Without effort, and naturally, he is walking on an eminence above those pettinesses, low considerations, and spites; and even if you stand not on it usually, you are, in your intercourse with him, raised to his level. You left the stinging midges, the foul vapours, below in the valley. Your point for the time is higher, your view less narrow; you stand and look down upon the dull mist that roofs the petty world.

It may be laid down as a first condition that the Gentleman has that just appreciation of self which constitutes self-respect. Now it is difficult to convey a true idea by this word; for some would understand *pride* by it, it being one of the flattering names invented to mask the ugliness of the devil's sin. And of all qualities that the Gentleman must *not* have, perhaps I would point out pride especially.

A proud man cannot possibly be a true gentleman. But the Gentleman has a just appreciation of self—he respects himself. Now this *just* appreciation will be the very thing which prevents pride. He will have a mournful humility, possessing an ideal, short of which he finds himself to be ever falling. Still the very possession of this ideal will make him respect himself—will raise him above aught undignified and unworthy by the consciousness of a latent greatness. Of necessity, therefore, and essentially a humble man, he is not in the least cringing or abject. A gentleman is a MAN. And he realizes what is contained in that word,—the high descent, the magnificent destiny. So in the presence of his God and of his fellow-men he is never abject; he is always manly, always keeps self-respect; his humility is never a mean thing, it is a power that raises, not degrades. In him the taking the lower room leads surely to the going up higher, not from intention, but in result.

And this self-respect prevents his being over-sensitive to slight or affront. He is in a measure *αὐτάρκης*, *self-sufficient*,—a word again commonly perverted from the good sense in which I would use it. So that upon occasion he can retire into this castle of his own self-respect, and consciousness of worth though but in embryo, and thus mildness and dignity can in him go hand in hand, commanding probably in the event the respect also of others. Quite feeling that there are in him such inadequacies and defects that it is always excusable and often just that others should think slightly of him, he yet is conscious of at least incipient, struggling worth and nobility that make him, in the Divine and in the larger human view, no object merely of contempt. He is company for himself; he has sympathy with himself; he understands himself, and retires on this inner consciousness when misunderstood by others; he is, in a sense, independent of them. Much of the character is founded on this self-respect and the self-resource springing from it. As thus;—the Gentleman is, of course, not envious. Now his own self-respect helps much against this meanness. He knows in a measure both what he is and what he is not. He retires from misunderstandings and affronts upon his consciousness of some worth. He often acquiesces in being left in the background from the possession of that self-knowledge which can perceive, understand, and appreciate greater excellence in another. There must always be some degree of excellence in the man who can do this. There must generally be some amount of consciousness of it. Not indifferent to the opinion of others—for the Gentleman is never a cynic or a prig—he is yet not dependent upon it. When it is unjust he can find consolation within himself. When it is just he assents to it, and accepts it; whereas the envious man, not having this ballast of self-resource, is liable to be overturned by every gust.

Another result of this self-respect in the character is that obligations are not a trouble to his mind. This is a littleness from which it keeps him free. As a king he takes what was kingly offered; there was no just deference, no generous kindness, which he was not before prepared to render to his utmost; therefore he is not conscious of being bound, as though a new, distasteful thing, to any due courtesy

or respect. Having a real dignity, he is not always jealously guarding it; it rather takes care of him than he of it. Benefits intended to bind him to aught unworthy he would of course reject. But, holding gratitude to be a beautiful and noble quality, it never occurs to him to wish to keep from the *pleasure* (not the *necessity*, it does not so put itself to him) of being grateful. With a quiet nobility the Gentleman will confer, with a quiet nobility he will receive favours, benefits, kindnesses, little and large. His thanks are never those of the mendicant; his favours never those of the patron. There is no soreness, no protest of alarmed dignity, in his acceptance of kindnesses; there is not the least hauteur, or, worse, forced and obtruded absence of this, in his conferring them. The Gentleman is gentle, sweet, dignified, easy, and natural, alike in the character of benefactor or of obliged.

Now we come to a second broad general basis of the character. The Gentleman has a just appreciation of others. Partly as the result of the former. Partly he learns admiration or compassion, hopefulness or forbearance, from that knowledge of the war of noble and base within himself. We cannot separate his estimate of others from that of himself, for the latter will mostly show itself by the former. It will be the ray that comes to us from the star. In two words, however, we may sum up most of his conduct. The Gentleman is just, and also generous to others; neither *first*, neither before the other, but both together and at once. It is a mistake to suppose that one can exist without the other. Is he really a just man who has no mercy nor kindness, who cannot take into account the "delicate differences," the numerous possibilities of acts and motives? More obviously the unjust man cannot be the truly generous.

The Gentleman, therefore, is a just man. Let it not be here objected that, whereas the Gentleman is known to us by *actions*, we are lingering among *principles* to define him. We at first trace the streams up to their source; and we are in search not of *single acts*, or of them only so far as they make up the *character*. He is just then: he gives to all their due, of respect, consideration, honour, praise, blame, admiration, forbearance. This quality of justice, thought out, will be seen to be an important foundation of the character of the gentleman. Its effect is very great upon the nobility of many of our thoughts, words, and deeds.

Then he is essentially generous; and on this follows that he is large-hearted, tender, merciful. The narrow interests, the narrow judgments, the low suspicions, the mean motives, that go to make up selfishness, and harshness, and cruelty, are abhorred by his mind, and these bats avoid its sunshine. Herewith, also, he will be patient and forbearing. How many flaws are caused in characters that have a gleam of the true nobility, by irritability and impatience! Loss of dignity, of sweetness, of authority; failings alike in justice and in generosity. Calm and equable, though not impassive or cold; patient, though not sluggish; forbearing, but not slovenly, nor passing over that which should be noticed — this must the Gentleman be. Closely connected with this largeness of mind will be that hopefulness for others before spoken of. In a doubtful case he is of those

“ Who nobly, if they cannot know  
 Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious field  
 Carries a falcon or a crow,  
 Fancy a falcon on the shield.”

Beauties, not deformities or flaws, the more readily catch his eye ; his affinity closes with its like. He is not always on the look-out for earwigs within the petals of the rose. He can, however, be indignant : never with weakness, chiefly with aught mean, dirty, little. His affinity with their opposites makes his repulsion of these a matter of course. “ I never *knew you* — depart from me.”

Yet, though capable of strong indignation, he is never scornful or sneering. A sneer is the weapon of all most familiar to the mean mind. There is nothing God-like in it. Nor does the Gentleman, where possible to avoid it, deal in snubbing. Respect for others makes him unwilling to humiliate them ; while, as for guarding himself, the atmosphere of his own self-respect — an influence not obtruded but felt ; intangible, but real — this, and grave disapproval, sometimes deepening to sternness, enable him to check ignorance or insolence ; for though never a proud or a vain man, he is a man with whom it is not easy to take a liberty. He withdraws into himself from an uncongenial touch ; yet, in doing so, would, as a matter of preference, rather avoid hurting, or making the difference felt.

Thoughtfulness and Tact are great constituents of the character. Indeed, this element of thoughtfulness makes much of the difference between the merely good-natured, kind-hearted man and the Gentleman. Many a one would do kindnesses, pay attentions, if only he thought of them, *whereas the Gentleman does think*. And much of the perfection of the character depends on the higher or lower degree of this attribute. We find obvious thought, more refined thought, and a subtlety of thoughtfulness which gives the nail-finish. And to this, Tact is closely allied. Who does not know the difference, from different people, of the same act done, the same word said ? The very same in substance, how incalculable the difference resulting on the way of speaking or doing it ! That which from one seemed a delicate kindness, from another may appear a coarse insult. This especially in the instance of advice or reproof. What a pity that our translation has missed the delicate gentlemanly tact of that finished gentleman, St. Paul, and headed his address to the refined Athenians with clumsy, offensive words : “ *I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious !*” Whereas he did say, “ *I perceive (as a ground to go upon) that ye are deeply reverential.*”

One most important point to be marked is the noiselessness of the character ; the naturalness, and ease, and absence of effort or elaboration.

“ They live by law, not like the fool,  
 But like the bard, who freely sings  
 In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,  
 And finds in them, not bonds, but wings.”

Nobility with them is not some extra finery to *put on* ; it is their *every-day dress*, and so they are at ease in it, while those who bring it out but for Sundays and Holidays wear it creased, and uncomfort-

ably, and ever fearing to stain it. I suppose that when our court costume was in common wear, people did not look so stiff and awkward in it, nor was the sword liable to trip them up. So the Gentleman finds that no restraint which is never laid aside from him.

"The churl in spirit, up and down  
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,  
To him who clasps a golden ball,  
By blood a king, at heart a clown ;

"The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil  
His want in forms for fashion's sake,  
Will let his coltish nature break  
At seasons thro' the gilded pale :

"For who can always act ? but he,  
To whom a thousand memories call,  
Not being less but more than all  
The gentleman he seem'd to be,

"*Best seemed the thing he was*, and joined  
Each office of the social hour  
To noble manners, as the flower  
And native growth of noble mind."

Thus Tennyson, of a gentleman, his friend.

And one result of this naturalness is, that in his actions there is an absence alike of obtrusion and of elaborate shrinking back. He can afford to do a noble act without having it known. In truth, it is nothing wonderful, special, and out-of-the-way to him ; nor does it strike him that others should regard it as at all remarkable.

"And should their own life plaudits bring,  
They're simply vexed at heart that such  
An easy, yea, delightful thing,  
Should move the minds of men so much."

But, on the other hand, for the same reason he can, if need be, endure publicity. The thing does not appear to him so extraordinary that he should make a great fuss and parade about hiding it. A lamp ever lit ;—place a bushel over it, and it still burns on ; let it be set upon the table, and its mild kind light is as cheerfully diffused.

Some general notes have now been set down, and before proceeding to consider the character in a few of life's particular relations, it needs only to say that all the above marks will be found in things large as well as in things little, and in things little as well as in things large. I repeat these because either is sometimes neglected, and the attention fixed solely upon the other. The great difficulty is to keep a balance, to preserve all the analogies of the character, to be *teres atque rotundus*. The most common danger, however, will be the disregard of little things. Let me urge, then, that little touches make, little flaws mar, rare and perfect excellence.

And before going on, it may be permitted me at this stage to say that I do not see but that the perfect gentleman must be the consistent Christian. Indeed, incidental polish having been dismissed as not

of the essence, I would say that the perfect gentleman and the perfect Christian would be one and the same. I am not speaking of "self-elected saints," but of those in whom goodness is worn gracefully and naturally, and holiness is lovely,—

"Not those, but souls found here and there,  
Oases in our waste of sin,  
Where everything is well and fair,  
And God remits his discipline ;  
Whose sweet subdual of the world  
The worldling scarce can recognise,  
And ridicule against it hurled,  
Drops with a broken sting, and dies :"

men who possess that wisdom which "not only *is* but *seems*."

Let me recall two or three precepts which would go far, if really kept, to make a man a gentleman or a woman a lady. "Honour all men; be pitiful; be courteous to all; follow after love, patience, meekness; bear ye one another's burdens; be kindly affectioned one to another; in honour preferring one another; given to hospitality; rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep; mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate; be not wise in your own conceits; provide things honest in the sight of all men." Indeed, I would instance all the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with the very principle which begins them,—one universal brotherhood and nobility of connection. What wealth of broad yet subtle wisdom in this one precept:—"Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour. Owe no man anything, but to love one another!" Then how noble is this programme:—"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things!"

I may not, in a merely secular paper (for I am only quoting these words as noble illustrations of my point),—I may not, in such a paper, bring forward the One Perfect Instance of every perfection; the One Faultless Pearl; the One Flawless Diamond. But, reverently and lovingly passing by this, let me instance the writer of the above precepts, St. Paul, as the ideal of a gentleman. Witness his delicacy and tact, seen pre-eminently in advice and reproof: "*I praise you not*,"—this is his euphemism for "*I blame you*;" "*I partly believe it*," when told of the divisions among his children. Mark his delicate tact with Festus, Agrippa, Felix. Note his dignity and sweetness in receiving the gift from the Philippian Church—the grace with which he rejoices that "your care of me hath flourished again;" then the anxious guarding against hurting their feelings, also the hopefulness for them:—"wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity." Let any one curious in these points read from the 10th to the 21st verse of Philippians iv. The passage is full of the subtle touches of the character. Professor Blunt, in the first of his lectures on the "Parish Priest," admirably traces out this characteristic of St. Paul, though

from another point of view than ours. And, once more, if any reader would have a perfect model of consummate tact and intense delicacy, let him study St. Paul's urging of a request that might have been a claim, in the Epistle to Philemon.

I should not be permitted here to enlarge upon this instance, although I am now only dealing with a secular purpose, and from a secular point of view, with inspired words; but I would suggest to collectors the study of the writings and life of St. Paul, merely with the view of regarding the character in its highest perfection and rarely-attained finish. And if any should yet question the propriety of introducing such an instance and such thoughts, let me be bold to remind him that much of our ordinary littleness is traceable to our letting slip the thought of our high birth and connection. Fallen indeed for a while from our place at court, we forget that our place there is that of sons and princes. Christianity is the revelation to us here of the Etiquette of Heaven.

It will be necessary, however, to turn from principles to acts, and to consider the Gentleman in some particular relations. To give some little plan to what must anyhow be desultory jottings, we take him first in society and then at home.

I think that his manner and bearing towards Superiors are a delicate test. He avoids that tendency to over-deference which is the commoner fault; *also* that slight inclination to an over-independent manner, that standing on their guard to which minds above the more common weakness are apt to swerve. The *αὐτάρκεια* comes in here: —he can afford to do without them: again, the self-respect which averts the constant fear lest he should be humbled or mortified. The great thing, the result of these principles, is that he is at his ease. Due deference to others is natural to him, so also is the consciousness of what is due to himself. He can quite well do without the notice of those above him in the social scale, but he has stamina and ballast enough to enjoy their society without an ever-present sense of difference whispering him to be on his guard against a slight. And if the superior in position should not be a gentleman, *i. e.*, should obtrude that superiority, why the advantage instantly changes round and is on the side of the Gentleman, and he knows it, though too true to his character to make this knowledge patent. True gentleman meets true gentleman, recognising the brotherhood through the accidental and trivial distinctions of this brief state: they acknowledge these differences, but are not encumbered by them. The Gentleman does not show his nature by rejecting or disregarding those decencies and proprieties even which only belong to this evanescent condition, but by wearing them easily. The ceremonies and etiquette of society are much like clothes, not of our essence, nor to last beyond this state. But while the need for them does last, the thing is to wear them as though natural to us, and not as though a restraint. I really believe that there are many who, with no scruple to do a kindness to the poorer from any thought natural to the lower mind, of fear of imperilled dignity, yet would shrink from going out of their way to show an attention to the great for fear of misinterpretation. But the true gentleman has learned

to dismiss from his rules of action the over-sensitive consideration of how they will appear. Not that within proper bounds the appearance of his actions will be disregarded. Within these he is not too nervous about his dignity to give explanation or to guard against misinterpretation. Take the capital instance of St. Paul. He, an Apostle, would yet take a brother with him to administer the alms of the churches. "Avoiding this, that no man should blame us in this abundance which is administered by us, providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men."

Yet withal, a true gentleman has courage to do, if necessary, things which may *appear* to be, but are not, ungentlemanly.

Next, to take him among equals, let us consider the instance of conversation, which is, of course, a great mark always; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, *i. e.*, our words are little sample-bags of the stores within. For one thing, the Gentleman will never monopolize conversation —

"A civil guest  
Will no more talk all than eat all the feast."

(By-the-by, many delicate precepts and nice touches are to be found in G. Herbert's "Church Porch.") He will not break into the speech of another, nor listen with ill-concealed impatience to be relieved of his own say. He will rather bring out others than exhibit himself. In fact, he talks quite as much to learn as to teach. How very far will he be from the baseness of which Rogers, the poet, accuses himself, namely, *so* great a hankering to be heard, that, failing otherwise, he set himself to attract attention by ill-natured speeches! If need be, the gentleman can be entirely a listener, and that in subjects upon which he is competent to speak. But he both can and will speak if it be demanded of him, or if occasion invite. He is calm and courteous in arguing; "and, if he be master-gunner, he spends not all that he can speak at once, but husbands it, and gives men turns of speech." But this patience, fairness, and quietness in argument are a true, and perhaps a rare mark of the Gentleman. It greatly requires both attributes — just appreciation of self and of others. He is a man open to conviction; — I allow him to be a little impatient with the unlovely combination of conceit with ignorance.

I need hardly say that he is not of those who, after dinner, when the ladies have left, and talk and wine have removed restraint, as though relieved from fetters, run into coarse anecdote and jest as their natural element. He has no tendency towards, no affinity with, manure; nothing in him of the foul blue fly; his instinct is that of the bee, which extracts sweetness from everything.

Again, he is always truthful and sincere; will not agree for the sake of complaisance or out of weakness; will not pass over that of which he disapproves. He has a clear soul, and a fearless, straightforward tongue. On the other hand, he is not blunt and rude. His truth is courteous; his courtesy, truthful; never a humbug, yet, where he truthfully can, he *prefers* to say pleasant things.

He is not curious; he is, of course, the man who walks by a window without a side glance, whether of purpose or inadvertence. He

is, I need not say, free from that ill-breeding which would press upon a person whom some unguarded word has betrayed to have a secret. If something of confusion reveal that a slip has been made, the gentleman will recede, or appear not to notice, or turn the conversation.

He is above gossip, and is not the man to whom you would bring a petty tale. He cannot stoop to little wrangling. He is not diseasedly tenacious of real or fancied rights.

Here I leave the conversation of the social gathering for the gathering itself, with its circumstances. I shall mention a point almost too small, one would think, for notice, but one which experience proves to be a point of importance in this small world, and in the still smaller world of society which exists upon it. The consideration of whether, at a dinner-party, he shall take in the lady of the house, or of what position he shall receive, is never one whose anticipation causes much anxiety, or whose retrospection much mortification to his mind. Really these little jealousies of society, and petty measuring and balancing nearly equal claim against nearly equal claim, are things which his true dignity can afford to ignore. At the same time the usual respects and courtesies of life are always rendered, and also exacted by him; not touchy, nor punctilious, he yet will not treat others, nor will he be treated himself, in a slovenly way. I remember a thorough old gentleman, my former rector, telling me of his bringing such carelessness and superciliousness to book. Upon his first coming to his rectory, one of the country gentry, no distant neighbour, kept asking him, in a free and easy, not to say a patronizing way (without having taken the trouble to call on him), why he didn't come over and see him, come and dine, etc. At last my friend turned quietly upon him and said, "Excuse me for reminding you that if you wish to make my acquaintance, it is in your own power to do so. The customs of society place the initiative with you. I see no reason why in my case they should be reversed."

An instance of scrupulous gentlemanly care of the customs and courtesies of society occurred to myself in my first curacy. A neighbouring incumbent had been away from home when I came, and thus unable to call on me. Immediately upon his return, a note was sent asking me to accompany my rector, who was to dine with him. I really considered this, under the circumstances, all that was necessary to satisfy a far more sensitive dignity than mine. However, in the afternoon of the day on which I was to dine with him, he walked over—five miles in the heat—to make his call first. You might call this punctilious; but remark, that there was just that degree of superiority in his position which made it necessary to forego no courtesy or even ceremony towards me. For if the Gentleman is lax at all in the ceremonies of social life, he is never so towards one in any way not his equal; never where it might possibly seem that the omission was through superciliousness or the airs of the Don.

However, this care of the ceremonies which are the necessary hedges and fences of the somewhat unreal and unnatural state in which we live here, is one thing which much marks the Gentleman. He will never presume, never take the least liberty; he never puts

himself in a position in which he might receive a snub. He is never over-familiar with his friends, never goes to the extremity of the tether of familiarity permitted, or even offered. A brother of mine, to whom I trace much of what early bent my thoughts have had to this subject—this elder brother had permission always to pass through the grounds of the squire of the parish in order to save a round. He never did so, however, without calling at the lodge for admission, though he knew where the key hung, and had been told to take it when he pleased. And this reticence or restraint within their bounds of his privileges with friends, instead of straining them to the limit, or even beyond, is one special mark of this character. I think something of this feeling is really almost the rule in what are called the lower classes. At least in the country I have ever found a great delicacy and absence of endeavour to intrude or presume. Retired well-to-do servants and little landowners—I have experienced difficulty in persuading these to come to the front door, or to enter my drawing-room, even when they had come with some small offering of fruit or the like to me.

Before leaving the consideration of the Gentleman among equals I will mention one abomination from which any one with the least right to the name will most sensitively shrink—this is, the sharing in people's hospitality, and then afterwards among others making fun of them, their table, their arrangements, or their households; repeating, in short, anything that would be to their dispraise, or would lower them in men's eyes. When I was admitted into any household as a guest, a confidence was then placed in me which it would be deeply unworthy to betray. Another act, quite foreign to the Gentleman's mind, is the asking one to play or sing whose playing or singing is ridiculous, for the purpose of making him or her a laughing stock. Anyhow, the Gentleman could not be behaving in any way, by look or gesture, behind the back of one who has in all good faith and simplicity acceded to the request to become a caterer for his amusement, of which the detection by its object would confuse or shame him.

I have already touched on the conduct of the Gentleman towards inferiors. Much lies in what I have hinted—namely, that he will be careless to any others rather than to them; he will err rather on the side of punctiliousness than of slovenliness. Of course he is not clumsy enough to make this noticeable, or to obtrude it. He would steer clear of an awkwardness which would make over-ceremony offensive by betraying the motive, and therefore the idea in his mind. Thus also he can afford to dispense, in his intercourse with them, with the very tiniest giving to understand that he is condescending. Indeed, he does not feel himself to be doing so, having a larger view of things than from this world's hillocks, and so he is able to be simple and natural. Thus Lancelot:—

“Then the great knight, the darling of the court,  
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall,  
Stept with all grace, and not with half disdain  
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,  
But kindly man moving among his kind.”

The clergyman has many opportunities of showing this phase also

of the character, and much necessity for doing so. This courtesy without condescension, and this carefulness without paraded ceremony, are most desirable in his case ; also most keenly appreciated. I do not say that he will refrain from entering a cottage without knocking, or with his hat on, or when meals are toward, nor that he will shun the careless or prying glance when passing the window ; because these are coarsenesses, and we were discussing rather the more subtle marks. But he will ever remember that the poor man's house is that poor man's own, nor will he take advantage of his position, and that necessity which fetters the tongue of the poor, to make his visits intrusions, nor to speak to the poor as he would not be allowed to do to the rich, except in so far as a more plain speaking will be requisite for the uncultivated, whereas the cultivated mind would gather the meaning from the more delicate wording. In short, he will give the man to understand that he is visiting and advising on sufferance, and not as a *right*. He will remember that his poorest parishioner is at least a free man, and that himself is a gentleman. And I warrant you he will generally after a time be understood, respected, and welcomed, and his advice, however plain, received with deference and attention. Here, again, the Gentleman is not playing a part, and thus he can be easy and natural.

Under this head of his conduct in society may be placed the very important item of his treatment of enemies. They will always in his case be those who have injured him, or taken a dislike to him ; there will be none whom he has injured, or with whom he has quarrelled, at least wittingly, or without having offered full reparation and amends so far as may be. He may, however, cause offence by his firmness, and by his fearlessness and candour on occasions, however his speaking the truth may have been in love. He may have to oppose what is wrong or unadvisable, to rebuke or to reprove, and so make enemies. But then, you will observe, that he never speaks against them ; that he never details the grievance and subject-matter of the disagreement, nor even alludes to it to others, unless obliged, and then with shrinking and dislike. Also, if the character be at its very highest, he will, in detailing the circumstances of a disagreement, state the case fairly against himself. He (in the most rare cases) can even refrain from distorting the words of an opponent, or swerving them from their true and intended meaning, so as to make for himself in answering that opponent. At any rate, he does not "foul the wells" by fastening upon his antagonist some gratuitous imputation which would colour with suspicion even his most candid and earnest assertions and explanations. That the Gentleman would never, by any least word, silence, or deed, injure an enemy, is of course ; spite is utterly foreign from this character. And it will follow, from the gentleness of this character, that he will readily forgive ; from its sincerity and simplicity, that he will do it from his heart. King Richard's was a gentleman's forgiveness. That forgiveness which "forgives, but can never feel the same to the offender," is that of the Churl.

I may note that (from his self-respect) the gentleman can afford to offer his hand once and again, and have it sullenly refused ; can, in a

case of duty, bow courteously still, in spite of being continually cut : and this is necessary, at least for the clergyman. The uninitiated will on such occasions tingle and smart with a sense of shame and humiliation, and, illogically, heartily wish that he had left undone that which a minute before he knew that it was right to do.

As to anonymous letters, it would be almost laughable to write down that he could not send one. I only mention them in order to say that I knew one of the blood with so fine a sense that he never even *read* one. Into the fire it went, as soon as he missed the name at the end (and he always looked at the end, being from his position exposed to such sneaking attacks or information). He was the Head Master of a Public School. He never even received an accusation against a boy, volunteered privately, which the informer would not in person support. He would in such case call the boy up, tell him what had been alleged, merely expressing his abhorrence of the meanness of the informer, and refusing to hear any explanation or defence, "because," said he, "you are not accused."

Further, if a former friend, or one under old obligation to him, turn against or fail him, you will never find the Gentleman upbraid the traitor with those old disregarded favours. If you would see this attribute in perfection, read in Macaulay's "Essay" that account of the behaviour of Essex, the criminal, towards Bacon, the Queen's Advocate against the life of his friend and patron.

Once more. As the gentleman has no little jealousies, there is another meanness—the weapon not of an open enemy, but of a conventional *friend*—from which he is of course free. I allude to that young-lady meanness which will praise another, and speak highly of him—not "damn with *faint* praise;" yet all the while letting slip little depreciations and admissions, which, after all, and as intended, lower him in your mind—much, indeed, as certain modern commentators treat the Bible.

And now we come to the gentleman *at home*. This is certainly the crucial test. It is undoubtedly of all others the far most difficult sphere of action. There is the familiarity, the sense of undress, and of there being no need for "*company manners*." (How this well-used word witnesses for the truth of what I am saying!) Certain positive restraints and obligations no longer hold back or bind a man in his own home. The gentleman has, therefore, to be on his guard, and to keep a vigilant watch against the creeping over his behaviour of the least slovenliness or tarnish.

"Love's perfect blossom only blows  
Where noble manners veil defect :  
Angels may be familiar ; those  
Who err, each other must respect."

This I take from a very manual upon this branch especially of my subject, full of delicate subtleties—Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House."

The true gentleman, then, at home does not drop any of those attentions and courtesies to wife, sisters, father, mother, which he is

in the habit of paying to other ladies and gentlemen when in society. It is perhaps necessary especially to notice that he is not *brusque* or neglectful to any lady merely because she has the misfortune to be his wife or his sister. Note the surliness or contempt of brothers often. Compare the lover with the husband in many instances. Really many a man seems almost ashamed to pay that courteous attention, which every woman should claim, to that lady who is his own wife.

“The lover who, across a gulf  
Of ceremony, views his Love,  
And dares not yet address herself,  
Pays worship to her stolen glove.  
The gulf o’erleapt, the lover wed,  
It happens oft (let truth be told),  
The halo leaves the sacred head,  
Respect grows lax, and worship cold.”

A man may be more at his ease at home, may let slip some little constraints necessary in society, but which are not quite consistent with being *comfortable*. I shall not forbid, after his tiring day, that he should go to slippers rather than to dress-boots; I allow him to wear out his old coats; I will not compel him to spoil all his enjoyment of his wife’s playing by leaving his luxurious eye-closed revelling in his easy-chair in order to turn over the leaves of her music: it would not be courteous to cut off the power of thoroughly appreciating her performance. The husband need not be a Sir Charles Grandison. But he will neglect no little attention, no small courtesy, no delicate respect; and he will be careful to retain some ceremony, even in a *tête-à-tête* life.

“Keep your undressed familiar style  
For strangers, but respect your friend,  
Her most whose matrimonial smile  
Is and asks honour without end.

“’Tis found, and so it needs must be,  
That life from love’s allegiance flags,  
When love forgets his majesty  
In sloth’s unceremonious rags.

“Let love make home a gracious court;  
There let the world’s rude hasty ways  
Be fashioned to a loftier port,  
And learn to bow and stand at gaze.”

And again:—

“Respects with threefold grace endure  
The right to be familiar; none  
Whose ways forget that they are two  
Perceive the bliss of being one.”

It seems an absurd truism to say, Let the husband who is ashamed to be attentive to his wife or sister, the son who is ashamed of being deferential to his father,—let these make no pretention to the name of Gentleman; neither let him stain it with his touch, who, though he be the most polished gentleman in society, is yet a sloven in his manner at home.

And further yet. The gentleman respects himself; and is not

ungentlemanly even when alone. He will not even thus forego some decent ceremony ; not sit down to dinner, for instance, without some little ordering of his appearance. He would not, I think, either help himself or feed, when alone, otherwise than as he would in company. Supposing him to be a shaver, he would not go with stubbly chin, left in a dirty-looking condition of bristle, even were he on a desert island ;— true, there he would probably be sure to let his beard grow. In short, come upon him as suddenly as you like, however he might be alone, the Gentleman would never be surprised doing anything ungentlemanly. For his tastes and manners would not, again, be from acting, nor as a court suit put off, with a feeling of relief, directly he retires to private life. It is his common wear, indeed, part of himself, his nature.

And now, what shall we say? Alas! in one or another of all these, and many other points, the Gentleman—the real gentleman, too—may fail, ay, fail once and again. He is, indeed, never an adept, always a student, in this imperfect life ; and in his ever climbing he will sometimes slip. But even thus you may distinguish him ; there is even in his failure a mournful nobility. What would seem a very slight matter to many, be unnoticed by most—a slight speck, not a stain—will smite him with shame, and burning, and resolve. Yes, a gentleman is but a man, and may fail. But there is, I repeat, a sphere for high gentlemanly conduct and bearing in the confessing his fault, and making amends, refusing alike his own palliations and those of others. And to own our failures nobly is one of the few noble acts always possible to fallen creatures—creatures conscious of the Image in which they were created, but unable to live up to their own high ideal. The Gentleman is, at least, too great, when perceiving himself in the wrong, to take refuge in temper ; nor, if his apology be ill received, will he take fire, and retract it by hastiness. His action proceeded from a principle, which was not dependent upon results.

The Gentleman, I say, is always a student, for this character is greatly a matter of learning. It is partly instinct, at least more natural to some than to others, as with music, but yet in great measure a matter of instruction, experience, practice. Some may have the ear, and the more readily catch the delicate skill, and grand power, and fine harmony ; yet even these do not draw near perfection without great pains, much observation, many recoveries from mistakes. And as Mr. Hullah says that all may attain to at least some correctness of knowledge and execution in music by pains, attention, and practice, so with this art—for we must call it an art until it has become nature with us. A finished artificial gentleman has attained to the art which veils art. A perfect real gentleman has nothing to conceal—he is acting *naturally*.

But he is always learning, and each failure, detected by himself or another, and deeply laid to heart, becomes, indeed, the rung of a ladder by which he ascends. A mean thing done and brought to his notice and perception is burnt into his soul, and the lesson never forgotten. I am not to give myself as a specimen of anything noble,

but I am yet pleased to trace something of the sense in a recollection of my boyhood. I had, well knowing I was welcome, taken one of my elder brother's books from the shelf. For some good reason (it was late, I fancy), he told me to put it by. Adroitly misconceiving him, and pretending to fancy that he grudged the loan, I, with careful meanness, apologized on that score for my having taken it. He, without any anger, also without any false delicacy, quietly unmasked me, and, coming at once to the point, stigmatized my conduct as "dirty." I said no more, at once perceiving the truth of his verdict; but I thought it over until my face burnt with shame, and I stood before him and begged his pardon, ere I left the room. I remember he seemed surprised, and said that he had not meant to make the matter of that importance. But it was done to satisfy myself, and I like to think that this slight matter may be a trivial instance of that affinity with better things, and of the germ of the keen gentlemanly sense, which is quick to perceive a meanness when pointed out, abhors it, casts it forth thenceforward, and never forgets the lesson.

Yes, "here, where all things limp and halt," this excellence must ever be a matter of learning. For one thing, there are so many *mixed* actions. Feather instances serve, perhaps, best to show the way of the wind. Here is another illustration from a slight episode. Driving with a friend in a dog-cart which he had hired, I was anxious to do my small part by paying the turnpikes. Being, however, on the wrong side for the turnpike keeper (a woman), and desirous to be beforehand with my friend, I threw the money on the road, thus giving the woman the trouble of picking it up. For this I was justly reproved by my friend, and told that I ought to be made to pick it up myself. My intention had been gentlemanly, but the act, through want of care and thought and exactness, was faulty. Slight as the thing was, it set me a-thinking, and may serve to show the difficulty, as well as the importance, of preserving the balance in actions, and at once

"This way and that dividing the swift wind."

A little grit may spoil the perfect working of very delicate machinery.

I can fancy an architect giving his life-work to the devising and perfecting of one exquisite building. When young he had the dawn of the idea; in manhood it has grown into some shape; some plan, which yet he sees to be meagre and far below his ideal, lies upon the paper. This experience and that suggestion all come in; even detected mistakes assist; but he grows old planning, correcting, developing—never completing. And in this life he shall never behold the perfect building. It is still an Ideal, of which the Reality is not grasped. Thus with all our endeavours, although they be not unassisted endeavours, towards any excellence on this side heaven. Thus with the Gentleman's ideal of what he should be to be perfect. By degrees he lays down a plan; he is ever working towards it; it is never here attained. Nay, the more he attains the more his knowledge extends the plan. "I count not myself to have attained," but "*I press toward the mark.*" Indeed, it is—excepting that he

does gain *some* ground — like pursuing an ever-lengthening shadow, with our back to the setting sun. He is often saddened by the contemplation of his own inadequacy and shortcomings, but never morbid — *i. e.*, his sadness does not cause him to sit down to inactive wringing of hands, but rather impels him on, still forward, forward, in the hopeless race, towards the ever-flying goal. If the melody of his life be never perfect — if it become sometimes “like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and hoarse,” it will not be purposeless in that confusion, but like bells beginning or ending, which wander about disconsolately after the melody they cannot at once find. But, mark, you shall have them burst out into the clear liquid race presently; ay, and yet again, if they again before long halt in a new perplexity.

It is more than time to end. Let me first notice one objection which might lurk against many of the marks and most of the instances here brought forward. They are so slight; such mere trivialities; such little flaws; such little touches. But let me urge the analogy that, in light and shade, not the depths and heights, but the half-tints, make the finish: in colour, the greys, not the pronounced hues, are the test; in a statue the slight chippings, the least touches, give the marble its perfection. And I have supposed the rough cutting of the block, even the well-proportioned shape, and have endeavoured rather for these subtleties of finish — endeavoured, I keenly feel, with poor approach to success; the graces are so impalpable, the touches *so* subtle, the tints so delicate, the hues so fleeting. Ask Turner for a recipe for his colouring; rather point to an ever-growing sunset, and ask a catalogue of the hues and blendings of tints with which you are to reproduce it; but even then refrain from demanding a list of the subtleties and delicate touches which result in the GENTLEMAN. They are, like sunset colours, new in blending, in tint, in juxtaposition; new in all their circumstances, for every new occasion. Surely here it may be said —

“Here they speak best who best express  
 Their inability to speak;  
 And none are strong, but who confess  
 With happy skill that they are weak.”

However, rough sketches may hint pictures to kindred spirits; sketches, however inadequate and rude, yet done with a purpose and after a design, in the mind. And seeking after this perfection in most imperfect specimens, it shall be with me,—

“As when a painter, poring on a face,  
 Divinely through all hindrance finds the man  
 Behind it.”

J. R. VERNON.

## JINNY'S THREE BALLS.

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### III.—JINNY'S THIRD BALL.

"You did not know what you were doing, did you?"

ONE day Dick Jones ran over to the town to visit some friends who were staying there. Returning from his call, as he walked down the High Street, a timid voice arrested him. He turned round, and saw, sad in the gleamy winter sunshine, a wan young face with great yearning eyes in piteous search of his, a white, pinched mouth, and dark hair pushed carelessly back under a shabby brown hat.

"By Jove! Fitzpatrick's Miss Jinny," he cried, shaking her cold hand heartily. "But, I say, you've been ill, haven't you? Oh, poor girl, you look awfully seedy!"

"I am not ill," said the soft voice, trying hard to be steady. "At least, I shall be well when—when *he* comes back—Captain Fitzpatrick, you know. Is *he* well? Where is he?"

"Oh, Fitzpatrick's all right," the good-natured officer answered soberly. "He's on leave, but coming back for our ball, you know."

"Your ball," said Jinny hesitating, and with the ghost of one of her old painful blushes rising to her cheek. "I wanted—wanted to ask—if—I thought perhaps—— O Mr. Jones!" She broke down, and put her hand over her eyes, sobbing.

"Go on, go on," said Jones, distressed and sympathetic. "Hang it, I'll do anything."

"I did so want a card for your ball," she murmured, looking up tearfully. "I have a sovereign—I could pay—oh, I wouldn't ask if I wasn't—wasn't—*wretched!*" And she cried again.

Mr. Jones did not hesitate a moment. "Pay? Bosh!" he exclaimed. "You shall have tickets, certainly—you and that old fellow, the doctor. You should, if I had to sell my—my—grandmother. Only look here; don't you cry like that, you make one feel so horridly queer. Now, I say, that's *worse!*"

For Jinny had seized both his hands, and was trying to kiss them, a ceremony no one had assuredly ever performed towards this excellent officer before. He released himself, and departed, promising to send the tickets; and he was faithful, though he could not stay for the ball himself: he wished he could—"For I'm sure the poor little soul wants looking after," he thought. "O Fitz, you're a sad fellow; you've done a cruel job here, I'm afraid!"

Which "Fitz," all unconscious of what was hanging over him, had become very cheerful, and much on the alert. *She*, "that other girl," was coming to the ball, and, perhaps, who knows—as he had been so constant. Such a pretty girl—no end of style and pluck. Old Dr. Irving had been away a long time, and only came back because he

received an imploring note from Jinny, begging his escort for the ball — came indeed, but just in time to call for her, and take her there. So he knew nothing of the town gossip — of how Jinny Lake had lost her lover, and wore the willow openly, and how that lover was consoling himself.

This ball was no brilliant dream, but a tissue of dreary, cruel realities: this ball had no firm arm for her to lean on, no winning eyes, no fervent lips, to look and smile on hers, no bold gay voice to whisper patronising praise or kind instructions in her charmed ear, no envious feminine glances nor amused masculine ones, to follow her. Not that she had cared about those latter, save as confirmation of the happy truth, that seemed truth *then*, at least. She went down the room on her old friend's uncertain arm, trying to smile and talk to him, but looking wildly round, and starting at every passing voice or step. She had read something about a gambler's last throw, and she thought to herself this was hers. If she won it, oh, what might not be! — if she lost it, well, everything would be over. She must go away somewhere into the dark, and die: he might be sorry then, just a little, and believe she loved him — him *only*.

Her last throw — miserable little gambler! she was preparing for it, as, with flaming cheeks, the eager liquid glitter in her round eyes, restless gestures, and wild little laughs and exclamations, she stood by Dr. Irving's side. A fossil plesiosaurus and a living butterfly could scarcely have presented a greater contrast; the life in him nearly burned out, the life in the other leaping, throbbing, racing, in a passion of fear and love, at a fever heat.

Alas! she did not look her best — she had not thought of trying to look her best — her dress was dowdy and unbecoming, her rapid movements and flushed anxious face did not become her either.

"Where's your young officer?" asked Dr. Irving presently. "Before, he was here to meet you."

"Oh, he is coming, coming," said Jinny, faithful in her faith. "He is so kind."

Nevertheless, she waited long and vainly. But, towards the middle of the evening, a slight quick figure, the profile of a big moustache and a glossy cropped head, caught her eye. Her heart came up in her throat, and strangled the cry that rose there; the floor dipped, and the ceiling came down, she thought. But she made a violent unconscious effort, and, recovering herself, stared with fixed entreaty at her false lover. Poor Jinny! she frightened his weaker nature by the very intensity of feeling that might have moved a stronger, as she stood with her neck a little stretched towards him, her quivering hands half open, as though waiting to clasp his, her large eyes aflame, as if each had a separate life, whose only object was his love, her lips starting with the quick leaps of her heart.

He glanced at her, then averted his eyes, inclined his head carelessly, and disappeared among the crowd.

A choked "Oh, Captain Fitzpatrick!" pursued him, but it was too faint and sobbing for him to hear.

"My dear, had'n't you better go home?" said Dr. Irving, with a heavy pitying look, pressing her hand a little.

"I don't want to," she answered abstractedly, straining her eyes after the lithe figure gliding through the throng.

"You see, you don't know any one — and — hadn't you better?"

"No, no," cried Jinny impatiently, and in a voice of despair: "leave me alone!"

So he ceased his entreaties, seeing too plainly that this frail vessel of hope would soon shatter itself against the rocks of inevitableness, and be at rest.

And Jinny thought that was not her last throw, after all — she had one more left. One more: to get near him without his perceiving it, and speak to him before he could turn away. She would wait and be very patient, but she *would* speak that night; for, who knew? they might never meet again — *she* might die, or he go far away. She got away from Dr. Irving (he was not hard to elude), and wandered about; but Fitzpatrick seemed to have disappeared. She was beginning to feel sick and hopeless with her weary search, when the gay familiar tones fell on her ear. She was in a passage leading to the supper-room, and his voice came from thence: to where that voice, calling her fond names no longer, could yet speak, she went blindly, unconscious that the old doctor followed her.

The room was empty of all but two when she stood in the doorway, and looked in: two, and who were they? A young lady, fair and pretty, and coquettish, beautifully dressed in pale blue satin and blush roses, with pearls round her white throat and in her ears, and dazzling golden hair dressed high, with showers of ringlets falling from it: a young lady in whose face wretched, awkward, foolish Jinny saw not only beauty, but wit, and earnestness, and *love*, who was smiling a soft complacent smile, and glancing up with a look half impertinent, half fond at her companion — who was evidently her lover.

*Her companion — her lover?* No, Jinny's — Jinny's by a thousand tender words, tender glances, tender thoughts, by those two passionate kisses in the dim sweetness of the July dawn, by all he had taught her which she could never unlearn, by the life which had no being save in his love, now.

And her captain, tender and true, was leaning lovingly over this new girl, saying soft things in her ear, with a look of such utter satisfaction, joy, and rest as he had never worn yet; and now, taking a slender lovely hand, and kissing it worshippingly, and now — it could not be! — holding her in his arms to his heart.

Jinny felt very tired; she thought she could hear her own heart moaning inly, because it was so lonely and so cold; her hapless eyes seemed strained wide open by cruel fingers; her lips got white, her knees wavered, her chest and her throat burned like fire. But she could not look nor move away, till, suddenly, Fitzpatrick's eyes met hers. Fresh from his recent triumph, beaming and tender, yet so familiar, she could not endure to see it. She threw up her arms with a stifled cry of agony, and staggered towards him. Then she thought something within her snapped and crashed; a strange sense of quietness, a numbness of death chilled the fiery pain, her strained eyelids relaxed, and she turned away, and came back waveringly to Dr. Irving. She did not care to look any longer, nor to hear what those two said.

She knew it was all over with her ; she did not care for anything, since God let such cruel things as this be, except to be quiet, and away from all the people ; to go back, and lie down in the dark.

"I am *so* cold. The light hurts my eyes," she said ; and he, in silence, gave her his arm, and took her home. He was very sorry ; but what could he do ? Perhaps, after all, the worst was over, since she was so quiet. She could not come to much harm now.

She bid him "Good-night," and went up to her room very quietly ; undressed in a dazed mechanical way, and lay down. Even then she did not cry, or moan, or toss about. She lay open-eyed, without stirring a finger, staring into the darkness. So the maid found her when, as the morning sunlight streamed into the room, she came in full of questions about the ball, which Jinny did not hear nor answer at all, except when the woman mentioned Fitzpatrick's name. Then she stirred, and made a little sound of tired impatience, and turned away from the light.

She could not be persuaded to eat, nor get up, nor even sit up in bed. She shook her head when a book was offered her ; she heeded the servant's indignation no more than the wind whistling outside ; her aunt's message made no difference to her.

At last, Wilkins, the maid, got frightened, and sent for Dr. Irving. He came, felt the poor child's pulse, looked at her tongue, asked whether she had "any pain anywhere"—to which she shook her head—and then stood drearily staring at her. "She's low," he said. "Wants tonics and cheering ; but there's nothing to lie in bed for.—Will you get up, Miss Jinny ?"

She shook her head again, with a look of aversion.

"Why not—eh ? Nothing ails you, you foolish little girl, does it ?"

Then Jinny looked up with a dim scornful smile, and spoke at last : "I think my heart is broken," said she. "And, please, I want nothing."

Irving shrugged his shoulders, and went out. There was nothing to be done ; Jinny could not well be dragged out of bed, or have food forced down her throat. Some soup and wine were, however, given her in the course of the day, but with no rousing effect. She did not speak, nor cry, nor give trouble ; nothing seemed to pain her except the sunshine, from which she turned wearily away. Her aunt had been bedridden for years, and besides, could not realise Jinny's strange state.

So Jinny lay unvisited one day—two, three, five, seven, ten days. Then the doctor came again, looked very serious ; and staid a long while, trying to rouse her. He talked of the ball, of Fitzpatrick—praised, blamed, reviled him ; but even that once dear and powerful name was powerless now—her lips never quivered, her fixed eyes never moved.

He had her lifted out of bed, and supported (she was too weak to stand) to the window. She only shuddered a little, and seemed impatient to be disturbed. And Irving said, if she shewed no signs of mending, another doctor must be called in.

In a week she had not mended, she was worse ; and the physician summoned to her gave the astounding news that she never would mend—news which chilled awfully those who had done their duty by her with indifference and almost with contempt.

"Miss Jinny" would never get well—to tease and trouble with her

many wants, her awkward performance of the little tasks that fell to her share, her long foolish dreamings, any more. She was beyond all that — beyond the long watch and the vain waiting ; for ever beyond improvement and deterioration alike.

Wilkins, the maid, when she had cried over the sad truth, sobbed out a confession that she did not think the poor child "fit to go." Of late, Wilkins said — oh, all last year — she had seemed to give over saying her prayers and reading her Bible : she had not seemed to listen or care when she, Wilkins, read it to her. The two doctors had not much to do with this, but they were sorry and disturbed. They did not guess what little messenger, soulless and dumb, was doing God's work with poor Jinny's wandering soul.

As she lay there, dimly wandering through the past year, one bitter thought, momentarily more intense, grew in her mind, that no one could ever love her — not her aunt, not Wilkins, not her dear captain, not even He who took up and comforted the forsaken — that therefore she was lost for ever — while with this strangely mingled the remembrance of her lover's last kiss. "No one cares for me !" she moaned. A low soft cry answered her, something tender and warm touched her cheek. That cry, that touch, went to her very soul, though it was only the cat, whose kitten had died, and who was mourning it in her way. "O Kitty, Kitty !" she cried, "do *you* love me after all ?" And then the tears came forth, and ran down her cheeks, and she wept for many hours.

Wilkins need not have troubled herself about her state of mind ; the cat was the best missionary to poor Jinny, who had been a little heathen in all save the forms of religion till now ; and then she was very near death, and so saw things with wonderful clearness and truth, though she had no words to speak of them.

Her one great fault had brought a far greater anguish, and was bringing fast upon her the peace the world could not give. She was very sorry for all she had done wrong, and prayed humbly for pardon for her idol worship — prayed that no punishment might come on the idol's head for her own silly weakness. Finally, almost at the last, when she had kissed the cat's head, and had said : "Pussy, I hope you will have another little one to comfort you," and it had been taken out of the room, she asked whether she might send a message to Captain Fitzpatrick. "Tell him I wasn't angry, and I don't mind now. And give him my dear love — tell him, if he will come, I should like to give it him myself. You know," she said to the old doctor, taking his hand with a weak smile, "I'm not like Kitty — no other can comfort me for *him*."

And Dr. Irving, seeing her calmness, and with a certain stern wish that Fitzpatrick should behold his own work, went and did her bidding.

It was a startling thing to be snatched suddenly from the sunnyscented boudoir, where his lady-love sat singing bright little French songs to him ; to stand beside the death-bed of another, loving and true, whom he had done to death through her too tender trust — stand in the still, darkened room, with no sound save her last laboured breathings, alone with his victim. Though, as he followed the doctor through the familiar gate, this thought troubled him, the remembrance

of Jinny's blind adoration rendered it less terrible. She would either adore him still, he believed, or else reproach and rave at him in a way that should do much to justify his desertion. Yet his light step was sober, as it paused at her door, his bright eyes wavering and troubled, for Fitzpatrick's heart and conscience were not dead.

"Jinny," said Irving, "will you see him now?"

"Is he come?" said Jinny. "O please."

Fitzpatrick entered gently, prepared to comfort, soothe, feign his old love, if need be; for she might die happier if so deceived. But the instant his gaze fell upon the bed, his hopes, his visions of keeping still the old superior position vanished. Jinny was grown a woman, was his first thought, and almost beautiful — could not love him humbly now, as she used to do, nor trouble him with overpraise. She was white, and thin, and plainly dying; her mouth was drawn, and wore a sweet smile of conquered pain; her big eyes looked bigger than ever, and had a steady peaceful shining, an almost divine radiance that brightened all her face. The very faint movements of her hands had a strange significance and dignity — Jinny would never more be rude or shy — awkward, silly, hoydenish, little foolish Jinny would never more believe and be betrayed, trust and be forsaken, cry, or trouble, or wait and weary, again. That was all over. It was Fitzpatrick now who had no words, who was awed, almost frightened, who needed her sweet welcoming gesture before he could venture to approach. Once his slave — a queen was more approachable; once his toy — now almost an angel of God; once praying pardon so piteously for small errors or none — *now*, why her very love, if love it was that made her summon him, seemed only the far-off pity and pardon of a glorified saint. He hesitated, a dark red flush covered his face, his eyes fell as he came near her, he dared not even ask if she forgave, but broke down and sobbed at the first word.

"Oh, don't cry like that," said Jinny, stroking his hand with both hers very tenderly. "Never mind; you are sorry — you did not know what you were doing, did you, dear? It was my fault; I wrote I couldn't live without you, and I *am* dying, you see. But indeed, I don't care. I'm quite, quite happy."

"Oh, by Jove!" cried Fitzpatrick, the tears running down his cheeks now. "Sorry! I should think so! You make me feel what a scoundrel I've been. I'd sooner you shot me than to be so sweet, and, and talk in this way."

"But I must," Jinny murmured in her weak voice. "I couldn't be cross the last, last time." Then she pointed to a chair by the bedside; and Fitzpatrick sat down silently, humbled, repentant, self-hating, as he had never in the course of his easy life been before.

Jinny spoke again presently, with a little sigh: "You are going to be married, aren't you, to that young lady in pink and blue?"

"Yes, I believe so," answered Fitzpatrick, hanging his head; he had almost added, in the depth of his remorse, "not unless you like it."

"Ah!" said Jinny, sighing again, "I hope you will be happy; but, my dear captain, you won't make any one else think you love them, and then leave them, will you?"

"Never again," answered Fitzpatrick under his breath ; "I shall never forget this, nor *you*."

Poor Jinny, she was past blushing ; but she smiled a little, and her dim eyes brightened in the old fond foolish way at his words.

Then she sank into silence, and lay quiet, holding his hand, and looking dreamily at the fading sunset red beyond the window — an early sunset, like her own. Fitzpatrick rebelled against it : he could not bear to see her lying there with a weak smile of patient fondness flickering across her lips, or a sharp gasp and quiver of pain shaking her slight frame.

"Jinny," he asked hopelessly, "won't you get well? What's the matter with you?"

She did not tell him, as she told the doctor, that her heart was broken, nor that it was so, as she told herself, by his desertion — she was meek and childishly tender now, as she had always been.

"No, dear," she said faintly ; "I'm going to die."

"O Jinny," he muttered in a wild way, "if you could live I'd be different to you, I swear I would."

"No ; you love some one else, my dear captain, and you must be good to *her*. I know — I know I wasn't fit to be your wife. But everything is right now."

It was getting very dark, and a strange trembling awe crept over gay Captain Fitzpatrick's soul as he sat alone with his innocent victim, her frail fingers clinging round his hand, her failing breath on his bowed face.

She was going to die, and for his sake. Her hand was getting very cold in his this minute, but she murmured something faintly.

He bent his head to hear the question.

"Isn't there a new moon?"

"Yes."

"You ought to wish, oughtn't you? I remember I did ; but Christ's will is better than our wish, isn't it? Dear, I feel so weak ; so — so" —

"I'll call the doctor. O Jinny!"

"No ; don't call any one ; I only want you. Don't go : I'm not afraid. Only say 'Our Father' to me."

He tried, but the first word choked him utterly, and Jinny began to whisper it herself. She soon ceased, and lay quite still for a while. Then, suddenly, she sat up, and groped in the dark.

"Where are you?" she panted. "I'm afraid."

"I'm here, quite close," cried Fitzpatrick, in terror. But she was thinking of him no longer, and he quailed. In the dark, he heard her nestle into the pillow, murmuring something that sounded like : "So, so tired — all alone — so glad to rest ;" and heave a long satisfied sigh. He thought she was dead, and felt a strangely bitter pang that she had not said "Good-bye."

But little Jinny was faithful in death as in life. Her weak hand felt over his face, and tried tenderly to wipe away his tears. Her voice, which now he strained his ear to catch, though once he had listened to it so heedlessly, murmured in a fond, pitying sigh : "Don't mind ; don't cry, love. Please God, comfort and bless my" —

And before Fitzpatrick could credit and understand that this prayer

was for him, Jinny herself was comforted, and lying in arms that could never grow cold or false, or let her go, as his had done.

He kissed her quiet hand timidly before he went away, and could hardly believe it would never stroke his cheek, or try to detain him as it used to do, any more.

He felt unwontedly heavy and sober as he left the mournful house, as though he had left there a bit of the world's brightness.

Soon, there was a little white cross in the church-yard under the old willows — the willow no one could taunt her with wearing now — and a simple inscription :

JINNY. Aged 16 years and 10 months.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and bear them in  
His bosom."

Old Dr. Irving, standing long after by that little grave, muttered to himself sadly: "Whom the gods love, die young;" for though the first year there was a bunch of lilies and snowdrops upon it, the second it was forgotten.

*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## SONNETS.

### I.

I WALKED among the solemn woods to-day —  
The pines, whose sigh, so like a human heart's,  
With one long, lingering monotone departs,  
A mournful minor wailing far away —  
And stern foreboding phantasies held sway  
O'er all my being: something undefined,  
In that weird, grieving, melancholy wind,  
Those ghost-like trees, and the cold shuddering play  
Of their drooped leaves funereal, told of death —  
Death and decay, that know no after bloom,  
No marvelous Resurrection's morning glow,  
No second birth of rapt, celestial breath,  
But dust, and rain, and the desolate tomb,  
Round which, sweet Faith! no flowers of thine shall blow.

## II.

But while this morbid fancy on my soul  
    Pressed with dull weight, along the forest verge  
    Remote I heard a murmur like the surge  
Of gentle waters — a soft musical roll  
Of fairy thunder, such as that which swells  
    Up the fair Southland coast when days are calm.  
    A blissful voice it was, a wind of balm,  
Wave-born, and brightening all the shadowy dells :  
Oh how it thrilled my spirit ! how it spake  
    In homelike yet majestic harmony  
Of that lone shore whereon the billows break  
    Melodious o'er mine own beloved sea !—  
Of joy and childhood's hope, whose splendors take  
    A strange, fresh radiance from Infinity !

PAUL H. HAYNE.

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*Blackwood's Magazine.*A STORY OF EULENBURG. — PART II.

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## VI.

THE beautiful Greek, Circassian, Hungarian, or whatever country-woman she was, was more than punctual to the appointed hour. Indeed, her impatience was such that she arrived at my studio full ten minutes before the clock struck ten. When she had thrown off her out-door wrappings, she appeared before me in precisely the same costume as that in which I had seen her at Madame M——'s, the white lace scarf with the golden embroidery not being forgotten. I confess that I was a little relieved when I saw how she was dressed, for I was quite prepared for her appearance in a costume far more nearly approaching that of her marble likeness at Eulenburg. She appeared to be rather silent and excited when she first arrived ; but her face very soon recovered the calm coldness of its usual expression.

Nothing could have done me more real good or braced my thoughts better than thus being compelled to work, and that at so extremely difficult a subject. It was then that I first unconsciously began to learn the divine lesson that work itself is consolation ; and that, of all men, the artist — by which term I do not mean the painter only — has that consolation always within reach if he can only summon up just sufficient

energy to lift his hand. As I endeavoured to reproduce the form and colour before me, my strength began gradually to return, and I began to do my best merely for the sake of doing it. The Princess de Paro was an excellent and unwearying sitter, so that considerable progress was made even at the first sitting.

The next day she sat to me again; and after that she came almost daily until the picture was completed. I own that I was proud of the result when I showed it to her in its finished state; and on looking back, I still think that my pride was not unjustified. It was by far the best attempt I had yet made — indeed I doubt if I ever succeeded in making so entirely satisfactory a portrait since.

She looked at it lingeringly — I almost thought sadly, as if it were the picture of an old friend whom she had lately lost, or was about to lose, and would never see again. Her eyes even filled with tears. Then, without a single word of praise, she just thanked me, gave me some directions as to how the picture should be sent to her, and left the room quietly. I was, however, more than satisfied with her silence, holding as I did, and still do, with the prince in ‘*Emilia Galotti*,’ that the artist is then most highly praised when, before his work, his praise is forgotten. It was then about mid-day, or a little past. By evening the picture had been carried away by one of madame’s servants, who at the same time left for me a sum of money, such as, I should imagine, had never been paid to any painter for a portrait even in art’s most royal days. In fact it was so exorbitant that I could not reconcile it with my conscience to take so much without some protest, or at least without furnishing my patroness with something like an equivalent. With this motive I went out the very next afternoon to see her on the subject.

As this is a true story, and is therefore not subject to any of the artistic and critical rules by which fiction ought always to be governed, I shall make no apology whatever for introducing into its proper place in my narrative a second chance meeting almost precisely similar to that which occurred to me at Eulenburg. It is only in narrating fiction that coincidences and repetitions are to be avoided if possible; in real life they happen every day, and are the most natural things in the world. In the Rue Rivoli, then, near the corner of the street — I forget its name just now — that leads up to the Place Vendôme, I came face to face once more with Mrs. Dalton and her niece.

This time, however, they were not without escort; for they were accompanied by a man of some few years older than myself, whom I at once set down as the engaged lover of Alice Fenwick.

I would most willingly have avoided the party; and I would have done so, had not such a proceeding been quite impossible. I had been thinking too much of Alice to see her until we were close together; and then I beheld in her face such a war of white and red that half the burden was lifted from my heart.

Her aunt met me with her usual kindness.

“So you did not die of *ennui* at Eulenburg?” she said.

“It seems not; unless this is my ghost.”

“I am not so sure that it is not,” she answered. “I certainly cannot compliment you on your healthy appearance. I am afraid people do not keep quite such regular hours at Paris as at Eulenburg?”

I had taken the hand of Alice for an instant as her aunt spoke, and tried hard to imagine that I felt it tremble the least in the world in mine.

"Let me introduce you," said Mrs. Dalton; and she went through a form that was vainly supposed to put me on friendly terms with Lord Wynfield, as I will call him here for convenience' sake.

"Do you remember," she went on, "your showing us over the museum at Eulenburg last May? We are now on our way to the Luxembourg — and, if you are as idle as you were then —"

If it had not been for the presence of Lord Wynfield! But, as it was, I answered — more coldly and stiffly, I fear, than kind-hearted Mrs. Dalton ever in her life deserved to be answered by any one, —

"I am afraid I am engaged just now."

"Particularly?"

"Yes — I have to call on a new patron — or rather patroness — of mine." This I was silly enough to add for the benefit of Alice.

"Then I suppose we must not detain you," said Mrs. Dalton, in a tone which was cold in its turn; but her coldness had the good effect of making me ashamed of my own.

"Indeed, Mrs. Dalton, I should be only too happy to join you, but I really have business." I racked my brain for a good excuse; for, in truth, my real business was not of an immediately pressing nature, and Mrs. Dalton, good-natured as she was, by no means liked being neglected — indeed she had always been far too kind to myself for me to run away from her on such an occasion as this without some more satisfactory excuse.

"I have been painting the portrait of a Princess de Paro," I said; "and —"

"The Princess de Paro?" interrupted Lord Wynfield; "what! the mysterious Italian whom we heard so much about last night?"

"The same, no doubt; and I have an appointment to see her this morning; and —"

"Then I think I can save you the trouble," said Lord Wynfield. "I met to-day Monsieur M——, the banker, you know, who seems to know more about her than any one else; and he told me that she left Paris yesterday evening, and that he himself saw her off."

"Left Paris!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Monsieur M—— was surprised himself. But she seems to be a lady full of caprices, from what I have heard from him and others."

Mrs. Dalton shook her head. "I don't like capricious people," she said, sententiously. "I hope she has paid you?" she added, turning to me.

I gave her an outline of my story, suppressing, of course, any details that might throw suspicion upon the character or motives of Madame de Paro, which, pure as I believed them to be, might not, I felt, appear equally pure to everybody.

"I am so glad!" Mrs. Dalton answered. "It was very clear that she did not want to hear anything more of what she chose to give you. I am sure I congratulate you heartily; and the more so, as you will now come with us to the Luxembourg."

I do not think that any one ever repented of having told a lie more

than I then repented of not having told one. There was no help for it now, however; and so, having expressed the pleasure that I ought to have felt, but did not feel, as I best might, I turned and walked on with them. Lord Wynfield and Alice went in front, and I followed with the aunt.

Now to walk behind with a middle-aged aunt, and to be compelled to watch, silently and helplessly, the open attentions paid to one's mistress by a successful rival, may be ridiculous enough to those who watch the game, but to the unfortunate performer — well, I will only say that I do not think I ever had so much intense misery compressed into so relatively short a time as then; and, what made matters worse, I was expected, and almost bound, to talk pleasantly and to make myself agreeable the whole time. I was of a jealous nature in those days, and had not the happy faculty of losing a game with either fortitude or dignity. Nor was I a good hand at concealing what I felt; and I am conscious that I must have occasionally made my kind-hearted companion stare by my fits of abstraction and by the things that I said, talking as I did *à tort et à travers*. If she thought that the paleness and loss of health that she had noticed in me arose from cognac or absinthe, as well as from late hours, I fear that, judging by my manner, she was not altogether without apparent ground for her error. I am not about to give even an abridged version of our talk by the way, for the simple reason that I do not remember a single word of it; and I am glad that I do not, for my own credit's sake.

At last we reached the Luxembourg: I cannot say to my relief, for here, I thought, must matters necessarily become worse for me still. I, too, had before now taken advantage of a picture-gallery and an unsuspecting *chaperone*, so that I knew something of what might take place on such occasions. Still my experience would be of some practical service to me — I would take care that the *chaperone* should not confine her attention, as before, to the school to which D'Ormiglione belonged, or that, at the least, I would supply her sins of omission. Of course the result would only entail annoyance on the lovers without being of the smallest benefit to myself: but then jealousy is as unreasoning as it is unreasonable, and as spiteful as it is weak.

As it happened, this idea of mine was a pure piece of self-torment: for had I been in my proper senses, I should have seen that, so far as Miss Fenwick herself was concerned, I had every reason to be of good hope. She evidently had not the least intention that our party should be divided into couples, while, at the same time, she was as cold to me as women never are save towards those whom they either hate or — the reverse of hate. But of course I did not see this. I was not yet fully versed in that strange feminine language in which black means white and cold means warm. I doubt, indeed, if any one ever does come to understand it where he himself is concerned: and so, perhaps, I was not exceptionally blind after all. At last I reached that state in which, time and place being alike disregarded, one feels driven, almost in spite of one's self, to bring matters to a crisis, whatever may be the cost. While trying, therefore, to talk pictures with Mrs. Dalton, I set my brain to work to find or invent an opportunity for saying six words to her niece.

Had I been utterly careless about the matter, nothing would have been easier : as it was, nothing could have seemed more difficult. At last, however, chance favoured me. Lord Wynfield happened to see some English friends of his, to whom he stopped to speak. Mrs. Dalton took advantage of the opportunity to sit down, and somehow or other — I do not exactly know how — I found myself standing with Alice out of earshot. She looked round, and finding herself alone with me, was about to turn and rejoin her aunt.

"Wait an instant," I said ; "look at that — So it seems that you have forgotten Eulenburg. I must speak to you now, Alice — I have that right, at least : and it will be some kindness if you will be open with me, and tell me at once that what you said then was a folly of which you have repented."

"I was wrong, then, and I have suffered for it," she said quickly, and in a low voice. "I hoped you had forgotten."

"That I had forgotten ! — But the news was true, then ; and nothing remains but to say good-bye at once. I thank you indeed for being so frank, and I would congratulate you if I could."

"If I could tell you all ! But that cannot be. It would be wrong of me to say one word — more wrong even than — Though it is hard that you should think of me —" The rest of what she said was inaudible.

"I think nothing wrong of you ; I only think myself a fool — that is all."

Nor, when I think of it, was I so much out in my thought : only not in the way that I meant at the time.

"Indeed you would forgive me, if you only knew ! Do not be afraid that I shall forgive myself."

"There is nothing to forgive," I answered, half roughly, half coldly. I was beginning to add brutality to my folly.

"Then —" She stopped : tears were in her eyes and voice. Her unmistakable emotion restored me to my better self. "It is I who must be forgiven, Alice," I said. "So it is all over. Well, I must try to bear it as I can. I am not the first, I suppose, who has been waked like this from such a dream." I was going to say much more, but Lord Wynfield had now left his friends, and was coming towards us with Mrs. Dalton. Alice busied herself with one of the pictures that hung nearest to where she stood. I, to give her time to recover her composure, left her, and went forward to meet our companions.

"And now," I somehow managed to say, "I fear I must really leave you. I have spent with you all the time I had."

"Will you not dine with us ?"

"I fear not. Indeed, perhaps I may not see you again while you are here."

"Not see us again ? Surely —"

"I am afraid not. I forgot to tell you that this is my last day in Paris for the present — I have preparations to make —"

My old friend looked surprised and hurt.

"I hope there is nothing wrong ?" she asked. "Where are you going ? To England ?"

"No ; to Eulenburg."

For about the first time within my recollection of her she seemed to see below the surface of things. Her eye rested for an instant on Miss Fenwick, whose face was still turned away. Her voice softened as she said,—

“Then, if you really must go—but I am so sorry—we shall see you when we are back in town?”

“I hope so.”

“Of course we shall; but we shall hear of you before then.” The good lady held out her hand, which I took, formally touched that of Alice, bowed to her future husband, and hurried off. I do not think that he suspected anything; and, as he had never seen me before, probably set down my behaviour to natural bearishness. But, in any case, he must have had plenty of reason for preferring my room to my company.

## VII.

AND so my romance seemed to have come to a very decided end. Still, what else could I have expected? I know what I should think were one of my own daughters to engage herself without my knowledge to a poor devil of an artist, with no prospects, living anyhow in Paris, of whom no one knew much, and of whom I knew nothing at all. I do not imagine that even my own old recollections would make me very soft-hearted in the matter. The risk of a broken heart is far safer to run than that of an unhappy marriage; and as for the feelings of the lover, even if I knew him to be a good fellow, I confess that I would trample upon them without a shadow of compunction or remorse. Therefore I warn off from my sheepfold all such wolves as I used to be; and if a second Lord Wynfield seeks to enter, I will receive him, if not quite with open arms, yet with all respect and hearty goodwill.

But “*Et in Arcadiâ ego*”—and so I went to bury myself once more in Eulenburg.

For their part, the Fenwick party remained in Paris throughout the season, proceeded thence to Nice, or some such place, and were at Rome in time for Easter. One day, while there, it happened that Alice had been with some acquaintances to some one of the services which are especially attractive to foreign spectators. In the seat next to her was a lady, who, however, did not seem to have come, like most of those in that part of the church, with the object of curiosity or amusement, for her whole demeanour was that of real devotion; and yet, at the same time, she seemed but little familiar with the form or nature of the function at which she was assisting. What made Alice take particular notice of her was her extreme but singular beauty, which was of a type belonging to no particular nation, for it was perfectly fair, and yet was certainly not of the north. The two remained in the same place until, the ceremony being over, they found themselves at the door of the church; and then, for the first time, their eyes met. Those of the stranger, although of a deep, soft colour, were bright and flashing, so that those of Alice fell before them. The latter felt, she knew not why, as though the other had sought to read her soul, and

she was afraid. At the same time she heard a bearded and long-haired Frenchman say to a companion,—

"*Tiens, Félix!* There is Madame de Paro."

The other looked at the stranger with grave attention. "No," he answered, slowly, "that is not Madame de Paro, unless Madame de Paro has found a soul since she was in Paris."

"She would scarcely have found one there, *ce cher Paris!* But it is her body at all events," replied the first; and they went away.

Alice remembered having heard of that singular person when in Paris, and also of her having been acquainted with Lewis Melvil; and so regretted not having observed her more closely. Her regret, however, was short-lived; for the very same evening, at a large ball, she met the same lady again, dressed in her usual style of white and gold, with the Greek head-dress, and with the embroidered lace scarf upon her shoulder.

Before long the two found themselves side by side.

"That was glorious music this morning," said the Princess, apparently for the sake of saying something. "We were neighbours there, were we not?"

"I remember seeing you there. I enjoyed the music extremely."

"I did not enjoy it at all," replied Madame de Paro. "I enjoy the chirping of a sparrow better. It was glorious—but it was glorious pain."

"You do not love music?" asked Alice timidly, and, like most people who conversed with the Princess, not quite knowing what her companion meant.

"Love it?" the latter asked, hesitatingly; "well, I suppose I do, but I don't know. I am always glad and relieved when it is over, and I know nothing about it. But, pardon me," she added, "am I right in thinking that you are Mademoiselle Fenwick?—I thought so. Have you heard of Monsieur Melvil lately?" This she said suddenly, with a slight rush of colour into the face that was usually so pale and undisturbed.

Alice, in her turn, flushed with a far deeper crimson. "No," she said. She again felt the glow of the sapphire eyes.

"For I have a message for him," replied the Princess. "Do you know where he is? Do you correspond with him?"

Alice felt as though the eyes were piercing into her heart; but, resolved to yield up none of its secrets, she met them boldly and calmly. "He is now, I believe, at Eulenburg," she answered, quietly, "but we have no correspondence with him."

"Ah, at Eulenburg!" exclaimed Madame de Paro, with a touch of something triumphant in her voice. "Thanks. My dear girl, we must be friends," she added, with a charming smile, from which all the old coldness seemed banished. "Where are you living? I will call upon you if I may."

"I shall be delighted," answered Alice, although rather taken aback at the proposal; "and I am sure that papa——"

"I have been introduced to Sir John already; so that is settled, and you will see me very soon. And now good-night—I always keep early hours."

She rose up from her chair rather suddenly, the result of which movement was, that the lace scarf which she always wore over her left shoulder slipped partly off. With a look of alarm she quickly pulled it up and replaced it in its usual folds ; but not before Alice had seen that it concealed a long black stain, coloured like a fresh bruise, which disfigured her shoulder, her breast, and the upper part of her arm, all of which were otherwise of such marble whiteness.

The manner and words of the Princess in mentioning Melvil had been such as to lead any one to suppose that there was some relation between herself and him of a stronger kind than that of artist and patron, and so it seemed to Alice ; and yet the latter was puzzled at it only, and not in the least really disturbed. No one, somehow, ever seemed to be jealous of the Princess de Paro, with all her beauty.

### VIII.

"ALICE," said the Princess, as they were sitting together one morning, "you still have something more than I."

"I do not know what it can be, then." She was still rather afraid of her new friend ; but a week of frequent intercourse had given a peculiar form to her fear, and had mingled with it that feeling of trust which the weaker of two natures entertains towards the stronger.

"Look into your own heart and then into mine. You have life — that I have also : you love ——"

"Princess !"

"Is it not so ? That also I have obtained ; but there is one gift which is not mine even yet — the gift of being loved."

Alice was silent. She had not the least desire to receive these strange confidences.

"Do you think I cannot see it in his eyes — hear it in his voice ? He, too, flies from the summer to your presence, and loves it only through you. No ; to live and to love is not the whole of earthly happiness. What is beauty if it is not loved, and love if it is not returned ? And this gift I have yet to obtain."

"But ——"

"Teach me, Alice," continued the Princess, drawing the young girl still more closely towards her — "teach me the secret of becoming loved."

Alice looked at her with all her eyes. "Surely it is not for me to teach that to you, so beautiful, so clever, so amiable ; surely you have only to wish it, and you will be loved."

"It needs a wish, then ? I had hoped that love made love. But so be it. You have taught me what I asked, and I am resolved to know the whole. Before long I too will be loved, even as you are loved by him — by —— His name, dear child ?" she asked, with a smile : "these English names ——"

Alice was alternately red and pale. "His name ?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Is it then so difficult to name him who loves one ?" asked the Princess ; "surely not ! I should have thought he would be named

with pride, whoever he might be." She spoke as though she meant to be obeyed.

"Do you mean — Lewis Melvil?" said Alice, with an effort.

"Lewis Melvil!" exclaimed Madame de Paro, no longer with a smile.

"Are you dreaming, child?"

Poor Alice was ready to sink under the earth for confusion and shame. She had indeed been dreaming; but she had talked in her sleep, and the secret of her dream was no longer her own.

Madame de Paro shrunk from her side. "So it is he whom you love, and not Lord Wynfield? — I have the name now," she said.

Alice did not answer, but only looked down upon the floor in a state of distress that was pitiable.

"And so this is the happiness of love!" the Princess continued.

"You love him, and you marry another."

"Pray do not ask me any more," said Alice. "I did not mean, indeed —"

"What did you not mean? And does he love you also, this Lewis Melvil?"

"I hope not now."

"And you shall have your hope — that I promise you. Are you sure he loves you? Has he told you so? But I forget — I thought that was all over." The last few words she seemed to speak to herself.

"Why do you not marry him, then?" she asked again. "Tell me — do not be afraid," she said, more kindly. "I am not angry — why should I be? Are we not friends? Only I cannot see what should stand in the way of love." And so she petted and caressed, and talked softly to her, until Alice, little by little, really felt a need to pour her confidence into such apparently sympathising ears.

"I must marry Lord Wynfield," she said. "It is to obey and to save my father."

And then, by degrees, she told her story, which, to those who are versed in the literature of fiction, will seem as commonplace as a story can be. Whether it is equally commonplace in real life I do not pretend to know, nor — as I am not writing fiction — is it my place to care.

But in order that I may, for the sake of those who have a proper horror of the commonplace, make the story as short as possible, I will tell it in my own words. It came to this, that Alice had taken it into her head to fall in love with a penniless painter, and had listened to him when he told her of his love, without thinking any harm; nor, of all men in the world, ought I to blame her for it. But the same pure and strong heart which had led her in this matter to act naturally, and, speaking after the manner of men, imprudently, made her also, in spite of everything, a good, affectionate, and obedient daughter. Her father came to see ruin staring him in the face, and worse than ruin; and I sincerely hope that no one, even among the most romantically disposed of my readers, will seriously maintain that a daughter is not justified in giving up a lover in order to save her father from disgrace, and both him and many of her family from certain poverty and probable want. And that was the manner of the engagement of Alice Fenwick to Lord Wynfield, who, by the way, was by no means a bad fellow. He was

qualified in every way to fill respectably all the respectable situations of life, including the rich peerage to which he was heir, and which would be more than able, by its alliance, not only to save the house of Fenwick from downfall, but to raise it higher than ever. After all, the sacrifice of her love by a woman is at least as noble as making sacrifices to it, and has the advantage, besides, of being necessarily unselfish. I hope, therefore, that my defence of Alice Fenwick will prove satisfactory. If not, I cannot say that my own admiration for her will fall even by the shadow of a shade; and if I am satisfied, that, under the circumstances, I hold to be fully sufficient.

But, I must admit, the opinion of Madame de Paro was entirely different. She did not say so, however; she only said,—

“You are a good and brave girl. Do not vex yourself about Melvil; he shall not suffer—he shall love you no more.”

She spoke as though she really possessed the power of controlling the feelings of others. But this was by no means what Alice desired. She might be something of a heroine, but she was, after all, a woman: and how, then, could she bear to lose the love of him whom she loved, even though her loss would render him resigned to lose her, and happy, perhaps, in spite of her marriage with a rival? I do not call this feeling jealousy. It is too natural and too pure; or, if it must be called so, it only proves that even the worst of feelings has its good side, even as the best has its bad.

## IX.

IT was very soon after the date of this conversation that I, seated once more in my old room at Eulenburg, received the following note:—

“The Princess de Paro begs to remind Herr Melvil of his promise that he would paint a second portrait of her. She will be at Eulenburg within a week of his receiving this.”

And it was not many days afterwards that I received this also:—

“The Princess de Paro is arrived, and will be glad to see Herr Melvil at any hour to-morrow between eleven and two.”

It is impossible to be always at the same pitch of moral depression; and even to me, heart-wounded as I really was, Eulenburg was not the same place as Paris—that is to say, I missed my friends, and the pleasures that would have given me at least distraction, if they failed to afford me genuine amusement or interest.

Doctor Mohnkopf, excellent old gentleman as he was, was not Félix Laurent—not to speak of other things; and so I was really glad of the appearance of my mysterious Princess once more upon the scene of my *ennui*. I was with her very soon after eleven.

But was this the Princess de Paro whom I saw? Was this the cold-eyed lady of the Marble Mines—the cloud of snow and gold that Félix had sketched for me?

Let me describe her now if I can. Formerly I excused myself, and with good reason, for not having succeeded in setting before my reader the picture of a living woman. Now, however, if I fail to do so, the fault is wholly mine.

She was the same, and yet not the same. The wonderful form was unchanged ; but she was no longer only a sculptor's model. She was now rather for the painter. And I had to paint her who would have been Titian's triumph or despair ! The thing was then as far out of the reach of my colours as it is now out of the reach of my words. Imagine Aphrodite just risen from the sea, Papha bursting into life at the prayer of Pygmalion, Hera after borrowing the *cestus*, Helen — Bah ! It is not to describe a woman, this wandering back to hackneyed types. And yet these are the best examples, too, were they not so worn as to convey no longer any definite and living idea.

I will try again, in another way. When, being then quite a child, I first read 'The Abbot' of Sir Walter Scott — whether it was the result of the suggestive power of the author, or of my own imagination, or of a mixture of both, I know not — I evolved a Mary Stuart, whose image has never been affected by anything that I have subsequently read or learned about her. I always pictured her, and I picture her still, not as a woman merely, but as my representative woman, in all her strength and weakness, in all her largeness and littleness ; and I gave her a *physique* in accordance with my idea. Whatever she may have been historically, to me she is tall and full of figure, with long limbs and strong, and yet as tender and delicate as those of a young girl ; full of the strength of health, into which no idea of coarseness or grossness enters, and with flesh which, though round and firm, would shrink and bruise at the slightest touch that is not of love. Her white skin, pale everywhere, and rather like satin than like velvet in texture, suggests, like the "*Andalouse au sein bruni*," the hues of autumn rather than of the spring or summer : but her mouth is of the noon of summer and her eyes of the morning of spring — that is to say, express richness of passion and brightness of mind. She is one in whom Rizzio, the delicate southern poet, and Bothwell, the rough northern soldier, alike find their ideal of womanhood ; in whom I — to be egotistic — first found mine, child as I was, and for whose sake I regretted that I had not been the George Douglas, who, having loved her from a distance, came to die at last under the rain of her tears. And now I saw her before me, and did *not* fall down before her feet.

It was certainly not because I was of a cold nature, for coldness on such occasions has never been one of my qualities : it was not that I had outlived my romance, for I was not more than five-and-twenty, and was most romantically in love ; and among men love for one woman by no means lessens the power of the beauty of others. And yet, even as I had formerly looked on her as I should have looked on a statue, so I now regarded her as if she had been a beautiful picture, which one loves with the mind only. Even her voice, which had acquired a warm softness of tone in addition to its pure clearness — and, worker in form and colour as I am, it is by the voice that I am ever most attracted or repelled — did no more than charm my actual bodily ears. I felt positively angry with myself for my unaccountable coldness ; and all the more angry because even then I was unable to account for it on the ground of my love for Alice Fenwick.

It was certainly a very different thing from what it had been in Paris to endeavour to reproduce her now upon canvas. The fact that

the likeness had to be the same in form only added to the difficulty: it was like trying to fill old bottles with new wine. It is superfluous for me to say that I failed completely and ignominiously; nor could any one have been more conscious that I had failed than myself.

But she seemed to perceive other reasons for my having been unsuccessful than those which I have mentioned.

"I am not surprised," she said, "though I own I am disappointed. By the way," she asked suddenly, putting one of those abrupt and odd questions of hers, to which, however, I had by this time nearly grown accustomed, "What do you suppose was the origin of painting?"

"That is rather a wide historical inquiry, is it not, Madame?"

"Is there not some legend——"

"Oh, you mean the story of the lady who traced her lover's shadow on the wall with a lump of charcoal, and wrote under it, I suppose, *amor pinxit?*"

"That is what I mean. And I imagine that that portrait, at least, was no failure."

"I have no doubt it served its purpose."

"And that is more than yours does."

"I am most sorry——"

"Oh, it is of no real consequence. I hold you to your promise, and you will try again."

"And fail again. You are beyond my skill, Madame."

"At present I may be; but not next time. Next time you will not only not fail but succeed admirably."

"Then, in that case, by next time I shall have become the greatest portrait-painter since the world began."

"You will be the equal of the girl who traced the shadow."

"I confess, Madame, that, fail as I may, my ambition would not be quite content with that."

"Your ambition could find no loftier object. Only wait. Both of us have many things to learn."

I imagine that I do but plead guilty to an incapacity common to all writers who have ever attempted to report a conversation when I apologise for having tried to report that of Madame de Paro by such a tame, spiritless collection of common words as this. It was not with words that she talked now, but with eyes that did far more than speak with slight but eager movements, and with flashes of colour, which made what she actually said of far less consequence than how she said it. I have therefore abstained from quoting one of her spoken words that did not seem to me to be in itself of special significance; and I have, at the same time, taken care not to supply any defect on the part of my memory by any effort on that of my imagination. I am only sorry, once more, that I am so poor a word-painter; but I doubt if, in this case, the greatest poet could really do more than I have done.

A day or two passed without my seeing anything more of my Princess, though I certainly heard enough about her. She was not a person to remain many days even in Paris without becoming the topic of general conversation and curiosity; and *a fortiori*, it did not take many hours to produce the same result in a place like Eulenburg. She kept herself very close, however, and was seen but very little abroad or in people's

houses, although she had excellent introductions. One of the peculiarities about her was the manner in which a person who was really so unknown as she, seemed to be accepted everywhere by the best society. But though I heard plenty of admiration expressed for her beauty, I doubt if here, any more than in Paris, any of her own sex had the least cause to be jealous about it for a moment: and I do not think that the most romantic of art-students would for her sake have deserted his easel, or have been tempted by the prospect of her society to lose a single morning of sunshine. It seemed that she spoke the literal truth when she said that Alice Fenwick, whose beauty was not to be compared with hers, had something or other in her nature that was wanting to that of the Princess de Paro.

But something far more interesting to myself than even the visit of the Princess put all other matters out of my head completely for the time. It was the following piece of news which I happened to see in an English newspaper:—

“We learn from Rome of the serious illness of Lord Wynfield, eldest son of the Earl of ——. The state of the noble lord is such as to cause considerable anxiety to his medical attendants, and, though not dangerous, is, we are sorry to learn, eminently critical.”

But what, it may be asked, was this to me? Even if Lord Wynfield should die, not the faintest real difference would be brought about in my own circumstances. I should still be as far off as ever from attaining the desire of my soul. I was neither his heir nor his next brother; and, without being one or the other, his death could no longer improve my position with regard to Alice: nor, indeed, having now been regularly rejected, upon what I could not but think worldly grounds, was I very likely to renew the struggle, even were the field ever again really and practically open to my attempt. Still, however, as may easily be imagined, the news was by no means ungrateful to me. Hope in such cases can scarcely be said to have given its very last gasp until the church-door has closed upon the very last of the returning bridesmaids; and this was now not likely to take place for some time. I do not accuse myself of going the length of consciously wishing the death of Lord Wynfield, but I should not like to have to analyse my unconscious wishes too closely.

As may be supposed, I perpetually looked in the English papers in order to learn whatever particulars they might give as to the condition of Lord Wynfield from time to time; but of this I learned nothing more. I did not even know whether he was still in Rome, and I had no acquaintance there from whom I could inquire. At last, however, in the ‘Times,’ I saw something that was news indeed, although it affected Lord Wynfield but indirectly.

The piece of news was this, that Sir John Fenwick, to whom I had always looked up with awe and wonder as a typical pillar of commercial magnificence and stability, had fallen down from his place, and had—apparently, for his character was thoroughly cleared afterwards—turned out to be nothing more than a very ordinary, though for so long a very successful, rogue. Lord Wynfield, I believe, knew of the imminence of the downfall, which, had he kept his health, he would have been able to avert; but the seeming roguery was as new to him as it was to the rest of the world.

No sooner had I learned this news than, acting upon the best impulse that ever man had, I wrote at once to my friend Mrs. Dalton, enclosing at the same time a letter to her niece.

*(To be continued.)*

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*The Spectator.*

PRO MORTUIS.

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WHAT should a man desire to leave?  
 A flawless work ; a noble life :  
 Some music harmonized from strife,  
 Some finish'd thing, ere the slack hands at eve  
 Drop, should be his to leave.

One gem of song, defying age ;  
 A hard-won fight ; a well-work'd farm ;  
 A law, no guile can twist to harm ;  
 Some tale, as our lost Thackeray's, bright, or sage  
 As the just Hallam's page.

Or, in life's homeliest, meanest spot,  
 To strike the circle of his years  
 A perfect curve through joys and tears,  
 Leaving a pure name to be known, or not,—  
 This is a true man's lot.

He dies : he leaves the deed, or name,  
 A gift for ever to his land,  
 In trust to Friendship's guardian hand,  
 Bound 'gainst all adverse shocks to keep his fame,  
 Or to the world complain.

But the imperfect thing, or thought,—  
 The fervid yeastiness of youth,  
 The dubious doubt, the twilight truth,  
 The work that for the passing day was wrought,  
 The schemes that came to nought,

The sketch half-way 'twixt verse and prose  
That mocks the finish'd picture true,  
The splinters whence the statue grew,  
The scaffolding 'neath which the palace rose,  
The vague abortive throes

And crudities of joy or gloom :—  
In kind oblivion let them be !  
Nor has the dead worse foe than he  
Who rakes these sweepings of the artist's room,  
And piles them on his tomb.

Ah, 'tis but little that the best,  
Frail children of a fleeting hour,  
Can leave of perfect fruit or flower !  
Ah, let all else be graciously supprest  
When man lies down to rest !

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

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*De Bow's Review.*

## THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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NO Southern man who reads the very personal and partisan chapters of the "Lost Cause," or the unjust and unreasonable history of the late war as compiled by Northern writers for the deception of the world and its posterity, can be satisfied with the exposition of the motives, or the recital of the deeds, of Southern men fighting for a cause sacred to them.

The Southern people should gather and preserve the archives of their struggle and of their men: in no sense of disaffection to the Constitution which they have now sworn to support, as expounded by the cannon, but to vindicate their motives and their acts. Neither is the present time proper, nor is, perhaps, the man born, who can write an impartial history. Long after the war between England and France, in the Peninsula of Spain, Napier wrote its history. So impartial was its style, so authentic were its facts, that it received at once the endorsement of Soult and of Wellington. It has been reserved for an American historian, after long centuries, to describe the war of secession by which Holland separated herself from Spain. But we can now take testimony *de bene esse*, as the lawyers say, to be used when needful. In this connection, we publish the proceedings of the Southern Historical Society, at a meeting recently held in New Orleans.

We call the attention of our readers to the notice given by their circular, and urge upon every statesman and every soldier to write down from his memory, or from any documents in his possession, whatever he knows in regard to the facts connected immediately with the declaration and waging of the Confederate war, the causes or consequences which have preceded or followed it. Such documents, verified and preserved, will furnish the material for an impartial history, of which men of every section will be alike proud. When the passions of the past shall have subsided; when the American people shall have harmonized in the great interests of her future; when some man, able, universally respected, shall have been designated by public respect; when the cause of the South shall be heard judicially by an impartial world: then, and not till then, let the "epitaph of the Southern cause be written."

[From the *New Orleans Picayune*.]

There was a regular meeting of this Society, in the office of the Howard Association, which was well attended, and important business transacted. Gen. Braxton Bragg officiated as President, in the absence of Dr. Palmer. The permanent constitution and by-laws were read, adopted, and ordered to be published.

Letters were read from a number of the Vice-Presidents elected at a previous meeting.

We append an official list of the officers of the Society:

#### OFFICERS OF PARENT SOCIETY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., President; Gen. Braxton Bragg, Vice-President; Joseph Jones, M. D., Secretary and Treasurer.

#### ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

President, Vice-President and Secretary *ex-officio*, J. Dickson Bruns, M. D., Hon. Thos. J. Semmes, W. S. Pike, Gen. Harry T. Hays.

#### VICE-PRESIDENTS OF STATES.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Virginia; Hon. S. Teackle Wallis, Maryland; Gen. D. H. Hill, North Carolina; Gen. Wade Hampton, South Carolina; Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, Georgia; Admiral R. Semmes, Alabama; Gov. Isham G. Harris, Tennessee; Gov. B. G. Humphreys, Mississippi; Col. Ashbel Smith, Texas; Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, Kentucky; Gen. Trusten Polk, Missouri; Hon. A. H. Garland, Arkansas; Hon. S. R. Mallory, Florida.

The following address was read by the Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. Joseph Jones, and unanimously adopted. It very fully explains the objects and scope of the society:

#### OFFICIAL CIRCULAR.

On the 1st of May, 1869, after several preliminary meetings, a number of gentlemen in the city of New Orleans formed themselves into a permanent association, under the style of the "Southern Historical Society," with the following general outline:

A parent Society, to hold its seat and its archives in the city of New Orleans, with affiliating societies to be organized in all the States favorable to the object proposed; these in their turn branching into local organizations in the different townships—forming thus a wide fellowship of closely co-ordinated societies, with a common centre in the parent association in this city.

The object proposed to be accomplished is the collection, classification, preservation, and final publication, in some form to be hereafter determined, of all the documents and facts bearing upon the eventful history of the past

few years, illustrating the nature of the struggle from which the country has just emerged, defining and vindicating the principles which lay beneath it, and marking the stages through which it was conducted to its issue. It is not understood that this association shall be purely sectional, nor that its labors shall be of a partisan character.

Every thing which relates to this critical period of our national history, pending the conflict, antecedent or subsequent to it, from the point of view of either, or of both the contestants ; everything, in short, which shall vindicate the truth of history, is to be industriously collated and filed ; and all parties, in every section of the continent, who shall desire to co-operate in the attainment of these ends, will be welcomed to a share in our councils and our toils.

It is doubtless true, that an accepted history can never be written in the midst of the stormy events of which that history is composed, nor by the agents through whose efficiency they were wrought. The strong passions which are evoked in every human conflict disturb the vision and warp the judgment in the scales of whose criticism the necessary facts are to be weighed ; even the relative importance of these facts cannot be measured by those who are in too close proximity. Scope must be afforded for the development of their remote issues before they can be brought under the range of a philosophic apprehension, and the secret thread be discovered, running through all history, upon which its single facts crystallize in the unity of some great providential plan.

The generations of the disinterested must succeed the generations of the prejudiced, before history, properly termed such, can be written. This, precisely, is the work we now attempt ; to construct the archives in which shall be collected these memoirs to serve for future history.

It is believed that invaluable documents are scattered over the whole land, in loose sheets, perhaps, lying in the portfolios of private gentlemen, and only preserved as souvenirs of their own parts in the historic drama.

Existing in forms so perishable, regarded, it may be, only as so much waste paper by those into whose hands they must fall, no delay should be suffered in their collection and preservation.

There is, doubtless, much also that is yet unwritten, floating only in the memories of the living, which, if not speedily rescued, will be swallowed in the oblivion of the grave, but which, if reduced to record, and collated, would afford the key to many a cipher, in a little while to become unintelligible for want of interpretation.

All this various material, gathered from every section, will need to be industriously classified and arranged, and finally deposited in the central archives of the Society, under the care of appropriate guardians.

To this task of collection, we invite the immediate attention and co-operation of our compatriots throughout the South, to facilitate which, we propose the organization of State and district associations, that our whole people may be brought into harmony of action in this important matter.

The rapid changes through which the institutions of the country are now passing, and the still more stupendous revolutions in the opinions of men, remind us of a great historic cycle, within which a completed past will shortly be enclosed. Another cycle may touch its circumference ; but the events it shall embrace will be gathered around another historic centre, and the future historian will pronounce that in stepping from one to the other he has entered upon another and separate volume of the nation's record.

Let us, who are soon to be in that past to which we properly belong, see that there are no gaps in the record.

Thus shall we discharge a duty to the fathers, whose principles we inherit ; to the children, who will then know whether to honor or to dishonor the sires that begot them ; and above all, to the dead heroes sleeping on the vast battle-plains, from Manassas to Vicksburg, whose epitaph history yet awaits to engrave upon their tombs.

The funds raised by initiation fees, assessments, donations, and lectures, after defraying the current expenses, will be appropriated to the rent or purchase of a suitable fire-proof building for the safe keeping of the archives.

For the accomplishment of these ends, contributions are respectfully solicited from all parties interested in the establishment and prosperity of the Southern Historical Society.

Contributions to the archives and library of the Society are respectfully and earnestly solicited under the following divisions :

1. The histories and historical collections of the individual States, from the earliest periods to the present time, including travels, journals, and maps.
2. Complete files of the newspapers, periodicals, literary, scientific, and medical journals of the Southern States, from the earliest times to the present day, including, especially, the period of the recent American civil war.
3. Geological, topographical, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial reports, illustrating the statistics, climate, soil, resources, and commerce of the Southern States.
4. Works, speeches, sermons, and discourses relating to the recent conflict and political changes ; Congressional and State reports during the recent war.
5. Official reports and descriptions, by officers and privates, and newspaper correspondents, and eye-witnesses of campaigns, military operations, battles, and sieges.
6. Reports upon the munitions, arms and equipment, organization, numbers, and losses of the various branches of the Southern armies — infantry, artillery, cavalry, ordnance, and commissary and quartermaster departments.
7. Military maps.
8. Reports of the Adjutant General of the late C. S. A., and of the Adjutant Generals of the armies, departments, districts and States, showing the available fighting population, the number, organization and losses of forces called into actual service.
9. Naval operations of the Confederate States.
10. Operations of the Nitre and Mining Bureau.
11. Commercial operations.
12. Foreign relations, diplomatic correspondence, etc.
13. Currency.
14. Medical statistics and medical reports.
15. Names of all officers, soldiers and sailors in the military and naval service of the Confederate States who were killed in battle, or died of disease and wounds.
16. Names of all the wounded officers, soldiers and sailors. The nature of the wounds should be attached to each name, and the loss of one or more limbs should be carefully noted.
17. Published reports and manuscripts relating to civil prisoners held during the war.
18. All matters, published or unpublished, relating to the treatment, diseases, mortality, and exchange of prisoners of war.
19. The conduct of the hostile armies in the Southern States. Private and public losses during the war. Treatment of citizens by hostile forces.
20. Number, occupation, condition, and conduct of colored population. Effects of emancipation upon the negro, and upon the material prosperity of the South.
21. Southern poetry, ballads, songs, etc.

All communications, works, and reports must be addressed (by mail or express, prepaid,) to Dr. Joseph Jones, Secretary and Treasurer of the Southern Historical Society, New Orleans, La.

After some further business, the meeting adjourned.

### THREE MEETINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

OH the happy meeting from over the sea ;  
When I love my friend and my friend loves me :  
And we stand face to face, and for letters read  
There are endless words to be heard and said,  
With a glance between, shy, anxious, half-strange,  
As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of change?"  
Till we both settle down as we used to be —  
Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh the blissful meeting of lovers true,  
Against whom fate has done all that fate could do ;  
And then dropped, conquered :— while over those slain  
Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain,  
Hope lifts her banner, gay, gallant, and fair,  
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air :  
And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,  
Arches above them — God guards the right !

But oh for the meeting to come one day,  
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay ;  
When the standers-by, with a pitying sign,  
Shall softly cover this face of mine,  
And I leap — whither, ah ! who can know ?  
But outward, onward, as spirits must go :—  
Until eye to eye, without fear, I see  
God, and my lost, as they see me.

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*The Saturday Review.*

### BOYS.

PHYSIOLOGISTS, we believe, have discovered, or at any rate have demonstrated, that there are facts to justify the poet in holding the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child. The Caucasian brain, they say, even in its earliest stage of development, is shown by its convolutions to be as highly organized a structure as the brain

of the adult negro, and by the time the period of childhood is reached it is on a level with that of the Mongol. It may be that this line of investigation, when pushed a little further, will throw some light upon a question which has from time immemorial puzzled parents and guardians, perplexed legislators and magistrates, and generally troubled society. Why should that section of man's life commonly known as boyhood be distinguished by that bitter hostility to civilization and order which is only too frequently shown to be its leading characteristic? Why should it be impossible to take up a newspaper without finding that two boys, aged nine and ten respectively, have been endeavouring to upset an excursion-train by placing obstacles of some sort on the rails, or flinging stones at it from a bridge, like Masters Hall and Hustin a week or two ago, or attempting to set fire to a dwelling-house, or blowing up a letter-box, or burning down a bobbin-mill, like those amiable youths at Barnsley the other day, or beating a little girl to death for wearing green ribbons, like those others at Manchester, or engaged in some other enterprise which had for its object the destruction of life or property, or both? Why should it be that, when agitators in London or Paris want to get up a little disturbance and intimidate or annoy society, they can always get any number of boys to overset kiosks, or pull down railings, or smash lamps and windows, and perform other services the mere performance of which is obviously a sufficient reward for the labour? If there be anything in the theory we have mentioned, it offers an explanation of this mystery. If the civilized man in arriving at maturity does really pass through stages corresponding with the various degrees of moral development to be found in the human family, and if in babyhood he is to be considered the analogue of the negro, then, assuredly, in boyhood he is the representative of the Red Indian. This fact — of which, by the way, that acute philosopher Sam Weller seems to have had an inkling when he charged a boy with behaving "vith as much politeness as a vild Indian" — cannot of course be considered as fairly established until a boy and a Choctaw have been placed side by side and dissected by some competent anatomist; but in the meantime we have abundance of collateral evidence tending to support it. Of all human beings the boy and the red man are the only two to whom cruelty *per se* is a pleasure. With some others the infliction of pain may be to some extent an element in the pleasure derived from a sport, but with the boy and the red man it is a sport in itself. All experienced travellers are agreed as regards the one, and as to the other, to quote the words of Mr. Lecky in his *History of Morals*, "few persons who have watched the habits of boys would question that to take pleasure in giving at least some degree of pain is sufficiently common." Nevertheless, in the one case as in the other, society has always indulged in a deceptive sentimentalism. We hear people talk of the fine, free, generous nature of boys, just as we hear them talk of the noble red man of the forest, the noble savage, the gentleman of nature, etc., when they really mean a greasy, whooping, screeching, tomahawking savage. In the second place, the boy and the red man are the only two varieties of the human animal that evince an implacable enmity to civilization, and upon whose natures it fails to exercise any influence for good. The

difference in this respect is merely one of opportunity and circumstance. The Indian has comparatively few chances of declaring his sentiments. The utmost he can do is to massacre a family of settlers now and then, or, just at present, tear up a piece of Pacific Railway, and scalp a few station-masters and stokers. The boy, on the other hand, has a much wider range of opportunities, but he is unable to make use of them in the same complete and satisfactory manner. Society is rather too strong for him, and the expression of his feelings, though varied in kind, is limited in degree.

In studying any animal we must of course take that variety which on the whole appears to be most typical and least affected by disturbing influences. It would be idle to expect sound deductions as to the nature of the ox from an examination of a stall-fed shorthorn, or of the dog from an inquiry into the habits of a puppet-show "Toby." So for purposes of boy-study we must not select a specimen cowed, subdued, stiffened, and made unnaturally gentlemanlike under the system of a Dr. Blimber, but rather go to some breed less widely removed from the natural animal, such as, for instance, that which the penny-a-liner, with his usual flowery infelicity, insists upon calling the "street Arab"—the most monstrous, perhaps, even of his misnomers, for if there is a being in every respect the opposite of the grave, decorous, reverential Arab, it is the boy of the streets. No one who has observed *him* with any degree of attention can doubt that warfare against society is what he lives for, or that, if he had only the power, any member of society, say a policeman, would fare just as badly in his hands as a stray Salt Lake emigrant in those of a war party of Arapahoes. The policeman, to be sure, is an extreme case, for, besides the natural hatred due to him as an adult and a member of society, he is odious to the street-boy from the nature of his duties. He is hated not only as a man but as a policeman, for it is always his unfortunate function to stand between the boy and his dearest pleasures. Whenever there is a fire, or a fight, or an upset, or a run-over, or any other opportunity for the contemplation of suffering or loss to the sons of men, just as the boy is at the very height of his enjoyment the policeman is sure to appear, drive him back, and interpose a form aggravatingly bulky and opaque between him and the sight which was affording him unmixed gratification. This conduct is especially irritating at a fire, for it may be observed that boys always take a peculiar interest in a fire. They have somehow got into a way of regarding it as something specially got up for their entertainment, and indeed of all ordinary disasters there is none so well calculated to afford them thorough satisfaction. There is, at the very least, the destruction of property to be witnessed, which is always delightful. If it should luckily happen to be in a dwelling-house, there is the additional pleasure derived from the terror and confusion of the inmates, and the chance of the sublime treat of seeing them carried out more or less scorched and wrapped up in blankets, not to speak of the possibility of some one being entirely roasted. From this paradise of delights at the policeman's bidding the boy has to "stand back," and sometimes so far that he can only hear the distant sobs of the labouring engine; and at the supreme moment, when the roof falls in, he is left to his own imagination to

estimate the amount of damage done, and the probabilities of life lost. Consequently there are few spectacles so soothing to the boy-mind as that of a policeman in difficulty, and for this reason boys may be always observed to muster strong in the neighbourhood of police-stations for the sake of seeing the force involved in taking charge of troublesome cases of intoxication. An elderly lady on her way to the station, while suffering under that form of inebriety which makes the patient lie down and kick, every dozen yards, and between halts, bite and scratch the officer, is a sight particularly refreshing to the boy, presenting as it does two beings with whom he is at feud under humiliating and uncomfortable circumstances. For if the boy hates the policeman he hates lovely woman too, and it must be confessed that in this case also he has some reason for the antipathy, because unquestionably lovely woman hates *him*. The affection of mother and son apart—which is purely a matter of instinct, a mere animal attachment—no woman ever yet was fond of boys. There is a natural antagonism between them. Women are conservative by temperament; boys are naturally revolutionary. Women are lovers of order; disorder in all its forms is what boys love. All the feelings that are strongest in women, reverence, pity, tenderness, sympathy with suffering, are in boys “conspicuous by their absence.” Naturally, therefore, there is no love lost on either side. Lovely woman in distress excites in the boy’s mind emotions the very opposite of those with which the late Mr. T. P. Cooke used to boast himself inspired; and she on her part is at no pains to conceal the fact that she considers him an imp, an aggravating toad, and a young monkey. She loses no opportunity of impressing upon him that he is an inferior being, and possibly the natural misanthropy of boys is occasionally intensified by the depressing theories as to their own physical constitution imbibed while still under female domination. From woman’s lips they learn that

Snips and snails and puppy-dogs’ tails —  
That’s what little boys are made of;

while, with a perhaps pardonable partiality to her own sex, she declares that

Sugar and spice and all that’s nice —  
That’s what little *girls* are made of.

Quibus  
Meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

It may be that some of the unsatisfactory qualities of boys are in part due to the despair and the envy which such a gloomy account of their comparative anatomy would naturally produce. If we cannot accept the view literally, it must be admitted there is something in it figuratively. In all other animals the difference between the sexes at an early age is trifling; in man it is very striking. To take a familiar illustration from the streets—since that excellent piece of legislation sometimes called “the Bass Relief Act” has been in operation, a vast number of barrel-organs have been altered, and instead of grinding the *Trovatore* where it was not wanted, they now supply reels, jigs, and hornpipes to neighbourhoods where such things are thoroughly enjoyed.

It is scarcely possible to look into a back street in London now without seeing an organ-grinder at work, and several couples of little girls dancing, often gracefully, always prettily and happily. But no reader of this or any other journal ever saw any boys joining in that innocent amusement; though it must be allowed they do sometimes cut in and perform evolutions in the nature of a war-dance round the organist, to whom they address certain traditional scraps of gibberish supposed to be injurious expressions of an intensely irritating character, out of some foreign language, no matter what, but intelligible and galling to him as an alien. And here it may be observed that the boy has this immense advantage, that he is above all creatures entirely ἀναιδής — no one English word hits off the quality precisely — that, as he respects nothing, so he is totally free from the weakness of self-respect, and knows not what it is to feel himself contemptible or ridiculous. Hence, in giving annoyance, he is never checked by any sense of degradation. He would coat himself from head to foot with mud an inch thick if he thought there was a chance of running against a well-dressed fellow-creature and escaping unthrashed. This, joined with an almost diabolical ingenuity in devising modes of aggravation, makes him nearly as accomplished a tormentor as his congener the Red Indian. We once saw the Strand thrown into terror, confusion, and distress by the unaided wit of two boys. It was one of those foggy, damp December evenings, when the lamps look like blurred moons, and objects twenty yards off are all but undistinguishable, and the pavement is as slippery as if all the clowns of all the theatres had been practising the making of butter-slides for the coming pantomimes. These playful youths had got a suit of old clothes and some straw, out of which they had made up an image sufficiently like a man to pass muster in that uncertain light. With this, counterfeiting the action of affectionate sons taking home a beloved but intoxicated father, they would suddenly appear in front of some passing omnibus, and then, affecting to lose all presence of mind, allow their helpless parent to fall almost under the feet of the horses. The scene may be imagined. Terror of the passengers, horror of the driver, horses down through having been sharply turned aside or pulled up on the greasy pavement, general agitation; which culminated when at length an omnibus with more way on than usual actually passed over the body, the wretched driver of course suffering the mental agonies of a homicide until relieved by seeing the straw intestines of his victim.

The greatest misery to the greatest number is, in fact, the aim of the boy's philosophy, and it is worth noticing how, even when apparently tamed and civilized, and ostensibly earning an honest livelihood, he contrives to make his vocation conducive to that great end. Hence his partiality for callings which enable him to persecute society under the pretence of seeking custom, such as that of the shoeblack importunate to "Clean your boots, Sir," when you have no need of him; or the evening-paper vendor, breaking in upon your meditations with his shrill recommendation of the last horrible murder. Even when civilization has done its utmost to expel nature by modifying the boy into the "young gentleman," nature will sometimes break out. Illustrations only too familiar are to be found in the boy with the mechani-

cal turn, and the boy with the chemical turn ; young imps so-called because they have been discovered destroying the furniture, or making a stench with some bottled nastiness, and have been in consequence set up with a tool-chest or a "youth's laboratory" by an addle-headed old uncle who has some confused notion that it was in this way the genius of Watt or of Faraday first showed itself. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the sufferings of the household where this occurs, but fortunately they are seldom of very long duration. Sooner or later the young philosopher disables himself with his tools, or is "hoist with his own petard" while in pursuit of his grand arcanum, that explosive compound which shall combine the greatest possible amount of smell, smoke, and noise.

But these are merely varieties of the boy, and as such they have as little connexion with our subject as that highly artificial specimen who is prematurely particular about his boots, generally dressy, and partial to ladies' society, and who is to the boy pure and simple very much what the town Indian, with a civilization consisting of trousers and fire-water, is to the original red man of the prairie. They may be interesting from a Darwinian point of view, as exhibiting the original boy-nature coming out, here and there, under domestication, but, as we said before, they are useless for the study of boy in the abstract, and it is to this neglected branch of natural history that we wish to see attention directed ; the more so because there seems to be a disposition in some quarters to deal rashly with the subject. It is growing more and more common to treat as an assault in law that wholesome corporal punishment which used to be not only a schoolmaster's privilege, but even his duty, and some there are who would actually make castigation under any circumstances penal. Is it wise, we would ask in the face of the facts we have mentioned, to throw away in this heedless manner checks and safeguards that have been established by the wisdom of our ancestors for the restraint of dangerous instincts and the protection of society?

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## THE NAMELESS PILGRIM.\*

A MÆDIEVAL LEGEND.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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“NOW whither fare ye, son of mine?”  
Ædwen, the mother, said;  
“And why are these stalwart limbs of thine  
So weary and sore bestead?”

“Yea, weary I am with bitter ruth,  
Thou sayest it, mother sweet;  
For the Master I’ve served with loyal truth,  
Hath trodden me underfeet.”

“Now who be the Baron foul or fair,  
Of Saxon or Norman line,  
That rateth thy service thus, or dare  
Dishonor thee, son of mine?”

And Godric made answer:—“Sooth to tell,  
’Tis a tale thou hast heard before:  
The World is the Master I’ve toiled for well,  
But he payeth me wage no more.

“With new-found hunger I craved the bread  
I had eaten through all these years;  
My trencher he piled with ashes instead,  
And for wine he hath poured me tears.”

Then Ædwen, the mother, was inly glad,  
And folding her aged palms,  
She lifted to heaven her eyes, long sad,  
And worshipped the Lord in psalms.

“What now the vassalage thou wouldst seek?”  
She asked, ’twixt hope and fear;  
“I would hear thee fain of the fen-lands speak,  
And thy home on the marshy Wear.”

“Nay, never again by the marshy Wear  
Will I build me a wattled home,  
For know by the pilgrim’s token here,  
I wend my way to Rome.”

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\* An incident in the life of the Saxon hermit, St. Godric.

"O blessed Saint Cuthbert of The Isles!"

Cried Ædwen—"In my need  
Thou hast heard my prayers—thou hast rent the toils,  
And the thrall of sin is freed!

"I also a pilgrim's pains would feel,  
Thirst, weariness, hunger, heat;  
I also, for Christ's sweet sake would kneel  
At the Holy Father's feet."

Then Ædwen and Godric, hand in hand,  
Journeyed o'er stretching down,  
Across gray moor and pasture-land,  
Through many a populous town.

And as they neared the shingly beach,  
A maiden of pallid hue,  
With the gentlest mien and the softest speech,  
Said—"I am a pilgrim, too!"

And the fierce stout gaze of Godric quailed  
Before her marvellous look,  
And his spirit, in pride of manhood mailed,  
Like a reed of the river shook.

They spared to question her of her name,  
Of her high or low degree;  
But trusting and trustful, on they came  
To the shore of the surging sea.

Through the vineyard paths they wound their way,  
And the hours of travel o'er,  
They laid them down at the close of day  
On many a threshing-floor.

And Ædwen, the mother, her mantle spread,  
And covered the maiden sweet,  
As she rested her innocent, weary head  
On the piles of the golden wheat.

By the way-side cross and the forest shrine,  
As they knelt at their noontide prayer,  
The sunbeams seemed in a haste to twine  
A circle about her hair.

Onward they pressed through windy pines,  
By torrents crowned with foam,  
Until from the crested Apennines  
They gazed on the walls of Rome.

With daily penance and prayer and psalm,  
Each hallowed place they trod,  
Till the restless bosom had won the calm  
Of a spirit at peace with God.

And ever and aye the twain between,  
With a pure and drooping face,  
The blue-eyed maiden walked serene,  
In her saintly, slender grace.

Their vows fulfilled and their alms-deeds done,  
Away from the walls of Rome,  
With the beautiful maiden following on,  
They fared to their northern home.

Again o'er the billowy Apennines,  
By meadow and grassy lea,  
Through orchards of olives and purpling vines,  
They came to the surging sea.

And then with a wave of her filmy hands,  
As they touched the farther shore,  
The maiden glided athwart the sands,  
And they saw her face no more.

"Now what is thy thought, O mother mine?"  
Cried Godric, wond'ring thus ;  
"Whence came, whither goeth the form divine  
That hath journeyed so long with us?"

Said Ædwen : — "The whither she went, I ween,  
No more I wot than ye ;  
But surely Saint Catherine's self hath been  
One of the pilgrims three."

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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## CHIVALROUS SOUTHRONS.\*

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A SPANISH author has observed, that *Don Quixote* was one of the most mischievous books ever given to the world. It took the highest characteristics of human nature, and, by turning them into ridicule, rendered them contemptible. Piety, purity, courage, disinterestedness, and honor, by pushing them to the excess of insanity, were made to appear absurd weakness and folly. Voltaire's affirmation, 'that ridicule is the test of truth,' is itself not true. There is nothing holy, or pure, or noble, which cannot be so travestied as to produce indifference or contempt in weak minds — and the greater part of men are both corrupt and weak. To be able to laugh at virtue is a near approach to vice. On the contrary, to preserve excellence of any kind among men, it must be revered. The atheistic philosophers of the last century thoroughly understood the proneness of human nature to evil; and the power of ridicule, falsehood, and sneers, to produce it. With these weapons they made the most God-abandoned people the world ever saw, and deluged France and Europe in blood.

Our most gracious, benevolent, and loving fellow-citizens of the North are striving to accomplish for the South the same result the French philosophers accomplished for their country — a thorough depravation of character and morals, and by the same means. In their daily press, and in their periodicals, there is a continual stream of disparagement, ridicule, and falsehood. Their agents of every kind, of the army, of their Freedman's Bureau, their carpet-baggers, their State officials of all sorts in their negro legislatures in the South, are all active in one grand enterprise, — the alteration and extinction of the characteristics of the Southern people. They see plainly that if the Southern people cannot be Northernised, their subjugation has been in vain. If their love of liberty, and their appreciation of those principles of government which alone can secure it, cannot be intimidated into inactivity, or corrupted by material prosperity, the end is not yet. It is hardly begun. The difference in character, which occasioned all the antagonism between the North and the South, social and political, and the late war itself, will go on, and increase with the increasing power of the vast country constituting the South. How the character of the Southern people was formed, it is of very subordinate consequence to inquire. Some point to their peculiar stocks of population. Dr. Draper, the latest Northern writer on the late war, affirms that it was occasioned by climate. The opinion most carefully cultivated and disseminated throughout the North before the war, was that it was produced by slavery. Hence, the grand cause of slavery agitation. The previous elections at the North showed, that at the opening of the war, there were not over three hundred thousand abolitionists proper

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\* *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Nos. 224, 225, for January and February, 1869. By J. W. De Forrest.

in the North. The grand army of the Republican party consisted of Southern haters, fused into one intense sectional party to subjugate the South. It is true, that Mr. Seward tried to introduce an element of *interest* into the party, by asserting that the Southern people designed forcing African slavery upon the North; but nobody believed Mr. Seward, not even Mr. Seward himself. The idea that the weak and assailed Southern minority, striving to save itself from the grasping, cruel domination of the Northern majority, would pretend to force upon it their institutions, was too profligate and absurd for any one to believe, but the profoundly ignorant for whom it was designed. The real bond of party affinity was hate; and this hate was inspired, not merely on account of the difference of character between the Northern and Southern people, but from the effect this difference produced in the rule of the United States. Here was the main point of contact and collision. It produced a totally different line of policy, along which raging avarice and ambition stormed against the South. Whether the fact was so or not, they insisted that the South ruled them; and the South ruled them on account of the institution of slavery which created their capacity for command. Therefore — ‘Down with slavery! down with the South! and having conquered the Southern people, now let their hated characteristics go out with slavery; laugh at them; ridicule them; crush them by negro association and negro rule, and make them imitate us, their lords and masters.’ This is the policy.

In pursuance of this policy, one of the most respectable and most amusing exhibitions of Southern character contained in the Northern press, is an article in two numbers, published in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, entitled *Chivalrous and semi-Chivalrous Southrons*. It is written by Major De Forrest, an officer in the United States army, a quondam agent of the Freedman's Bureau in South Carolina, and a writer of novels. Ridicule and misrepresentation constitute the staple commodities of the article. Yet it makes some very fair admissions, necessary, we presume, to its credibility and efficiency. It says: ‘The chivalrous Southron by whom we have been ruled, has been too positively and authoritatively a political power to get fair treatment in literature.’ He then undertakes the impossible task, and proves its impossibility by the whole tenor of his article. It opens as follows:

‘They certainly — these Southrons, are a different people from the Northerners; they are, perhaps, as unlike as the Spartans to the Athenians, or the Poles to the Germans; they are more simple than we, more provincial, more antique, more picturesque; they have fewer virtues of modern society, and more of the primitive, the natural virtues; they care less for wealth, art, learning, and the other delicacies of urban civilisation; they care more for individual character, and reputation of honor.’

He says further — ‘There is certainly more suavity of manner at the South than at the North. It is delightful to see two high-toned gentlemen of the old Virginia, or Carolina school, greet each other. Such gracious bows, and insinuating tones! Such mellifluous compliments, particular inquiries concerning health and welfare, animating congratulations as to future prospects! Such sunny, and one might almost

say, equatorial blandness ! You feel as if you were in Paradise hearing Dante address Beatrice as "gracious lady." . . . 'Unquestionably a strong military tone is perceptible in the character of the "chivalrous Southron." Notably brave, punctilious as to honor, pugnacious to quarrelsomeness, authoritative to imperiousness, generous to extravagance, somewhat formal in his courtesy, somewhat grandiose in his self-respect, there is hardly an agreeable or disagreeable trait in him, which you cannot find in the officers of most armies.' . . . 'But his day is passing ; in another generation, his material will be gone ; "the chivalrous Southron" will be as dead as the slavery that created him.'

Now, we do not propose to quarrel with this description of Southern character. However defective, every one must agree that it is most striking. The writer's errors are more flagrant when he comes to individual instances to elucidate it ; and by ridicule tries to make it contemptible. The 'chivalrous Southron,' whose character is here portrayed, we take it for granted will continue to rule the Southern country, as he has done from colonial times. This clearly is the writer's opinion, in spite of all his disparagement. The time was, when in the North, the power of the chivalrous Southron in the South was deemed more than questionable. In 1841-2, the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings fairly foamed at the mouth in Congress, at the suggestion made by a Southern member, that his slavery agitations in Congress might dissolve the Union. He treated the suggestion as mere plantation bullying, and said that 'if the three hundred thousand slaveholders in the South attempted to dissolve the Union, they would be speedily throttled by the non-slaveholding whites, with whom the Union was stronger than slavery ; and if they did not do it, the four millions of slaves in the South would easily accomplish it. The North need do nothing but fold its arms and look on.' Well ! the Union was dissolved, and experience proved that the bullying was really on the part of Mr. Giddings. He himself (we saw stated during the war) went to Canada as a Consul of the United States, to assist in raising troops, black and white, to put down these same insignificant slaveholders. They are still in the South, (saving those who fell in battle,) constituting the most intelligent and influential portion of the population ; and if the North think proper again to look to any other power to accomplish their political purposes, they will fail again. The character of the 'chivalrous Southron' is the character of the South. As they change, the South will change ; as they stand, the South will stand.

Nations, like individuals, grow up under the abrasion of a vast body of experiences. Not one cause, but a multitude of causes, extending through years, gradually make a people different from other peoples. Race, we know, has its effect. No one can doubt, that the color of races marks an indisputable difference in character between them. Between the Caucasian, who has ever been at the head of all arts, civilisation, and science, and to whom the Ten Commandments and the religion of Christ has been revealed, and the yellow races who are incapable of a free government, and the black who is incapable of originating a written language, there must be vast differences in characteristics. But the difference does not stop at the difference in color.

Of the Caucasian races, many nations exist, separated by language, laws, and pursuits of industry, and develope accordingly different characteristics. No one can doubt, that the Frenchman is different from the Irishman, the German from the Italian, the Spaniard from the Russian. And even people of the same race and country may gradually be moulded by these experiences, not only into a difference, but an absolute antagonism of character. Take the case of the people of Sparta, and of Athens (referred to above), living but a few miles apart, of the same race and tongue, and members of a common league, yet as different in their characters as if divided by oceans. See Switzerland, in the bosom of the Alps, how different from all the other populations upon that mountain range! And, what is very remarkable, there is hardly anything more fixed in human affairs than the character of nations. Once built up, it appears almost indestructible. The love of military glory is a marked peculiarity of the French. It is a peculiarity, however, which has existed for more than nineteen hundred years. Sallust, comparing the Roman people with other nations, says: 'Facundia Grecos; gloria belli Gallos ante Romanos fuisse,' (the Greeks excelled the Romans in eloquence; the Gauls, in their glory in war.) And so also with the Germans; it is impossible to read Tacitus and not recognise the leading characteristics which now distinguish the German people. Was the Puritan, under Oliver Cromwell, anything else but the Puritan of this day? History tells us of but one way by which the character of a people can be destroyed—conquest. Yet, even conquest without beneficent administration, producing assimilation, will fail. Conquest has not changed the character of the people of Ireland, or of Poland; or of the Cossack, as contra-distinguished from the Russian. Centuries roll on, and all that the mere domination of conquerors can accomplish to change the character of a conquered people, and absorb them into their conquerors, is tried, and tried in vain. All absolute government by one people of another, must be oppressive, and only engenders hate, repels assimilation, foment the pride of suffering, and keeps the conquered people apart—peculiar—themselves. And even when oppression does not exist, no conquered people will sink their characteristics into the characteristics of their conquerors, unless there is an absolute superiority on the part of the conquerors, and they can establish intimate contact and association, such as existed in England with the Normans. But with conquerors inferior or despised, living in one country whilst the conquered live in another country, the idea of the absorption of their characteristics is absurd.

Among the influences which generally operate most powerfully in the formation of the character of a people, are their pursuits of industry. Yet even this appears to be limited to the Caucasian race. With Coolies, and Japanese, and especially with the Chinese, where popular education appears to be more cultivated than in any other portion of the world, there seems to be no difference in the characteristics of the rural and urban population. In morals and civilisation, they reach a certain altitude, and there they stop; but it is below the change which the occupations of labor produce. With the Caucasian race it is different. With this race, as there is the capability of higher intellectual

and moral attainments, there is a higher susceptibility of character, and a decided influence produced by pursuits of industry. The original occupation of man — the cultivation of the earth — seems to be more consistent with innocence. The aggregation of men into cities for the purposes of trade, and the business of trade itself, although necessary, do not tend to foster the nobler virtues among a people. Acting in masses, or with masses, as every urban population must do, breeds the habit of political expediency. Principles are continually yielded to the will of others, and lose their value and sacredness. But in a rural population, where there is more isolation, there must be more individuality. Individuality is the nursery of all virtue, and of all greatness among men. A copyist is never a high type of humanity. He does not act from self-convictions, but from the influence of others; and is good, or bad, according to this influence. We are steadfastly good, or bad, exactly in proportion as we realise our oneness — our separate personality; and with it, the responsibility to God and man, which this personality produces. For such reasons as these, by universal consent, an agricultural population has always been deemed the most virtuous, and their characteristics, whatever they may be, the most unchangeable.

The writer of the article seems not to differ from these views. In his comparison between the Southern and Northern peoples, he says: 'The Southern people are more simple than we are — have fewer of the virtues of modern society, and more of the primitive and natural virtues. They care less for wealth, art, learning, and the other delicacies of urban civilisation; they care more for individual character, and reputation of honor.' Does he do more in this delineation than portray the difference between the character of an agricultural and a city population? In the South, as well as in the North, there are cities; but the difference of their influence in the formation of national character, is, that in the South, the spirit of the agriculturalist predominates, while in the North, the spirit of the citizen, the spirit of trade. In the North, urban civilisation, reflected from the great cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., gives character to the population. In the South, a rural civilisation, more simple, more primitive, more natural, with more individuality, and more reputation of honor, prevails. At any other age of the world than our own, in which Mammon predominates so fearfully, there would not be a doubt as to which would be the superior and happier people, possessed of these different characteristics. Every element of purity, stability, and greatness, is with the South. They seem formed for free government. Urban civilisation is at its height of cultivation and beneficence in Paris and London, Vienna and St. Petersburg. Yet, who looks to the population of such grand centres of luxury, wealth, and vice, for the creation or administration of free governments? Turn their population loose, with universal suffrage, to rule the land; and, if uncontrolled by the country population, who would live under their justice, wisdom, and civilisation? 'The virtues of modern society,' as disclosed in the population of cities, are not the virtues of 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.' 'Quis est omnium his moribus, quin divitiis et sumtibus, non probitate neque industria cum majoribus suis contendet?' They spring from wealth, and partake of the infirmity

of wealth, to make men either happy or pure. The Bible is not more emphatic in denouncing Mammon as the grand corrupter and destroyer of the soul, than is all history in declaring its fatal effects on republics.

But the greatest test of character among a people, is what it has accomplished. From the first day of the establishment of the Government of the United States, the Southern States have been a minority of the people of the Union. What is the testimony of the Northern people as to their power? Why, that they have ruled them, and the whole United States, from the commencement of the Government to the day they seceded from the Union. This is true; but only in a qualified sense. The South was a minority, and could only rule the North by moral influences. The greatest moral influence by which it controlled the North, was integrity. It was faithful to the compact it made with the North, the Constitution; and its whole power to rule the North, besides intellectual ability, was in standing on the Constitution, and insisting that it should be respected and enforced. It was a contest between principle and brute force. The North, from the commencement of the Government, appears to have regarded it as an instrument valuable only as it could be used to advance their pecuniary prosperity, or their power. Whenever interest instigated, they broke through the limitations of the Constitution. Nor have they been able to see and comprehend, that these limitations were essential to liberty itself; and that concentrating power into one central government, over so vast a country, with such a variety of institutions and industrial pursuits, must necessarily produce a strife of sections, and the most fearful and irresponsible despotism. The passion and greed of the hour, unrestrained by faith or principle, blinded their perceptions to consequences, and made them as unscrupulous as they were blind. The South controlled them, with the aid of a portion of the people of the North, who were able to appreciate the great principles of free government involved in the Constitution of the United States, and made it paramount in the councils and policy of the Government. And this the Northern people have called ruling them! This is the grand cause of hatred to the South! It was really nothing more than preventing them from ruling others by a fraudulent abuse of the Constitution, and forcing them to rule themselves by the terms of their own Government contained in the Constitution. It was extorting a fidelity which they owed to themselves; by which they obtained peace, prosperity, and liberty. It was not aggressive, but defensive merely. It was carrying out the grand principle of ten out of the twelve commandments, by which all virtue and all holiness is achieved, contained in the words — ‘Thou shalt not.’

Admitting that the South has ruled the North, in the qualified sense we have endeavored to portray, what a spectacle has she afforded to the world! What people in ancient or in modern times, has run such a career of greatness and beneficence? For the seventy years of her rule, the United States have surpassed all the nations of the world in the enjoyment of liberty, and their rapid advance in prosperity, glory, and power. What but the strongest and greatest characteristics could have accomplished such results? What high intelligence, what noble integrity, what intrepid firmness, what profound conception of the

principles of free government, what wisdom in statesmanship, what capacity for command, does their rule imply! Yet we are told, that negroes—negro slavery formed the characteristics of this great people; and negro slavery being abolished, all their characteristics will disappear! On the one hand, we were told for a half century, that negro slavery corrupted and debased the Southern people; now, it is asserted, that its abolition will strip them of their mighty capacity for beneficent rule! Negro slavery either did, or did not, produce the characteristics of the South. If it did, then all nations ought to adopt it, for it created the greatest and most beneficent rulers of modern times; the Northern people themselves being the judges, in the acknowledgment of their rule, and boasting its grand results. If it did not, then it is not reasonable to suppose that its abolition can change them.

Negro slavery modified in some degree, we have no doubt, the characteristics of the South; but it was not the chief element of modification, still less of creation; and this is proved, we think, by the different contests between the North and the South, in which their characteristics were developed.

The first great subjects of contest, were the alien and sedition laws, in 1798-9. At this time, all the States, with but few exceptions, were slaveholding States; and there were not in all the United States over four hundred thousand slaves. In 1808, when the African slave-trade finally ceased (we speak from memory), there were but seven hundred thousand slaves. Now, what had negro slavery to do with this contest in 1798? The subjects were, the freedom of the press and the rights of aliens. There was nothing sectional in the contest. The broad grounds on which these laws were impugned, were, first, that they were unconstitutional; and second, were inconsistent with political liberty. They affected the Southern people no more than the Northern people. They were questions of statesmanship, under a free Government, and raised the still greater questions,—shall the Constitution be preserved, and thereby a free Government be perpetuated, or shall both be abolished by constructions which may make the Constitution limitless in its powers, and the United States Government a despotism? Did the more or less of slaves owned in the Southern and Northern States, determine their course on these issues, by controlling their characteristics? Did it make the Southern States more faithful to the Constitution, and more alive to liberty?

The next matter of difference had in it, if possible, still less of negroism—the war of 1812. The South made this war. But for her brave statesmanship, the North would have patiently endured the wrongs and indignities heaped upon us by Great Britain. She searched Northern ships (the South had none). She seized Northern seamen on the high seas (the South had none), and cast them into chains, or forced them into her service. New England, and the majority at the North, would have endured these outrages. The South would not. She dragged the North into war, to resist and redress them. What was the course of New England in a war entered into to protect her people and property? We will not here go into the details of her course, but will state its final result. She would have dissolved the

union of the United States, by secession, within six months after the Hartford Convention sat, if peace had not been obtained. Did African slavery produce the difference in the course of the North and the South in the war of 1812? Did it give to the South that greatest of all wisdom — the wisdom of courage; and to the North, that meanest of all follies — the folly of cowardice and treachery combined? We think not. If there had never been a slave in the South, her course would have been the same.

Another difference between the North and the South, was concerning the tariff. During the war of 1812, war-taxes were laid on imported commodities to supply revenue. When the war ended, the South, in a spirit of generosity, assented to a temporary continuance of them. She soon found out, however, that her generosity was to be converted into perpetual tribute to the North, by the continuance and increase of these taxes. Here again she took the side of liberty — the liberty of every citizen to obtain, in the markets of the world, the full value of the fruits of his industry. One would suppose that, in a free country boasting of equality and liberty, such a policy would have hardly any opponents. It was a policy dictated by the nature of the Government itself. But this policy crossed Northern gains. New England was so poor and sterile, that her people could not make their bread from the soil. They threw their industry into manufactures; but from inexperience, or want of cheap capital, they were unable to compete with foreign manufacturers. They go to the Congress of the United States, and insist that their manufacturing interests should *be protected!* — that is, that every man, woman, and child, in the United States, who consumes commodities they think proper to manufacture, shall pay tribute to them, in the shape of higher prices produced by excluding the foreign commodity through the operation of the tariff. This is plunder on the one side, and tribute on the other. It was a new exemplification of taxation without representation, which the South could not fail to understand. The members of Congress who voted the taxes on imports, were not *their* representatives, or responsible to *them*. They were responsible only to the people of the North, for whose enrichment they were imposed. Representation, therefore, was of no avail for protection. After several years of remonstrance, and of fruitless efforts made to defeat this iniquitous policy, so utterly inconsistent with justice and the principles of all free government, South Carolina nullified the Tariff Law of 1828. This produced the tariff compromise of 1833. Of course, robbers never feel themselves bound to keep faith with the robbed; and this compromise was soon violated. Now, what had African slavery to do with this struggle for justice and liberty, in which the great principle of taxation, vindicated in the revolution of 1776, was vindicated? It might be said, that slaves were engaged in Southern agriculture, and, therefore, the fruits of their industry were more profitable in free markets; but this was equally true of the agriculture of the north-west. Why did not the Western States, standing exactly in the same condition as the Southern States, join them in opposing the unconstitutional extortions of Northern manufacturers? Free trade was the interest of all men in the North not interested in manufacturing. Why did they not support the South, and vindicate

equally their rights and their interests? The answer is, the people were Northern people, different in their characteristics from the people of the South. No high sense of liberty, no disdain of oppression, no sufficient appreciation of the Constitution, and of the Government it established, animated the people of the North and West.

The last difference in policy we will mention, showing the different characteristics of the North and South, is in our expansion, by the acquisition of territory. With the instinct of an agricultural population, the South supported expansion. Every foot of territory acquired by the United States, was either given to it by the Southern States, or obtained by Southern Presidents. The North opposed expansion. The acquisition of Louisiana was not only opposed by New England, but Massachusetts threatened to secede from the Union in consequence of the acquisition. She opposed the admission of Texas into the Union, and Massachusetts again threatened disunion. She opposed the Mexican war, because it looked to our expansion of territory. The South uniformly led the way in our march to greatness by expansion. With her, it was a grand and mighty policy, to spread abroad over the earth the great leading principles of the Constitution of the United States — *all general interests, under one common Government; and all local or sectional interests with the States, or sections to whom they belonged.* Here is a principle which might cover the whole earth with peace and liberty. Was this noble, this sublime policy the teaching or the inspiration of negro slavery? In its immediate tendency it was adverse to slavery; for as the African slave-trade had ceased since 1808, the negro population could not be increased by importing slaves, and the addition to our population by immigration to occupy our acquired lands was of the white race. But in this policy, as in their other measures of statesmanship, the wisdom of the South soared above the interests of her own section. It was more than disinterested. It multiplied the power by which she had been overwhelmed. The opposing, complaining, threatening North has been dragged along by the South in her policy of expansion, and made great and powerful, in spite of their mean, narrow, jealous, and hateful sectionalism.

The great defect of Northern civilisation is its materiality. It is of the earth, earthy; and ignores the spirituality of our nature. Its grand motive and object is the accumulation of money; and its prime boast is of the things money can buy — ‘the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life.’ Mammon is its god; and nowhere has he more devout and abject worshippers, or has set up a more polluted civilisation, than in the North.

The whole spirit of Christianity is opposed to this sort of civilisation. Christianity concerns the soul. It appeals to our spiritual nature. The cultivation, the improvement, the salvation of the soul, is the one great object for which it was ushered into the world. A civilisation truly representing it, must respond to its high spirituality. Nothing can be clearer than its expositions of the corrupting and fatal effect of money, with the material pomp, luxury, and refinement it can bestow. The body is a mere accident of the soul, worthy of no care ‘for to-morrow.’ ‘What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, wherewithal shall we be clothed,’ are questions for Gentiles — aliens from its spiritual purity and aspirations. Civilisation of any kind must be elevated

exactly in proportion as it reflects the spirituality of Christianity, and it is degraded exactly in proportion as it reflects the materiality of Mammon. A perfect civilisation would be that in which the spirituality of Christianity prevailed throughout the whole population, but this we know can never exist until the millennium. In the meantime, civilisation will be defective, and will vary among nations, as our spiritual nature is cultivated and prevails. This cultivation, although ruled by Christianity, will not be limited to those who profess this holy religion. Its tendency is to pervade all the modes of thought, manners, and morals of society throughout the whole population. It will give more dignity and elevation to the conceptions of our whole nature, producing not merely money-making machines, or sensual men, but men with high spiritual aspirations and responsibilities. Manners will arise, which, while they strive to hide away all that is mean or coarse in our nature, will, at the same time that they insinuate into the intercourse of men, respect the semblance at least of all the virtues. That self-respect, without which we cannot win the respect of others, and that respect for others which all charity commands, will shine forth in society. The nobler virtues, which are nothing else but our spiritual nature predominant in conduct, and that high moral refinement which shrinks from moral pollution, and graces whilst it strengthens character, will adorn civilisation. Words become things,—terrible things, more fearful in their lacerations than the cutting up of the body. Imputations are wounds; disgrace worse than death; life is nothing without honor. In this way, as virtue becomes more valued, and moral purity more esteemed and refined, the susceptibilities and feelings of the mind are more enhanced, and civilisation becomes more exalted. These are natural effects of the spirituality of Christianity, although in some respects they may seem to militate against Christianity itself; but in their influence in civilising the world, unless Christianity is a cheat, there cannot be a doubt.

Yet we know that they are doubted and questioned by the North, with their material civilisation, and for the reason that they repudiate Christianity. The religion of the Bible, as understood by *their* fathers and *our* fathers when we entered into a common government with them, as a prevailing faith is pretty nearly obsolete at the North. The civilisation of the South is defective, doubtless; but it is a civilisation seeking a spiritual elevation over matter and money, which is in the right road of Christianity. It tolerates no subordination of God's law to the 'higher law' of man's corrupt volitions, or still more corrupt conceits and lusts. It turns with contempt from the whole batch of Northern 'isms'—from Mormonism and abolitionism to free-loveism and fetishism. Its priests do not pray for blood, and carry rifles, cannon-balls, and flags into their pulpits, to pander to the brutal passions of their flocks. It withholds its confidence from men like Senator Morton of Indiana, or Beecher, or Greeley, or President Lincoln, who announce rights and opinions, and then persecute or murder others for carrying them out. But, perhaps, the best test of the comparative civilisation of the people of the North and South is that which Congress affords. Here, if anywhere, in the most august station, with the highest duties and responsibilities, men will show the highest culture of their civilisa-

tion. Whilst the Southern States were in the Union of the United States, the dignity and decorum of the members of Congress in debate — especially in the Senate — were notorious throughout the world. What is their bearing now, and since the Southern members are no longer present to restrain those of the North? No assembly of any civilised people in the world can equal them in vulgarity, or in depravity either, if the reports made in Congress, showing their venality, are true. At the last Congress, two members in the House of Representatives (Mr. Covode, from Pennsylvania, and Mr. Washburne, from Illinois) stood up upon the floor, and exhausted their powers of vituperation and abuse of each other. The other members stood by, and appeared to enjoy the contest as if at a bear-fight. They were neither called to order at the time, nor punished afterwards, for their gross outrage upon the rules of the House. As their bodies were not hurt, nothing was hurt. Their spiritual natures were nothing. They were presumed to have no feelings; or if they had any, they were not worth respecting or vindicating. This is the result of Northern civilisation; and one of the reasons they are so intent on excluding Southern representatives who truly represent the South, is that they fear a return to the old responsibilities by which their vulgar and brutal licentiousness of language might be restrained. Southern civilisation made Congress respectable; Northern civilisation has made it contemptible.

But it may be said that the Southern representatives enforced decorum on the floor of Congress by a greater barbarism than vulgar vituperation — by duelling.

What is barbarism? Is it not corrupt nature undisciplined and unrestrained? Can that which forces men to forbearance, courtesy, and inoffensiveness in their intercourse with each other, in the discharge of the highest duties, be barbarous in its influence? It is wrong, doubtless, to risk or to take life in a duel; but may not this wrong produce benefits in keeping society pure and in upholding civilisation, and compelling order in the great arena of legislation, which shall far outweigh the evils it may produce? See how little of the evil of duelling was in Congress for twenty years, from 1837 to 1857. During that time there were but three duels between members of Congress, and but one man fell. If the courtesy and decorum of debate in Congress, during this time, was produced by the practice of duelling, then there never were such vast national benefits produced by any institution at so cheap a sacrifice. Without it, men torture each other with the foulest and most degrading language; and Congress is little else than a male brothel. But it was not duelling which produced decorum in debate in Congress. It was the general influence of the members from the South, infusing a higher spirituality and a more elevated moral tone throughout Congress. For instance, a member representing Massachusetts, about the year 1840, was convicted on the floor of a falsehood. The cold contempt with which he was treated by his fellow-members compelled him to resign his seat; nor did he dare to stand an election before his constituents. How different now is the tone of Congress! Mr. Butler, from the same State, acting as a manager of the impeachment of the President, is openly convicted before the Senate of the United States, in the face of the whole world, of

clear and unquestionable falsehood. Do his associates in Congress turn their backs upon him? Do his constituents refuse to re-elect him as their representative? He has been re-elected to Congress by a triumphant vote, and in Congress has been lifted up to the leadership of the House of Representatives. Is not this virtually proclaiming that truth is no virtue,—falsehood no shame? In former days, when the South was represented, such a man could have had no position in Congress. Profligate as he is, and brazen in his profligacy, he himself would have shrunk away from any prominence. That subtle, voiceless, invisible, yet terrible power—*public opinion*—would have crushed him into insignificance and obscurity. Thaddeus Stevens and Benjamin Butler, both from New England, are the most faithful exponents of Northern manners, morals, and civilisation. Hence their rightful ascendancy.

Many a cause has been assigned for the late war; but like all great political convulsions, or indeed great events of every kind, its causes are many. The Northerners say that the cause was slavery; and *they*, therefore, are the grand vindicators of liberty. This is true, exactly in the same sense that three-pence a pound on tea in 1776, and the alien and sedition laws in 1798, and the tariff of 1828, were the causes of the contests of those days. But in all these contests, underlying these causes, were the great principles of Free Government and Constitutional Liberty. These constituted the ‘*fervida origo*’—the burning cause, which lifted them up to the dignity of a high nationality. Mr. Alexander Stephens, in his late work, *The War between the States*, for which we in the South ought to be grateful, endeavors to show that this was the real cause of the late war. He is right as far as he goes; but he has made the contest, we think, too much an affair of dialectics,—too much a mere difference about the words of the Constitution. His able exposition of the meaning of the Constitution is a great deal; but this is not all. A compact may become worthless, and not worth fighting for. If every word of the Constitution had been against us, we ought to have seceded from the Union of the United States, because it had become a vile despotism. Nobody but a radical, we presume, doubts this now. Hence, we have no sympathy with Mr. Stephens, either in his opposition to secession or in his admiration of the Government of the United States then existing. A clearer view of the great principles of free government embodied in the Constitution, would have prevented his opposition to secession, and would have made him represent *them*, rather than differences about the Constitution, as the great cause of the war. If he had dug one spade deeper in his search for causes, he might have turned up another cause,—the cause which set aside the Constitution itself, and broke down all these principles—the *faithlessness of the Northern people*. Here is the ‘*teterrima causa belli*.’ No words, however clear, could bind this people. If the right of secession had been expressly reserved to the States in the Constitution, it would have made no difference whatever in the result. They would have made war upon us, just as their interests or passions dictated, without the least regard to their covenants. In the Virginia Convention, held for ratifying the Constitution of the United States, Mr. Madison, in reply to George Mason and Patrick Henry insisting upon

stronger guarantees in the Constitution, fell back upon the integrity of the Northern people as amply sufficient for the safety of the South. He treated their prophetic fears as unfounded and injurious suspicions. He insisted that the Constitution was plain enough for the guidance of any people who possessed faith; and if they possessed no faith, no guarantees could be of any avail. Mr. Madison was right in his logic, but wrong in his confidence. He did not understand the character of the Northern people. Under their cold and correct exterior, there was an omnivorous avarice, a fierce intolerance, and an unscrupulous ambition, which no compacts could restrain. In all their usurpations upon the Constitution, in all their policy, there is no darkness in their purposes. These are unfailingly subservient to the promotion of their interests or power. Faithlessness is only falsehood in action, and falsehood accompanied all their usurpations. The grand fact upon which they built their whole structure of consolidation (*that the Constitution was made by the people of the United States as one people*), is a downright fabrication, without a single undistorted fact of history to support it. It was put forth by Story, Kent, Webster, Motley, in the face of the plainest documents and assertions to the contrary of every leading statesman who framed the Constitution—Washington, Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, Madison. The same faithlessness accompanied all the compromises their usurpations produced. They violated every one of them. The violation of the last—the California Compromise—and the formation of a sectional party consisting of the Whigs and Abolitionists combined, with the mean subterfuge of squatter sovereignty, by the only party which professed to respect the Constitution, satisfied the Southern people that there was no hope for the Constitution, and none for their institutions, or the principles of free government, in the good faith of the North. They therefore seceded from the union they had voluntarily made with them. War was the prompt recourse of the North, and the immediate rise of a military despotism over the United States was the result. If it be said that the Northern people are not peculiar in their faithlessness, then free government is an impossibility. All free government rests on the faith of the people to maintain its limitations. Its essence is in limitations on power. If a faith which will observe them is an impossibility with all peoples, then popular free government is an impossibility. We do not believe this to be true. If the Southern people, by their fidelity, were able to preserve the Government of the United States a free government for seventy years, in spite of the faithlessness of the Northern majority, it proves conclusively that popular free government is not an impossibility. It proves also, that if left to themselves, the Southern people are capable of appreciating and administering a free government for themselves. The Northern people are a peculiar people in their characteristics. They are unfit to be in association with any other people in carrying on a free government, and incapable of maintaining one for themselves. Did negro slavery produce these different characteristics of the peoples of the North and South? We think not.

To break down and abolish the characteristics of the Southern people, and reduce them to an assimilation with the Northern people, three instrumentalities are relied on. First: The influence of negroes

no longer slaves, and now free. Second : Foreign immigration. Third : Northern immigration.

1. The emancipation of the slaves of the South, according to Northern logic, is to work a complete overthrow of the characteristics and civilisation of the South. There will be no master with the arbitrary spirit and leisurely acquirements of masters ; therefore, they are to be very weak and meek, and very easily Northernised.

There would be some force in this expectation, if the negro could change his nature and lift himself beyond an inferiority to the white race. But if he is still to continue an inferior, how does his exemption from slavery abolish the sense of superiority in the white race ? The Englishman dominates in India ; does the fact that the coolies are not slaves alter his characteristics ? Has the abolition of slavery in the West Indies affected in the least degree the characteristics of the white population ? Association with the negro, which our Northern admirers declared was so debasing to the white man in slavery, fortunately for their love of purity, is far less with them as freedmen. Under the teachings and excitations of Northern emissaries and the Government of the United States, all sympathy between the white and black races is rapidly disappearing. It is by sympathy that influence or similarity is produced. The negro is deteriorating from the civilisation he possessed as a slave, and relapsing into his natural barbarism. Will this process of deterioration tend to break down the characteristics of the white men ? If it has any influence, will it not rather tend to remove farther away the white men from the impurities of a barbarous association ? While a slave, there were two powerful supports to the civilisation of the negro. He was the best-fed and clothed laborer in the world, and the marital relations were enforced upon him. The consequence was, an increase in population never before known with his race, far surpassing that of the Caucasian. The increase of population has ever been considered by all political writers as the truest test of the happiness of a people. It argues moderate labor, and an abundance of food and clothing. That test is telling fearfully against negro emancipation. The climate of the Southern States, although in many portions of the country too warm for the Caucasian, is too cold for the negro. He cannot live as he does under the equator, without clothes and without labor, depending on the spontaneous productions of the earth for his support. He must labor, or starve. He will starve. Insufficient food and clothing is already producing a fearful mortality among them, especially among the old and young. And the marital relations are rapidly becoming more loose and corrupt. That scourge of licentiousness, worse than the small-pox with them, is spreading debility and death. Mr. Trollope, in his *Travels in the West Indies*, mentions that in the city of Port-au-Prince, Hayti, there were but eight married couples. This is the fruit of more than sixty years of freedom. With respect to our impoverishment, we are doubtless the poorest civilised people in the world. All that Northern hate and tyranny could do to strip us of property has been done. Civilisation certainly requires a certain degree of wealth to maintain itself. Yet it should be remembered, that between wealth and poverty nations have deliberately chosen, and enforced poverty as far less corrupting than

wealth in its influence on public liberty or national character. Nations like Sparta or Switzerland, where free governments have been longest maintained, have been habitually poor from choice, or the barren nature of the country. Our ancestors, as colonists, were miserably poor; but they did not lose their civilisation. The people of the Southern States, with their glorious land of sun and fertility, cannot long be poor; at least, so poor as to break down and destroy their characteristics.

2. But immigration from foreign nations will mould and abolish the characteristics of the South. It appears to be a law of all immigration, that the immigrant sinks into the habits and modes of thought of the people with whom he seeks a home. He comes as a friend, and he wants friends. His children grow up with the children of the country, and it becomes their country. The most durable of all associations, childhood associations—and the instinctive attachment to localities which Providence has imparted to man to populate the world, and without which the whole human race would rush into the temperate zones,—make the children of the immigrant as faithful and patriotic as the rest of the population. This was clearly proved with immigrants and their children in the late war. No portion of the population of the South were more true to the South than immigrants from foreign nations. Nor is there anything in the Southern country, or Southern people, to repel the attachment of the immigrant. Every element to make industry successful, and life happy, is here in profusion. There is nothing which so surely attaches a man to a country as success; and here, success is more certain to the immigrant than in any portion of the United States. Land is cheap and fertile, and the people notoriously hospitable and generous. The foreign immigrant does not seek affinity with the negro. He aspires everywhere to an exclusive association with the white race, and receives a corresponding identification. Let the immigrant from Europe then come. Let him come, as he always has come to the South, not a revolutionist, an enemy to the country, a busy fomentor of hate between races, but a lover of order and peace, a friend to education and industry, a hater of oppression and barbarism, and the whole South will open its arms and say to him—come!

The last instrumentality for revolutionising and *improving* the character and civilisation of the South, is Northern immigration. There is not a doubt that the Northern army in the late war was inspired with the prospect of possessing the Southern country. As it is, we believe that military warrants have been issued to individuals pretty extensively for land which the United States claim as theirs. These grantees, however, must constitute a very insignificant portion of the population,—insignificant in numbers, even should all the grantees, instead of selling their grants, locate them and occupy the lands they convey,—and still more insignificant in influence, as marked enemies of the country. The most brilliant expectation, however, which animated the Northern people, and has instigated the tyranny of the Government of the United States, was that the Southern people, driven by disgust and despair, would leave the country, and leave it to them. Northern immigration to the northwest, this side of the Rocky Mountains, is exhausted. The lands of the South lay invitingly before them.

The only obstacle to their appropriation was the Southern white race. The negroes were nothing. Like the Indians, they would soon be made to die out. What a pity the Southern white population will not leave the country for Northern occupation! As they will not leave it, the next best thing is to bankrupt the Southern landholder, and render land cheap for their emigration. This they have most effectually done; but the hated Southern white man is still there — there with all his stern characteristics.

The last people on the earth to influence and change the Southern people by their emigrant population, is the people of the North. There never has been much love or respect for them among the Southern people; but now they come into the country the living symbols of hate and tyranny. It is vain to say, that the peaceful emigrant who comes to cultivate the land is not the soldier who desolated the country. He is of that race — that race which for seventy years has been false to their Constitutional compacts, and which by war and blood has made the Southern people political slaves — the slaves of slaves — slaves to a most ignominious despotism. By the blessings of our past, lost liberties, we cannot follow or imitate our destroyers. But the Northern emigrant comes to us with a still fouler pollution. He is the ally, the patron, the leader, the instigator of the negro race to rule and plunder the white race. Identified with negroes in all their moral squalor and weak barbarity, how can he have the least influence upon the white race to change their characteristics? Yet, although he cannot influence the characteristics of the South, the Northern immigrant may better his condition by emigrating to the South. Politically he is not worse; for in the North, the despotism of the United States alike prevails. He is safe from molestation, if he will leave others unmolested. His industry will have its reward, and in two generations his children will be as good Southern men as walk the land. This was the experience before the war. It will be still more the experience in the future, because nothing drives a population together so surely as common wrongs. He will soon understand the negro, and know his capacity to rule him, or to rule himself. He will understand also the Government of the United States, in its sectional despotism, when *he* also is its victim. Unless a fanatic, or a fool, he cannot but sympathise with a country with which he is identified. Let him come, therefore, and we will freely welcome him, if neither a carpet-bagger, nor a miscegenist, nor a white-man hater, nor an Oneida-creek saint. It matters not, however, what he is, so far as the characteristics of the South are concerned. He may adopt them; he cannot change them.

We have been carried away by the general subject so far, that we find we have but little room for special criticism of the article which has occasioned this critique. We will try, however, to do a little justice to the article.

The heartless indifference of the Northern people to the sufferings they inflicted on the people of the South (indeed to any human sufferings during the war), affords one of the most striking exhibitions of their characteristics. The United States officer who writes the article we are reviewing, correctly represents the spirit of his people. He himself says: 'In Naples and Syria I have seen more beggarly com-

munities than in the South, but never one so bankrupt.' 'Imagine the wrath of a fine gentleman, once the representative of the country abroad, who finds himself driven to open a beer saloon. Imagine the indignation of a fine lady who must keep boarders; of another, who must go out to service little less than menial; of another, who must beg rations with low-downers and negroes. During the war, I saw women of good families at the South who had no stockings. And here I beg leave to stop, and ask the reader to conceive fully, if he can, the sense of degradation which must accompany such poverty; a degradation of dirt and nakedness; a degradation which seemed to place them beside the negro. Moreover, Our Lady of Tears—the terrible "Mater lachrymarum" of De Quincy's visions, fills the whole South with outcries for the dead. It is not so much a wonder as a pity, that the women are bitter and teach bitterness to their children.'

This picture is not overdrawn for the whole South; but it should be remembered that South Carolina, where this writer was stationed, had peculiar devastations. Early in the war, the islands on the sea-coast, constituting the richest portion of South Carolina, now the poorest, were seized for negro appropriation and settlement. The Northern army marched through the middle of the State, spreading desolation as they went; and after the war, two disastrous seasons followed each other. To all these causes of distress was added the infernal policy of making the negro the equal and ruler of the white race, to degrade, plunder, and destroy them. Now, under such circumstances, what but politics could fill the minds of such a people? and what could they produce in the people but cares, and moans, and curses? What could they write, think, or speak of, but their terrible and ruined condition? Now, see how this United States official sympathised with them, and was 'touched with a feeling for their infirmities.' 'I found it,' he says, 'merely impossible to converse ten minutes with a Southerner, without getting on the subject of politics. I saw the monster coming afar off. I made my preparations in good season to evade it. I dodged it, ducked under it, swam away from it; all useless. At the moment when I least expected it, it thrust out its arms like the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo, enveloped me in its slimy caresses, sucked me dry, and left me floored.'

The political jubilation over the downfall of the South is also in the same strain of jeering heartlessness, and equally clever: 'The logic of events had been so different from the logic of *De Bow's Review* and the *Charleston Mercury*, that men scarcely knew what to think. Just imagine the condition of a *nation* of politicians which sees every one of its political principles knocked into non-existence! Slavery and State sovereignty had for years been the whole of Southern statesmanship; they had formed the rudder, the keel, the hull, the mast, the rigging; when they vanished, the crew was in the water. The great men and the little men, all the central monkeys and their adherents, everybody was afloat, like so much drift-wood, not knowing where to swim.'

'Every one of their political principles knocked into *non-existence*!' This is Yankee! How a principle can be 'knocked into *non-existence*,' is one of those possibilities which only those who have no principles

can understand. A principle can be abandoned in practice, or may be prevented from being in operation, but cannot die. Wretched materialism recognises nothing as existing, which has not a present operation in the practical affairs of life. With a dishonest man, honesty is 'knocked into non-existence.' The great principle in all free governments, is *restraint on power*; and in the Constitution of the United States this principle is represented by State sovereignty. State sovereignty is not abolished; it is only arrested in its practical operation by the usurpations and physical power of the North. But if it was totally extinguished as a practical element in the Government of the United States, what then? Is the political principle dead? It has only left the lifeless carcass, a prey to the foul worms of despotism, and has soared away, as immortal as He who created it, to bless other nations with its presence, who may be able to appreciate and welcome it. The poor, miserable materialist and tyrant who thinks he has killed it, may be too low and grovelling in his apprehensions to realise his loss. He may glory in his destitution, like the African chief Du Chaillu speaks of, who claimed admiration for his appearance,—naked, save an old, ragged, dirty shirt with one sleeve dangling about him; but will he be more pitied or despised? Slaves invite despotism; and its most accursed influence is, when in the last stages of its depravity, liberty is not only hated but scorned; and a man can be found who tinkles his little bell of joy and self-complacency over the downfall of his country. The wreck of the Constitution, which the people of the North have made, has placed them, with us, in the angry sea of revolution. They, as we, are struggling amidst the waters, but with this difference,—*we* know whither we are going,—*they* flounder along, with the dark night of despotism over them, drunk with power, and ignorant of their destination.

Of course the writer strives to account for the failure of the South to achieve its independence. He admits that 'the courage and tenacity which these men displayed, were wonderful and admirable;' but then the result was inevitable, with the aid of time. He says: 'Time alone enabled the higher civilisation, the greater mass of population, the larger wealth, the more widely diffused intelligence, the superior capacity for organisation,'—in the North, to prevail. Let us glance at these elements of power.

'The higher civilisation' of the North which conquered the South is, of course, that which was displayed in the conduct of the war. Here is brass enough to keep in full blast a vigorous foundry. No other creature in the world but a Yankee could be found capable of such audacious boasting. The manner in which the North carried on the late war against the South is a shame to our age, and has naturally raised doubts whether Christianity has in the slightest degree humanised our depraved nature. The Goths and Vandals, when they invaded the south of Europe, did not excite slaves against their masters. In all the wars to subdue Poland, no such measure of barbarism was adopted. When Napoleon entered Russia, deputations from the serfs prayed him to declare their emancipation and accept their assistance in the war; but even he, reckless conqueror as he was, would not pollute his name or his age by evoking the vindictive barbarism of the

most brutal portion of the population against the most civilised. It was reserved for a people boasting of all excellences, but especially of their advanced Christian civilisation, to do all in their power to get our slaves to rise up in insurrection and to massacre their masters. These devilish instigations failed, however; and the poor semi-barbarous negroes proved themselves to be more civilised than their instigators. They not only would not rise up in insurrection, and murder their masters' families left in large portions of the country at their mercy, but they worked for them and protected them. They labored in our fields and worked upon our fortifications. Some of them, induced by solicitations and promises, or by famine or force, entered the Northern army; but they fought in such a fashion that, according to the report of the Secretary of War of the United States, but fifteen hundred fell in battle during the whole war. Finding that this resource of their 'higher civilisation' failed, they deliberately adopted the policy of laying waste the whole country, and by reducing it to starvation and famine, obtain its submission. All mills; barns, grain, fruit-trees, stock-cattle, and agricultural implements, were destroyed. Every rule of civilised warfare, laid down by writers on the law of nations, was violated. Even the exchange of prisoners, that rule which the most brutal savages generally respect, they refused to execute, and deliberately plunged their own soldiery into the horrors of the starvation they had created for us. And now they vaunt of their 'higher civilisation' in carrying on the war, as a cause of their success. More than the war—more than the barbarism they displayed in carrying on the war—this monstrous boast proves the low standard of civilisation to which they are debased. But they conquered us also by their 'greater population and larger wealth.' Yes! their numbers were far greater. With Kentucky and Maryland within their lines, and half of Tennessee, and two-thirds of Missouri with them, there was not more than a population of five millions against them. So confident were they in their numbers and wealth, that the arch-Mephistopheles of the war wrote to the United States ambassadors in Europe that they would end the war in sixty days. They were so uniformly defeated in battle, in spite of their greater numbers, that their armies scarcely ever ventured to fight without having two or three to one. The truth is, that the late war has, instead of glory, carried nothing but disgrace to the United States. Their fighting was on a par with their humanity, and both were infamous and contemptible. Yet they succeeded; and success in itself, without regard to the means by which it has been obtained, carries a certain respect, because it implies power, and it gives also the ear of the living world to the victor. But when the history of this war shall be fairly written, it will appear that it was neither their 'higher civilisation,' nor their greater intelligence, nor their superior organisation, which made them conquerors. Both in the great principles of free government, and in the achievements on the field of battle, the glory will be with the South.

The writer assigns causes for the North requiring time to vanquish the South, although superior in numbers, civilisation, and wealth. Two of these causes are such curiosities, as specimens of fact and reasoning, that we shall briefly notice them. First, he says: 'Is it wonderful that a race educated under the circumstances which sprung

from that state of suspended war, slavery, should for a time foil and defeat superior armies gathered from a purely *peaceful* democracy?' There was some excuse before the war for this sort of ignorance; but since the experience of the war, to assert that slavery in the South was 'a state of *suspended war*,' so potent in its influence as to impart a peculiar discipline and aptitude for war, it is charity to call nothing but nonsense. Before the war, doubtless, the idea was largely entertained at the North, that the white and black races in the South were in a settled attitude of intense hostility toward each other. John Brown's raid into Virginia was the result of this idea, and it had not a little to do with the war itself. The war proved this idea to be false. 'A state of suspended war' exists now in the South, with the slave liberated, far more than when he was a slave. Before the war, more order, peace, and harmony existed among no population, than between the white and black races of the South. Twice, the arm of the United States Government, before the war, was called on to suppress insurrections, and both of these insurrections were in the North. It was never appealed to by any portion of the South. The Southampton insurrection in Virginia, as it was called, was easily suppressed by the county militia. Ten public riots had taken place in the North for one in the South. Not a single Southern State had a single company of enlisted soldiers, raised by its Government, to preserve the peace. And yet we are told that the South was 'in a state of suspended war,' and therefore had a discipline which rendered the Southern soldiery superior in the late war to that of the North, '*gathered from a purely peaceful democracy.*'

But the other fact relied on to show the superior preparedness of the South for war, is still more exalted. The writer says: 'The pugnacious customs of Southern society explain in part the extraordinary courage which the Confederate troops displayed during the late rebellion. A man may as well be shot doing soldierly service at Bull Run or the Wilderness, as go back to Abbeville and be shot there in a duel or street encounter which awaited him. The bullet-hole was a mere question of time, and why not open one's arms to it on the field of glory?' So the Southern soldier was brave in battle because he knew that he was to be shot when he went home. He was to be killed anyhow, and he chose, therefore, to be killed 'on the field of glory.' Where any cause requires such a defence, it had better be left undefended.

After so much criticism by us, we fear deemed too hostile, we are glad to lay before our readers two extracts which do substantial justice to the South. The first relates to the attachment of the Southern people to their country. The writer says:

'The chivalrous Southron is great in his own eyes: not only because he is what he is, but because he lives where he lives. In these modern times there is no civilised creature so local, and if we may be offensive, so provincial in sentiments, opinions, prejudices, and vanities as he. The Turks are hardly more incapable of conceiving that people born afar off may be as good as themselves. At least a part of the contempt of the Southerns for the Yankees, arises from the fact that the latter drew their first breath several hundred miles from the land of cotton. Imagine the scorn with which they would regard an adven-

turer from the Milky-way! A friend of mine asserts, that if the South Carolinians should once become satisfied that the New Jerusalem is outside of their State, they would not want to go to it. Let us charitably hope that this is an exaggeration.'

Putting aside the ridicule, this is a pretty fair representation of the love and admiration with which Southerners regard the South. It is, indeed, as all the world acknowledges, a noble country; and they, at least, do not deem themselves unworthy of it. They have made it great,—great in its productions,—great in its political wisdom and integrity, and great in the battle-field. Why, then, should they not admire and love it?

The other extract we will give without comment, relating to the honor of Southern students. He says: 'The honor of Southern students is not college honor, as it is understood at the North, and perhaps in Europe; it comes much nearer to the honor of good citizens, and the honor of the gentleman of society. The pupils are not leagued against the teachers for the purpose of passing fraudulent examinations, by the trickeries of stealing the prepared lists of questions, carrying furtive copies of lessons into the recitation-rooms, mutual postings, and purchased compositions. A professor of the Charleston Medical College assures me that he has never detected such a cheat in thirty years of tuition. A professor of the University at Columbia, South Carolina, told a friend of mine that he had known but one such instance, and that in that case the two criminals were forced to leave by their class-mates. The "chivalrous Southron" undergraduate, at least while surrounded by his native moral atmosphere, considers himself a gentleman first and a student afterward. When one remembers the strength of college *esprit de corps*, these facts exhibit an individual self-respect and uprightness which is astounding, and which must, I suspect, fill the faculties of Yale and Harvard with envy. I must explain that my testimony on this point refers only to South Carolina, and I may therefore have drawn too large an inference in extending my eulogium to all Southern students.'

The late war against the South has laid the Constitution of the United States in the coffin of consolidation. Its lid is held down by two screws, deemed by the radicals all-sufficient—the one *black*, the other *yellow*. We have got negro emancipation, and negro equality already; and the Pacific railroad being now completed, the United States will receive into its bosom, by the operation of the last Constitutional amendment, all the yellow races of Asia to an equal participation of power with the white race in the Government of the United States. The civil war in Rome, carried on by Marius and Sylla, in which slaves were emancipated and made citizens, destroyed the liberties of Rome. The same means (war, and the degradation of political power) must produce the same results in the United States. Despotism—not merely the despotism of factions, which gave some brief intervals of liberty at Rome—but the despotism of a sectional majority, fixed, heartless, and insatiable, rules the United States. The condition of Rome after her great civil war, as described by the historian, may not be dissimilar to that of the United States at present, always remembering that the Southern States constitute no part of the United States.

‘Postquam divitiæ honori cœperunt, et eas gloria, imperium, potentia sequebatur ; hebescere virtus, paupertas probro haberi, innocentia pro malevolentia duci cœpit. Igitur ex divitiis juventutem luxuria, atque avaritia cum superbia invasere. Rapere, consumere ; sua parvi pendere, aliena cupere ; pudorem, pudicitiam, divina atque humana promiscua, nihil pensi, neque moderati habere.’

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*The Overland Monthly.*

RENEWED.

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ON these bold promontories, that outjut  
Impassively into the mobile sea,  
Each morning ere the shadow-gates are shut,  
I, for an hour, am free.

The West is spattered thick with fading stars,  
The East is blank for the unwritten Day ;  
A few white clouds drift up in silver bars,  
And sea-gulls whirl in spray.

This is a sacred altar, and a throne,  
Where most I worship, and where most I reign ;  
The only spot the air of earth doth zone  
That hath no touch of bane.

Regality of space and hope are mine ;  
As one uplifted from the plane of thought  
I catch the promise-dawn of days divine,  
To prophecy once brought.

Nature, the myriad-voiced, salutes my ear ;  
The utterance that babel Day confounds  
Becomes accentuation full and clear,  
And revelation sounds ;

And this the declaration of the Morn  
Unto the isolated on the height :  
“Rejoice ! Go down to labor newly born —  
The valleys gleam with light !”

Renewed for effort, I descend and sing,  
Taking of irksome tasks a cheerful hold ;  
And evenings in reward perpetual bring  
Sunsets of royal gold.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

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THIS "Proteus of Paris" has been seeking of late to obtain for his genius some local habitation in London. Last year two Exhibitions were set apart for the astounding products of Gustave Doré's pencil; and already this year the "Triumph of Christianity" and other works, each remarkable of its kind, have renewed a sensation which the painter seeks, and which the public runs after. The trade in goods of this description succeeds so well that a whole cargo of some of the largest canvasses ever seen off the stage will probably be imported into England shortly. At any rate there seems reason to hope that measures will be taken to secure to London an Exhibition which shall be fully representative of the painter's great and varied powers. We are told by an ardent admirer that Doré's "studios, situated in various parts of Paris," "are simultaneously supplied with new pictures"; that "their walls are literally covered as if by magic with some of the most gigantic productions of our time, with paintings of every style and manner, vivid illustrations of Doré's versatility and unequalled artistic powers," etc. etc. This short specimen of rapturous rodomontade may suffice to indicate that Paris will find little difficulty in sparing some few surplus samples for London. Indeed, it would seem quite within the range of possibility that the time may come when most of the great capitals, both in the old world and the new hemisphere, shall rejoice in a special Doré Exhibition. We learn that New York already enjoys the privilege.

The "Triumph of Christianity," exhibited in London this year for a second time, may as a *tour de force* be taken as the measure of Doré's genius. The whole thing is tremendous; unless seen, the possibility of such a picture could not be believed. The characters here assembled are "Christ," "Angelic Spirits," "Christian Attributes," "Ministering Angels," "Gabriel," "Michael," "Hecate," "Thor," "Venus," "Cupid," "Jupiter," "Juno," "Jupiter's Eagle," "Jupiter's Crown," "Phœbus conducting the Chariot of the Sun," the "Bull Apis," "Winged Lions," and the bird "Ibis." A composition which begins with Christ and ends with the bird Ibis is likely to be somewhat heterogeneous and hybrid. As for the "Bull Apis," he may be taken as symbolic of the presumptuous person who rushed in where angels feared to tread. But to demand reverence would obviously be foreign to the whole affair. It were evidently beside the mark to object, in a composition got up as gorgeously as a Christmas extravaganza, that the conception of Christ has little of the divine. It is sufficient for the painter's purpose that the figure, by its stage attitude, is effective. As for the "Angelic Spirits," they may serve to recall an irreverent saying of Goethe, that if all the people get to heaven who expect to do so, the place will prove less pleasant than is usually supposed;

there are certainly but few even among the "Ministering Angels" whom we should care to know upon earth, especially in any company where flaming wings cannot be worn with evening dress. Indeed, the painter's conception of angels is but poor and trite; rob the figures of wings, shields, and spears, and they would pass for something less than mortal. With considerable disappointment, then, we take leave of "Christian Attributes," and turn to the Pagan deities whom Christianity, in her triumph, is in the act of overthrowing. "Jupiter" appears in a kind of Charles Kean character; "Jupiter's Eagle" is like the clipped bird that a certain monarch is recorded to have carried to Boulogne when intent on conquering an empire; "Jupiter's Crown," painted in the act of falling into the mud, might find a place among the regalia at Astley's. In fact, the artist evidently designs to bring Olympus, with its machinery and properties, into contempt. Yet Juno is handsome as Menken. Saturn too is a fine fellow, but the old gentleman, unless rescued forthwith, will certainly be run down by the wild horses of "the Chariot of the Sun." Poor Phœbus, seeing that the game is lost, has thrown down the reins; his upturned face of resignation gives signs of conversion to Christianity; his idea evidently is to be taken, like Elijah, straight into heaven at once, including his brass car, which certainly has seen its brightest days. The composition closes with divers monsters such as are carried about in provincial menageries. In particular the "winged lions" make pointed appeal to the sympathy of the spectator; they open their eyes and knit their brows in much amaze, scarcely knowing what it is all about, or what may come next. If this description fails in reverence, the fault is not ours; the subject is perhaps too vast to be compassed by art.

The "Triumph of Christianity" fails of religious character; the work, indeed, judged by the standard of spiritual schools, scarcely escapes irreligion. We look in vain for the purity, quietism, and humility which adorn Christian art in its best estate; we see in the style little in common with the spirit of the early Italian masters — Fra Angelico, Orcagna, Giotto, and others. Yet, if once the mind can be reconciled to the irreverence of modern religious art, this "Triumph" may win a fair share of praise. The Angel Gabriel, poised in mid air, pensive in downcast gaze, and St. Michael, sword in hand, with the swift swoop of an eagle, the wings curved as a half-bent bow ready to speed an arrow in its flight, are figures of grace and dignity. The whole conception, if mundane, is Miltonic; the grasp of thought is bold, the range through space grand. The treatment too is clever; if the types want refinement and elevation, if the drawing and execution are sometimes careless and even coarse, at any rate it is impossible to deny to the whole performance mastery and force. The artist wields a brush of singular power in the laying on of light, shade, and colour. The refulgence around the central figure is as the glory in Tintoret's "Paradise," or the golden halo which encircles the Madonna in Titian's "Assumption." Specially lovely is the colour, where light falls in silvery softness, and breaks as in opalescent spray shaded by tender blues and turquoise greens. Some of these effects are exquisite, notwithstanding the suggestion of transformation scenes lit by the lime light. Perhaps indeed the whole get-up of the picture

has less of Christian sobriety and moderation than of the tinsel of Byron's *Sardanapalus*. The work, however, must be seen by everybody, and when once seen can never be forgotten. It will, we learn, be engraved by W. H. Simmons, to whom was entrusted Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World."

The Herculean labours of this giant among painters will naturally obtain the wondering homage of the multitude. It was some years since calculated that the designs of Doré at the age of twenty-nine numbered forty-four thousand ; thus, should the painter be spared to threescore and ten, his works may reach not far short of two hundred thousand. Turner's 19,000 drawings bequeathed to the nation form but a small percentage on such astounding totals, yet the National Gallery possesses one drawing for every working day in Turner's life ! The incredible fecundity of the illustrious Frenchman may recall a boast made by Vasari, to the effect that such had been the progress in art that works were in his day thrown off in a single morning which would have cost earlier Italian painters good part of a lifetime to execute. Assuredly Gustave Doré may boast, like Vasari, that so rapid is the advance made by the arts in Paris, that the time has come when in a single hour designs can be struck off which would have cost Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, or Flandrin years to mature. Beyond cavil the great Gustave has earned the right to the well-known *sobriquet* borne by Luca Giordano—Fa Presto. We are told that Giordano, with matchless versatility, could assume the style of any master, and that such was the facility of his pencil that a few days sufficed for the completion of a vast altar-piece. But the Fa Presto of Paris may take warning from his predecessor of Naples ; the practice of Giordano has been held in reprobation by posterity. One more analogy may be drawn from the decline of Italian art. The would-be sacred works of Doré recall a certain picture by Guercino which we have seen in the Gallery of Bologna :—"God the Father ; a grand impromptu painting, done in a single night, and put up in the morning !"

Yet pictures which have been seen in London afford cumulative proof—if further proof were needed—that Gustave Doré has seldom if ever been surpassed for creative imagination, for bold grasp of subject, for wide range through space, for suggestive significance in colour, for grandeur in shadowy gloom. Take, for example, a highly poetic "scene from Milton's *Paradise Lost*." The combat between Michael and Satan is ended ; night goes down on the battle-field strewn with winged bodies mutilated and gory ; the sun, sinking in anger, illumines on topmost hill the white garments, the pinions, and the spears of St. Michael's victorious host. The picture, notwithstanding a certain cold brutality essentially Parisian, is eminently Miltonic. And assuredly the painter's swelling and grandiose style is more akin to Milton and Dante than in accordance with the subtle thought and simple diction of our Poet Laureate. Such a picture as that recently exhibited in London, "Merlin and Vivien," goes far to justify the opinion that the illustrations of the Idyls fail to give expression to the Saxon simplicity, the refinement and finish, of Tennyson. But Doré once more becomes himself when he approaches Dante ; he is truly Michael Angelesque, even by impatience of detail and finish, in such terror-moving pictures

as "Dante meeting Ugolino in the Frozen Circle." He equally rises to the height of the great argument in not a few of the sixty illustrations of "The Vision of Purgatory and Paradise" now before us in the handsome English edition published with Cary's translation. Of the brilliant Frenchman's "Bible" we abstain to speak; it is but too evident that the illustrator of the "Contes Drolatiques" has a free and easy manner which might better comport with scenes from *Don Juan* than with characters in Holy Writ.

The pictures of Doré are, for technical processes and art methods, worthy of observation. His drawing, when inaccurate, is not ignorant, but merely hasty; a critic once observed that his errors are but the random shots of a good marksman. His execution runs into opposites and extremes; sometimes it is blotchy, sometimes careful and close upon intention, sometimes opaque, sometimes transparent. The method of laying on colour is wisely modified according to exigencies. That the artist, however, often affects what is slovenly and ultra may be seen in a certain landscape, "Morning in the Alps," wherein paint has been so loaded upon foreground rocks that a rule measure can alone fairly appreciate the relief obtained. Thus pictures become bas-reliefs. Novel also and startling is the painter's use of light, shade, and colour, as instruments of expression. Highest lights are, as a matter of course, opposed to deepest darks, and warmest tones to coolest shades; sensation is first wrought to the uttermost and then subdued to repose. Doré has certainly, even to a fault, absolute mastery over the science of effect; the methods he uses, if clever, are tricky and altogether too obvious: thus, we repeat, his pictures have at once the merits and defects of scenes put upon the stage.

Doré as a landscape-painter has won a first position; here, at all events, he gives proof of genius, and nature serves as a wholesome safeguard. Sometimes, indeed, we have thought him greater in landscape than as a figure-painter; at any rate no living artist can throw around the drama of humanity so imposing an array of scenery; nature and man are brought into response and unity. Rivers, lakes, mountains, skies, live upon canvas with even more vividness than on the page of the poet; in fact these imaginative backgrounds enhance what they illustrate. It were easy to object that Doré tortures nature into heroics and spasms. Still, it is a great gain to get into landscape some colouring of emotion, or even the abnormal character inseparable from eccentricity. The consequent penalty of an occasional earthquake or conflagration would seem comparatively slight to the advantages secured. Doré certainly comes as a relief to the dreary monotony of French landscape, to the hard mechanism of the German school, and to the trivial naturalism of the English. Yet the precise position which this painter—who certainly ranks among the most notorious, not to say the most distinguished, men of our times—may hereafter hold in the judgment of posterity it were premature to conjecture. We can scarcely now determine what exact place in the page of history shall be reserved for the erratic artist whose misfortune it is to follow after the great era ennobled by the classicism of Ingres, the academic dignity of Flandrin and Delaroche, and the pure spirituality of Ary Scheffer. It may remain the lasting glory of Gustave Doré that he is found to be worthy of the Second Empire.

Gustave Doré stands just now as the most startling art phenomenon in Europe ; his genius at each turn changes, like colours in a kaleidoscope, into something new and unexpected. The artist, still in the prime of his powers, seems to have reached the point where two roads lie before him — the one of life and truth, the other leading unto death. The fruits of coming years, either for good or for evil, must greatly depend upon whether age shall balance judgment and bring sobriety to imagination, or whether intoxication of success shall betray into more of carelessness and presumption. Henceforth the aim of Doré should be to do but little, and that little well. Seldom in the whole history of art has a painter been under responsibility more grave to resist besetting snares, and to use rare gifts with watchfulness.

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### MOSAIC.

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“**K**NOWLEDGE develops itself in the heated atmosphere of town life. When men meet, and thought clashes with thought,—when workmen sit around a board at work,—intellectual irritability must be stirred more than where men live and work alone. The march of mind, as they call it, must go on. Whatever evils there may be in our excited, feverish modern life, it is quite certain that we know through it more than our forefathers knew. The workman knows more of foreign politics than most statesmen knew two centuries ago. The child is versed in theological questions, which only occupied master minds once. But the question is, whether, like the Divine Child in the temple, we are turning knowledge into wisdom ; and whether, having left behind the priests, and the scribes, and the doctors, and the fathers, we are about our Father’s business, and becoming wise to God.”

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“Is it forever to be impossible for a man to be honored of men, unless his intellectual power be great? Ah! that were surely hard ; surely essential equality were thus denied me as a man ; surely I could not be so calmly content under this sun. If our relation to the Infinite is of that nature which Christ has unfolded, it cannot be so. If, from the seraphim who receive the light of the throne on their white robes, to the poor widow who kneels by her husband’s corpse and bows her head to the God who has given and taken away, we are but servants of one Master, soldiers of one host, members of one family, it can not be so. For then the highest honor of the archangel and of the child is, that he does, well and gladly, and giving God the glory, what God bids him do. And methinks it is best even so. We will

honor the old soldier, whose name we have never heard, but who at eventide contentedly wound the colors round his heart, and died for the good cause, as much as we honor the Cromwell who led that cause to the pinnacle of the world ; ay, and without refusing to obey Cromwell either ; without losing one atom of the real worth and value of so-called 'hero-worship.' The angel who ministers to a dying beggar may hold himself as highly honored as he who keeps the gate of heaven."

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"IN the majority of cases, conscience is an elastic and very flexible article, which will bear a deal of stretching and adapt itself to a great variety of circumstances. Some people, by prudent management and leaving it off piece by piece, like a flannel waistcoat in warm weather, even contrive, in time, to dispense with it altogether ; but there be others who can assume the garment and throw it off at pleasure ; and this being the greatest and most convenient improvement, is the one most in vogue."

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"HAVE we never observed that the deepest revelations of ourselves are often made to us by trifling remarks met with here and there in conversation and books,—sparks which set a whole train of thoughts on fire ? Nay, that a false view given by an inferior mind has led us to a true one ; and that conversations from which we had expected much light, turning out unsatisfactorily, have thrown us upon ourselves and God, and so become almost the birth-times of the soul ? The truth is, it is not the amount which is poured in that gives wisdom, but the amount of creative mind and heart working on and stirred by what is so poured in."

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"WE must love something. If not the love of the Father, then, of necessity, the love of the world. Love misplaced, or love rightly placed,—you have your choice between these two ; you have not your choice between loving God or nothing. No man is sufficient for himself. Every man must go out of himself for enjoyment. Something in this universe besides himself there must be to bind the affections of every man. There is that within us which compels us to attach ourselves to something outward. The choice is not this,—Love, or be without love. You cannot give the pent-up steam its choice of moving or not moving. It must move one way or the other ; the right way or the wrong way. Direct it rightly, and its energy rolls the engine-wheels smoothly on their track. Block up its passage, and it bounds away, a thing of madness and ruin. Stop it, you cannot ; it will rather burst. So it is with our hearts. There is a pent-up energy of love, gigantic for good or evil. Its right way is in the direction of our Eternal Father ; and then let it toil and pant as it will, the course of the man is smooth. Expel the love of God from the bosom,—what then ? Will the passion that is within cease to burn ? Nay. Tie the man down,—let there be no outlet for his affections,—let him attach himself to nothing, and become a loveless spirit in this universe,—and then there is what we call a broken heart ; the steam bursts the machinery that contains it. Or else, let him take his course, unfettered and free, and then

we have the riot of worldliness,—a man with strong affections thrown off the line, tearing himself to pieces, and carrying desolation along with him. Let us comprehend our own nature, ourselves, and our destinies. God is our Rest, the only One that can quench the fever of our desire. God in Christ is what we want. When men quit that, so that 'the love of the Father is not in them,' then they must perforce turn aside; the nobler heart to break with disappointment,—the meaner heart to love the world instead, and sate and satisfy itself as best it may on things that perish in the using. Herein lies the secret of our being, in this world of the affections. This explains why our noblest feelings lie so close to our basest,—why the noblest so easily metamorphose themselves into the basest. The heart, which was made large enough for God, wastes itself upon the world."

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"A MAN'S profession or trade is not only not incompatible with religion (provided it be a lawful one)—it is his religion. And this is true even of those callings which, at first sight, appear to have in them something hard to reconcile with religiousness. For instance, the profession of a lawyer. He is a worldling in it, if he use it for some personal greed, or degrade it by chicanery. But, in itself, it is an occupation which sifts right from wrong; which, in the entangled web of human life, unwinds the meshes of error. He is by profession enlisted on the side of the Right,—directly connected with God, the central point of Justice and Truth. A nobler occupation need no man desire than to be a fellow-worker with God. Or, take the soldier's trade,—in this world generally a trade of blood, and revenge, and idle licentiousness. Rightly understood, what is it? A soldier's whole life, whether he will or not, is an enunciation of the greatest of religious truths,—the voluntary sacrifice of one for the sake of the many. In the detail of his existence, how abundant are the opportunities for the voluntary recognition of this,—opportunities such as that when the three strong men brake through the lines of the enemy to obtain the water for their sovereign's thirst; opportunities as when that same heroic sovereign poured the untasted water on the ground, and refused to drink because it was his soldiers' lives—he could not drink at such a price. Earnestness in a lawful calling is not worldliness. A profession is the sphere of our activity. There is something sacred in work. To work in the appointed sphere is to be religious,—as religious as to pray."

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"HAVE we never seen how a child, simple and near to God, cuts asunder a web of sophistry with a single direct question? How, before its steady look and simple argument, some fashionable utterer of a conventional falsehood has been abashed? How a believing Christian scatters the forces of scepticism, as a morning ray, touching the mist on the mountain side, makes it vanish into thin air? And there are few more glorious moments of our humanity than those in which Faith does battle against intellectual proof; when, for example, after reading a sceptical book, or hearing a cold-blooded materialist's demonstration, in which God, the soul, and life to come, are proved impossible, up rises the heart, in all the giant might of its immortality, to do battle with

the understanding, and with the simple argument, 'I *feel* them in my best and highest moments to be true,' annihilates the sophistries of logic.

"These moments of profound faith do not come once for all; they vary with the degree and habit of obedience. There is a plant which blossoms once in a hundred years. Like it, the soul blossoms only now and then, in a space of years; but these moments are the glory and the heavenly glimpses of our purest humanity."

"LOVE has a thousand modes and forms, all of which may be consistent with reality and truth. It may come like the burst of morning light, kindling the whole soul into life and radiance; it may grow inaudibly and unknown, until its roots are found to be through and through the heart, entwined with its every fibre; it is unreal and false only when it is a name for some form of selfishness."

"ART can never be religion, man can never live nobly all for himself, the supremacy of intellectual culture, ministered to by all the beauty and intelligence of the world, is not so excellent as the lowly self-sacrifice of daily life. There are abyssal deeps of personality, in which slumber earthquakes to convulse the soul despite of all the azure smiling of beauty: all the lamps which man can kindle here to make a heaven for himself will be but a vain mimicry of real felicity."

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## THE HAVERSACK.

[*The Haversack* was originally introduced as a feature of this magazine, with the design of collecting and placing on record the best of the great multitude of anecdotes, humorous or grave, facetiæ and other minor memorabilia of the war, not only for the present gratification of our readers, but also as a repository of illustrations upon which future historians and biographers might draw. This feature of our journal has been always a popular one, and we should like not merely to continue but to enlarge it. There exists, scattered throughout the South, an abundant quantity of material, piquant anecdotes, brief narratives and incidents of heroic daring, of perilous escapes, and all those details which bring the reality of the time and the personality of the actors vividly before the mind, which are as yet fresh in men's memories, but soon must fade into comparative oblivion unless secured.

We therefore ask our readers and friends to send us for the *Haversack* such items as they believe to have general interest or to be worthy of record. We will affix our informants' names to their communications, unless they request otherwise.

The paucity of material on hand compels us to leave this space unfilled for the present month, a misfortune which we hope the kindness of subscribers will prevent from recurring.—EDS.]

## REVIEWS.

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*Seen and Heard. Poems.* By Morrison Heady. Baltimore: Henry C. Turnbull, Jr. 1869.

A volume of poems by a gentleman who has been totally blind from boyhood, and deaf for nearly as long a time, is invested to the critic or thoughtful reader with a peculiar interest. It is interesting to observe the extent, vigor and subtlety of the reflective powers in one who, isolated by his infirmities almost entirely from the external world, in a seclusion of unbroken darkness and silence, is compelled to occupy an active and vigorous brain with constant and close meditation. And it is scarcely less interesting to note what perceptions he still retains from the days when he looked out on the world with youthful eyes, not knowing how brief the time allotted him to amass a treasure of fair sights and sounds to serve as his portion of earth's beauty during all his lifetime to come. It is interesting to note these memories, their vividness, and the skill with which he uses the things which he *has* "seen and heard," in imaginative and descriptive poems, like the

"poor gnome that, cloistered up  
In some rock-chamber, with his agate cup,  
His topaz rod, his seed-pearl, in these few  
And their arrangements finds enough to do."

But we can scarcely use the words "these few," here. On the contrary, we are astonished at the memory which is ever ready with life-like pictures, as if the poet had come fresh from the hills and forests of his native Kentucky to fix the fleeting images on the paper.

*Yoonemskota, an Indian Idyll*, which forms the chief bulk of the book, is decidedly the most original and powerful of these poems, both in matter and in form. It is in unrhymed, but strongly rhythmical measures, which the writer varies with considerable skill and harmony, as indeed he was bound to do. Poets who throw off the fetters of rhyme and then do not avail themselves of their greater liberty, who reject the grace of consonance without gaining the grace of harmony, suggest the idea of an egg-dance with the eggs taken away—we have the mechanical precision of movement without the justifying dexterity. It is this that makes the interminable, unrhymed, uncadenced, monotonous, jog-trot of *Hiawatha* so intolerably fatiguing to brain and ear.

The descriptions of scenery in this poem are everywhere singularly fresh and vivid. For instance, the moon-rise (p. 84-87) where we can actually see the widening light, the sharp edge suddenly protruded above the peak, and then the full-orbed splendor as the planet disengages herself and hangs clear and round in the sky. So the sunset (p. 81) and the sunrise (p. 35-38) with the successive awakening of motion and life among inanimate things, the creatures of the forest,

and finally the red men in their lodges. One picturesque touch particularly strikes us :—

“The blue smoke upward curls,  
Till, *widening in the thin air,*  
*Its long and slender shaft*  
*Points, like a feathered arrow,*  
Down to the wigwam.”

Such of our readers as have watched a sunrise in the mountains, and seen the signs of awakening in the wood-cutters' huts, will be struck with the aptness of the comparison.

Very clear and characteristic are his sketches of the Indian warriors, and their strange mixture of wild ferocity and stately courtesy, as in the scene in the council, where the captive chief, whose life or death by horrible tortures is the matter of debate, sits calmly smoking with his captors, too proud to answer ; while they with grave politeness pause for a while between each harangue, awaiting his pleasure to speak. Terribly vivid is the picture of the death-stake, with the slowly narrowing circle of fire, and the hideous dance of the warriors :—

“And round and round, like the demons of fire,  
The warriors go dancing, with caper and bound.  
They whoop as they caper, and yell as they bound ;  
Their war-song they sing, and their battle-cry shout.  
Their naked steel gleams in the glare of the pile,  
Like quick-dancing meteors streaking the dark.  
They stab at the flames as a thing that had heart ;  
As a thing that had bowels, they rip up the smoke.  
They flourish their war-clubs aloft in their rage,  
And smite them together with ponderous thump ;  
Their tomahawks brandish high over their heads,  
And clash them together with murderous ring ;  
Till fierce, as in fight, is the din of the dance.”

But more frightful than their horrible dance, is their demoniac delight as they grow drunken with vengeance. Yoonemskota, from the centre of the fiery ring, mockingly complains of cold, and calls upon them to warm him with new and atrocious tortures :—

“In answer cries Black Wolf: ‘There’s time for that yet,  
My hardy one ! O but there’s time for that yet !  
Fear not, fear not, but all shall be done !’ ”

We know nothing to parallel this fierce orgasm of rapture over torture.

But Mr. Heady can depict sweet and peaceful scenes as well as these savage ferocities, and depict them too in befittingly musical verse. We do not miss rhyme in a cadence so melodious as :—

“Another starred night has dismissed her bright watches  
That held out so kindly their lamps in the sky,  
Another young day is abroad on the mountains  
And fanning the earth with his wood-scented wings ;  
But far from his foes, in the land of his fathers,  
The Shawanee brave, with his Wyandot bride,  
Goes tranquilly rowing up mystic Scioto  
Toward loved Chillicothe, the home of his heart.”

The *Apocalypse of the Seasons* is a pleasing pastoral, of a kind of

poetry now rarely tried. Its tone is pensive but not sad, and the prevailing religious coloring is sincere and not obtrusive.

We feel no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Heady a poet of true genius and no mean skill in his art, whose works would, under any circumstances, attract notice and deserve praise; but which, considering the deprivations under which the author suffers, are little less than wonderful.

We should not do entire justice to this book were we to omit to notice the extreme elegance of its dress and general finish, on which the publisher seems to have spared neither care nor cost.—*Statesman*.

*The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress.* By Mark Twain. Hartford: American Publishing Company. 1869.

MR. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, who is known to many of us, and ought to be known to all of us, as Mark Twain, was one of the passengers on the *Quaker City* when she took her ill-assorted party of excursionists to Europe and the East, and he has just given us, in a thick book of more than six hundred pages, a record of the tour. It might better have been a thinner book, for there is some dead wood in it, as there has to be in all books which are sold by book-agents and are not to be bought in stores. The rural-district reader likes to see that he has got his money's worth even more than he likes wood-engravings. At least, such is the faith in Hartford; and no man ever saw a book-agent with a small volume in his hand.

But if some of the book is needless, none of it is really poor, and much of it very good. Mr. Clemens's plan of delivering an unvarnished tale, of giving just his own impressions of what he saw, at once made his work sure of some real value as well as much freshness, and his book is one to be commended merely as a book of travels. But, of course, the "American humor" is the great thing. It is not in the light of a traveller that one regards a gentleman who when during his wanderings in the Holy Land he comes upon the "tomb of Adam," which the monks exhibit, thus gives utterance to a natural burst of sentiment:

"The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, I did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain."

All the prominent characteristics of our peculiar school of humorists—their audacity, their extravagance and exaggeration—Mr. Clemens displays in fulness in the course of his ramblings, and he has some merits which belong to his individual self, and which make him a very

agreeable companion when he is at ease and natural—which is not always; for as he pads so, we must make free to tell him, does he sometimes grimace, and is professionally a humorist as he was professionally a book-maker. It will be a just punishment for him to reflect that no doubt many a farmer will read all his jokes—the good ones as well as these bad ones we are speaking to him about—with profound gravity and unshaking belief in them as so much serious log-book.

There is, besides those we have mentioned, another characteristic of "American humor," which consists in a certain sort of what may be called fatuousness. When the man in the stage-coach, riding along with "the great moral showman" without knowing him, kept on telling him "some of Artemus Ward's jokes," and at the end of each one of them punched his companion in the side and said, "What a damned fool the fellow is!" he was not the worst critic that Artemus ever had. Nearly all his jokes have in them a display of mental helplessness—not to say imbecility—a drifting along of the mind from one topic to another, suggested but not really connected, topic, and are largely dependent upon this for their humorous effect. The same thing may be seen—though not nearly so unmixed nor so often—in the efforts of Mr. Josh Billings. The humor in the *Nasby Papers* consists rather in Mr. Locke's conception of the low, "dough-face" Democrat than in anything strictly humorous that is said or done by him after he is made, and the Cross-roads pastor and postmaster gives no exhibition of the trait mentioned. But the author of "The Innocents Abroad" has some of it—though something of what he has is acquired and imitative, we should say—and may be taken to be rather more nearly Artemus Ward's successor in this line than either of the other humorists to whom we have referred.—*The Nation*.

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*Hospital Sketches, and Camp and Fireside Stories.* By Louisa M. Alcott.  
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MISS ALCOTT is one of the successful authors of the season, and as such, her books are entitled to more than mere passing notice. Her first and second series of *Little Women* has, we are told, already reached a twentieth edition; judging from such data, the influence she wields is by no means small. We find in this her latest book, enough of spirited writing to prove that she has power. When she insists on forcing upon us a suggestion of Mrs. Stowe, in topics, tone, and temper, we miss uncomfortably the genius, breadth, world-knowledge, book-knowledge, susceptibility and marvellous charm of style belonging to Mrs. Stowe herself. But one may fall greatly below one's model, and yet stand higher than many contemporaries. This, Miss Alcott, we question not, does.

*Hospital Sketches* proper, purports to be the record of only a month's experience of the author as nurse. Of these sketches, the only one that can lay claim to completeness is that of a noble soldier who died under her hands—"the manliest man among my forty." The picture is drawn most touchingly, and we doubt not truly. We admire "John, the Virginia blacksmith," even in his blue coat. We know what right

he had to bravery and nobleness in maintaining his beliefs: his death atoned for his error in entertaining them.

Miss Alcott is so utterly wide of the mark when she writes about matters of which she is ignorant, that we hesitate to accept all she affirms, where of course she must be well informed. Take the following, opened upon at random:—" 'I say, Mrs. —,' called a voice behind me; and turning, I saw a sorry Michigander, with an arm blown off at the shoulder, and two or three bullets still in him—as he afterwards mentioned as carelessly as if gentlemen were in the habit of carrying such trifles about with them. I went to him, and while administering a dose of soap and water, he whispered irefully:—'That red-headed devil over yonder is a reb, hang him! He's got shet of a foot, or he'd cut, like the rest of the lot. Don't you wash him, nor feed him, but just let him holler till he's tired. It's a blasted shame to fetch them fellers in here along side of us, and so I'll tell the chap that bosses this concern—cuss me if I don't.'" Now a man "with an arm blown off at the shoulder, and two or three bullets in him," might consider himself, especially before he had received the attention of the surgeons, in a condition suggestive of serious consequences. Is it customary for Michigan men, under such circumstances, so to demean themselves? It might have been so: men are sometimes unnatural; but is it possible that red-hot abolitionism or anything short of diabolism could inspire the breast of a true woman with the malignant purpose to wreak malice on the person of a mutilated prisoner?

Miss Alcott writes in a very jocose vein; there is much badinage in her volume. Dickens, whom she styles "the god of her idolatry," is perhaps her model here; but Dickens never carries a joke so far as to accuse himself of hard-heartedness. We wonder if Miss Alcott was really able to make her hospital ward as gay a place as she describes it as being. If so, no marvel that one of her convalescents says—"I had no idea a 'orspittle was such a jolly place—hope I'll get another ball somewhere easy, so I'll come back and be took care on again." It is comforting to know, now that all is over, that the Federal wounded were so much better off than our poor Confederate patriots ever could be. Few were the dainties to be procured from a country bare as was the South of the very necessities of life; the medicines potent for relief came from foreign lands, and the enemy who possessed the ports made strictly contraband everything that might serve to save the life or assuage the pain of wounded and dying defenders of their homes. In our hospitals were seen displays of fortitude never surpassed, and of pity and devotedness on the part of our women too tender to be available as the staple of a sketch-book; but it was a matter of impossibility for Southern women to make our hospitals as attractive to sons and brothers as our author succeeded in rendering hers to the Irish and German substitutes for whom Massachusetts so liberally provided.

If Miss Alcott's picture is a veritable one, our hospitals were in one respect in advance of Northern ones—there was much more of true religion to sustain and comfort the sufferers. Our chaplains were men of earnest piety, who followed their regiments to the front, or labored without reward in the noisome hospital. Our author thus replies to

the inquiry—"Are there no services by hospital death-beds, or on Sundays?"—"In most hospitals I hope there are; in ours, the men died and were carried away with as little ceremony as on a battle-field."

The *Camp and Fireside Stories* are characterized by some extravagance of incident, but possess a liveliness of expression which has its charm. Some of them are anti-Southern after the most sensational style. When Mrs. Stowe wrote, she addressed an audience that would be glad to believe that the exceptional enormities she so graphically portrayed were true as an average state of things in the Slave States, and the South was indignant because she was thus scattering fire-brands in the neighborhood of a magazine. But when a writer comes forward at this late day, with her stories about "stripes and chains and blood-hounds"—neither the North, who has had its way, nor the South, to whom no more harm can be done, cares to listen. First-class writers have dropped this kind of thing. Mrs. Stowe gives her attention to the glorifying of the old Puritan stock—not to the depreciation of the Cavaliers and Huguenots; and Henry Ward Beecher, in *Norwood*, shows how daring he is in trusting his genius, and how wide, too, in some respects, are his human sympathies, by praising right nobly both the sentiments and actions of those whom he treats as rebels. We have no right to demand that Miss Alcott shall be a Beecher; but we are surprised that she has underrated her own ability, in the same way as we are surprised that she should choose to perpetuate herself in one of the well-executed illustrations of her book, as a young lady of agreeable face and person *fondling in her arms a negro baby!*

Yet we have a more serious charge to prefer. Not only has Miss Alcott allowed herself to write in the old, exploded style about a slavery that is defunct, but she has even chosen to handle what is putrescent in it. Two of her anti-Southern stories hinge upon that peculiar evil which has no apologist in the most corrupt society, and yet from which no community of people, since the world existed, has been able to free itself entirely. We do object to the manner in which these things are dwelt upon, especially when it is a lady who holds the pen. Although African slavery is dead in the United States, there are other relations possible between the two races. Miscegenation is a question which the North has a perfect right to discuss, if it chooses, but we know no writer of reputation who has presumed to undertake its defence. The loss of caste and social standing incident thereupon is too precious to venture in such a tilt, even for a man—how much more for a woman! We do not charge Miss Alcott with having pronounced in favor of this unnatural doctrine; but we dare affirm that there is an odor about some passages in this book which are decidedly not savory. For proof, let the reader turn to the story entitled "My Contraband."

Miss Alcott holds a free, graphic, and natural pen. She owes it to herself and the public, who are so ready to read whatever she may put forth, to use it in behalf of a pure and healthy literature that shall possess such a general interest as will divest it of all that *sectionalism* which the North *par excellence* so unsparingly condemns. The *Sketches* are put forth in the usual attractive style of those enterprising publishers, the Roberts Brothers.—Margaret F. Preston.

*The Subjection of Women.* By John Stuart Mill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

IT is a satisfaction to have the main line of argument, on any side of an agitated question, presented to us at once in clear logical sequence, and in plain, intelligible language, and this, in the book before us, Mr. Mill has done with regard to the Women's Rights question. Grant him his premises, and, as far as his logic will go, nothing can be clearer than his reasoning.

But it is a characteristic of Mr. Mill's mind that he depends too much upon his logic: he has such confidence in the clue he holds, that he shuts his eyes while he follows it. Like a surveyor, if he only runs his lines correctly, he troubles himself little about the scenery and productions of the fields which those lines inclose; and like the surveyor, too, he is too frequently satisfied to take the starting-point of his lines just as he finds it.

This was notably the case in his various writings about slavery. The argument was good enough, if the facts had been true; but he never took the trouble to find out for himself what slavery was—its real character and working; nor what a negro is, and how he is to be dealt with. So he shows in all these matters the most *naïve* and amusing ignorance. He was quite content to take his facts from the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* or the columns of the *Tribune*; and when Yankees furnish facts and Stuart Mill arguments, logic will go a great way.

So with regard to the Emancipation of Women, as it is called. Mr. Mill seems to start with the postulate that the difference between the sexes is scarcely more than superficial—a difference merely of figure and size, of which the latter is only important so far that, by rendering the woman weaker than the man, it enabled him, in a time when force was the universal law, to bring her into a subjection from which she has never since emerged, and of which, as a relic of barbarism, he has a great many fine, and a great many sarcastic things to say. Our man of straw once firmly set up in a good place, it is wonderful with what tricks of fence we can pierce his vitals, and with what downright blows we can cleave him to the chine.

The question really is not one of artificial superiority, but one of natural difference. The great majority of civilised men live in two worlds: the world of action, business, labor, conflict; and the little world of peace, rest, enjoyment, and the affections, which we call home. The rule and ordering of this latter world belong as naturally to woman as the struggles and toils of the former belong to man. Her finer sympathies, her more delicate nature, fit her for the one, as the tougher muscle and coarser nerve fit him for the other. So far as either assumes the other's nature, so far is he or she unfitted for their proper sphere. It is precisely because each is what the other is not, that the attachment of man to woman is so deep and strong; and we ever find it deepest and strongest where the manliest man loves the most womanly woman.

Moreover Mr. Mill gives entirely too much weight to the assertion that we do not know what woman really is; that we only know what ages of artificial dependence and subservience have made her. Had

this not been so, woman perhaps *might be*—for this is all that can be drawn from this premise—a very different, and possibly, in Mr. Mill's eyes at least, a far nobler being than she is now. Here he leaves almost entirely out of view the essential physiological differences which make each sex what it is. With man, in a normal state, no organ or set of organs is preponderant; while woman, from her very organization, is during all the best part of her life dominated over by the maternal function. This very fact, with the various consequences and relations that it entails, is alone sufficient to show the true position and duties of woman in life; a position which is no more inferior or degraded than the title of mother is dishonorable.

Nor do we see very clearly what the proposed enfranchisement is to consist in. It is possible that the laws in England operate more oppressively on women than they do here, and so far as they expose her person to tyranny, or her property to spoliation, they should unquestionably be altered. But beyond this, what does he want? As far as we can see, only that they should be eligible for public office, and that they should have the right of voting for members of Parliament. Now granting the holding a public office to be a condition of unalloyed bliss, but a very small proportion of the emancipated Peris could enter this official Paradise; so the great boon to the whole sex is confined to the latter—not the sending a talker, or the hundred-thousandth part of a talker, to the National Palaver, but the privilege of voting for one. We have not ourselves, in this country, found this privilege so fraught with unspeakable blessings; but possibly they know best what is good for them. Only we have not yet heard American women express any such wish; and until we see good proof of the fact, we shall be very far from considering that Susan B. Anthony, Professor Wilcox, or even Mr. Mill is empowered to express it for them.—*The Statesman*.

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*Recollections of Persons and Places in the West.* By H. M. Brackenridge, a Native of the West; Traveller, Author, Jurist. Second Edition, enlarged. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

THE curiosities of the colonization of the United States are too familiar to us to seem so curious as they really are. The romance of the settlement of new countries and of the gradual invasion and conquest of the forest primæval and the aboriginal savages by civilization, is not yet far enough removed from us to take upon itself its full romantic character. Yet, when we compare the present condition of populous regions and wealthy cities with what it was within living memory, there is something in the change which makes a lively impression on the imagination. The "Recollections" of Mr. H. M. Brackenridge will be found to possess this interest in a particular degree, from their having to do with scenes and societies, in their earlier parts, which have not found their way as yet much into books. It is odd to think that one yet living, and not much past fourscore, should remember Pittsburg before it was christened, when it was only known as the little straggling village of Fort Pitt, and should recall an alarm of Indians

there, and the running to and fro of the people in the night because of it ; and that he should have been where Cincinnati is now some fifteen years before the Queen City was born, and when the ground whereon she now sits in state "was covered with vines and lofty trees."

Mr. Brackenridge was born at Fort Pitt "about the year 1786," as he tells us with an indifference to his chronology which is a defect throughout his book. His father was a lawyer, a graduate of Princeton in 1771, in the same year with Mr. Madison, and the first in college rank, while the future President was the last, as he himself once told the author in the White House. Mr. Brackenridge the elder attained local eminence, and became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. He was not a fond father to his motherless boy, nor yet a judicious one in his early attempts to drive the child along the thorny paths of knowledge. One sensible thing he did in that direction. Finding that the boy had picked up Pennsylvania German on a visit to the family of his second wife, he resolved to send him to one of the settlements of what was afterwards the Territory of Orleans to learn French. The description of the voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi in the age of flat-boats is very curious and entertaining, though too short. And the same may be said of his account of the French village of Ste. Geneviève, situated a little way back from the river, in what is now Missouri. Mr. Brackenridge's story of these simple, worthy folk is really idyllic, and would make no unworthy pendant to the tale of the good peasants of Grand Pré in Acadie. Evangeline might well have rested there forty years before from her sad quest of Gabriel, and found herself at home. We wish we had room to quote his account of their simple ways, their comfortable cottages, their gardens, and orchards, and excellent cookery, their piety, their church processions, their Sunday balls, at which the minuet was the principal dance, and their mutual politeness. Think of a community where "peltry, beaver-skins, and lead constituted the chief circulating medium," and where "all politics or discussions of the affairs of government were entirely unknown," the commandant taking care of all that.

Here "le petit Anglais," as they called him, spent three happy years, learning French and forgetting English. Besides their tongue, the good M. and Madame Beauvais taught the little boy, in his own words, "to reverence my parents, to respect the aged, to be polite to my equals, and to speak the truth to every one, . . . to restrain my temper, to practise self-denial, to be compassionate to man and beast, and to be thankful to God for every blessing." No bad education for the child of a Presbyterian lawyer to receive from Catholic peasants. Thence he had an interesting voyage homeward, stopping for near a year at another French settlement — Gallipolis — inhabited chiefly by artisans from Paris and Lyons ; "carvers and gilders to the king, coach-makers, friseurs, and peruke-makers ;" warm royalists, all of them, utterly unfitted for their new home, and, notwithstanding two balls a week, far less happy than the contented peasants of Ste. Geneviève. Mr. Brackenridge's description of this settlement and his worthy host, Dr. Sangrain, innkeeper and physician — Dr. Slop in size and Dr. Sangrado in practice — is very good ; and, should an enlarged third edition ever be called for, we beg the author to enlarge the portions relating to these

French villages, if his recollections furnish the material, as this phase of our many-sided infancy has entirely passed away, and will soon be entirely forgotten. Some fifteen years afterward he revisited these places, and found Gallipolis Americanized and spoiled, and the French dead or dispersed. Ste. Geneviève remained unchanged, excepting as the hand of time had worked on the worthy inhabitants. The little girl he had left three years old was to be married that day; and the good Madame Beauvais entreated him to make her loss good, and to make it his home with them. "*Restez, Henri, restez avec nous !*"

The whole book is very readable; but these sketches of the French communities, so curiously preserving their national characteristics under such strange surroundings, have seemed to us the most attractive parts of it. Mr. Brackenridge's account of his education after returning to Pittsburg, and of his childhood and youth there, are not without the interest which belongs to any simple and natural details of the early life of any human being. It may be a question whether his classical strugglings under his father were the worse purgatory to the teacher or the pupil; but the English studies which relieved those agonies — "*Don Quixote*," "*Gil Blas*," "*Tom Jones*," "*The Vicar of Wakefield*," and the *Spectator* — must have made some amends to both. His education was mainly private, and he seems to have scrambled into a good deal of miscellaneous knowledge of books and of languages. We cannot follow him in his various removals in search of practice after his admission to the bar. His account of himself ends about the year 1820; but we infer, from what he takes it for granted that his readers will know about him, that his career was a useful and honorable one in public and private life — as to the particulars of which, however, we are forced to confess our ignorance. Indeed, the provincial and ephemeral nature of American reputations — especially of professional ones — has been brought afresh to our mind in reading Mr. Brackenridge's book. Of the eminent lawyers whose characteristics he describes — men of real learning and ability, stranded on obscure country towns or fresh-water cities — how many are now remembered even within the narrow bounds in which they once predominated? How many were ever heard of outside of them while they lived? His father appears to have been eminent in his day and his State, and to have been a man of legal and general knowledge, and of some pretensions to authorship. He wrote a novel, as we suppose, entitled "*Modern Chivalry*," which, his son informs us, is "a work second only to that of Cervantes in the seasoning of genuine wit sprinkled over the surface of true philosophy!" But the worthy judge has gone to join the brave men who lived before Agamemnon, and his works have followed him.

We are indebted, however, to our author for lifelike sketches of some celebrities who have passed into general history, and whose names one should be ashamed not to know. Notably, Judge Samuel Chace, Robert Goodloe Harper, Luther Martin, and William Pinkney. There could not be a greater contrast than between these last two great men. Martin was slovenly to filthiness; his countenance heavy, his voice thick and disagreeable, and his pronunciation uncouth. Yet "he had the finest capacity for discrimination and analysis" — "wit, philosophy,

a prodigious memory, and unsuspected stores of learning." In speaking, "he seemed to blunder along for an hour or two — nothing could be more confused and obscure. It was in his recapitulation that he was great. He became warm, his language more happy, his leaden eye seemed to kindle ; and for fifteen minutes or half-an-hour he spoke with admirable force and power." His great powers, unhappily, were clouded by gross and habitual intemperance. He is best known to the general reader by his admirable defence of Judge Chace on his impeachment, and to anti-slavery men by his bitter diatribes against negro slavery in a slave country. Here is the description of Pinkney as he came into court: "He was dressed and looked like a mere Bond Street loungeur. His hat, beautiful and glossy, in his hand ; his small rattan tapping the crown. He was dressed most carefully. His coat was of blue broadcloth, with gilt buttons ; his vest of white Marselles, with gold studs, elegantly fitting pantaloons, and shining half-boots ; he was the polished gentleman of leisure accidentally dropped down in a motley group of inferior beings." Pinkney, though immensely laborious, and of great capacity for labor, had the weakness to wish to be thought to improvise his most elaborately prepared efforts by the mere force of genius. We wish we had room for Mr. Brackenridge's picture of his personal appearance, which is the most vivid we remember to have seen. We imagine it is the best ever made. This is his description of the delivery of the American Erskine — probably the greatest forensic orator the country has ever produced: "When he began, his tones were low and even plaintive. As he proceeded, his musical voice gradually rose with the subject. There was an occasional swell and then a lull, with but little gesture or effort. The distinctness of his articulation was remarkable, and free from all theatrical rant or fury. His voice was not of the clear, ringing kind, which often draws off attention from the subject, but rather the softened sound of the piano when the pedal is applied. The words and sentences seemed to flow into each other in perfect harmony, but rising or falling or changing with the subject, still retaining an irresistible hold on the hearers. No one stirred ; all seemed motionless, as if enchained or fascinated, like persons entranced." And this very speech, which Pinkney assured the court he was unprepared to make, the author overheard him rehearsing in the woods the day before ! But we can afford no more space to this pleasant book, further than to say that we began it for criticism, and continued and ended it for pleasure.— *The Nation*.

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*Stretton. A Novel.* By Henry Kingsley. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

ONE of the most pleasing stories of the Muscular Christian type that we have ever read. The delineations of character are excellent ; Aunt Eleanor and Jim Maynard especially, being admirable conceptions, full of force, humor and originality. The writer has taken much pains with the character of Allan Gray, the handsome, brave, pious, devoted, intolerable Philistine, but it is a failure ; his heart and ours are with the delightful, wild, fantastic Jim, who does and says such

inimitably queer things so naturally. It is easy to draw a comic character, but to draw a humorous one requires a rare and peculiar faculty.

We suppose we must not object to the plot of a secret marriage, exchanged children, and the unexpected appearance of the legal heir, as this seems to be *de rigueur* with novelists just now ; but we vehemently protest against Mr. Kingsley's excessive mannerism and affectation of a sprightly chatty, dashing style, by which he does great injustice to his really fine talents. His carelessness plays him ugly tricks sometimes ; as where he gives us a little discussion on Shakspeare's Nym, whose very name indicates theft,—from *nehmen* to steal, as he is good enough to inform us—and who, as the thief *par excellence*, committed the theft *par excellence*, that of the consecrated pyx “of little price.” Unluckily for all this learning, it was not Nym but Bardolph that stole the pyx. No great matter of course ; but when a writer favors us with a comment on Shakspeare, he might as well look at the text.—*The Statesman*.

## NEW BOOKS.

- Legends of Fairy Land.* By Mrs. A. Baehe. 75 cents. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.
- Aspasia: a Tale.* By C. Holland. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- The Queen of the Air.* By John Ruskin. \$1.00. New York: John Wiley & Son.
- Sea Drift: a Child's Story.* 90 cents. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- The Improvisatore: a Tale.* By Hans Christian Andersen. \$1.75. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
- The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland.* By A. Mills. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros.
- Soi-Même: a Story of a Wilful Life.* \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- The Man Who Laughs.* By Victor Hugo. Parts I. and II. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- Electricity in its Relation to Practical Medicine.* By Dr. M. Meyer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- Gems of German Lyrics.* By H. D. Wiseman. \$2.00. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.
- Rupert of the Rhine.* By Mary C. Bushe. 75 cents. New York: Pott & Amery.

*Woman's Work and Woman's Culture.* By Josephine E. Butler. New York: Macmillan & Co.

*Juventus Mundi.* By W. E. Gladstone. \$3.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

*Meta's Faith: a Tale.* 50 cents. New York: Harper & Bros.

*Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.* By E. P. Whipple. \$1.75. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

*Hospital Sketches.* By Miss L. M. Alcott. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.

*Our Own Birds of the United States.* By Wm. L. Baily. \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

*The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress.* By S. L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"). Hartford: American Publishing Co.

*Mademoiselle Fifty Millions.* By Countess Dash. 60 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

## MISCELLANY.

VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.—Usually, whenever your free-born American was at a loss for some specific charge against Monarchy, there was always the flunkyism of a Court and Court journals to fall back upon. The amount of cheap satire—not to speak of the profounder moral and political lessons—extracted from this subject by provincial newspapers—and, indeed, some that were not provincial—would probably make a volume of passable *facetie*. But it would not be too much to say, that no Court journal—not even the imperial bulletin of Pekin—ever contained as fulsome reports, details as degrading to the chronicler, personal information as impertinent, and facts as infinitely small and unimportant, as these same journals have published, within the past two months, in regard to the person of the President of the United States.

That people would be thrilled, more or less, with the telegraphic announcement that a college of surgeons had made a *post-mortem* examination of the President's favorite horse, is, perhaps, not so strange—horses having a value quite independent of their official position; but that even that rare object, "the American freeman," walks the streets any more erect, or carries himself any more proudly, because he knows that on a certain day the President "ate his dinner quietly," or "smoked a cigar on the veranda," at Long Branch, we may be permitted to question. No one doubts that at such trying moments the President was firm to the Constitution of the United States, and consistent to his policy; but it would seem as if an intelligent press could uphold and support them in other ways than by *femme de chambre* details of

his family, and *valet de place* reports of himself. Jenkinsism is, however, as often the result of imperfect ratiocination as bad taste — your true flunky being perpetually astonished that greatness is not accompanied by size or some other tangible quality, and as perpetually noting the astounding fact. If this kind of thing is to obtain generally — and we have no doubt that we shall be told by an intelligent press that it is essential to progress, and that any doubt about it is timid conservatism — perhaps, it would be better that some officer should be appointed, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to issue bulletins chronicling the Presidential movements. “H. E. the President played billiards, and afterward walked on the terrace;” or, “H. E. the President walked out with a brother-in-law,” would be pretty and imposing. When we state that it would have the additional advantage of creating an office which would require little more than a steady incompetency, we commend it to politicians.— *The Overland Monthly*.

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DESOLATE.

I strain my worn-out sight across the sea,  
 I hear the wan waves sobbing on the strand,  
 My eyes grow weary of the sea and land,  
 Of the wide deep and the forsaken lea :  
 Ah ! Love, return, ah ! Love, come back to me ! —  
 As well these ebbing waves I might command,  
 To turn and kiss the moist deserted sand !  
 The joy that was, is not, and cannot be.  
 The salt shore, furrowed by the foam, smells sweet,  
 Oh ! blest for me, if it were now my lot,  
 To make this shore my rest, and hear all strife  
 Die out like yon tide's faint receding beat :  
 If he forgot so easily in life,  
 I may in death forget that he forgot.

— Philip Bourke Marston.

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SOUTHERN LITERATURE FROM A NORTHERN STANDPOINT.— In looking Southward, a very promising as well as pleasing sign of the times is the attention just now being given to literature. Several new magazines have lately been established in Southern cities, and under Southern auspices, of which we can conscientiously say, quoting the literary editor of the New York *Herald*: “Their contents will compare favorably with the contributions to our own magazines.” We cannot, however, agree with this critic, that the Southern magazines are all inferior specimens of typography, since one lying before us — the *New Eclectic*, of Baltimore, is, in point of typographic beauty, superior to anything of the magazine kind that comes to our sanctum, whether from North or South, East or West ; while its literary contents show the taste and skill of an accomplished editor. Why the South, that has always notably possessed a large number of men of highly cultivated intellects, has not hitherto been more forward in the field of literature, seems somewhat of a paradox and a puzzle. One form of explanation is, that there were no large cities there, and, consequently, not the *clientèle* necessary for the encouragement of magazine and other literary enterprises. New Orleans is only a partial exception,

and yet New Orleans has been, and still is, the home of a native literature ; a little ephemeral, it may be, but still of a sparkling and thoroughly original character. It has chiefly confined its demonstrations to the daily and weekly newspaper press, and is, for this reason, but little known to the world that lies beyond the limits of their local circulation. And yet, many of the New Orleans newspapers contain gems, of both poesy and prose, worthy of "Blackwood," in its best days. In poetry they appear especially strong ; as if the Southern heart — warmed by the Southern sun — felt a natural inclining to express itself in song. In the New Orleans *Times*, for instance, there is a hebdomadal outpouring of poetical thought, sufficient to supply half the magazines of the country. And notwithstanding the constant hostility of this journal to our own young enterprise, we are bound to say, that this poetical thought is often of the highest order, both as to conception and expression.

Why the South has not heretofore played a more prominent part in the arena of our national literature, is probably due to a cause that has never been thought of. It certainly cannot be from any lack of intellectual strength, but rather, we are inclined to think, the lack of a motive for its exertion. In ante-war times the educated Southerner was, almost invariably, a man of elegant leisure, or at least of idle habits ; and he was too free to indulge in either the one or the other. He had his horse, his hound, and his rifle, and he liked all three, better than poring over books, or submitting himself to pen labor. There was, in fact, no stimulus to the toil, that will always be required for a successful wielding of the stylus. What he wanted was that severe training dictated by straightened circumstances, if not by the positive pressure of penury : a garret for his home, with bread and water for regimen. At all times, and in all countries, these conditions seem to have been beneficial, if not absolutely essential, to great intellectual efforts, either in literature or art. To a certain extent they are now his ; and, if we mistake not, will ere long produce such flowers and fruit, that the "chivalry" of the sword will not lag behind in the more civilizing and graceful contest of the pen.— *Onward.*

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### TWO LIVES.

Two names upon a yew-tree rudely cut,  
Two lovers whispering by the church-yard wall,  
Two children playing round the solemn graves,  
Give call for call.

Two lives that ran so near in other years,  
Two hands close locked in desolate leave-taking,  
Two lovers giving passionate kiss for kiss  
In wild heart-breaking.

One life full up with crowded years of toiling,  
One patient heart slow breaking day by day,  
A world of hopes in one brief moment shattered  
By life's decay.

Those names upon the yew-tree slowly fading,  
Those dates long stolen by the cruel years,  
That grave beneath the church-wall shadow glimmering  
With heaven's tears.

TO A LITTLE HUSWIFE.

O little Huswife clean and spruce,  
 Thy use one heart divines ;  
 A rosy apple, full of juice,  
 And polished — till it shines !  
 A tidy, tripping, tender thing,  
 A foe to lazy litters,  
 A household angel, tidying  
 Till all around thee glitters !

To see thee in thy loveliness,  
 So prudish and so chaste ;  
 No speck upon the cotton dress  
 Girdled around thy waist ;  
 The ankle peeping white as snow  
 Thy tucked-up kirtle under ;  
 While shining dishes, row on row,  
 Behind thee, stare and wonder !

While round thy door the millions call,  
 While the great markets fill,  
 Though public sorrow strikes us all,  
 Singing thou workest still ;  
 Yea, all thy care and all thy lot  
 Is ever, sweet and willing,  
 To keep one little household spot  
 As clean as a new shilling !

The crimson kitchen firelight dips  
 Thy cheeks until they glow ;  
 The white flour makes thy finger tips  
 Like rosebuds dropt in snow,  
 When all thy little gentle heart  
 Flutters in exultation  
 To compass, in an apple tart,  
 Thy noblest aspiration !

O Huswife, may thy modest worth  
 Keep ever free from wrong,  
 Blest be the house and bright the hearth  
 Thou blessest all day long !  
 And nightly, may thy sleep be sound,  
 While o'er thee, softly, stilly,  
 The curtains close, like leaves around  
 The husht heart of the lily !

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IN THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.—The jurisprudence of Massachusetts, to which the whole Union is already largely indebted, has been enriched, within the last week, by a decision on appeal condemning the defendant in the great nose-pulling case, of which we spoke last week, to two months' imprisonment in the common jail, thus according the nose that protection which we believe is still, in spite of its exposed position, the delicacy of its functions, and its intimate connection with the finest feelings of human nature, denied it in the legislation of all other countries. This prominent and important organ may now be considered, in Massachusetts at least, in the enjoyment of that peculiar inviolability which the Romans described by the term *sacrosanct*. The injury done to it or its owner by a pull at it may be absolutely null ; but the offence is nevertheless so rank, and so "smells to heaven,"

that the proudest has to expiate it by a prolonged sojourn in the common jail amongst the vilest criminals. It is not easy to see, however, on what principles the Court fixed the punishment. If the pull be regarded merely as simple assault and battery, two months' imprisonment is surely a monstrous penalty to inflict for it; if, on the other hand, it be regarded as a personal indignity, the provocation ought to have been taken into account, which it apparently was not; and, as well as we can make out from the report, the defendant's social position, which makes him very susceptible to punishment of any kind except a fine, was treated *simply* as an aggravating circumstance.

To the social philosopher, the proceedings in Court were well worth study. A dweller in the darker parts of the country would naturally regard the affair as a mere police-court case, which a sensible magistrate would dispose of by making the parties apologize mutually, or at worst by a sentence of three or four days' imprisonment on the assailant. But in Boston it seems to have risen to the dignity of a State trial. The Judge and the District-Attorney were evidently suffering from mental inflammation throughout, and the latter thundered against the defendant as if the State was infested by turbulent nobles who amused themselves by pulling the noses of *roturiers*, and running those who complained of it through the body. What made all this fuss was apparently the "social position" of the parties—one is, we believe, a lawyer, and the other a banker; and from the frequent allusions to it, and the heroic struggle of the Court not to be influenced by it, one might imagine that Massachusetts was groaning under a cruel and powerful aristocracy, the fact being that all talk in a Massachusetts court of justice about "social position" being of consequence or no is about as becoming, and produces much the same effect on the moral stomach, as frequent declarations from a lady in easy circumstances that, come what may, she is determined to preserve her chastity.—*The Nation*.

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SOUTHERN LITERATURE FROM A SOUTHERN STANDPOINT.—It is high time that the Southern people were showing their faith in Southern genius by their works in support of the literary enterprises of the South. Before the war we told one another that the profoundest scholars in America were brooding over their gathered learning in remote nooks of Southern mountains, in tangled recesses of Southern swamps, that the real eagles of American poetry were soaring in voiceless majesty above Southern waters, or perched in contemptuous survey on the heights of Southern peaks. The few authors that appeared in print were not even a scantling of our true wealth. In the baronial style of the South we kept our best for home consumption, for the private circle, and only gave the world what we could afford to throw away. But the war has changed all this, and unless all the scholars, all the poets, and all the geniuses of the South have been extirpated by the red ploughshare of battle, we ought to expect a prodigious literary activity. Every other avenue of distinction is closed—the Senate is barred, the forum defiled. The press alone remains. Now, it is but fair to say that the last few years have really been signalized by unwonted literary effort at the South. Southern school-books,

Southern histories, have multiplied, and there is some prospect that our enemies shall not always be allowed to mould the minds of Southern children, or to write the annals of Southern history. But the pulse of this age is felt not so much in the slower manifestation of books as in the rapid beat of periodical literature.

A vast number of people in every class of society find time only for the daily or the weekly newspaper, for the monthly magazine. Through these sluices runs the tide of modern thought, and as we look out on our Southern world and see how many of these channels have been laid bare in the last few years, how many of them have only a faint thread of life to show, we ask ourselves in wonder where is the exuberant wealth of thought and feeling that we boast of, or does it flow mainly through Northern courses? The daily is kept up by the sheer necessities of the times, but often at the heaviest sacrifice on the part of editors and publishers, and the number of failures is no marvel to the initiated. But the monthlies have an especially hard time of it—unsupported by advertisements, and unable as they are to cope with the Northern magazines in the capital that can purchase elaborateness of illustrations and variety of contributions. One bold attempt we have made to meet the horde of Northern magazines on their own ground, in elegance of appearance, in variety of contents and in cheapness, but the *New Eclectic* has achieved its position by the untiring efforts and the liberal outlay of its proprietors. Large as its circulation is, it must be doubled to reward its conductors. The cause of the *New Eclectic* is so decidedly the cause of Southern literature, that we can speak of it without any affectation of unbiassed views. Its plan is eminently judicious, and its success in the circumstances gratifying; but to carry out that plan to the limits of its usefulness, and to make that success one of which the whole South, and not the editors only may be proud, requires an enthusiastic support at the hands of the reading public at the South. The object of the *New Eclectic* is to graft Southern literature on a vigorous European stock. We may talk as much as we please about America and the Americans, but the old world is neither intellectually nor physically effete, and we must be in constant communication with the best minds of the other side, if we are to keep in sympathy with the age. Hence a large part of the *New Eclectic* is taken up with the better works of contemporary European masters, English and continental, and these selections are made with a rare judgment, and with an exquisite sense of refinement which would be of itself an ample vindication of the tone of our Southern society. But more direct championship is not wanting. In its pages the record of our glorious and mournful past is kept fresh and pure, our ideal of true manhood and true womanhood is upheld, and the principles of our social life maintained. Its conservatism is a wise conservatism, not a senseless adherence to mere phrases, not a conservatism of words which is barren, but a conservatism of forces, which is always productive. If this effort to promote the cause of Southern literature and Southern education ever fail, it must be by reason of an inertness and a languor on the part of the Southern public, which will go far to prove that those are in the right who deny our right to be at all, who maintain that there is no salvation, no progress outside of the Yankee church, outside of the Yankee track.—*Richmond Enquirer and Examiner*.

## LOVERS' VOWS.

(A SONG FOR MUSIC.)

By twilight's glimmering ray,  
 By all the stars above me,  
 And sun that rules the day,  
 I love thee! O, I love thee!

By Luna's liquid beam,  
 By every hope that cheers me,  
 By Cupid's blissful dream,  
 I love thee! O, I love thee!

I'll speak not of those eyes,  
 Though piercing through and through me,  
 Nor charms which *all* must prize,  
 But only say—I love thee.

The rich Cremona's string,  
 The harp of sacred story,  
 The songs that angels sing,  
 Can't tell thee how I love thee.

O, no; there's naught on earth,  
 Nor yet in heaven above me,  
 In melody or mirth,  
 Can tell thee how I love thee.

—William Mitchell, Kt.

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 THE GREEN TABLE.
 

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WE have noticed with high gratification the foundation of the *Southern Historical Society* with provisions for affiliated societies in all the Southern States; and we trust that the entire organization will soon be in working order. It is a duty which the South owes to herself, to the world, and to posterity, to place her history on record. We have hitherto been derelict in this matter, and our unscrupulous enemies have, for more than a generation, had the ear of the world and filled it with malignant calumnies which told heavily against us in our hour of trial. We will not leave it to them to write our history.

## The Green Table.

But there is another way in which, we think, this organization may be made productive of great good. It has hitherto been reproached to the South that she had no literature. This was not because there were no scholars, thinkers, or poets among us, but because there was no concert among men of letters, and scarcely any competent organ for their productions. Our best writers frequently gave their thoughts to the world through the medium of Northern publications, and Northern literature received the credit. May not these Historical Societies become, each in its own State, the centres for Southern literature, and through their means Southern men of letters be brought into *rapprochement* with each other, all being members of one great association? However differing in other respects, all agree in affection to their country and in the desire to see her literature take its proper place among the literatures of the world; and this is at once a strong bond of union between them.

Moreover it is a necessity which grows ever more stringent, that we shall exclude as far as possible, especially from our youth, that large portion of Northern literature which is fraught with insidious poison to both mind and heart; and this can only be effectively done by harmonious action among those to whom the public look for guidance in these matters. At present, a Northern book may appear, and here and there isolated critics expose its falsehoods, its insinuated calumnies or lubricious immorality, while scores of Southern papers, incompetent to judge, or thoughtless of what they are doing, will, without a word of warning, praise its "cheapness," or "the beauty of its illustrations," and perhaps "recommend it to every family." With such an organization as we speak of, the condemnation of competent judges would be heard throughout our whole land.

Again, it is imperatively necessary, in order to raise the standard of letters among us, and help to diffuse culture throughout the people, that men of letters should be helpful to one another, and accessible to those who are trying to improve themselves. By this organization, with its provision for branch societies, every solitary thinker, every small lyceum, library association or reading-club could reach some link of the chain including all the men of letters of the South, and at once find sympathy, encouragement and counsel.

Never was the opportunity more propitious for some undertaking of this sort, and never was the need so urgent. The enemy who has overthrown our government is now directing his attacks against our schools and colleges, that he may establish the same domination over our minds that he already holds over our fortunes and liberties. Honored institutions of learning have been overthrown, and others are even now in peril, while men that were the honor of the South and should have been her pride have been driven from the land that can so ill spare them.

We drop these suggestions upon a subject that seems to us infinitely momentous, and of which we can not believe that we exaggerate the importance, as seed sown by the wayside. Will such of our literary *confères* as view them favorably, give the idea publicity? or rather substitute for ours such better suggestions as their riper judgment shall dictate?

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IF ever publishers of a journal blushed at the prostitution of their pages, Messrs. Fields, Osgood and Company should crimson with shame at the appearance of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's bestial paper on Lord Byron in the last *Atlantic Monthly*. What the nature of that paper is, and what is the charge it contains, we need not explain: the matter has been canvassed by every journal in the country.

We are glad to note that the shameless woman who makes the charge has placed herself in a dilemma of infamy from which there is no escape. For, supposing her statement to be true, Lady Byron consulted her, *in strictest confidence*, on the question whether it was or was not her duty to make this

disclosure public ; and Mrs. Stowe, after long deliberation, replied that Lady Byron was justified in withholding it, at all events, during her life. The seal of that confidence was never removed. By Mrs. Stowe's own admission — she waited for years after Lady Byron's death, she says, expecting that some one would come forward with authority to give the secret to the world — by her own admission *she* was not authorised, and no one was authorised to make the disclosure. Lady Byron could never have intimated that she had an idea of giving Mrs. Stowe this authority, or the latter would not have failed to trumpet abroad the fact. Therefore Mrs. Stowe has either shamelessly violated a most solemn confidence, or she has been guilty of the most monstrous and atrocious calumny of modern times. We of the South, who know how to rate Mrs. Stowe's veracity very accurately at its true worth, will not hesitate for an instant between these probabilities ; and perhaps some of her English friends may now get an insight into the real character of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Some of the papers allege that this publication is a desperate effort to revive the failing circulation of the *Atlantic*. We know not how this may be ; but we are proud to know that there is no Southern magazine that would not rather cease publication than defile its pages with such revolting abominations ; and we are equally proud to believe that any Southern magazine that should be guilty of so doing, would be spared the expense of publishing a second number.

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SOME years ago, a traveller, making a pedestrian excursion among the lower Alps, suddenly, at the turn of a narrow path, came face to face with a very large brown bear. Afraid to advance or retreat, he drew a revolver, when suddenly to his stupefaction the bear cried out "Don't fire !" An explanation followed, when it turned out that the pretended bear was a man in the employment of some guides, who dressed him in a bearskin and sent him out when they had a timid traveller to escort. At a preconcerted spot the bear would rush upon them, and would be only put to flight after a terrific combat. The traveller never failed to reward the courage and devotion of the guides by a handsome present, of which the bear received his allotted proportion. It was not a bad business, he said.

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ONE, and that not the least of the New York magazines, devotes a paragraph of its review department to *Beautiful Snow*, which the critic calls an "exquisitely beautiful" poem. Now it is within the limits of possibility that he likes it, or fancies he does ; but if he calls *Beautiful Snow* "exquisitely beautiful," what epithets would he apply to Shelley's *Skylark*, Byron's *Farewell*, or Keats's *Grecian Urn* ? Are they "exquisitely beautiful" too ?

It is this sort of writing that makes American criticism, to a large extent, worthless. The American critic, according as he likes or dislikes a work, belauds or bespatters it, when he can not tell whether he ought to like it or not. His instruments, instead of the balance and scalpel, are the meat-axe and the trowel. No man who can not and does not give an intelligent reason for praising or censuring the work he undertakes to judge, and who does not strive to use such language as will most accurately represent the exact amount of his approbation or disapprobation, is fit to be called a critic at all ; and his act involves a quadruple treachery : a treachery to his employers who pay him for faithful service ; a treachery to the author, who expects an honest judgment ; a treachery to the public, whom he deceives instead of instructing ; and a treachery to Literature, which he degrades when he should endeavor to ennoble.

There may occur cases when all the powers of language at his command fail to express his enthusiasm or his abhorrence ; but these cases are of extreme rarity ; and, as the Arab says, he should reserve his tear for the time of his calamity. It is not every age that produces a Shakspeare or a Walt Whitman.

## LITTLE MOSSES, GOLDEN MOSSES.

Gray Earth's pets, I love you well,  
Little mosses, golden mosses :  
Would that I had words to tell  
Half your beauty, darling mosses !  
In the leafy forest-bowers,  
In the meadows, gay with flowers,  
We, in pride of summer hours,  
Overlook you, little mosses.

When autumnal winds are sighing —  
Little mosses, golden mosses —  
When the clouds and leaves are flying,  
Are ye fearful, little mosses ?  
Rains that ruin Summer's care,  
Frosts that nip the blossoms fair,  
Winds that strip the branches bare,  
Will not harm their little mosses.

When the Earth lies cold and dead —  
Little mosses, golden mosses —  
'Neath her snowy shroud outspread  
Close ye nestle, little mosses.  
Smiles the sun back, as he spies  
Through the snow your merry eyes  
Laughing to the wintry skies,  
Brave and happy little mosses ?

Ah, I would my heart could reach —  
Little mosses, golden mosses —  
Half the lesson you can teach  
Of patient courage, little mosses :  
Of the quiet hopes that last  
When the sky is overcast —  
Memories of the summer past,  
And trust in spring-time, little mosses !

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SINCE it has been evident that England is not quite disposed to lick the dust in the matter of the Alabama claims, the "more judicious" papers at the North are beginning to see that it is perhaps not wise, and possibly not altogether just to push the matter too far or to be too unreasonable in their demands ; that the sweeping claim was rather an expression of wounded feelings than a calm assertion of rights to be maintained at every cost ; though as it is, it is very well that John Bull should know what the national feeling is, etc. etc. Though they suck blood, they will some mercy show.

Now how unfortunate it is that they did not think of this before when it would have come from them with so much better grace. The North has frequently been compared to Pistol ; but Pistol ate his leek, honestly acknowledging compulsion, and with no hypocritical affectation of friendly feeling, but swearing to be most horribly revenged. Suppose Pistol had blandly assured Fluellen that a leek in the morning was his favorite stomachic, and that he had in truth sought him out for the purpose of enjoying that refreshment ? Even Nym would have disowned his fellowship, and Bardolph would have blushed in his untimely grave.

A SAVANT by the name of Gros has published a paper on *The Means of Communicating with the Planets*, in which he attempts to demonstrate the feasibility of a system of telegraphy. He proposes to use an arrangement of parabolic mirrors, by means of which a beam of light of great intensity can be projected in the direction of the planet. He calculates the intensity of the light as seen upon the surface of Mars or Venus, and arrives at the conclusion that it could be made visible to observers, supposing such to exist on those planets. He calls the attention of astronomers to the bright points which observers are said to have seen on various planets, and thinks it quite probable that these have been signals made for the purpose of communicating with the earth.

Is the idea ridiculous? or is it sublime? And suppose our light sent and answered by a bright point on the planet—how are we to communicate? And what agonies of tantalisation to have our telegraph in splendid working order, and two worlds all agape for the news, and no conceivable way of interchanging an idea! Perhaps the Martians or Jovians may then come to the rescue: they certainly can not expect us poor Terrestrials single-handed to construct the signal-book of the Solar System.

WE call—unnecessarily, we trust—our readers' attention to the masterly defence of Classical Studies by Professor Gildersleeve which we publish in our present number. Let them compare the thoughtful words of a true scholar with the utilitarian croak of Mr. Commissioner (or something of the sort) Sands, who mounts the ladder of his Commissionership (or whatever it is) to chalk his little *Mene Tekel* on the base of the magnificent temple of Ancient Literature.

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#### THE MAIDEN.

*From the French of Charles Nodier.*

She was most fair, in simple dress arrayed,  
As through her garden's bloom at morn she strayed,  
Watching in their ambrosial beds the bees,  
And ranging down the flowery walks at ease.

She was most fair, at evening, at the ball,  
As o'er her brow the wax-lights' splendors fall,  
And, with blue sapphires or with roses crowned,  
In the mad dance she leads the merriest round.

She was most fair, as, floating soft and light,  
Her veil she loosened to the breath of night,  
When silent, blest, we saw her from afar,  
Lit by the steady sparkle of a star.

She was most fair, and tender thoughts, the rays  
Of hope, a vague sweet hope, made bright her days,  
Love she lacked only to be lovelier still!  
Hush! . . . . See her funeral winds beneath the hill!

JNO. R. THOMPSON.

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MR. MARRIOTT'S aerial machine, of which a large working model was recently exhibited at San Francisco, is by some of the papers hailed as a splendid solution of the problem of aerial locomotion, and by others scouted as little better than a failure. To our mind it is neither one nor the other, but a decided step towards success. If the accounts be correct, the inventor has in his "wings" brought in a very important auxiliary both to the lifting and the propulsive power, while his simple steering apparatus seems to

exercise all the control that could be desired over the direction. The fact that on the second exhibition it was not thought prudent to risk the model out of the building, on account of the high wind, is not of so much importance as at first appears, as the model was held by men with guys, and the danger was that too strong a wind might tear it out of their grasp. Balloons do not suffer from high winds, as they are borne along with the moving atmosphere. This fact, which makes the problem of steerage so difficult, there being no "purchase" for the inclined surface of the rudder, such as in ships is obtained by the pressure against the water, increases in many ways both the safety and comfort of balloon travel. A balloon carried along in a hurricane, seems to the aeronaut to be in a perfect calm.

Before aerial navigation can be pronounced a perfect success, there must be invented some tissue sufficiently strong and close to retain the gas without danger of rupture or escape, and light enough to be made into compartments, so that an accident or a defective seam would not involve the destruction of the whole balloon. The weight of the propelling machinery must also be reduced to a minimum. Probably some form of the hot-air engine would be desirable, rendering a provision of water unnecessary; and that form of fuel which gives out the most heat in proportion to its specific gravity. Mr. Marriott, we observe, used spirit-lamps. Many parts of the engine might be made very greatly lighter, *specifically*, than they are in our ordinary engines, where specific gravity is practically of no account. Thus a lighter substance than iron might be used in many parts; tubes employed in place of solid rods, etc.

These conditions fulfilled, it seems to us that aerial navigation would be not only one of the swiftest and most agreeable, but also one of the safest modes of travel. The aeronaut is in no danger of breakers, sand-bars, wrecks, or lee-shores: he has the whole horizontal plane at his disposal. And more than this, he has an immense *vertical* plane, so that the danger of collision—even supposing aerial travel to equal that at present existing by land and sea—is indefinitely reduced. Air-ships, to collide, must be not only in the same latitude and longitude, but also at precisely the same elevation. The aeronaut, moreover, when above the land, can descend at almost any point he pleases; while if caught in a hurricane, he need only extinguish his fires, and let his vessel be borne with the wind, resuming his course when the velocity of the storm has abated or its direction changed. Of the dangers from electrical disturbances we can not form a proper idea until we are better acquainted with the higher regions of the atmosphere; and that arising from massive hail might be guarded against.

On the whole, we not only believe the problem soluble, but that it is not so very far from a solution; while we conceive that there are several steps yet to be taken both by chemistry and mechanics before that solution is reached.

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THE Yankees, who, if they did not invent the Lecture, certainly invented that unmitigated nuisance, the professional lecturer, have now supplemented their inventions with the contrivance of a Lecture-office, or a place where you can order your supply of lecture for the winter, as you would order your supply of coal. One of these "Bureaus" publishes a catalogue of some fifty names, among which the public voracious of lectures can pick and choose. There they are, with their lectures all cut and dried, grave or facetious, orthodox or heterodox, moral or immoral, awaiting the honor of your preference. Say the word and guarantee the money, and Mr. McCarthy will expose the flagitiousness of the Tories; Mr. Lossing will give you the facts of the war; Mr. Pope "the recitationist" will recitationate, we suppose, whatever that may be; Miss Kate Field will expound the revelations of planchette, and Olive Logan unveil the mysteries of the nude drama. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

ODD advertisements sometimes meet one's eye in glancing over the papers. Here, for instance, is —

"Information wanted of Thomas Hyland, wife and family, *formerly Jane Lytton*." And again :—

"Died on the 16th inst. Elihu Adams, a long and consistent member of the Methodist church."

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SPEAKING of advertisements, the most brilliant conceptions in this line seem to originate in the West. At Omaha, an advertising agent has had a prayer-book printed, and persons stationed at the church-doors offer copies to all who enter. The right-hand page contains the Church service, and the left-hand is covered with advertisements. But this "enterprising" genius has found a still more adventurous rival, who—mind, we don't pledge ourselves to the truth of the story—has rented the front of the pulpit to post placards upon. Less irreverent was the Chicago speculator who offered the city council a handsome sum for the privilege of posting his placards on the backs of the policemen.

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NEGRO suffrage has not yet been born, and Female suffrage is still in the very ugly embryonic state, and already some hardy innovator proposes Infant suffrage. By all means : since the ballot has been found to be the balm for all human ills, it is cruel to deny to any creature its share in a blessing at once so priceless and so cheap. Nay, for once we are disposed to out-radical the radicals, and proclaim the sublime evangel of Universal Suffrage ! The grandeur of this idea almost takes away our breath. For mark : not only everything that can express assent or dissent, or present a ballot—including parrots and scarecrows, which latter Carlyle suggested might be entitled to trial by jury—shall vote ; but—and here lies the sublimity of the conception—they shall vote *upon everything* ! Not political questions merely, but everything that has hitherto baffled human ingenuity will dissolve in this universal menstruum. We shall then know the ratio of the diameter to the circumference, and the true amount of the national debt ; where are the ten tribes, the grave of Attila, the Nibelung treasure, and the Secret Service Fund ; the object of the round towers of Ireland, and of the bronze smudges on the old postal currency ; who wrote Shakspeare's plays and the letters of Junius ; who was the Man in the Iron Mask, and what are President Grant's real political principles ; who cut off King Charles's head, and who struck Billy Patterson.

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A FRENCH paper furnishes us this anecdote :—A gentleman was in the habit of giving regularly a two-sous piece to a miserable blind beggar at a certain corner. One day he gave him by mistake a double-louis (= \$8), and did not discover the error for some time. On looking for the mendicant, he was gone ; but an organ-grinder informed him that by going into a certain neighborhood, to a certain house, and inquiring for "M. Benjamin," he would find the person he was in search of. The gentleman went, was shown the door, and rang. A respectable servant answered the summons, informed him that M. Benjamin was at home, and led him through an elegantly furnished dining-room, where a handsome repast was set out, with fine linen, glass and plate, into a parlor, fitted up in the Turkish style, where he found the object of his prolonged charity stylishly dressed, sitting upon a divan. In some confusion he explained the object of his call. "It is quite possible that you may have made the mistake you mention," said the blind man. "My cashier is just now engaged in taking account of the day's receipts." Then ringing a bell, he said to the servant :—"Present my compliments to M. Ernest, and ask him if there was a double-louis in to-day's cash." The servant returned, bringing the piece on a salver, and at a sign from his master

handed it to the stranger. The gentleman took it with thanks and was retiring, when the blind man stopped him, with a smile — "Excuse me, but you have forgotten something: there are two sous coming to me!"

MR. DICKENS, who was employed to soothe the discomfited Yankee Cantabs, and to furnish the after-dinner twaddle at the international banquet, proved equal to the occasion. With a lively gratitude for the 200 *m's* in greenbacks, and a delicate appreciation of the sensibility of his guests, he portrayed the virtues of the sons of Puritan sires, and adverted to their valor in the recent war, which they carried to a successful issue despite the terrible odds against them. Boz's gush of sentiment recalls a pleasantry of an illustrious joker now deceased, who, when asked how many men the Confederacy had under arms, replied, "Twenty millions — since we have two, and in every engagement I have the word of most veracious correspondents and eye-witnesses that they outnumber our men ten to one." Who can withhold admiration from the Spartan heroism which under such circumstances conquered a peace in four years?

THE light that the Coming Man will read by has been invented. M. Tessié du Motay has found a method by means of which oxygen may be drawn from the atmosphere and isolated at a cost of about 14 cents the cubic metre. A flame of this gas combined with hydrogen is made to play on a piece of zircon (an indestructible metal) which is heated to the most brilliant incandescence. For a light of given intensity, the cost is about one-third that of ordinary gas. The product of the combustion being nothing but watery vapor, there is no smoke nor noxious gas of any kind; and as the combustion makes no demand upon the atmosphere for its support, no vitiation of the air is possible. For the same reason, the combustion can be carried on in closed glass or porcelain globes, so that the flame can not be extinguished by any wind. In mines, the zircon light would be a perfect security against explosion.

IN the misanthropic monologue with which Tennyson's *Maud* begins, the hero refreshes and confirms his spirit by running through the chief social atrocities of modern civilisation, of which a very grievous one he finds to be the pernicious adulteration of medicines by the dealers who

"Pestle a poisoned poison behind their crimson lights."

But the poet had not fathomed the whole abyss of adulterative turpitude. Sophisticating chemists may perhaps poison their medicines, but *per contra* they *unpoison* their poisons. Hence arise such distressing cases as that of Mr. Heath, who administered to his wife and family, in sugar, "a whole box of poison used for destroying vermin in sheep." All partook freely of the preparation, "without fatal results," to such an atrocious degree had the drugs been adulterated. This is a state of things that ought to be looked to. True, it may have happened fortunately for Mrs. Heath and family, but we put it to every feeling mind if it is not hard on the sheep.

THE North, it seems, is fated never to understand the South, her principles, her motives, or her feelings. Else how could they have perpetrated the absurdity of inviting officers of the late Confederate army to attend their jubilee at Gettysburg? What had they to do there? What object, or desire, or sentiment in common could unite Northern and Southern men in such a celebration? Were the events of the last eight years but a lovers' quarrel, and are both sides now eager to kiss and be friends? Do they suppose that Lee, Beauregard, Hampton and Early, and Sherman, Hunter, Sheridan and Butler, are yearning to fall on each other's necks and melt into tears of tenderness?

THE French Freemasons are introducing some novelties into the ancient ceremonial of the fraternity. The Lodges *George Washington* and *Archimède* have dispensed with the trials of physical courage at initiations, which once really formidable, had become mere puerilities. The Venerable of Archimède Lodge, in addressing a neophyte, remarked: — "It was anciently the custom to submit the candidate who presented himself for admission, to proofs of physical courage, because in those times it was brute force that ruled and which had to be resisted; but now every well-organized society rests upon other foundations. It is no longer the right of force but the force of right which must prevail; and to this aim every mason worthy the name must direct his efforts."

THE equitable and sardonic Abraham, it will be remembered, never ceased to enjoy his joke while the last bonds of the Union were dissolving in blood; and finally when his warfare was accomplished, he ascended from the pit of a theatre to the bosom of Washington, as his apotheosis is affectingly depicted in the photograph. The imperial Butcher that sits in Abraham's seat emulates the virtues of his sainted predecessor; and while aristocratic noses are being tweaked in Massachusetts, and the Hub groans inwardly at Oxonian insolence, and a few million of rebels sullenly nurse their wrath under the oppressions of an irresponsible despotism, he complacently puffs at the never-exhausted calumet, talks horse most knowingly, and frolics over his empire, to the vast delight of Jenkins and Shoddy and special artists attached to Journals of Civilization.

MISS YONGE, in a recent paper on *Children's Literature*, gives us a bit of information for which we thank her and expect our readers to thank us. It is that that delightful story, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, was written by Joachim Heinrich Kampe, tutor to Baron Humboldt. We should be glad to see an edition in which the many errors due to an imperfect acquaintance with the tropics and their productions were rectified, but the simplicity of the narrative retained.

WE note in the French papers an anecdote that would have furnished a phrase to De Quincey. The body of a woman had been found, pierced with a single deep stab, and a skilful detective was sent for to commence investigations. He looked at the wound, and scornfully remarked: "That's a bit of *amateur's* work!" The perpetrator was afterwards detected, and it proved to be his first murder. Think of the experience that had trained such a critic.

LAST month, while in fancied security we were relating (*New Eclectic*, Vol. v, p. 383) the adventure of an unfortunate Frenchman whom a mischievous imp of the types had reduced to the plight of forgetting his "Recollections," we little dreamed that an Anglo-Saxon member of the same evil fraternity was even then insinuating our consanguinity with Mrs. Malaprop, by recording, as if with our approval, some remarks on the "Material Resources and *Typography* of the Mississippi Valley" (p. 361), and at the same time endangering our theological reputation by making us affirm that Holiness and *Æsthetics* were identical (p. 355), a heresy which in the days of good John Calvin might have involved us in the fate of Servetus. In our magnanimity we would forgive the scamp *these* liberties. But when in addition he accuses us (p. 376) of robbing a beggar of the vowel which is his by rights, and giving him a paltry *e* in its stead, our forbearance fails us under the imputation of such meanness; and we wish the devil in his own place.

# THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

## ERRATA.

- P. 387, line 21 from bottom. For, practice, memory, read, a practised memory.
- P. 390, " 6 " top. " *epoie*, " *epoizi*.
- P. 390, " 9 " " " ringing grooves and changes, read "ringing grooves of change."
- P. 392, line 16 from top. For tyrannies, read *tyrannis*.
- P. 393, " 25 " " " darkness, " dulness.
- P. 393, " 33 " " " translation, " translators.

The quilt, I should tell you, was displayed on an antiquated and most uncomfortable-looking four-post bedstead, having a high foot-board of dark oak, rudely carved with a sort of running arabesque of roses, and highly varnished, which occupied about half the space of a small chamber in a little unpretending roadside inn in Cumberland. The speaker was a stranger to me, or rather, had been so some two or three hours earlier in the day, when chance had thrown us first together on the bank of the beautiful Derwent. In that short space of time, however, we seemed to have become old friends.

I am much disposed to think that there exists among the fraternity of anglers a sympathy that goes beyond the mere fellow-feeling for those whose tastes and pursuits are identical with our own: it may almost be called a magnetic *rapport*. It is true, you may sometimes meet a selfish churl by the river-side, who looks daggers at you as he growls an unwilling acknowledgment of your brotherly salute; but

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NOVEMBER, 1869.

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*Tinsleys' Magazine.*

LIFE FROM A PATCHWORK POINT OF VIEW.

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“THE history of most men's lives is, after all, but a sort of patchwork, made up of ‘odds and ends’—of phases and situations as dissimilar and as violent in contrast to one another as the pieces of different fabric and pattern that are stitched together, without regard to harmony of colour or uniformity in design, to make up that venerable quilt yonder.”

The quilt, I should tell you, was displayed on an antiquated and most uncomfortable-looking four-post bedstead, having a high foot-board of dark oak, rudely carved with a sort of running arabesque of roses, and highly varnished, which occupied about half the space of a small chamber in a little unpretending roadside inn in Cumberland. The speaker was a stranger to me, or rather, had been so some two or three hours earlier in the day, when chance had thrown us first together on the bank of the beautiful Derwent. In that short space of time, however, we seemed to have become old friends.

I am much disposed to think that there exists among the fraternity of anglers a sympathy that goes beyond the mere fellow-feeling for those whose tastes and pursuits are identical with our own: it may almost be called a magnetic *rapport*. It is true, you may sometimes meet a selfish churl by the river-side, who looks daggers at you as he growls an unwilling acknowledgment of your brotherly salute; but

there are ill-conditioned fellows in every walk of life, who carry the magnet with the repellent end towards you. To this latter class, certainly, my new companion did not belong. We had fallen in with one another by the following chance. I had been flogging the water for some hours without finding my basket much the heavier, and after changing my fly two or three times with no better result, I attributed—as is natural—my want of success to the score of coming rain; for the mists were rolling in heavy wreaths upwards along the slopes of the hills, and there was a closeness and stillness in the air, that looked like thunder; the distances, too, were too sharp, too clearly defined, to bode any good. So I had shouldered my rod, and walked some way slowly down stream, with a view of making note of its character and capabilities of affording me a better day's sport under a more favourable sky—for there is a good deal in knowing your water, since the certainty that there are more promising streams and pools before you prevents your wasting much time and labour on less tempting localities—when I heard myself hailed by a loud "Halloo!" and looking in the direction of the voice, discovered in mid-stream, some couple of hundred yards below me, a fisherman who was evidently in trouble of some sort. On hastening forward, it became manifest not only that the stranger was fast to a good fish, but that he knew perfectly well how to handle him. Though not exactly showing him the butt, he held his rod, which was clearly too light for the weight of the fish, well up, and a little inclined over the shoulder, and while he struggled to make his footing good on the rough boulders in a strong stream, he was displaying the tact and coolness of a veteran artist. He was so absorbed with the difficulties of his situation, that I had leisure to watch him for a moment or two before he was able to turn towards me; and in that short interval I felt that his magnet pointed the right way. There was that about him that made me "cotton to him" at once; and the off-hand way in which he presently looked round, and, taking me in in a sort of comprehensive glance, called out in a cheery, pleasant voice, "Ah, all right! I see you have a landing-net!" accepting thus as a fact my willingness to do him a good turn if it were in my power, seemed to show that he was equally satisfied with my outside; and the magnetic relation was thenceforth established between us.

"I do not know," he said, when, after some little time, he stepped out of the water upon a narrow spit of shingle on which I was able to approach him, "what I have got at the end of my line. If the fellow had shown himself—had leapt out of the water—I should have been pretty sure he was hooked foul. It is a much heavier fish than I looked to find here, at all events, and he has done nothing but bore down stream—full a quarter of a mile he has led me—and he seems as strong as ever. Ah, there he is off again! I must go with him—but, I say," he added, as he took the water again, "there is an ugly corner there ahead, where it is too deep to wade, and the trees will prevent my following him on the bank."

"I see," was my reply; "I will be ready for you;" and hurrying on about a hundred yards, to a spot where a couple of trees, whose roots were laid bare by the eddy that was rapidly undermining them, effect-

ually blocked the passage along the bank, I set to with all my might and a big hunting-knife to cut away a number of straggling boughs that dipped into the water ; and thus secured a capital position for taking his rod from him, to hold till he came round to me.

This manœuvre was rapidly and safely effected ; and now it was all plain-sailing. We followed the fish some way farther, till spent by his exertion in running down stream, he was obliged to give in, and we had the pleasure of seeing a fine fresh-run grilse, of some five pounds' weight, turn up his silvery belly in comparatively still and shallow water, where his captor, declining civilly my assistance with the net, landed him cleverly by hand. "Not," he said, "that I have any sort of misgiving about your skill in putting the net under him, but simply to redeem myself in your opinion for not carrying a landing-net with me, by proving to you that I am able to do without it. O, the vain conceit !" he went on, while he was disengaging the hook from the fish's jaw. "It is *too* good, when without your assistance I could by no possibility have weathered those trees, for the water was too deep to wade ; and as to turning him, I was utterly powerless. I knew by your instinct in seeing my difficulty at a glance, and the ready way in which you cleared away those overhanging branches, that you are a man after my own heart. And now, what is to be our next move ? Those big drops are the forerunners of a heavy downfall. I had long foreseen the coming rain, but loth to give in, I had been for some time whipping the water without hope, when I raised that fellow, and a pretty dance he has led me. Now let us stow him in the basket ; and if you take my advice, you will follow me, and make at once for shelter. A short quarter of an hour will bring us to a little public-house, where we may be lucky enough to get a rasher of bacon and something to wash it down with. But 'any port in a storm,' you know."

Such was my introduction to a friend with whom I have since passed many a happy hour, not only in following with him our congenial pursuit of fishing, but in listening to his quaint conceits and original remarks on men and things, which he seemed ever to have seen, and still to see, from a *standpunkt*, a point of view of his own. His experiences, too, had been well matured by travel in most parts of the world, and his mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject ; while his memory was so retentive, that it would seem as though he had arranged everything in the most orderly way in pigeon-holes, where he could at once lay his hand upon any matter he was desirous of bringing to light.

But this has little to do with the quaint and startling simile from which we have digressed. It may be well to say, however, before we return to it, that on arriving at our destination we found the common room filled with farmers and bad tobacco-smoke ; and a little negotiation with our hostess put us in possession of the best bedroom, wherein to hold our symposium. I forget exactly the remark which drew from him the observation recorded above. We had long since finished our meal, and had been sitting for some time in full enjoyment of our pipes, watching from the open lattice the storm which was driving violently along the ridge of hills, and of which we only got the outskirts.

"Believe me," he continued, after delivering himself of the sentence

which opens our chapter, "there are very few objects from which, allowing some little play to the imagination, we may not 'point a moral and adorn a tale' of some sort. Look, now, at that piece of patchwork: does it convey nothing to you? And yet that quilt is an open book. Shall I read you some pages of it, for want of a better one?"

"First of all, then, it is made up of a great variety of chance bits, which we may compare to the many incidents and accidents, the joys and sorrows, the successes and failures, that make up the sum of life — let us say rather of *most* men's lives; for there are to be met with in the world persons so situated or so constituted as to be able to glide calmly and placidly through life, like the insignificant rivulet that meanders through peaceful green meads and pleasant home-scenes, without encountering any obstacle to check its even flow, with no inequality of level such as to render it useful by being diverted from its course for irrigation — no fall that will help to turn the mill-wheel, and contribute to the well-being of those on its banks — till it is absorbed, almost unheeded, in the great stream to which it is tributary.

"Such men are exceptional, and if we would liken *their* lives to the piece of work before us, we should say that the bits of which their life is composed are uniform in colour, in pattern, presenting nothing of variety or of contrast, and when put together make in their combination a whole without effect — tame, uninteresting, commonplace. Not so the life figured by this 'thing of shreds and patches' before us. Here we have something stirring, busy, and exciting. It speaks to us of a chequered existence: as its colours are sombre and light by turns, so is the life it represents, grave or gay, dark or lightsome, at intervals. Take the prevailing tone of the whole: it strikes you as being pleasing to the eye; let us then assume the life to be a tolerably happy one. There is, in truth, a considerable preponderance of rose-colour, in which hue it is so delightful to see things; we have here a flower, here a leaf, here a gay-plumaged bird on a sky of blue — all suggestive of happy thoughts, of pleasant memories, of bright fancies. Anon we come upon a bit of leaden tint — heavy, dull, and sad — which may tell the tale of sorrow for disappointed hope, of regret for lost opportunities or wasted energies of mind or body, of losses and crosses, of vexations and annoyances. Those bits of black, too, happily rare, may indicate a mourning for dear relations or valued friends. Ah, what is here? A yellow sprig in the middle of a black square! Can the gold colour be there to represent that the intensity of grief is sometimes *relieved* by what the Romans so appropriately designated the *irritamenta malorum*? Is it to be inferred that vile three-per-cents and bank-stock can ever be contemplated by those who wear 'the trappings and the suits of woe'?"

"Those white bits — which, however, are but few — will admit of two widely-different interpretations. Shall we call them the white days in life — the *dies albo lapide notandi*? Their rarity would claim this solution. Or shall we simply consider them as black days — hunting-days without a find, fishing-days without a rise — days, in short, which are so utterly without interest of any sort, as to leave a blank page in the journal?"

"The centre piece, you will observe, is composed of a few larger bits surrounding one still bigger. The former may be taken for the greater and more important events and situations. The latter for the *one* great

event, the turning-point in life, emblematic perhaps of that 'tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune'—of that great opportunity that occurs but once in life, to seize which is success, to let it slip failure. It may shadow the one great happiness or great misery in a long existence; for what are called the every-day pleasures of life are dependent often upon the most insignificant causes in the same manner as its every-day miseries are brought about by the most contemptible and not unfrequently ridiculous agency. These may be typified by the countless small bits of diverse colour and pattern that go to make up the sum and substance of our quilt.

"We have spoken hitherto of day-life only, and the various bits of which it is made up. What of dream-life? Still more widely differing and more rude in contrast are the images of scenes presented to us, the sensations experienced by us, and the impressions conveyed to us, by the

'Somnia, quæ veras æquent imitamine formas.'

How sudden is the transition from phantasm to phantasm! All the events—let us say the 'odds and ends'—of an entire life are crowded together in the small compass of an hour's chequered dream.

"Again, what is a man's mind but a piece of patchwork? In what does his knowledge consist? In 'odds and ends,' in scraps of heterogeneous matter collected here and there, picked up from books perhaps, or gathered in his intercourse with his fellow-men, to be thrown together to make up his stock of knowledge. You will certainly occasionally stumble upon an individual who has studied laboriously and reasoned profoundly—a man who can think for himself, who has grappled with one science and mastered it. In *that* he stands preëminent—his specialty is a confessed fact; but, alas, all his other attainments still resolve themselves into our old system. And, take notice, that as we see one piece or one pattern in our quilt of more salient colour than the rest—for instance, that bright crimson bit, which runs through the whole, and catches more readily the eye—so will you see in almost every man one ruling passion, one fixed idea, which pervades his thoughts, his actions, his conversation; which gives the tone of colour to his life.

"Wisdom is, in fact, concocted from scraps. By way of illustration, take that most useful of all knowledge, which is known by the designation of 'common sense.' Where will you find its first principles more plainly and pertinently set forth than in proverbs? And what are proverbs but scraps of worldly lore and experience enunciated in trite, terse, telling sentences? But patchwork as may be the wisdom derivable from this source, it has been observed by no less an authority than Lord Bacon, that 'the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs.'

"How motley, too, is society! We may fairly liken it to our prototype yonder. Of what incongruous particles is it made up! Bright, fresh bits of rose, of azure—pieces of antiquated chintz of faded pattern—sprigs of modern fashion, radiant in hue, and lively in design, some of them delightfully *green*, yellow sickly-looking unattractive *morceaux*, the delicate peach-colour, the sober brown, the *claret* tint, the innocent white, the serious sable. There they are, all banded together to form

one not unpleasing whole. Such is society, with which, constituted as it is, far be it from us to quarrel. It is better thus to have the various colours in it blended together than to see it composed of some two or three neutral or monotonous tints.

"This consideration naturally leads us to ordinary *conversation*. Did you ever try to trace back to its source the meandering current of talk which has brought you from the discussion, say, of the last political crisis to a sheilling on a Highland moor; from grouse, again, to Scutari; and, touching at Sebastopol, has landed you in the Isle of Wight? Divergent though these several topics be, you will yet find the different rings in the chain that unites them naturally linked together, or, not to lose sight of our patchwork — its parts all sewn together in due order — to make up that lively and well-sustained interchange of ideas which constitutes pleasant converse. You do not see it? Well, let us hark back from Cowes Regatta — yachts and yachting follow, of course — a cruise to the Mediterranean, Lord Cardigan's yacht in the Black Sea during the war, Sebastopol, Balaclava (naturally), landing of the troops at Scutari, camp-life there, amusements, shooting florican; thence by easy transition to grouse-shooting, Scotland, deer-stalking, a day and night's adventure, 12th of August, when Parliament will be prorogued, labours of the session, Reform Bill — and there we are at our political crisis, which was our starting-point. But what a medley! what patchwork! The Constitution of our country, cabinet-ministers, M.P.s, holidays, heather, rifles, stags, smooth-bores, breech-loaders, grouse, florican, tents, Turks, Russians, French, trenches, cavalry-charge, Lord Cardigan, yachts, yacht-races, Cowes — and you must recollect that this is following a conversation 'without a check.' I make no note of the tangents at which it has sometimes gone off to still more heterogeneous subjects, and been led back again bit by bit to the line I have traced. †

"And now let me take you into a well-appointed drawing-room, another scene in every-day life. I do not ask you to look at the mere furniture, although the form and fashion of the chairs and couches are so varied that you will possibly find no two of them alike. You may, nevertheless, take a hasty survey of the numberless objects of art and virtù scattered with tasteful *abandon* about the room in every available situation. I wish you to look more particularly at the walls. Patchwork again! and very pretty canvas patchwork too, made up of choice bits, of different tones and shades of colours, varying also in design as widely as the bits of yonder coverlet.

"Here we have a sea-piece of Vandervelde: a calm sea, a cloudless sky, the sails of the vessels dropping lazily from the yards. Next to that a land-storm by Wilson: a wild weird landscape, dark and lowering; the trees bending from the gale; a vivid flash of lightning alone relieving the dense leaden masses of cloud. A graceful, lady-like portrait by Grant; a shady forest-scene of rich, deep, but transparent tone, by Hobbema; a cattle-piece by Cooper, bright and refreshing, and pleasant to look at; a hot, glowing, eastern sunset by Danby; a hawking-party, full of life and movement, with the inevitably white palfrey, by Wouvermans; an historical chapter by Ward, bold in subject as it is vigorous in execution; a gem by Landseer, only 'twa dogs' and a

gillie, but they are enough to carry our thoughts far away to moor and mountain and corrie; an interior of a church by Steinwyck, solemn, silent, gloomy, and truthful; an early morning by Constable, the rain-drops from the April shower yet glittering in the sunny gleam that is passing across the landscape; a grave Venetian senator by Titian; a battle-piece by Borgognone; a voluptuous bevy of nymphs by Etty; a mythical, mystical Venice by Turner; and there, on the line of sight, an exquisite bit of Meissonnier, a delicious Watteau, a *chef-d'œuvre* of Mieris, another of Gerard Douw—shall I go on? We have already enough for our illustration. Discordant as these paintings are in subject and in colouring, what a beautiful covering is made for the walls by the different pieces! put together, you will observe, with as little regard to uniformity in tint and pattern as those which make up our piece of patchwork.

“If you are not tired with our motley subject, let us turn now to the numberless classes of men, and their several callings and pursuits and occupations in life—the

‘*Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus.*’

Only take up a London or a Birmingham ‘Commercial Directory,’ and you are made aware of the existence of countless methods of bread-winning of which you have probably never heard, of thriving and established trades the very names of which are perhaps unknown to you. Add to these the infinity of callings and occupations too humble to be chronicled. Consider, too, the various professions, learned and otherwise, with their many ramifications; the public offices, again, from the heads of boards down to the hall-porters. I will not take into our calculation the mass of those whose business is pleasure, and whose pleasure is the business of life. It is almost overwhelming to consider the countless bits of pattern and colour that are presented to us at every turn in the city and town. But we must go farther—we must go down into the country, and see our patchwork community in the fields. Here, though the fragments of which it is composed are manifold and varied, yet you will find the contrasts less striking, less startling—taken as a whole, it is more pleasing to the eye, more grateful to the senses.

“Let us stop here, for we are in face of the most glorious of all pieces of work, made up, it is true, of objects differing in form and colour. But who shall presume to call the beautiful and perfect combinations in which Nature spreads herself before us by a name suggestive only of what is mean in design, and inglorious in its uses? Still, what a diversity of parts is there to compose one harmonious whole! Earth, air, sky—hill and valley—rock and mountain—wood and river—green meadow and yellow cornfield. But that is not all; these must be seen under all the varied effects of light and shade to be thoroughly appreciated: at early morning, when the first rays of the sun tip the hills with gladsome light; at noon, when he is in the fulness of his power, when all is repose, when the wearied reaper seeks the welcome shade, and the herds of cattle are seen picturesquely grouped in the cool stream; at evening, when broad masses of shadow sweep across the vale, through which the river winds like a thread of silver.

"These combinations must be viewed as well under the influence of an April shower — when fitful gleams, dancing along the landscape, and the shadowy forms of passing clouds, merrily chasing one another along the broad expanse of valley and up the mountain side, change the character of the scene, as a turn of the kaleidoscope produces a novel design from the same objects.

"But see! even now the heavy clouds which throw a dark shade across the picture from our window are breaking and dispersing rapidly. That bright ray of sunshine, as it flits across the slopes of the hills yonder, bringing out in strong relief objects unremarked before, and lending to them new colouring, will soon be here to light up our valley; the canopy of mist, lately so dense and heavy, is yielding to its kindly influence, and is lifting from the hills like a veil. It is hard to realise that we are actually looking at a landscape, which is the very same piece of —

"No — let us say no more of *patchwork*. We will rather stroll down to the river-side — the rain that has fallen will scarcely have coloured the water; and even if it should have spoiled our sport for the day, we shall have the more leisure to look about us, and to meditate or to moralize, as you will. Honest old Izaak, the father of our craft, never could have made a happier definition of angling than when he called it 'the contemplative man's recreation.'"

On taking leave of our hostess — this is by the way — I told her that her quilt had given us something to talk about; that my companion had given a lecture upon it.

"Well, to be sure," said she, "only to think of you gentlemen taking notice of mother's work! 'Ah!' she used to say to me, 'there's a many, many stitches in it, and a many queer bits of stuff in it, and queer stories they could tell if they could tell all they knows.' And oftentimes she would show me a lucky bit or an unlucky bit, which was put in when things came up lucky or cross-wise. 'Ah! Martha,' she used to say, 'that bit o' patchwork is just the pictur' of a life — that is!'"

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## KINDNESS: A SIMPLE TALE.\*

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IT is a simple story, told me once  
At twilight, when the long, long summer day  
Had purpled into eve, and shadows slept,  
And winds were silent, and the plummy pines,  
That sweep about our door, had hushed their sighs.  
Come now, it is the same sweet hour, and here  
Beside this mossy fount, where willow-boughs  
Bend softly down, and Spring's first breath has kissed  
The lilies into bloom — here let us rest ;  
And while the shades grow deep, and stars come out,  
Mayhap the tale will touch thy kindly heart,  
As on that summer eve it melted mine.

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Once, homeward bound, on Afric's unknown coast,  
A gallant ship was wrecked, and precious lives  
Upon the waves were strewn, as Autumn leaves  
Are scattered on November winds, and cries  
Of desolation mounted madly up.  
But cries were vain, and agonized prayers  
Were unavailing, and the barque went down ;  
And Indian pearls sank with it, and the gold  
From Eastern mines, and gems whose flashing rays  
Had outshone all save eyes that sparkled near ;  
And more than these — the mad and reckless waves  
Closed o'er the true and brave ! closed over cheeks  
That glowed with love and light ! closed over hearts  
That beat with pride and hope ! closed sadly o'er  
The brow of lovely woman, and the breast  
Of lordly man !

But on the savage shore  
A handful of the hardy crew was cast.  
Far to the South, across the trackless deeps  
Of strange and mighty forests, rose the spires  
Of English villages, where friendly hands  
Would cheer the weary and protect the weak.  
And so they plunged, that sad and helpless few,  
Deep in those wild, wide woods — no guide but hope,  
No weapon but despair !

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\* *Poems.* By Mollie E. Moore. Houston, Texas: E. H. Cushing.

They struggled on —  
 Thorns pierced their feet, and hunger shook  
 Their fainting breasts : for long, long days  
 The sun beat down with sickening heat ;  
 And then came drenching rain, and one by one  
 They fainted on that unknown way, no more  
 In all this world's wide waste to meet their loved !  
 But 'mid the band a little child, a boy  
 Scarce numbering seven careless years, was borne ;  
 And they who gave him being had gone down  
 To sleep beneath the hollow-sounding sea.  
 And with those toiling men the child became  
 A charge sublime ! Through all those awful scenes,  
 Day after day, they bore him in their arms ;  
 Through deep, deep sands, and tangled thickets, where  
 The poison-vines grew rank and dark and high :  
 They nursed his fading form so tenderly !  
 They gave him food and drink when they themselves  
 Were famishing !

With woman-tenderness they smoothed his hair,  
 And soothed him when he wept. They cradled him  
 Against their sunburnt breasts, and sang the songs  
 His mother used to sing, even when their hearts  
 Were breaking, and their souls were faint ; and once,  
 When a great, wild river barred their course,  
 They formed a tiny raft of floating trees,  
 And swam the unsteady stream, and pushed the boat  
 With careful hands before them — for *he* lay,  
 Their sacred charge, upon it. Lions prowled  
 At noonday in their paths, and tigers glared  
 With savage eyes upon them. Sore beset  
 By death in all his ghastly shapes, not once  
 — Oh, Father, blessed be Thy holy name  
 For kindness ! — not once in all those days,  
 Those awful days, did they forget the child !  
 They struggled on — and death and famine came  
 And dwelt like brothers in their midst ! One drooped  
 At morn, another drooped at noon. One sank  
 O'erwearied at the river's marge ; another sank  
 Exhausted on the plain : and thus they fell  
 Like milestones on that dismal road ; and when  
 They were but few (though still they struggled on),  
 At last, one morn, in that wild forest, where  
 The lindens sang in unknown tongues, and palms  
 In all their strange grand beauty stood, and vines  
 “ Like those that hung about the doors at home,”  
 Clung round the trunks of many-whispering trees —

That morn, o'erworn with care and agony,  
Exhausted by the long night's sleepless watch,  
They rose,  
And softly stirred about, lest careless sounds  
Should wake the boy, who slumbered by the fire,  
The softest moss beneath him, and his breast  
Shielded by the sailors' ragged jackets.

When all was ready, one whose turn it was  
To carry him that day, came where he lay,  
And stood beside him as he slept, and stooped  
And softly breathed his name. Life tinged the skies ;  
Life sat upon the trees, and breathed its power  
Upon the rushing winds and nodding flowers ;  
Life sparkled on the streams, life warmed the earth —  
The fire alone was dying — *and the child was dead !*

Death is a bitter thing ! I do not mean  
For breaking hearts and bodies torn and wrecked  
With sleepless vigils, and o'erworn with years ;  
I do not mean for eyes grown dim with grief,  
For wasted cheeks, and withered, palsied hands —  
But oh, for childhood, sunny childhood !  
With untamed wings, and eager, dimpled hands  
Outstretched to grasp life's rosy fruit ! Alas !  
The little barques that sail on unknown seas !  
The little barques that break on unknown shores !  
For sparkling eyes and rosy lips, young eyes  
And rounded limbs, oh, death, a bitter thing  
Thou art, a bitter, bitter thing !

The child was dead ! and aching hearts were there,  
To stretch beside the pallid form and weep !  
Ay, had his mother stood beside the clay,  
She had not known a holier grief than theirs !  
The child was dead !

It seemed as if their hearts — all sepulchres —  
Had lost the angel that till now had sat  
Within their dark and lonesome glooms ; the stone  
Was rolled before the entrance evermore —  
The child was dead !

And tears that hunger could not bring, nor pain,  
Nor last farewell, nor thoughts that came at night,  
Of loved ones waiting anxiously at home  
For footsteps never more to tend that way —  
Yea, tears that grim despair had locked  
Within his donjon-keeps, came leaping forth  
From eyes unused to moisture, as they stood,

Those haggard men, around the tiny grave,  
 Scooped out by wasted hands in that wild spot !  
 How fair "the baby" seemed ! his little hands  
 Laid calmly on his sunken, pulseless breast !  
 They heaped those strange sods o'er him ; and one laid  
 A token he had cherished through it all,  
 Upon the tiny mound. They staggered off,  
 And, one by one, their footsteps died away.

Two only of that gallant, gallant band  
 Reached home and kindred ; but oh, who can doubt  
 That when the sea of years has wrecked us all  
 Upon that unknown coast whence none return —  
 When, worn and haggard, we have gone the way  
 That all earth's loved must go ; when time hath fled  
 Before eternity, and when the child hath met.  
 His fellow-wanderers, those faithful, faithful friends,  
 Will they not walk among the blessed there ?  
 Ah, will not He, our Father, raise them up  
 With smiles among His chosen host, and say,  
 "As ye have done unto the least of these,  
 So also have ye done to Me !"

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## LAUS IRACUNDIÆ.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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**D**R. SAMUEL JOHNSON is said to have exclaimed: "I do love a good hater." This representative type of the John Bull was taught by his sturdy good sense to pierce the hypocrisy of your model gentleman, who always speaks of those who have injured or opposed him with perfect composure. The literary dictator saw, from his knowledge of human nature, that when one is crossed it is his instinct to be angry ; so that the apparent absence of that emotion is more naturally to be ascribed to deceit than sanctity. Hence the bluff, hearty man, who makes no concealment of his antipathies, and who is wont to ease his soul by some volleys of good, sound, candid hard-names, is much more likely a man of truthful and honest impulses than he who assumes to be above the sense of injuries. We can imagine the old gentleman in his burly way defending his naughty opinion against the pious horror of some male or female 'Miss Nancy.' "My

dear Miss, is not wrong the opposite of right: and is not injury the reverse of beneficence? By the same impulse by which the well-constituted mind responds to truth and right with approbation, and to beneficence with gratitude, must it meet error or vice with reprobation, and injury with resentment. These contrasted emotions are but the two poles which respectively attract and repel the same magnet, the human heart. If the pole of repulsion be but feebly shunned, we shall expect the pole of attraction to be languidly sought. Hatred tranquilly worded, is no more to be confided in than love coldly uttered. By the same reason that one professes to be able to regard his enemy without resentment, we suspect him of being capable of treating his friend without affection. Your languid hater must ever be a languid lover. Give me then, by all means, a good, honest hater. Remember, my dear Miss, that it was not anger simply which the Prince of Peace himself condemned, but being 'angry without a cause.' To be angry when there is cause, is as inevitable nature as being grateful for kindness. He therefore who affects to be above anger, makes me suspect that he is in fact beneath love; that his virtue is, not supernatural, but hypocritical. He who is angry may be unjust: he who is incapable of it must be ungrateful. Better the generous foe than the snaky friend."

It was once our fortune to hear a famous divine deliver a famous discourse to parents upon the Christian discipline of children. One point which was put with great emphasis was, that if the rod must needs be employed, that instrument of education must be used only in cold blood. Parents were eloquently cautioned not to chastise until the last trace of their emotion was suppressed, and until the task could be done with philosophic deliberation. In arguing this precept, the reverend father grew impassioned. He urged that chastisement administered in any other temper was degraded from a sacred act of authority to a mere brute contest between the passion and obstinacy of two children, of whom the grown-up child was the more worthy of stripes. "That is very finely put," remarked a judicious friend afterwards (himself a successful parent); "but I beg leave to except, that the intuitive good sense of the child is likely to remind him of this question: 'If my transgression is so flagrant as to deserve this severe punishment, how comes it that it seems to arouse no moral indignation?' The offending urchin does not need to study books on psychology to be aware that emotion is as normal to the human soul as perception and judgment; and that when moral objects are apprehended, the feeling is as natural, as unavoidable, and as legitimate, as the intellectual perception of the quality of the act. His boy-faculties, quickened by the birch's inspiration, will be very likely to reason that 'if papa makes my back burn thus with the switch, where I did not make his heart burn at all with disapprobation, the transaction is scarcely equal justice.' In fact," added my friend, "the flame of a warm (but not cruel and blind) moral indignation is the appointed, the natural, the necessary testimony of the parent against the evil of the culprit's act: testimony as impressive as that of the stripes, and so reasonable, that if it be withheld, the other will not be credited. The sufferer will attribute his pain, not to a generous sense of justice, but to a cold, selfish love of power. Has not our reverend father just confirmed all this by his own example? Witness the impassioned zeal with which he has just

laid on the lash of his tongue upon us adult children, for our parental sins in this thing! I shall then, when my young hopefuls cross my authority, beg leave to follow the preacher's example against his theory. Otherwise, if I practised strictly on his theory, I should expect to be much more successful in making my children sneaks than in making them saints."

For our part, we were compelled to think the lay-sermon thus far the juster of the two. We could not analyse and reason about it, like the dialecticians; but somehow, our common-sense (that convenient faculty for us non-logical folk) reminded us, that when we were youngsters, if we felt that we had sinned against our father, we naturally expected that he would be angry for it. We should have been excessively mystified at the idea of being beaten when we had done nothing to provoke him. We all found that a good rousing display of indignation with the whipping, a certain honest energy and emphasis in the strokes (emphasis so perspicuous to our apprehension), and a few sound Saxon epithets along with them, substituted and superseded the necessity of a great many stripes. The result of all which was, that we left the parental presence uniformly with a most profound and edifying conviction that we had gotten much less than we deserved, that we must have been very great sinners indeed, and that our respected parent must be the most generous and merciful of men, to punish so little, when his sense of the enormity of our conduct (and who so good a judge of that as he?) was manifestly so great. And we remembered also the good Mrs. M's sons, who frequented the same old-field-school with us, whose mother was a member of the "female-praying-circle," and of a "maternal association;" who named her boys after eminent foreign missionaries, and who had her house stocked with the Puritan literature (of those sweet souls who were too amiable to be angry with a real sinner, or to fight the foreign enemies of their country, or to kill anybody but their own brethren, and then only for the atrocious impertinence of taking care of the negroes whom they, the dear saints, had stolen from Africa). We were informed that Mrs. M. never administered the scriptural ordinance of the rod, until after a season of fasting and solitary meditation (performed, of course, by the culprit). We speculated much upon the question, whether the involuntary ascetic was musing most upon the aggravations of his sin, or upon the maternal economy of bread and butter in the method. She then, we were told, proceeded, after other religious preparation, to the infliction, with an angelic sweetness and *nouçhalance*, and, as the urchins with the missionary names ruefully testified, with a "gift of continuance" duly proportioned to the solemnity and length of the preliminaries. Unluckily, the whippings were not short as the prayers were long. Now we, comparative young heathens, "Tom, Dick and Harry," when we heard all this, and learned that the young gentlemen of the saintly names were to be our comrades, were at first impressed with a most wholesome respect, and felt that it would be incumbent on us to put on our Sunday manners, if not our Sunday clothes, to consort with them. But a short acquaintance sufficed to undeceive us. The young M.s soon showed themselves the leading reprobates of the school; sly fellows withal, who could only be made tolerable to the rest of us during play-time by an occasional sound threshing. We are no philosophers;

but somehow we have ever since been satisfied with the ways of our dear old father, who never had any Yankee-Puritan literature to read of Sundays, but only his Bible and Davies' Sermons; and who never whipped us, but *when he thought he had good reason to be angry, and accordingly was angry.*

But since those days we are, alas! not so young as we then were; and we have had occasion to learn a good deal concerning the play of adult children in State, in Church, and in war. And we have noticed that your *nonchalant* gentleman was never the man to effect anything marked in the propagation of sound opinion, the reform of abuses, or the direction of commonwealths. The men who have moved others were men who had not only opinions, but emotions of their own. The native-born king of men, the ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν, is always a fellow with a good bouncing temper of his own, who can buffet his adversary not only with hard arguments, but upon occasion with a few honest hard names. Look over the list of the world's great teachers and reformers, and you shall find that your Paul, your Athanasius (who, more than any other man, saved the Church from Arianism), your Augustine, your Luther, your Calvin, your Knox, your Chatham, your Henry, your Chalmers, were men of the *ingenium perfervidum*. They had not only clear heads, but strong wills, both energized by a great susceptibility to passion. They don't handle their adversaries with gloves: not they! When they argue that these opponents are very naughty fellows, they also feel towards them as towards very naughty fellows. They seem to have thought, with the great Swiss divine, Vinet, that "the reprobation of evil and sin cannot be comprehended if we appear to be unmoved by them; that we are not to be, and cannot be, on terms of politeness with sin; and that *truth* consists in feeling as well as in thought; that love of the loveable is truth; hatred of the hateful is truth, and if need be, wrath itself also." They did not expect to succeed in persuading their contemporaries that certain adversaries were very bad men, while they themselves professed to feel towards them as very pretty gentlemen. They did not assume an affectation of good temper towards them, which gave the lie to their own logic against them. They were exceedingly prone to "call a spade a spade." Their sound instincts made them remember, that the men whom they sought to move were creatures of feeling and sympathy even more than of reasoning; and hence they permitted them to catch the contagion of their own honest passion, while they sought to enlighten them by their intellects. Thus we always see them glowing with a genuine fire of indignation, as well as shining with clear wisdom. Their rays are like the solar, at once luminous and hot. Hear Paul against Elymas the sorcerer: "O full of all subtlety and mischief, thou child of the devil." Hear Athanasius berate the heresiarch as "a beast of prey in human shape."\* Hear Calvin denounce a sophism in theology or exposition as a *commentum putidum*, or a specimen of *audacia diabolica*. See old Knox preaching against the monks, until, as the Scotch annalist says, he seemed "like to dang the pulpit intil blads, and flee out of it." There is force in invective, provided it is prompted by an unquestion-

\* Τότ' εἰσπαύδης Ἄριος, ὡς θύξιον ἀνθρωπόμορφον.

able and sincere wrath. It shows a man in earnest. The world is very like old Dr. Samuel Johnson: it dearly loves a good hater.

Now, our modern American Miss Nancy will say "O fie" upon all this. She will remind us how inappropriate passion is in him who labors for the elimination of truth; because, as the philosophers tell us, passion and prejudice blind the reason. Be assured, dear Miss, that it is at least as often the fact that passion quickens the reason. Ask the lawyers where they get their most telling points; how they are able to eviscerate a case in all its intricacies; by what beams of light they are assisted to illustrate the adversary's false plea. If they are candid they will tell you, that the best mint for the coining of their counters is the seething brain of an angry client; whose keen self-interest, aroused by a boiling indignation, makes him as wide awake to all points as Yankee nature itself. Why is it, our dear Miss, that the birch is so useful a stimulant to the juvenile intellect? Is it not because fear (a passion) sometimes lends wings to the wits as well as the heels? Why is it that Miss Nancy experiences such an unwonted exaltation of spirit, such a quickening of the faculties, such a flow of words, at the respectful approach of her admirers of our despised sex? We beg leave to insinuate that there is a little emotion in question here. But this passion obviously renders the dear creature quite another being, and (as she, at least, will not deny) a much nobler being than she was the same morning when dawdling in curl-papers among her own sex. So it appears, that if passion can blind the eyes of the mind, it can also sharpen them. If it misleads, it also quickens. And it should also be remembered that indolence, sluggishness, indifference, heedlessness, obstruct and circumscribe the action of the reason, at least as much as prejudice perverts it.

It is much the fashion to abuse the great men of the Reformation age, for what is called their intolerance and bitterness towards adversaries. Our moderns affect a great advance upon their manners, and are quite intolerant of their intolerance, and fierce in condemnation of their fierceness. The only thing which seems to be bad enough to excite the ire of these *nonchalant* gentlemen, is the ancient zeal for the truth; the only fault which is so outrageous in their eyes as to be beyond the pale of even their courtesy (and it must be something monstrous indeed which these models of charity cannot tolerate) is the fault of being thoroughly in earnest. They insist that whatever other errors are assailed, it shall be done with perfect measure, equanimity, and politeness. No "hard names" must be called, no matter how "hard" the deeds which are characterized. This the civilisation of a superfine age demands! Hence, in the English Church, you shall hear the Evangelicals mildly and courteously intimating to the public, that their very estimable and valued brethren, the Ritualists, are going towards that Rome which they deem Antichrist. In the State, the Conservatives are seen suggesting, with the greatest possible suavity and respect, that the John Bright party is preparing for England another reign of terror, in which the throne, the religion, the liberties, and the constitution of the country, are to be whelmed in a sea of blood. Now this is all very nice, of course, and "excessively genteel," when contrasted with those rude old champions of a former age, a Knox, a Latimer, a Pym, who rescued Christianity and liberty from their foes, and bequeathed

the precious inheritance to us. But these very chary and polished polemics may be sure that they will never conquer any error ; that such as they will never arouse any people to save their jeopardized rights. If the premises and arguments of the Evangelicals are true, then your Ritualist is a mischievous and treacherous enemy to the dearest interests he is sworn and salaried to subserve ; he is seeking to betray the Church whose bread he eats to her prescriptive enemy. But after all this, your genteel Evangelical proceeds to treat the person against whom he has brought so severe an indictment, as a marvellously proper gentleman ! If the neat political essayist of the *London Quarterly*, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*, means what he says, then the English Radical of the school of Messieurs Mill and Bright (*par nobile fratrum*, Quaker and Infidel) is but a masked Marat or Danton, who should be hunted by a universal storm of execration into an obscurity where his madness and malice would be harmless. But Mr. Radical is his "very honorable friend," to whom he ventures to make, with most respectful consideration, the suggestion that his schemes involve the little inconveniences of revolution, anarchy, repudiation, and bloodshed. Such innocent little piping will never effect the work of the trumpet blast, which rouses a slumbering nation and shakes the mask off its assailants. The age needs men like Knox ; and we fear, is very like to perish for want of them. The times demand "good haters."

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PATIENCE.

A SONNET.

OF all the attributes whose starry rays  
Converge and centre in one focal light  
Of luminous glory — such as angels' sight  
Can only look on with a blenched amaze —  
None crowns the brow of God with purer blaze,  
None diadems it with more crystal white,  
Than His exhaustless Patience.

Let us praise  
With low, hushed hearts, this strangest, tenderest grace ;  
Remembering meekly that the avenging rod  
Of Justice would have fallen, and Mercy's plan  
Been frustrate, had not Patience stood between,  
Commanding respite.

Let us learn, that man,  
Enduring — toiling — waiting, — calm, serene,  
For those who scorn and slight — is likest God.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

# THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

## CONFEDERATE LOSSES IN THE LATE WAR.

THE following important correspondence between Dr. Joseph Jones, Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, and Gen. S. Cooper, formerly Adjutant-General of the Confederate States, relating to the losses in the Confederate armies during the late civil war, was submitted at the last regular meeting of the Society.

NEW ORLEANS, *August 2d, 1869.*

GEN. S. COOPER, *Alexandria, Virginia.*

DEAR SIR :

You will please excuse the liberty which I take in trespassing upon your valuable time.

I have recently been preparing for the Southern Historical Society, a paper upon the losses of the Confederate army, from battle, wounds, and disease, during the civil war, 1861-5. The following general results of my investigation are most respectfully submitted to you for examination and criticism.

*Killed, wounded, and prisoners, of the Confederate army, during the war, 1861-5.*

YEAR.	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	PRISONERS.
1861	1,315	4,054	2,772
1862	18,582	68,659	48,300
1863	11,876	51,313	71,211
1864 }	22,000	70,000	80,000
1865 }			
Total,	53,773	194,026	202,283

If the deaths from disease be added, the sum-total will represent the entire loss. The returns of the field and general hospitals are known for 1861 and 1862.

Confederates killed in battle, 1861-2	- - -	19,897
Deaths caused by wounds in field hospital,	-	1,623
“ “ “ general “	-	2,618
“ “ disease in field “	-	14,597
“ “ “ general “	-	16,741

Total deaths in the C. S. A., 1861-2 - 55,476

Total wounded in C. S. A., 1861-2	-	72,713
“ prisoners “ “	-	51,072
“ discharged “ “	-	16,940

Total wounded, prisoners, and discharged, 1861-2, 140,725

If it be fair to assume that the total mortality of 1863-4 was fully equal to that of 1862, then the total deaths in the Confederate army, 1861-5, was at least 160,000, exclusive of the deaths in the Northern prisons, which would swell the number to near 185,000; and if the deaths amongst the discharged for wounds and disease, and amongst the sick and wounded on furlough, be added, the grand total of deaths in the Confederate army during the entire war did not fall far short of 200,000. According to this calculation, the deaths from disease were about three times as numerous as those resulting from the casualties of battle.

The available Confederate force capable of active service in the field, did not during the entire war exceed six hundred thousand men (600,000). Of this number not more than four hundred thousand (400,000) were enrolled at any one time; and the Confederate States never had in the field more than two hundred thousand (200,000) men capable of bearing arms at any one time, exclusive of sick, wounded, and disabled.

If the preceding calculation be correct, we have the following figures, illustrating the losses of the Confederate armies during the war:

Confederate forces actively engaged, 1861-5, -	600,000
Total deaths in C. S. A. - - - - -	200,000
Losses of C. S. A. in prisoners, 1861-5, which may be considered as total losses, on ac- count of the policy of exchange by U. S.	200,000
Losses of C. S. A. by discharges, disability, and desertion, - - - - -	100,000

If this calculation, which is given only as an approximation, be correct, one-third of all the men actively engaged on the Confederate side were either killed outright upon the field, or died of disease and wounds. Another third of the entire number were captured and held for an indefinite period in Northern prisons; and of the remaining two hundred thousand, at least one-half were lost to the service by discharges and desertions.

At the close of the war, the available force of the Confederate States numbered scarcely *one hundred thousand effective men*. The resolution, unsurpassed bravery and skill, with which the Confederate leaders conducted this contest, is shown by the fact, that out of 600,000 men in the field, about 500,000 were lost to the service.

At the close of the war, the 100,000 Confederates were opposed to one million (1,000,000) Federal troops. Your approval or disapproval of this calculation is most respectfully solicited.

The distinguished ability with which you discharged the responsible and arduous duties of Adjutant-General of the Confederate army, qualifies you above every other officer of the late C. S. to decide how far such calculations may approach to accuracy.

With great respect and the highest esteem, I have the honor to be  
Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH JONES, M. D.

Secretary and Treasurer, Southern Historical Society; }  
Prof. Chemistry, Medical Department, University of Louisiana. }

## *Confederate Losses in the late War.*

NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA,

*August 29th, 1869.*

DR. JOSEPH JONES,

*Secretary and Treasurer of the "Southern Historical Society," New Orleans, La.*

DEAR SIR :

I have had the honor to receive your kind and interesting letter of the 2d inst., and beg you will accept my best thanks for same.

I have closely examined your several statements in respect to the Confederate military forces during the late war, as well as the casualties incident thereto, and I have come to the conclusion, from my general recollection, which those statements have served to enlighten, that they must be regarded as nearly critically correct.

Most of the returns from which you most probably have derived your information, must have passed through the files of my office in the Confederacy ; and if reference could be made to all the records of that office, they would, I have no doubt, enable you to give nearly a complete history of the strength and operations of our armies in detail. The files of that office which could best afford this information were carefully boxed up and taken on our retreat from Richmond to Charlotte, N. C., where they were unfortunately captured, and as I learn, are now in Washington, where they are arranged in a separate building with other records appertaining to the Confederacy. I presume that by proper management reference might be had to them. Indeed, I had at one time contemplated to make an effort to renew my acquaintance with those records by a personal application to the authorities in Washington, but I finally abandoned the idea.

It would afford me much pleasure to furnish you with the information in the tabular form you have suggested ; but it would be quite impossible for me to do this without reference to those records. I can only state from general recollection, that during the two last years of the war, the monthly returns of our armies received at my office exhibited the present active force in the field nearly one-half less than the returns themselves actually called for, on account of absentees by sickness, extra duty, furlough, desertions, and other casualties incident to a campaign life.

These returns were kept with great secrecy, in order to prevent the enemy from becoming acquainted with our weakness. Another disadvantage was also felt in the limited number of our suitable weapons of war ; and I believe it will be found on examination, that the most approved and tried arms in the hands of our troops were captured from the enemy in battle. These and many other incidents of a like nature, if brought to light, would exhibit the greatest disparity between the two opposing forces : if not in the number of troops, as you have exhibited in your tables, at least of sufficient importance to satisfy every unprejudiced mind that we were constantly laboring throughout the contest under every possible disadvantage.

I perceive by the printed prospectus of the "Southern Historical Society" which you were so kind as to send me, that time must be given in collecting the necessary facts which are to be the basis of this important work, before it shall be prepared and given to the public.

To this end it will be my endeavor to contribute from time to time such facts as I may be enabled to collect, and as may be deemed of consequence by the Society.

With great respect, I have the honor to be

Your ob'd't serv't,

S. COOPER.

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## POE'S "EUREKA" RECONSIDERED.\*

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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NOTWITHSTANDING Poe's *Eureka* was at the time a remarkable production, it is founded upon the generally received idea of the universe being created out of nothing by a power through whose action it will finally return to nothing.

At once, my conceptions differ widely from his. I cannot conceive how anything in the universe can be created out of nihility, or without something to create from. It altogether lacks proof to sustain it; it cannot be based on anything tangible. Then again, after a universe is once created even out of nothing, I cannot conceive how it can be annihilated; neither can I conceive how the power so creating can be self-annihilated, especially if all the energies of that power were called forth in the act of creation. To undo what has been done by material force, a still greater energy is requisite to overcome the first: it being a secondary act to undo a primary, either by reversal of the primary, or new forces still more powerful acting in a contrary direction. How can this be conceived possible from our present light and knowledge? He conceives the idea of the existence of two, and only two, forces in nature, diametrically opposed to each other, as repulsion and cohesion or gravity. This may or may not be true; if true, it only confirms the views advanced many years ago by Metcalf in his work on *Caloric*. In it he reduces all the forces in nature to one, that of caloric, though acting under different circumstances in different directions as opposing forces or antagonistics; with strong arguments to sustain him where he says a certain amount of caloric in a solid body holds it as such by its small amount, which is cohesion; and when certain additional amounts of caloric are introduced, cohesion is sufficiently overcome to form a liquid; still further amounts, gas or vapor, when cohesion is entirely overcome, and by the identical same imponderable element or force. Whether or not there are just two distinct forces acting always in opposite directions, checkmating each other, equally potent and powerful, I shall not attempt to decide; or whether there are a number

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\* See *The New Eclectic Magazine*, August, 1869.

of forces, as we see manifested under different circumstances familiar to all men of science.

In a magnet we recognise two poles, one weaker than the other, so believed, though of the same nature. Now cut the magnet into two parts. Each part has two poles, though not of the same power as before cutting. Divide again, and the same results follow, and continue so long as subdivisions are made.

All molecules of matter either simple or compound have been conceived to be so many minute magnets, each having two poles; and when two or more molecules are united, two poles still. All masses of matter, even this great Earth, have but the two recognised poles; hence the Earth may be considered a great magnet.

One pole of the magnet, called the positive, is supposed to attract and contract; the other, called the negative, to repel and disperse.

Now reduce the magnet to a circle, and we may suppose a double current passing around this circle in opposite directions, whether with fixed poles or not I cannot say. The earth no doubt has her poles determined by solar influence. Whether or not this polar force be two distinct entities, or only one, and that one self-divisive by mutual repulsion at the centre of each mass or molecule from self dislike, has not been determined. We recognise here a repellent and an attractive, or antagonistic relations.

Can we conclude that gravity and cohesion are the same as positive polarity, and repulsion the same as negative? If so, we may conclude that all bodies occupy the same relations to each other that two magnets do, and that the positive pole of the one attracts the negative pole of the other, and *vice versa*; the power of such attraction and repulsion being governed by mass and distance.

Can these polarities be recognised as the dualistics of Poe? He speaks of forces being set free from one group of atoms to affect other groups, the sum of all the forces remaining the same. I cannot conceive how any group of atoms can be made to part with all their forces, or even any at all, however acted on any further than by mutual disturbance and equilibrium. I regard the forces as constant, persistent, and inherent in all bodies. I cannot conceive, like Poe, separate universes totally independent of each other; as I believe all mutually act and react on each other throughout space according to mass and distance: there being definite limits to these effects, time being a sequence.

I cannot conceive molecular expansion as being equal to attraction and cohesion. If so, the cosmos must have remained in chaos or vapor. Instead, we find a system of globes, still undergoing condensation by radiation of heat force, without apparently receiving in turn any equivalent expansive force.

If Poe's views be correct, the nebular hypothesis must be a failure. Hirn's idea of spirit being something independent of and different from force and matter, I am not ready to accede to.

Poe's conceptions of irradiation of atoms from a common centre of the universe, which he conceives is limited, presupposes on his part the idea that all matter sprang from nihility, or from one original atom by multiplication of that atom by Divine Will; which he beautifully

illustrates in his description of a glass globe and irradiation commencing at the centre, sending one set of atoms just sufficient to fill the outer layer on the inside of this sphere, the force diminishing inversely as the square of the distance, and the irradiating force moving outwardly. The next layer not being the same as the first (minus mass of matter of first layer and diminished distance), the force gradually diminishes with each concentric layer interiorly until the whole globe is filled from the central starting-point uniform in density throughout, when the centrifugal and centripetal forces just counterbalance each other, and a perfect state of rest is secured. This theory is beautifully described, and seems to be the crowning point of his conceptions in relation to the creation of the universe out of nothing, only the Will of the Creator. As before stated, here I differ with him in the conception that something springs from nothing, or can so spring. His explanation of atomic attraction, gravitation, and dispersion, or balancing and checkmating of the inward and outward forces, needs no comment, as he seems to fully comprehend the whole subject as commonly understood. He seems to be fully conversant with all the knowledge extant at the time of his writing, and even in advance of his time, as stated in the review in *The New Eclectic*.

I differ from him in many points in cosmogony. In the first place, admitting his conceptions to be true, we have to suppose universal empty space before the cosmical beginning, and that empty space must be filled with matter created from nothing, this being the first act after the Divine Mind had predetermined so to do, the act being a secondary cause. This secondary cause would leave the universe where Laplace commences with his nebular hypothesis to create the solar system.

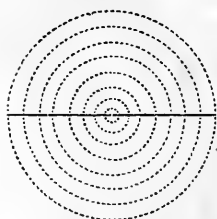
We may suppose the boundaries of this system to be inclosed within Poe's hollow sphere, just filled equally from centre to circumference. Now apply Laplace's nebular theory, until all the atoms are contracted into the present solar system, and the whole *schema* of the system, starting with Poe's conception, is complete. In the first place, Poe conceives the idea that the primary or irradiating force extends to a certain limit, where it ceases, and no recoil or reaction takes place, as all the atoms would be balanced by the balancing of forces, and in order to give gravity overbalancing power the first expansive force must be withdrawn; then the law of universal gravitation begins, being most powerful in the centre, diminishing outwardly in proportion to the square of the distance. Here I shall drive a pin, and differ *in toto* with him and all other orthodox ideas on the subject, and shall attempt to prove my position by Poe's own conceptions. He says that every atom or molecule attracts every other molecule in proportion to relative distance already given, in which he is undoubtedly correct. Now for the application of his theory. Supposing an atom at the surface to be acted on more powerfully directly through the centre of such spherical mass of atoms than in any other direction, which is actually true, what would we conclude? Simply that that molecule would be more powerfully drawn upon than at any other point in the interior, from the fact that all the molecules are on one side, and the greatest number on the central line through the mass all act on the one, the nearer ones more

energetically and the remoter ones less energetically, governed by the square of the distance already explained. Now move this atom down half-way to the centre in an imaginary hole, and the mass of atoms left in the rear pulls back, and the force in front is lessened just in proportion to the amount of matter passed by or taken from the front and placed in the rear. Now move the molecule to the centre of the mass, and how then stand the forces? Is there any force at any one point more attractive than at any other? I imagine not, as here tension must be equal, and the atom would even lose its entire gravity and seem to possess no weight or specific gravity at all. Gravity here would be nil, and the tendency of a solid atom or group of solid atoms would be to the gaseous or vapory form, from the tension outwardly on all sides; unlike an atom at the surface, where the tension is all on one of its hemispheres, none in the outward direction; hence, plus at surface, and minus at centre of gravity. Two atoms of matter on opposite sides of a sphere would each be attracted by the other, though in a less degree than by any other atom on a line intervening, as all the other atoms would be nearer to each than they would be to each other governed by distance, their neutralising distance being the half-way point.

These two opposite atoms on opposite sides, by mutually attracting each other (which is wholly independent of all intervening atoms, the same as though nothing intervened) necessarily exert a certain force on all intervening atoms, forcing them together just in proportion to such force, provided there be no counteracting effect. As this attractive force from one atom to the other passes other atoms on its way, these atoms in turn exert a force back towards themselves, as no atom carries its own attractions beyond itself, but culminates in its own centre or its centre of gravity. From what has already been explained, *a priori* the greatest density must be sought for at the surface, and the least at the centre of gravity. Any two intermediate atoms on the central line within the surface, would be more mutually attractive than the two at the surface, as the distance would be less; though on the other hand their attraction would be weakened for each other by the sum of attraction of all molecules outside of them, which at certain points would be negatived altogether and amount to nothing.

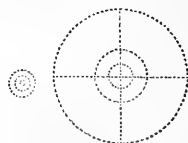
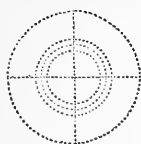
All these facts are easily comprehended by keeping Newton's law in view.

Let us now draw an imaginary sphere, represented by a circle thus, which we will call Poe's sphere, filled with solid atoms throughout, at their maximum density, though equally dense throughout.\* We will draw imaginary lines across the circle, and commence our observations at the centre with say 24 or any number of molecules. If there were no molecules outside of them, they would be mutually attracted; supposing them touching each other, their mutual attractions would be governed by quan-



\*[Our contributor seems to overlook the fact that Poe's hypothesis especially provides for *unequal* and not *equal* diffusion of the atoms.—Ed.]

tity of matter. Now surround this group of molecules to any imaginary extent, say to the size of our earth: what then would be the mutual attractive energies of this central group of molecules? Would their mutual attractions be the same to each other as though there were no other molecules surrounding them? Let us investigate. When there were none surrounding them, their attractions were all retained within themselves, now given up to surrounding molecules. Now imagine them surrounded as before stated: can all their mutual attractive force be still retained as before? As a matter of course not; the reason is obvious. The next layer or stratum outside would attract them, and in turn be attracted; supposing the number to be equal to the first group, and in contact, their attractions would be mutual. So one-half of the attraction that existed in the first group would be given up to the outside added group, the sum of the two attractions being just double what it was in the first instance; which would lead us to conclude that the force that attracted the first group was just the same as if there had been added an additional force equal to the first. How are the forces now exerted, and where would be the greatest density? Undoubtedly at the surface, as no additional force had been sent through the first group — thus — without being in turn counteracted, and even more than counteracted, leaving the central group less dense than at first. Each atom attracts the atom nearest to itself more than it does an atom on the outside of it, which I attempt to



represent by the 2d diagram, which we now see representing three circles of molecules instead of two, as in the 1st diagram. The outer circle of atoms is just equal to the two interior, and as a matter of fact just the same mean amount of attractive force added that existed in the mass; hence the mean force is doubled. Now supposing all the atoms touching each other as in a cannon ball, where will the greatest attractive force exist? See last diagram; counting the molecules represented through the central line, we have 6. Now commence at one side, and take the first molecule, whose attractive force we will call 6; the second, 5; third, 4; fourth, 3; fifth, 2; sixth and last, 1. Now commence on the opposite side, and reverse the order of numbering. We will suppose the force of attraction to be diminished in proportion to distance from the surface inwardly towards the central attractive point, diminishing in proportion to diminution of mass passing from the surface of the sphere to an imaginary point at the centre. As the amount of matter on the surface exceeds the amount of matter at the centre, so are located the forces governing the mass.

Let us now add another concentric layer on the surface of our imaginary sphere, equal in mass to all the remainder in contact. This additional amount of matter possesses the same amount of attractive force as the central mass, and the mean amount of attractive force of the two will be double what it was, though differently located. As before the greatest amount of force remained at the surface, so in the last instance the greatest force comes to the surface, as the last added layer con-

tained the same as the other mass ; the sum of the two forces being centred on the surface gradually diminishing to the centre, where zero is reached. The power of attraction on the surface, and at any imaginary point in the interior, will be governed by the explanations already given. Hence the greatest density must be looked for on the surface, and the least at the common centre of gravity of all masses of matter. Calculate it as you will, the results will be the same : the greatest attractive force will be found where the greatest amount of matter is found, which must always be at the surface of all spheres. The relative force as already explained being in proportion to mass of matter at the surface, the greatest ending at an imaginary centre representing a single atom of matter or point. In passing from the surface towards the centre of a spherical body, attraction is lessened exactly in proportion to the amount of matter passed by or taken from the front and left in the rear. This is self-evident to any one at all conversant with Newton's laws. In moving outwardly from the surface of any mass of matter it is entirely different, as in this instance the whole mass is left behind ; hence the ratio of diminution in both cases is not the same, as in the one instance the mass is penetrated, in the other the entire mass is left behind, and all on the same side, as before stated.

We might go on adding to our spherical mass layer after layer in imagination, until we had a globe as large as our sun. Precisely the same law will follow, no matter where we stop. Even the universality of stars in their relation to each other in space may be regarded as coming under the same rule ; hence there cannot be, as Poe imagines, a universal tendency to centralism or concretion by drawing together of the universe by universal gravitation. We may, however, construct in our minds a great circle on the outside of globes in contact, and all the others not included in this hollow sphere of globes forming the outer layer as being situated within, and then governed by the same law as already explained, and not as Poe supposes one conglomerate mass like our earth, or heterogeneity. Again, all spherical masses are drawn upon from the centre to the surface on all sides equally, and the interior in turn drawn upon from all sides of the surface. The latter being greatest, necessarily exerts force in proportion to quantity, zero being at the exact centre ; especially in all large masses, such as independent bodies in space. The same law that governs the molecules of the smallest known globe in space, equally applies to all bodies in the universe, wherever situated. As to small atoms situated on opposite sides of a circle or sphere of large dimensions, they may be so remote from each other as not to exert any mutual attraction. Still their influence is not lost. As the atoms nearest them on each side are acted on, those in turn act on others still further in, and so atom after atom is successively acted on until the centre is reached on opposite sides. This same rule equally applies to all the masses in the universal cosmos ; the stars and their attendants representing atoms in the above comparison.

S. P. CUTLER, M. D.

## BLINDNESS.\*

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LIGHT of my darkened path, a moment stay!  
With hand attentive, thou hast led me far,  
Since from the grass at early dawn we brushed  
The glittering dew, and greeted gratefully  
Upon the hill the joy-dispensing morn.  
With rambling thou art weary, gentle friend;  
This grassy, wooded knoll invites repose:  
Here let us take our leave of waning day.

The red-bird blithe, and sad-voiced whip-poor-will,  
Are leading in the slow-paced summer eve;  
A thousand insects hum their vesper hymn;  
The mellow lowing of the distant herds,  
The neigh of horses and the bleat of sheep,  
Mingling accordant, soothe the listening ear,  
And love for Him inspire who made them all.  
The reapers, homeward from their half-shorn fields,  
With jest and laugh and jocund sound abound.  
All living things seem glad; and I with them  
Rejoice, though all around, to me, is night—  
A night so dark that I perceive it not,  
And only know it by its lack of change.  
Day follows day, night follows night; yet day  
Is naught to me but round of wakefulness  
And sad renewal of my darkness. "Night  
Brings back my day," when friendly sleep sets free  
My prisoned soul, to roam at will through dreams,  
Where light once more upon my vision breaks,  
And cheering face of man mine eyes behold,  
Of brighter days reminding. Sweet to me  
Is dreaming, empty though it be to minds  
With joys more stable blessed; and to thee, Night,  
Who bringeth light in dreams, deep thanks I owe!

But oft I'm sad, Pensylla, that mine eyes  
Are shut forever from the sight of things  
By God created for the joy of man,  
And ope to naught but ever-brooding night,  
Whose foster child I am become since day,  
My natural mother, long has deemed me dead.

What gloom! A wall of shades, a dome of clouds!  
A sunless, moonless, starless sky, it hangs  
Betwixt me and the spangled blue of heaven.

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\* *Seen and Heard.* By Morrison Heady. Baltimore: H. C. Turnbull, Jr.

Earthward I turn mine eyes, and back recoil  
 At such unflinching darkness. Heavenward, then :  
 'Tis all a void—a universal void—  
 And man a wandering, viewless voice in air !  
 I'm lost in this infinitude of night,  
 To which no bounds, by space or time, seem fixed.

But, say ! can darkness circumscribe the range  
 Of thought—thought boundless as immensity—  
 And smother in its folds that heavenly spark  
 Which flashed from God's own brightness and inspired  
 The new-born man with immortality ?  
 Look up, my sorrowing soul ! nor quench thy fires  
 In unavailing grief. To mortal ken,  
 Unsearchable are ways of Providence.  
 For higher sphere than this thou art ordained ;  
 Beneficent death alone can end thy night,  
 And, with night, end thy doubts, thy fetters break,  
 Thy sorrows heal, and usher thee to life,  
 Where day rolls on without a vesper wane,  
 Where light is God's own presence, and that light  
 Forever at its zenith. I will mourn  
 No more, nor with unmanly sorrow Him  
 Upbraid, but close mine eyes and be resigned  
 To momentary darkness, since from God  
 It comes, as well as light. If I have mourned,  
 'Twas but the natural weakness of the flesh.

Pensylla, to the closing gates of day  
 Now turn thine eyes ;—thy sight is sight to me—  
 Thou art the lamp of my benighted steps.  
 Thou seest the sun, slow merging in a sea  
 Of liquid gold, shooting his tangent beams  
 Sheer o'er the earth, into the glimmering East.  
 He rises, and shows forth our nether world ;  
 He sets, and lo ! the moon and starry host,  
 Like sparks sent glancing from the eternal sun,  
 Rejoicing, on their nightly rounds appear.  
 With solemn mien, they tread the azure plain ;  
 Distant, yet in their numbers speaking power ;  
 Silent, yet in their glory telling praise.

Thus set my day—thus my long night approached ;  
 And may my night, ere its meridian—death—  
 Impend, some excellence in me reveal  
 Which God may deign, in future time, to own.

A STORY OF EULENBURG.—PART III.

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X.

NOW it was that the Princess began in truth to try the effect of her undoubted beauty, and strive to bring entirely to her feet him who had been carried from before those of her likeness, the lost statue, by Alice Fenwick; and at the same time, although he was her principal quarry, she did not seem to be unwilling to collect all that she could under her power. And yet in every case, and not only in that of Lewis Melvil, she still met with uniform failure; and this although all were unanimous in declaring her to be the most beautiful and *spirituelle* of women, so that to have had even the reputation of having an affair with her would in itself have been a distinction. As she had herself as much as said to Alice, there was still something incomplete about her that seemed to divide her from the world.

That she herself was aware of this would seem to be the case, from the train of thought in which she indulged when sitting at the open window of her house in the suburbs of Eulenburg one fine autumn morning. I believe that I have already formally announced to the reader that I do not hold myself bound to account in every case for the manner in which I choose to be acquainted with all the details of this history. If he has forgotten it, I now announce it once more.

"And so it is not true, as I supposed, and as men choose to fancy and pretend, that still the fairest needs must rule the world; since to be loved one must be more than fair, and even love and beauty buy not love, for there is none with beauty like to mine, nor is there one who loves as well as I — and yet I am not loved.

"Thus mine is not the life that I would learn. I have learned nothing but the pain of life — painful with all its sweetness. I did not desire to live that I might pour forth all and receive nothing. That is for the things of Art — for statues, pictures; not for me, a living, loving woman.

"I am no marble, content to give its beauty and its grace without a word of thanks: I am no picture, absorbing all the glory of the light only to shed it in a greater glory of red and gold and blue: I am no violet, that blossoms and is sweet, although no eye beholds and blesses it: I am no rose, whose life is all fulfilled when it is plucked, robbed of its spirit, and then thrown aside. Shall, then, my body be no better prized — my eyes draw in no part of the world's beauty for my own pleasure? Shall my heart be warm, and my soul's glory great, without reward? Should hunger be made full and thirst be quenched, yet love keep dry and empty?

"My last wish shall not be made in vain. When the time comes I will desire no more such poor half gifts as those I have obtained.

For still one wish is left to me to use — and by that last, I will not live in vain.

“But that my last may not, like those, be wasted, I will test once more my own strength and my beauty’s power ; and then, if that should fail, then I will use my third, last wish — for I must needs be loved.”

Truly any one who looked on her in her reverie would have wondered that she should need any gift for conquest other than the life and beauty and heart full of love that she had already. That she herself was fully convinced that, in one way or another, she could not fail, might be read in the expression of consciously expected triumph to which her first look of weariness had now given way. Certainly Alice Fenwick had plenty of reason to fear for the heart and faith of her lover, if she valued them still.

Just as the Princess had reached this point, Lewis Melvil himself passed by, and looking up, saw her as she sat framed, as it were, with the late roses that still climbed and blossomed round the window, and hung down over her golden head. An actual blush came over her face, and her eyes deepened and brightened as their looks met. By a sign she invited him to enter.

This time she did not mention her portrait ; an omission at which he was not a little relieved. Indeed her whole conversation was of an altogether different tone from that which was habitual to it. It corresponded with her manner, which, for her, was strangely soft and tender — it was almost caressing. There is a well-known picture of Titian which on many grounds I consider a masterpiece, and which is own sister to the poem of Shakespeare called ‘Venus and Adonis.’ Read in connection with the poem, which is an easy thing to do, it expresses the moment of the disdainful smile that a second time strikes the “poor queen of love, in her own law forlorn.” I pride myself upon a special comprehension of the idea of it, and with some reason ; having known, as I have known, one who could be blind and deaf to the Princess de Paro. The idea that any mere mortal should impassively withstand and reject the love of the queen of love herself may in itself seem monstrous, unless he were fortified by some such celestial vision as comforted St. Anthony in his struggles ; but to me it has a peculiar significance. Even Venus herself, according to orthodox mythology, needed something besides her own beauty and her own love to make her triumph sure. She also needs a magic girdle ; and as yet the Princess de Paro had not donned that final resource of hers which she had seemed to claim in her reverie.

I hope that I have not by any chance suggested, by my allusion either to Titian or to Shakespeare, any return on the part of my princess of the nineteenth century to the Arcadian or Phœnician style of love-making. If I have done so, I have done her much wrong. The old story was reproduced by her in no grosser form than old stories are being reproduced among us every day in the simple forms and colours that eyes and voices and changes of tone and complexion afford. But then it is just these simple forms and colours that are most dangerous. In these modern times, and in Western nations, sentiment is not so much the herald as the very mother of passion.

As I wish to leave as strong an impression as I am able to give in a

very few words of the influence to which Lewis Melvil ought, upon every consideration of probability, to have been subjected by her, and to which she, for her part, did her very best to subject him, I shall not make any attempt to give the words of any of the conversations to which these remarks of mine refer. It is almost invariably the case that the words which mean most to the ear when spoken convey least to the mind when written; for an actual word, when it means most, is itself always the least part of itself. Excepting in logical discussion, when words are used to represent purely intellectual ideas, and have no more life in them than algebraic symbols, people really speak, not with words, but with tones, looks, and gestures, which cannot be represented by the letters of the alphabet. Save in order to elucidate their story or to develop a character, I am not sure that novelists and narrators would not do wisely, on the whole, if they were to abstain from reporting the words of conversations altogether; if they were to describe their effect merely, and not, by extracting from them the dead part, only succeed in giving their readers either a false idea or else no idea at all. It requires a certain amount of special genius and a special kind of cultivation on the part of a reader to understand talk on paper, as any one who has only read a play of Shakespeare finds out with surprise if he ever has the rare good fortune to hear it put into life by a competent actor.

For my own part, the only conditions upon which I would, save in order to comply with the necessary demands of narration, and with a view to the direct explanation of facts and motives, set forth any words purporting to be those of the Princess de Paro, would be that I might be at liberty to throw them into a professedly poetic form, so as to idealise them far more than is ever allowable in prose; and that then they should not be read privately, but declaimed on a public stage by an actress such as I have seen in imagination only. Still better would it be, perhaps, if they could be given in musical recitative by some *quasi*-contralto voice, such as I have actually heard, and hope again to hear, to the accompaniment, now of some full-chorded harmony of Spohr, and now, I think, of some overflowing melody of the *gran maestro* who died last year. Then I should wish that while the audience listened in perfect silence and in perfect repose—for which reason the performance should not take place in any theatre with which I am acquainted—the other senses should be gratified also: among other things, there should be a fugitive and vague perfume of mixed flowers, among which the daphne should hold a prominent place. And yet the scene should not take place at night, under a flare of artificial light and heat. There must be no roof over our heads to interpose between the music of sounds and perfumes and the sun and blue sky. The birds and bees and all natural sounds that seem to mingle with rather than disturb all other music should have full permission to form a chorus *ad libitum*; and in the distance should be just audible the faint splash of a calm sea. I have it—the theatre of the Acropolis must be restored—and then I will see what I can do.

Meanwhile I will only ask my reader to imagine as much as he possibly can, and then to believe that Lewis Melvil remained still unmoved. At last Madame de Paro must have thought that she had

sufficiently put her unaided beauty to the test, and that it was time to form that third and last wish by which the young artist was to be made hers wholly and for ever. Up to this moment, although she had seemed perfectly unrestrained outwardly, her whole soul had been on the strain; but now she allowed herself to relax. She could not nerve herself to a full effort of what is called "will"—or as I should prefer to term it, the free indulgence of a single unmixed impulse—all at once, and without some preparation. She needed to change her attitude and gather herself together before she sprang. Her heart became filled with anxious fear, the glowing light died from her face, and her eyes fell. She felt languid and weak, and an intense longing came upon her to reverse the position which she intended to bring about, and instead of bringing Melvil to her feet by an effort of strength, to sink down, in utter helplessness, at his. As for Melvil himself, little did he think that these signs of weakness were only intended to herald his own captivity. Presently she began to raise her eyes through the arch of roses to the blue sky.

Eternal mingling of poetry and prose! The very words were on the lips of her heart when a tap was heard at the door, and there appeared the squat figure and expressionless face of the curator of the museum, Doctor Mohnkopf. He had become acquainted with Madame de Paro during her stay at Eulenburg, but not well; and neither did she find any pleasure in his society nor he in hers. Indeed he infinitely preferred marble to flesh and blood, and would have gladly sacrificed a thousand Princesses de Paro, or of anywhere else, if by so doing he stood a chance of recovering the missing statue. The Hercyna was unique; but there were plenty of women in the world—and all, as he used to think, turned out after much the same pattern, so that a few hundreds more or less would make no difference. Holding these opinions, it may be supposed that he was not very popular with the sex which he thus professed to despise.

"*Guten Morgen, gnäd'ge Frau,*" he said to the lady, who looked at him as though she knew how to hate as well as to love; "it is right beautiful weather, and good for the harvest. A letter came to the museum yesterday directed to Herr Melvil—in passing, I stopped at his house to deliver it. There I heard that he had been seen come in here, so I brought it in, as it was marked 'Immediate.' Excuse me, *gnäd'ge Frau,*" and he handed me the letter.

She bowed to the curator not over-politely.

"May I open it?" asked Melvil. "It is marked 'Immediate,' and I recognise the hand." His heart beat as he spoke, for it was from Mrs. Dalton.

"Certainly," answered the Princess.

Without even remembering to thank the Herr Doctor for his good-nature—who, after trying clumsily to say a few civil things to the Princess, took his departure—Melvil opened the letter; and very soon was rude enough to forget the presence of Madame de Paro herself, who, poor lady, sat and watched him silently and anxiously as he read.

Two sheets of paper fell from the envelope. The first which he read was this:—

"30 — SQUARE, LONDON.

"MY DEAR MR. MELVIL, — I — we, I should say — cannot thank you half enough for your most kind letter. We are indeed in terrible trouble, of which not the least part is the dreadful things people say; though how they can believe them of Sir John, who has always been so respected, I cannot understand. Your letter was therefore all the more welcome. It was just what I should have expected from you, however — not that everybody has done at all what one expected. We cannot afford to lose any of our friends now; and so, once more, it was very good of you to write. If there is anything you can really do, I will not hesitate to let you know. You mean what you say, I am sure.

"Of course poor Alice's marriage has had to be broken off. I don't know, I am sure, what she is to do, poor child! I gave her your enclosure, and she says she is going to answer it; so I will not say more about that myself. I should be so glad, only don't do anything imprudent. You must think of yourself as well as of us; and we are not in a position to think for you.

"I am sure Sir John would wish to be remembered to you if he knew I was writing, only all his time is so taken up with the lawyers and people. How I hope we shall get through it all somehow. I myself, they tell me, shall have enough to scramble on with; but then you know when everybody else will be so poor that will be the same as having nothing at all. But I suppose it's all for the best, if one could only see it. Once more, with my best thanks, and my best wishes, believe me, my dear Mr. Melvil, yours most sincerely and gratefully,

"MARY ANNE DALTON."

This was the second:—

"17 — STREET.

"DEAR MR. MELVIL, — My aunt has given me the letter you enclosed for me, and I reply to it as soon as possible. Of course I leave it to my aunt to thank you for your kind offers of help — I fear there is no one who can do anything for us that is worth doing — and come to that part which concerns myself. I certainly do not need to be reminded either of Eulenburg or of Paris." . . . (Here followed certain explanations which I now regret having already given in my own words, as I have thereby deprived myself of the pleasure of giving them in hers. The letter went on thus:;) "But I cannot consent to be a burden on you, as I should be, for very many years to come, even if you are as successful as you deserve to be. You must not ruin yourself for my sake. Wait, at all events, until this cloud is over, and we all of us know how we are placed. That any fortune can be saved — not that I do you such injustice as to suppose you think of that — is quite impossible, they say; but our name will at all events again be clear.

"Papa is much touched by your generosity, if you will let me call it so — it is his own word. He has seen your letter, of course, and he knows I am writing this.

"If only for my sake, think well over your own position. I should never forgive myself if I thought you were in any way sacrificing yourself.—Believe me, yours most sincerely,

"ALICE FENWICK."

"Should you be in London, you will find us at this address."

*Victoria!* "Be in London?" — as fast as horses can gallop! which, by the way, was not very fast on the post-roads in those times, especially about Eulenburg.

"Madame! How can I apologise? — I have been very rude —"

"You have received good news — I read it in your face. That is more than sufficient apology. May I congratulate you?"

"You may congratulate me a thousand times."

The moment of Madame de Paro's final triumph was rapidly approaching now. Certainly it was altogether a most unfortunate time for Alice Fenwick.

## XI.

It is not difficult to tell from what country a letter comes, even by casually glancing at the outside, when one's eyes are as quick and as good as those of the Princess de Paro; and, seeing that that of Melvil came from England, and coupling this fact with that of his joyful excitement, her heart was filled with jealousy of her English rival. The jealousy was utterly unreasonable, it is true, seeing that she professed to have the power to at once remove all cause for it; but then love is not always reasonable in its proceedings, and jealousy never, as I think I have said before.

"It is not so usual," she said, "to witness happiness, that one does not wish to share it when it comes in one's way."

"It is rather selfish happiness, I am afraid."

"But we are friends, are we not? And I have heard that friendship doubles pleasure. Am I right in thinking that your news is of Miss Fenwick?"

"Miss Fenwick? Do you know anything of her, then?"

"Do not look as though you took me for a sorceress. You showed me her picture in Paris, and I met her at Rome."

"My news is of Miss Fenwick, certainly. But it is not good — that is —"

"And yet you are happy?" she asked, with hope in her voice. "Is she ill?"

"It is always happiness to be brought nearer to those we — to our friends, even though it is by their descent to us and not by our ascent to them. No, she is not ill, thank God! But she is now as poor as I am."

"She is to be married, I heard?"

"To Lord Wynfield, you mean? Not now."

"To yourself, then?"

"That is the hope of my life — and if it depends upon her and me —"

"But it depends upon neither."

"On her father, you mean? But he —"

"On her father? No."

"On whom, then, Madame?"

"On me!"

She rose from her seat, and stood as if in truth she were Lachesis incarnate, holding in her hand the spindles of life.

It was certainly a startling assertion, to be made by one who was apparently in full health both of body and mind. Suddenly, however, she relaxed from her statuesque attitude, and said, with a sad smile,

"That was well acted, was it not? and would have brought down the house. I always thought I had some tragic talent — or comic, perhaps," she added, with a sigh that was certainly no piece of acting; "which was it? After such a *coup*, I must dismiss you to-day, if you will excuse me. But only for to-day, mind. I shall expect to see you again soon — and to see you still as happy, though perhaps not quite in the same way."

She was alone again, with her own chamber and the sky that was still blue through the roses.

"And now for my triumph," she said to herself, "and it shall be brought about solemnly."

She paced her room in deep thought, or rather in a deep dream; for they were emotions rather than conscious thoughts that were chasing each other through her heart. An hour passed by thus, and still she had not yet uttered the wish that was to insure her life and victory.

"Is it that I fear the fulness of life?" she asked herself. "Is it that I dare to love, yet dare not be loved?"

But her question remained unanswered. Whether she dared this or not, she dared not utter the word.

Then she left off the continual pacing backwards and forwards through the room, and threw herself upon a couch far from the window. It was now the afternoon. She lay there for long, wondering at the weakness that forbade her to reach out her hand to the prize that lay almost within it.

She lay there until the sun was going down, and the room had grown dim; for though the weather was still bright and warm, it was sufficiently within the province of autumn for the days to be rapidly shortening. Thus she remained in passive silence, while the war within her grew more and more defined, until at last, little by little, the space between the two opposing armies of emotions became open and unconfused.

It declared itself to be the old battle which is always taking place in so many different forms — the strife between one's love for another solely for that other's sake, and one's love for that other for the sake of one's self: in this case, between her desire for the happiness of Melvil simply because she loved him, and her desire for his happiness in order that thereby she herself might be rendered happy. It is a battle that takes place, consciously or unconsciously, not only in respect of this special kind of love, but of every other kind — of the love of parents for children, of patriots for their country, of philanthropists for their kind. The Princess de Paro could insure the happiness of him she loved by simply abstaining from using the hitherto unused power that she professed to be hers; but then she herself would suffer, and the whole object of her life would fail. She could secure the happiness of herself by making use of that power; but then, in order to secure that happiness for which she longed, she must render her future lover false, treacherous, and a coward, and unworthy of any woman's love; and besides, it by no means followed that he would find happiness in loving

her. She must either sacrifice him to her or herself to him. But, after all, supposing she did make up her whole soul to sacrifice him, had she not lived solely for the purpose of gaining love? She certainly had not wished for life in order to live in misery and imperfection until she died. And now, in any case, she must continue to love this one man — she felt that she could love no other; so that, if she did not make him hers she must come to an end at last with her life incomplete and unfinished, having learned only the evil and sorrowful side of the world, while at the same time she had had the power to enjoy the good side also. This, at all events, must never be.

And so the darkness came on; and gradually her thoughts began again to wander, and to lose their concentration until they became rather a series of visible and almost tangible images, such as belong to dreams, than the invisible and intangible ideas that we usually mean when we speak of thoughts.

Now there are two theories held by archæologists as to the origin of the name *Eulenburg*, which I have already translated, “stronghold of owls.” The figurativist school, which is in the numerical majority, and comprehends especially the *savans* of all the towns in the immediate neighbourhood, ascribe it to the fact that its inhabitants are pre-eminently owlish, and given to day-dreaming; while the literalist school, of which Doctor Mohnkopf himself was a distinguished member, derive the name from a number of owls which do, in point of fact, frequent the neighbourhood — “Quite as much a sign,” he says, in his treatise on the subject, “of the presence of the goddess of wisdom as of the god of dreams — if, indeed, the two are not the same person under different aspects.”

But, however this may be, there were certainly owls at Eulenburg, both brown, black, white, and grey. Now, while I have great sympathy with these feathered philosophers, I am very ignorant of their real habits; so that if any scientific objection is made to the following conversation that took place outside the open window of the Princess de Paro, but within her hearing, it is not I who am to be held responsible for taking liberties with natural history, but the creatures themselves; and no one ought to be so wedded to a system as to throw discredit on what he is told, merely because it does not happen to accord with his own necessarily limited experience.

*Caspar*. — “The evenings are getting rather chilly, I fancy.”

*Melchior*. — “Yes — it is time our feathers began to thicken. What o’clock is it?”

*Balthazar*. — “The bell of the *Dom-Kirche* has just gone nine.”

*Caspar*. — “I thought it was later. There is plenty of time then. I am hardly awake yet.”

*Melchior*. — “What a sleepy-headed old bird you are! You’re never ready to set out. It’s the early bird that picks up the mouse.”

*Balthazar*. — “Yes; and they’ve got a new cat up at the barn; and new cats eat clean, you know.”

*Caspar*. — “Well, I suppose I am getting old, and like my sleep o’ days better than I did. Perhaps, after all, cats are not such monsters if we could but consider them from their own standpoint. I suppose they have their use in the world.”

*Melchior*.—"I don't know about that. They not only steal our game, but they don't object to meal on ourselves."

*Balthazar*.—"Caspar, you see, can afford to be charitable; he knows that he would be such tough eating."

*Caspar*.—"Any way, we needn't be in such a hurry to set out just yet. I like to begin the night with a little talk."

*Melchior* (to *Balthazar*).—"We'd better humour the old bird. I want to get out of him about that rat-hole, you know."

*Balthazar*.—"All right. We'll take it easy for a little, then. Only don't forget that that cat will be before us, that's all."

*Caspar*.—"Oh, there's plenty of time. What have you been thinking about to-day, *Melchior*?"

*Melchior*.—"I? Oh, my old subject—the origin and development of species. I have got as far as the development of apes into men—that is easy; but you see there is still a huge gap to fill up before we can ascend from man to the *Bubo*. Was there ever a feathered man, I wonder? There are fowls without feathers, they say—perhaps they are the connecting link."

*Caspar*.—"And you, *Balthazar*?"

*Balthazar*.—"Squaring the circle."

*Caspar*.—"And have you squared it yet?"

*Balthazar*.—"All but. And you?"

*Caspar*.—"I? I have been thinking about love!"

*Melchior*.—"Pallas Athene!"

*Balthazar*.—"Stars and poppies!"

*Caspar*.—"Don't swear, there's good birds. I am writing its history."

*Melchior*.—"Oh, that's quite another matter."

*Balthazar*.—"I thought you might have been mistaking pairing-time."

*Caspar*.—"The idea! Do you take me for a man, and suppose that I don't know when to marry and when not? But perhaps you can help me. I want some examples."

*Melchior*.—"Of what?"

*Caspar*.—"You must both of you have observed a good deal in your time. I want an instance of perfect human love. What is the most perfect love you ever knew?"

*Melchior*.—"Yes, I have seen and known much in my time; but that is a difficult question. Let me see."

*Balthazar*.—"And I too, as you say, have seen and known much. But I must consider."

*Caspar*.—"I have lived longer than either of you, and seen and known more; but my instance is very imperfect."

*Melchior*.—"What is it?"

*Caspar*.—"The most perfect love of which ever I heard was this: There was a certain knight of the Holy Temple loved a lady who loved him again, and so she slew herself that he whom she loved might remain pure in body and in soul."

*Melchior*.—"That is well; but I have known of a yet more perfect love. There was a young girl loved one who loved her not, nor even gave her a thought of kindness. And so she too slew herself, and sent him a flower, that he might give one kind thought of her before he also died."

*Balthazar.*—"That is well also ; but I have known of yet more perfect love. She of whom I know lived and died unloved, but she lived that she might bestow upon him she loved all good gifts, nor did she ever seek to be loved again. So it is that scarcely the angels love mankind."

*Caspar.*—"That also is well ; but I, as I blinked and dosed to-day, bethought me of a yet more perfect love—the highest that may be shown by mortal man. But hark ! What is that ?"

*Melchior.*—"Ten o'clock by the *Dom-Kirche* !"

*Balthazar.*—"Off, then ! The mice are at play."

*Melchior.*—"And the cat is not away."

*Caspar.*—"Fly, then ; but not too fast, for my pinion-joints are getting stiff and rusty. If you should arrive first, leave a mouse or two for the old bird."

*Melchior* (to *Balthazar*).—"The cunning old rogue ! He means to give us the slip as we go, and slink off to that private rat-hole."

*Balthazar.*—"Off, then ! *Hu !*"

The moon, which had long been rising, now streamed broadly through the roses in the window and filled the room. The Princess de Paro suddenly rose from the couch on which she lay, and, standing upright, looked out into the night and towards the sky, which was still blue between the thin white clouds. The last stroke of the clock, the last cry of the owls, was still in her ears.

"Thus, then, I will make my last wish—and I make it with a firm and willing heart. Whatever it may prove, be it for sorrow or for joy, for life or for death, let me fulfil that highest, that most perfect love of all."

## XII.

THE moon which streamed through the roses, streamed also once more into the long gallery of the museum, and again aroused its inhabitants to their nightly pastime. But it is not with these that I have to do. I mention them merely to recall the scene to mind.

Shall I be understood now when I also remind the reader that the next day was the 15th of September—the very day on which I received that sudden summons from Dr. Mohnkopf of which I spoke at the beginning of this history ? Shall I be understood now when I allude again to the wild fancy that rushed into my mind when I again looked on the long-lost Hercyna—to the fancy that afterwards developed itself into this narrative, of which I have been compelled, however unworthily, to assume the part of the hero ? Would it could have ended otherwise than it did, and that Lewis Melvil had been other than I ! And yet, no—the world would have lost a beautiful statue, and that it can ill afford to lose. I fear that I may seem to speak unfeelingly in the matter, thinking about it as I feel myself obliged to think. But however lightly, perhaps conceitedly, I may appear to speak or to have spoken, it is not because fear and wonder were not then in my heart, or because the memory of it all is not in my heart even now. But, like those of my old acquaintance Caspar, the bones of my pinions are

grown a little rusty, and I hope to be excused for a little coldness of style.

I must also say something more. I have said already that the true story of the missing Hercyna as developed in the minds of my friend the curator and myself somehow made more impression upon him than upon me; in fact, that he, although I do not yield to him in fulness of belief—for had I not seen and known?—is to be held, rather than myself, its responsible author. I never afterwards saw him without his discussing the matter with me from beginning to end, and looking at it on all sides and from every possible point of view—more especially when his largest china bowl had twice been filled with his own especial *knaster*, and his own especial glass-bottomed and silver-covered mug had thrice been emptied and four times filled.

"My dear Ludwig," he said to me the last time, alas! that I had the pleasure—for to me it always was a pleasure—of thus sitting with him,—“my dear Ludwig, it is as plain as that circle which just now escaped from my pipe and is at this moment hanging in the air. It is broken now, I see, but the result of the comparison is the same. But you have no sympathy, you see; and how could you? It was not in the programme. If you had, the sacrifice would have been in vain. I will tell you what the oldest owl was going to say when the clock struck.”

He looked by no means unlike an old owl himself, with his hooked nose, his blinking spectacled eyes, his short thick body, and his hair brushed up perpendicularly on each side of his bald head. I looked curious, for this had always been a difficulty with me; nor had the Herr Curator arrived at the explanation until after some few years of close thought, for I have had to pass over two or three years in order to introduce this conversation.

"You see," he went on, "she did not sacrifice her love for the sake of one who loved her, like the Knight Templar's lady. She did not sacrifice her life in order to be loved, like the girl with the flower. She did not satisfy her love by living for one who loved her not, but for the sake of one who loved her not she sacrificed her love. We have therefore seen more than those old birds, Ludwig, men though we are, and as yet unfeathered—though, if there be other souls like that, some of us will mount wings one of these days."

"But that I, of all men in the world, should be deemed worthy of such a sacrifice!"

"It is true that you were utterly unworthy of it," answered Doctor Mohnkopf, politely; "but that question belongs to a different branch of mysteries. I have always observed that in these cases one party is invariably unworthy of the other. Generally, of course, it is the woman who is unworthy of the man"—he professed misogyny, be it remembered—"but it does sometimes happen, as in your case, my dear Ludwig, that the man is not worthy to clean the woman's shoes."

"I am quite willing to assent," I replied.

"But then, on the other hand," he said, "your unworthiness only makes the sacrifice the stronger. It was not as though she was by any means your slave: she was a free agent. There must be sympathy to bring about moral subjection. Ah!" he added, "would I had been thirty

years younger!" and he heaved a sigh, which made him look like a very sentimental old owl indeed. I could not forbear smiling at the idea that he apparently entertained.

"You may smile," he said, "but that only proves that you do not understand me. That she should ever have loved *me* is a ridiculous notion — almost as ridiculous as the idea that she loved you; but she would not have ended without having been loved — ay, and she shall not, even now, unless marble is harder than I think." He paused, and for some minutes sat and smoked in the silence either of thoughts or of dreams. I was gradually also beginning to grow unconscious of where I was, and to wander into strange and obscure regions, when I again heard the Doctor's voice through the smoke. He did not, however, seem to be addressing me individually — indeed I doubt if he was aware of my presence. His voice sounded like that of a professor addressing a class of which I happened to be a member.

"It is written in the Talmud, as the saying of Rabbi Baruch ben Elias, that 'love is better than sacrifice.' It is written in the Museum of Eulenburg, as the deed of a graven image, that sacrifice is better than love."

It was decidedly a fixed idea with the old gentleman; and, as I have said, he took to showing his sympathy with the statue in the only way in which, I conjecture, sympathy with a statue can well be shown — that is to say, by spending part of every day in its company. I do not imagine that he went so far as to suppose that any sympathetic current could really flow between himself and a piece of marble, but he certainly acted as though he supposed it. He was always a man of the most extremely regular habits, so that he, for his own part, made a real sacrifice in altering them so as to gain time for these daily devotions; but the merit of it did not last for long, since these visits of his very soon became a second nature to him which he could not have broken through even if he would. Every day, at the same hour, would the Herr Curator take up his position in front of the Hercyna, heedless of students and visitors. There he would sit in silence, at first with his eyes open and fixed on the form before him. Then, by degrees, his eyes would begin to blink, and his head to make sudden jerks forward. At last it would fall completely upon his breast; his eyes would close, his mouth would become open, while the silence of the place would be most unmusically disturbed. As days grew to years, and years increased in number, these fits of sleep commenced sooner and lasted longer; until, like the Knight of Toggenburg,—

So he laid him down and slumbered,  
With no dream of pain,  
And rejoicing, when the morning  
Came to him again:  
So for many a day he sat there,  
So for many a year,  
Keeping silence, till the vision  
Should again appear:

So he sat, till dead one morning  
Slept he in the place,  
Towards the spot where he beheld her  
Turning still his face.

And now that I have told the whole of what I undertook to tell, I do not know whether it is incumbent upon me or not to add anything about my own love-story, which, however interesting it may have been, and is, to its hero, must not be assumed by him to be in itself, and for its own sake, necessarily interesting to others. Were it not for its connection with the episode of the Princess de Paro, from which it was inseparable, it would never have been told at all. But, knowing that there are plenty of people who, being poor I suppose in the matter of imagination, always like to be told, in so many words, the end of everything, I will indulge myself by making my last words relate to my dear Alice, who has also, for some years past, after a good and pure and happy life, gone to that land of shadows, towards which I, too, have made no little progress. Indeed, of all my *dramatis personæ* I am now the only one who is still a living reality.

As may, I should hope, be imagined even by those who call out most loudly for formal *dénouements*, I left Eulenburg at once, was soon in London, and lost no time in calling on Sir John Fenwick, who certainly received me in a manner very different from that of former times. He was evidently rejoiced and relieved at the thought of his daughter's having found a husband and protector under circumstances in which the misery of ruin was enhanced by suspicion and slander. But still, like his daughter, he would consent to no engagement till matters should have grown clearer; and he altogether showed a real generosity and delicacy towards myself at which I was then inexperienced enough to be surprised, and which I then did him the injustice of ascribing to the effect of our altered position towards each other. I did not then see that, to whatever extent he had formerly been opposed to or prejudiced against me, he had always been actuated, if not by the highest, yet by good motives; and that, in reality, it had been for me to prove my worth in his eyes, and by no means for him to prove his in mine.

In this position matters remained for some time — in a state, that is, which was half satisfactory to me by reason of my having become so unexpectedly, and after so much unhappiness, the accepted and openly-declared lover of Alice — half unsatisfactory still, by reason of there being no prospect of our being married for very many years to come. I had the whole of my way in life still to make — it was scarcely even begun; and so, I need hardly say, considering my very uncertain position and my very certain want of both means and influential friends, whether in possession or in prospect, the way seemed as though it would be very long indeed, without the intervention of a miracle.

Of course, however, I worked hard and did my best, now that work did mean getting nearer to Alice; and though I had more ill-luck than good-luck, I did not quite stand still. At last I was surprised one morning in December by receiving the following letter, which had evidently found very great trouble in finding me, as it had travelled to Eulenburg and I know not where: —

“—RUE —, PARIS, *September* —, 18—.

“DEAR SIR, — We have been instructed by Madame la Princesse de Paro, who honours us with her confidence, and for whom we are acting generally, to transfer to your hands the sum of — francs, in full and

final payment for certain work done by you for her in your profession, and as the price of certain works of art. Madame la Princesse has, by this time, left Europe, and we are no longer in communication with her; but we have undertaken to act for her in arranging her affairs, and have full power to do so.

"Awaiting your instructions in the matter as to the mode in which you would prefer that the above sum should be transferred, and whether you would wish that the account should remain in our hands for the present, accept, Monsieur, the expression of the very high consideration of your most obedient servants,

"M — ET CIE.,

"Bankers, &c."

I have not named the sum of which I thus found myself master; but it was a fortune — not relatively to my then circumstances, but absolutely. It was so large, and so out of all proportion with anything I had ever done for Madame de Paro, that I had real scruples about receiving so much from her on any consideration; and with this view I wrote at once to Monsieur M —, explaining the circumstances to such an extent as I thought necessary.

In reply, I received this: —

"DEAR SIR, — We have received yours of the — th ult. In reply, we have to say that our instructions were such as we stated to you in ours of the — th, and were altogether positive. We were given to understand by Madame la Princesse de Paro that the amount of remuneration for your services was to be left entirely to her.

"In this matter we have no discretion but to fulfil the instructions with which we were honoured by Madame la Princesse.

"Hoping that we may also be honoured with yours at your earliest convenience, and that we may be favoured with your account, accept, Monsieur, &c.

"M — ET CIE."

After this, there was but one course for me to take. I tried my best to find out, through the bankers and through other sources, what had become of my more than generous patroness; and I fixed upon a certain date, before which I resolved to abstain from using a penny of her gift — I cannot call it by any other name. Finally, however, there was nothing for me to do but accept it: and so it was that, at a time far in anticipation of my very wildest hopes, I became the husband of Alice Fenwick. And now those who may have had any curiosity to know the end, so far as I and my wife were personally concerned, know all about it — as much, in fact, as I know myself.

There is now only one point upon which I ought to touch before coming to a final close. It will probably strike others, as it has struck me, that these instructions to her banker are somewhat inconsistent, in many ways, with the history of the Princess de Paro as it was read by Doctor Mohnkopf — that is to say, the question remains, supposing his version to be the true one, how and when did she communicate with Paris after I last saw her at Eulenburg? To this I have no answer to give. I cannot account for this discrepancy; and yet it is seemingly so strong as fully to justify any one in thinking that the Princess de

Paro, having finished her travels, did simply, and in point of fact, leave Europe, and return to her home in Circassia, or in the land of Prester John, or wherever it might be, and that the recovery of the statue at that particular time was nothing more than a coincidence. But then, on the other hand, it is only poems, romances, and suchlike artificial things in which all is consistent, and everything is left accounted for in a probable manner. In the simplest complications of real life, there are always a hundred discrepancies, and a hundred knots that cannot be unravelled. To my mind, therefore, a difficulty of this sort throws no real discredit upon the truth of a narrative, while, at the same time, I am perfectly willing to allow others to think whatever they please. It is purely a question of evidence: and while I, as a man of honour, expect to be believed in what I say, still no amount of honour exempts any man from the weakness of fallibility that is common to all mankind. Thus I have only stated facts, and have been careful to draw no inferences—at least verbally. That I formerly left to Dr. Mohnkopf, and now leave to my readers; and I do so freely, even although my own conviction on the subject is as unalterable as that of my old friend the curator himself.

I have only to add that, from the day of my closing accounts with Messieurs M—— and Co., I have not only never seen, but have never even heard, directly or indirectly, of the Princess de Paro; but the Hercyna I saw in its old place only a month ago.

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*Dublin University Magazine.*

## THE ORIGINAL DRAMA IN AMERICA.

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SOON after the war of Independence, by which the Americans conquered peace and enfranchisement, it was not to be expected that when they began to write plays they would be particularly complimentary to the mother country; but we might have more reasonably looked for something like reflected or hereditary genius. The following specimens are not very satisfactory emanations of taste or talent in Britannia's then late colonial offspring.

In 1807, Hoff, a publisher, of No. 6, Broad-street, Charleston, gave the world "The Battle of the Eutaw Springs and Evacuation of Charleston; or, the glorious 14th of December, 1782, a *National drama*, in five acts, by William Joor, of St. George, Dorchester, South Carolina."

A brief analysis of this rare classical production may not be unacceptable to our readers.

The play opens with a view of the American encampment on the banks of the Santee river. The reveillé chorus of continental soldiers sing "God Save the Thirteen States," etc. The chorus over, enter *General Greene* and his aids-de-camp. The general, in a long speech, calls George the Third a weak king, but a respectable private gentleman, and says that he is misled by ministers "whose lack of talent is as conspicuous as their skill in the arts of bribery and speculation to endeavour to rule the Americans with an iron rod." Though resolved not to suffer this, he tells them they must not risk a fight with the Britishers till *General Marion* joins them. *Colonel Henderson* replies, "Indeed I know the English dread him more than they do General Sumpter, whom they have most emphatically styled *The Gamecock*." General Greene expresses "a womanish longing to see the Hannibal of South Carolina." He comes on, the Continentals shout, and strike up *Yankee Doodle*. Colonel Henderson introduces Marion to Greene; they shake hands "affectionately," and Marion says he hopes to give the English "a most infernal drubbing." *Greene*.—May Heaven so decree it!—*Omnes*—amen! amen! They now swear to maintain the independence of the United States, and talk very insipid stuff about the enemy, which ends in Captain Manning being sent to reconnoitre, who receives the commission with thanks, saying, "I much admire dispatch in a business of this nature, I'll instantly be off." The scene ends with an invitation to dinner. *Scene II*.—The English encampment, a lieutenant and soldiers placing *Oliver Queerfish* sentinel. Here a very witty dialogue is carried on. The lieutenant tells him to stop everything, and leaves him the countersign. A fine practical joke occurs. A large jack-ass crosses the stage; Queerfish presents his musket and challenges it. No reply being made, he shouts "Murder, murder!" The lieutenant enters, threatens that he shall run the gantlet. Queerfish says he was told to stop everything—that "an ass is a thing, ay, and a living thing, too—and as to running the gantlet, it's all my eye." The lieutenant reprimands and leaves him, on which he cries, "If he was not genteely hoaxed, may I never throw another somerset!" Enter three plunderers and seize him. Queerfish's wit now breaks out into a blaze. "I am a ruined man by this light, a *game chicken* by the *hokey*; brandy won't save me, nor gin either." Plunderers say, "'Tis resolved unanimously that you slip your wind." Queerfish begs time to pray. They reply, "Pray away, and be damned to you." While they suppose him at his devotions he runs off. They pursue him; firing outside. Scene changes to a cottage. Queerfish jumps in at the window à la Harlequin. Thus ends Act I.

Act 2.—A bed-chamber in the cottage; Queerfish standing in a corner; *Miss Lucretia Amarantha Sophonisba Slyboots* holding a broomstick over his head. Miss Slyboots is a professed man-hater, and suspects a design on her virtue, which is cleared up. She then proceeds to dress the intruder's wounded arm. *Old Slyboots* enters unperceived, and exclaims, "*O temporibus, O moribusque!*" This mistake leads to much delicate remark. Her brother now questions her hatred of men, and says, "Damme, sixty, but you are a deep one!"

In Act 3 we have a fine specimen of the *deus ex machina*. General Greene is in the midst of a soliloquy, when the Genius of Liberty

descends half way betwixt the ceiling and stage in a superb car, guided by the American Eagle, with expanded wings. *Musical Genius*, in a solemn tone of voice — “Nathaniel Greene!” Greene hesitates. She repeats — “Nathaniel Greene, this visit is to thee;” and the visit is to open to him the book of fate, and foretell the triumph of America, and of course the catastrophe of Mr. Joor’s play.

Soon after this a detachment of Britishers are seen digging potatoes. A party of Americans rush in. The British ask for *quarter* and surrender. The act ends with a noble speech from General Greene — “After our this day’s work we all must need the best the American camp affords — excellent water, beef without salt, potatoes, and a clear conscience.”

We have now reached the fourth act without love, and it does not well appear how the tender passion can be foisted in; but the reader will soon see that it can, on the principle of *Puff* in the “Critic” — “Where history gives you a good heroic outline for a play, you may fill up with a little love at your own discretion.” Addison did this in his severely classical and unity-observant tragedy of “Cato;” and who shall presume to gainsay the authority of Addison? Not Mr. Joor, certainly, for in his fourth act he introduces to our acquaintance *Miss Emily Bloomfield*, running into a crowd in male attire, pursued by *M’Girt*.

N. B. — We have here softened a little the original phraseology, which is more strong than delicate. The fair fugitive claims the protection of Captain Manning, tells him how the unprincipled and murderous *Tories*, *i.e.*, the Britishers, headed by *M’Girt*, had rushed into her dwelling, kicked her mother down stairs, whose revered head had struck against the sharp corner of a doorpost, and then *tucked up* her father. This is too much for the sensibility of Captain Manning, who says, “The bare recital causes the life blood to stand still in my veins.” It soon flows again, however, and he kills *M’Girt*, who confesses, when dying, that “he did it all for devilry and lucre.” But now comes the unravelling of the plot, such as it is. *Miss Bloomfield* turns out to be an old flame of General Greene. The English are defeated — “five thousand regulars, the pick and flower of great Albion’s army.” *Miss Bloomfield* and the General are “brought together.” Old *Slyboots* gives her away. Captain Manning offers to be “bridesmaid,” at which they all laugh. The *Genius of Liberty* descends, joins their hands, and leads off with the first stanza of “Yankee Doodle,” while all the *dram. pers.* join in chorus. So ends this notable drama, which is “entered according to the Act of Congress,” and on the title page of which we are informed, with respect to poets and critics, that —

“Both *must* alike from Heaven derive their light,  
Those born to judge, as well as those who write.”

Turn we now, for a minute or two, from the consideration of this specimen of American romantic drama to a sort of comic opera, called “Disappointment; or, the Force of Credulity,” which appeared about the same time, from the pen of a certain Andrew Barton, also of Charleston. The author says, in his preface, that he could discover but little merit in his work, and never intended it for the press, but his friends thought differently, and entreated him not to withhold it from the

public. It seems that there were wiseacres in America in that day, and the breed still survives, according to recent accounts, whose *auri sacra fames* induced them to neglect their business by day and spend their nights in digging along the river sides and coasts for money, supposed to have been buried there by Blackbeard and his brother pirates. The characters are as follows:

## MEN.

HUM, a tavern-keeper,	} Humourists.
PARCHMENT, a scrivener,	
QUADRANT, a mathematical instrument maker,	
RATTLE-TRAP, a supposed conjuror,	
RACCOON, an old debauchee,	} Dupes.
WASHBALL, a barber,	
TRUS-HOOP, a cooper,	
BUCKRAM, a tailor,	
TROWELL, a plasterer,	
MEANWELL, in love with Washball's niece.	
TOP-IN-LIFT, a sailor.	
SPIT-FIRE, an old artillery man.	
OLD GABRIEL, servant to Washball.	
TERENCE, servant to Trus-hoop.	

## WOMEN.

MRS. TROWELL, wife to Trowell.  
 MRS. TRUS-HOOP, wife to Trus-hoop.  
 MISS LUCY, Washball's niece.  
 MOLLY PLACKETT, a woman of the town.  
 DOLLY, servant to Mrs. Trus-hoop.

The English reader must not, we premise, be too squeamish, but look like an indulgent mother on the gambols of her child.

At a congress of the parties the "humourists" persuade the "dupes" that a monstrous treasure is buried near the mill and stone bridge, and that they know it through a will. This will they have forged, and given to it an appearance of antiquity. *Parchment* says, "that's well authenticated and ratified;" to which *Quadrant* adds — "Ratified with the devil to it. He, he, he! Why they've knawed the one half up."

And this same sort of ready wit occurs again as follows: —

*Quadrant*.—He is certainly a man of great *ignorance*.

*Trus-hoop*.—*No sense!* Faith! an' he's got forty times more than you, honey.

This brilliant humour is almost on a level with the average of that of the Dimonds and Cherrys of our own stage, *temporis Georgii Tertii*. Then comes a taste of Mr. Barton's poetical *estro*:

What would you have more,  
 You son of four-score?  
 Hoot, leave off your bawling, your bawling.  
 Sit down and be azy,  
 And no longer taze me  
 With your loud caterwauling, caterwauling.

If money you're wanting,  
 Why leave off your grunting,  
 You scullion curmudgeon, curmudgeon.  
 Sure the money's in store,  
 What would you have more,  
 You lubberdegullion, degullion?

But there is not much to be said against this when we remember our own "Haily, gaily, gambo raily," "Rowley powley, gammon and spin-ash," and other classical varieties of the same school, for which see O'Keefe, Colman, Dibdin, Reynolds and Co., *passim*. As the action proceeds, enter *Top-in-lift* meeting *Moll Plackett*.

*Top*.—What cheer, Moll? Let's taste your head. (*Kisses her*.) *Top-in-lift* is a sailor, so let him have his way. The ladies have more polish.

*Mrs. Trowell* (alluding to the treasure).—It is to turn out the happiest circumstance of our lives, enable us to live not only independent but in a respectable station.

*Mrs. Trus-hoop*.—My God! ain't you humbugging me now, Mrs. Trowell?

*Mrs. Trus-hoop* afterwards makes some remarks to her maid *Dolly*, who, taking a leaf out of her mistress's book, pathetically exclaims,—  
"O! hold your jaw, you brimstone deyil!"

These quotations would demand apology had not Mr. Barton assured us, in his preface beforenamed, that his opera met with such favour "as to engross a considerable part of the conversation of all ranks of people." But as the key-stone closes the arch, so does Mr. Barton crown his "Disappointment" with an epilogue calculated to make the ghost of Miles Peter Andrews tremble for its earthly laurels. The author speaks in his own person, viewing the audience through a glass:—

"O glorious sight! how close they squeeze and touch,  
As thick as hops; or like New York stage-coach,  
The boxes shine, with brilliant belles and beaux,  
The pit *with critics*, and *gallery* overflows.  
Each make remarks, well pleas'd, and with grimace,  
They twist and screw the muscles of their face.  
Hark! hark! they clap, applause on ev'ry side;  
Some mouths half open—others open'd wide;  
Which show the audience are well gratified.  
We thank you, friends; *those marks* of approbation  
Has saved our play from what folks call Damnation."

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## DUKESBOROUGH TALES.

BY PHILEMON PERCH.

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“And scenes, long past, of joy and pain  
Came wildering o’er his aged brain.”

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### NO. I.—THE GOOSEPOND SCHOOL.

#### CHAPTER I.

“You call this education, do you not?  
Why, ’tis the forc’d march of a herd of bullocks  
Before a shouting drover.”

THE incidents which I propose to relate in these sketches, and those which may follow hereafter, occurred, for the greatest part, either at or in the neighborhood of Dukesborough, once a small village in Eastern Georgia. For many years it has ceased even to be mentioned, except by the very few persons now living who knew it before the Dukes, from whom it was named, moved away. It has suffered the most absolute decay that I have known ever to befall any village. It had not been laid off in its beginning according to any definite plan. Dukesborough seemed indeed to have become a village quite unexpectedly to itself and to everybody else, notwithstanding, that instead of being in a hurry to become so, it took its own time for it, and that amounted to some years. The Dukes first established a blacksmith shop. This enterprise succeeded beyond all expectation. A small store was ventured. It prospered. After some years other persons moved in, and buying a little ground, built on both sides of the road (a winding road it was), until there were several families, a school, and a church. Then the Dukes grew ambitious and had the place called Dukesborough. It grew on little by little until this family had all gone, some to the counties farther west, and some to the grave. Somehow, Dukesborough couldn’t stand all this. Decay set in very soon, and now a small mound or so, the site of an ancient chimney, is the only sign of a relic of Dukesborough.

It would be useless to speculate upon the causes of its fall. The places of human habitation are like those who inhabit them. Some persons die in infancy, some in childhood, some in youth, some at middle age, some at threescore and ten, and some linger yet longer. But the last, in their own times, die as surely as many of the former. Methuselah, comparatively speaking, was what might be called a very old man; but then *he* died. The account in Genesis of those first generations of men is, after all, a melancholy one to me. The three last words closing the short history of every one are very sad — “And he died.”

So it is with the places wherein mortals dwell. Some of them become villages, some towns, and some cities : but all — villages, towns, and cities — have their times to fall, just as infants, youths, men, and old men, have their times to die. People may say what they please about the situation not being well chosen, and about the disagreeableness of having the names of their residences all absorbed by the Dukes whom few persons used to like. All this might be very true. But my position about Dukesborough is, that it had lived out its life. It had run its race, like all other things, places, and persons, that have lived out their lives and run their races : and when that was done, Dukesborough *had* to fall. It had not lived very long, and it had run but slowly, if indeed it can be said to have run at all. But it reached its journey's end. When it did, it had to fall, and it fell. So Babylon, so Nineveh. These proud cities, it is highly probable, had no more idea of their own ruin than Dukesborough had immediately after its first store was built. But we know their history, and it ought to be a warning.

Ah, well ! It is not often, of late years, that I pass the place where it used to stand. But whenever I do, I feel somewhat as I feel when I go near the neglected grave of an old acquaintance. In the latter case, I say to myself, sometimes, And here is the last of him. He was once a stout, hearty, good-humored fellow. It is sad to think of him as having dropped everything, and being covered up here where the earth above him is now like the rest all around the spot, and the grave, but for my recollection of the place where it was dug, would be indistinguishable even to me who saw him when he was put here. But so it was. It could not be helped, and here he is for good. So of Dukesborough. When I pass along the road on the sides of which it once stood, I can but linger a little and muse upon its destiny. Here was once a smart village ; no great things of course, but still a right lively little village. It might have stood longer and the rest of the world have suffered little or no harm. But it is no use to think about it, because the thing is over and Dukesborough is no more. Besides myself, there may be two or three persons yet living who can tell with some approximation to accuracy where it used to stand. When we are dead, whoever may wish to gather any relic of Dukesborough must do as they do upon the supposed sites of the cities of more ancient times : — they must dig for it.

These reflections, somewhat grave I admit, may seem to be unfitly preliminary to the narratives which are to follow them. But I trust they will be pardoned in an old man who could not forbear to make them when calling to mind the forsaken places of his boyhood, albeit the scenes which he describes have less of the serious in them than of the sportive. If I can smile, and sometimes I do smile at the recital of some things that were done and words that were said by some of my earliest contemporaries, yet I must be allowed a sigh also when I remember that the doings and the sayings of nearly all of them are ended for this world.

## CHAPTER II.

“Books !” There is nothing terrible in this simple word. On the

contrary, it is a most harmless word. It suggests quiet and contemplation; and though it be true that books do often produce agitations in the minds of men and in the state of society, sometimes even effecting great revolutions therein, yet the simple enunciation of the word, even in an elevated tone, could never be adequate, it would seem, to the production of any considerable excitement. As little would it seem, in looking upon it from any point of view in which one could place oneself, to be capable of allaying excitement however considerable. I never could tell exactly why it was, that, as often as I have read of the custom in England of reading the Riot Act upon occasions of popular tumult, and begun to muse upon the strangeness of such a proceeding and its apparent inadequacy for the purposes on hand, my mind has recurred to the incidents about to be narrated. For there was one point of view, or rather a point of hearing, from which one could observe this quieting result by the utterance of the first word in this chapter twice a day for five days in the week. It was the word of command with which Mr. Israel Meadows was wont to announce to the pupils of the Goosepond schoolhouse the opening of the school morning and afternoon.

The Goosepond was situated a few miles from Dukesborough, on the edge of an old field, with original oak and hickory woods on three sides, and on the other a dense pine thicket. Through this thicket there ran a path which led to the school from a neighboring planter's residence where Mr. Meadows boarded. The schoolhouse, a rude hut built of logs, was about one hundred and twenty yards from this thicket at the point where the path emerged from it.

One cold, frosty morning near the close of November, many, very many years ago, about twenty-five boys and girls were assembled as usual at the Goosepond waiting for the master. Some were studying their lessons, and some were playing; the boys at ball, the girls at jumping the rope. But all of them (with one exception), those studying and those playing, the former though the most eagerly, were watching the mouth of the path at which the master was expected. Those studying showed great anxiety. The players seemed to think the game worth the candle: though the rope jumpers jumped with their faces toward the thicket, and whenever a boy threw his ball, he first gave a look in the same direction. The students walked to and fro in front of the door, all studying aloud, bobbing up and down, exhibiting the intensest anxiety to transfer into their heads the secrets of knowledge that were in the books. There was one boy in particular, whose eagerness for the acquisition of learning seemed to amount to a most violent passion. He was a raw-boned lad of about fifteen years, with very light coarse hair and a freckled face, sufficiently tall for his years. His figure was a little bent from being used to very hard work. But he had beautiful eyes, very blue, and habitually sad. He wore a round-about and pants of home-made walnut-dyed stuff of wool and cotton, a seal-skin cap, and red brogan-shoes without socks. He had come up the last. This was not unusual: for he resided three miles and a half from the schoolhouse, and walked the way forth and back every day. He came up shivering and studying, performing both of these apparently inconsistent operations with great violence.

"Halloo, Brinkly!" shouted half a dozen boys, "got in in time this morning, eh? Good. You are safe for to-day on that score, old fellow."

"Why, Brinkly, my boy, you are entirelee too soon. He won't be here for a quarter of a hour yit. Come and help us out with the bull-pen. Now only jist look at him. Got that eternal jography, and actilly studyin' when he is nigh and in and about friz. Put the book down, Brinkly Glisson, and go and warm yourself a bit, and come and take Bill Jones' place. It's his day to make the fire. Come along, we've got the Quses."

These words were addressed to him by the 'one exception' before alluded to, a large, well grown, square-shouldered boy, eighteen years old, named Allen Thigpen. Allen was universally envied in the school, partly because he had once upon a time been to Augusta, and knew, or was supposed to know, all the wonders of that great city, and partly because he could go to Dukesborough whenever he pleased, and above all, because he was not afraid of Mr. Israel Meadows. But it was the boast of Allen Thigpen that he had yit to see the man that he was afraid of.

Brinkly paid no attention to Allen's invitation, but came on up shivering and studying, and studying and shivering. Just as he passed Allen, he was mumbling — "A-an em-em-pire is a co-untry go-overned by a-an em-per-or."

Now ordinarily, the announcement of this proposition would be incapable of exciting any uncommon amount of risibility. It contains a simple truth expressed in simple language. Yet so it was that Mr. Allen burst into a roar of laughter; and as if he understood that the proposition had been submitted to him for ratification or denial, answered, "Well, Brinkly, supposin' it is. Who in the dickence said it weren't? Did you, Sam?"

"Did I do what?" answered Sam Pate in the act of throwing the ball.

"Did you say that a empire weren't — what Brinkly said it was?"

"I didn't hear what Brinkly said it was, and I don't know nothin' about it, and I haint said nothin' about it and I don't keer nothin' about it." And away went the ball. But Sam had thrown too suddenly after looking toward the mouth of Mr. Meadows' path, and he missed his man.

Brinkly scarcely noticed the interruption, but walked to and fro, and studied and shivered. He bowed to the book; he dug into it. He grated his teeth, not in anger, but in his fierce desire to get what was in it. He tried to fasten it in his brain whether or not by slightly changing the hard words, and making them as it were his own to command.

"An yem-pire," said he fiercely, but not over loudly, "is a ke-untry-ge-uvend by a ye-emperor."

"And what is a ye-emperor, Brinkly?" asked Allen.

"Oh Allen, Allen, please go away from me! I almost had it when you bothered me. You know Mr. Meadows will beat me if I don't get it, because you know he loves to beat me. Do let me alone. It it just beginning to come to me now." And he went on shivering and studying, and shiveringly announcing among other things that "an yem-pire was a ke-untry ge-uvend by an ye-emperor," emphasizing every one of the polysyllables in its turn: sometimes stating the

proposition very cautiously, and rather interrogatively, as if half inclined to doubt it; at others, asserting it with a vehemence which showed that it was at last his settled conviction that it was true, and that he ought to be satisfied and even thankful.

"Poor fellow," muttered Allen, stopping from his ball-play, and looking towards Brinkly as the latter moved on. "That boy don't know hisself; and what's more, Iserl Meadows don't." Allen then walked to where a rosy-cheeked little fellow of eight or nine years was sitting on a stump with a spelling-book in his lap and a pin in his right hand with which he dotted every fourth word, after reciting the following:

"Betsy Wiggins; Heneritter Bangs; Mandy Grizzle; MINE!" (Dot).—"Betsy Wiggins; Heneritter Bangs; Mandy Grizzle; MINE!" (Dot).

"I-yi, my little Mr. Asa," said Allen, "and supposin' that Betsy Wiggins misses her word, or Heneritter Bangs hern, or Mandy Grizzle hern, then who's goin' to spell *them*, I want to know? And what'll you give me?" continued Allen, placing his rough hand with ironical fondness upon the child's head, "what'll you give me not to tell Mr. Meadows that you've been gitting your own words?"

"Oh, Allen, please, please don't!"

"What'll you give me, I tell you?"

"Twenty chestnuts!" and the little fellow dived into his pockets and counted twenty into Allen's hand.

"Got any more?" Allen asked, cracking one with his teeth.

"Oh, Allen, Allen, will you take all? Please don't take all!"

"Out with 'em, you little word-gitter. Out with the last one of 'em. A boy that gits his own words in that kind o' style aint liable, and oughtn't to *be* liable to eat chestnuts."

Asa disgorged to the last. Allen ate one or two, looking quizzically into his face, and then handed the rest back to him.

"Take your chestnuts, Asa Boatright, and eat 'em, that is if you've got the stomach to eat 'em. If I ever live to git to be as afeard of a human as you and Abel Kitchens and Brinkly Glisson are afeard of Iserl Meadows, drat my hide if I don't believe I would commit sooiicide on myself—yes, on myself, by cuttin' my own throat!"

"Yes," replied Asa Boatright, "you can talk so because you are a big boy, and you know he is afraid of you. If you was as little as me, you would be as afraid as me. If I ever get a man——" The little fellow, however, checked himself, took his pin again, and mumbling,

"Betsy Wiggins; Heneritter Bangs; Mandy Grizzle; MINE!"—resumed his interesting and ingenious occupation of dotting every fourth word.

Brinkly had overheard Allen's taunt. Closing his book after a moment's pause, he walked straight to him and said:

"Allen Thigpen, I am no more afraid of him than you are; nor than I am of you. Do you think that's what makes me stand what I do? If you do, you are much mistaken. Allen, I'm trying all the time to keep down on mother's account. I've told her of some of his treatment, but not all; and she gets to crying, and says this is my only chance for an education, and it does seem like it would break her heart if I was to lose it, that I have been trying to get the lessons, and to keep from fighting

him when he beats me. And I believe I would get 'em if I had a chance. But the fact is, I can't read well enough to study the jography, and my 'pinion is he put me in it too soon just to get the extra price for jography. And I can't get it, and I haven't learnt anything since I have been put in it,—and I am not going to stand it much longer;—and, Allen Thigpen, I'm not going to pay you chestnuts nor nothing else not to tell him I said so neither."

"Hooraw!" shouted Allen. "Give me your hand, Brinkly." Then continuing in a lower tone, he said, "By jingo! I thought it was in you. I seen you many a time, when, says I to myself, it wouldn't take much to make Brinkly Glisson fight you, old fellow, or leastways try it. You've stood enough already, Brinkly Glisson, and too much too. My blood has biled many a time when he' been a beatin' you. I tell you, don't you stand it no longer. Ef he beats you again, pitch into him. Try to ride him from the ingoin'. He can maul you, I expect, but — look at this," and Allen raised his fist about the size of a mallet.

Brinkly looked at the big fist and brawny arm, and smiled dismally.

"Books!" shouted a shrill voice, and Mr. Israel Meadows emerged from the thicket with a handful of hickory switches. In an instant, there was a rushing of boys and girls into the house — all except Allen, who took his time. Asa Boatright was the last of the others to get in. He had changed his position from the stump, and was walking, book in hand, apparently all absorbed in its contents, though his eye was on the schoolmaster, whose notice he was endeavoring to attract. He bowed, and digged, and dived, until, just as the master drew near, he weariedly looked up, and seeing him unexpectedly, gave one more profound dive into the book and darted into the schoolhouse.

It was a rule at the Goosepond, that the scholars should all be at their seats when Mr. Meadows arrived. His wont was to shout '*Books*' from the mouth of the path, then to walk with great rapidity to the house. Woe to the boy or girl who was ever too late, unless it happened to be Allen Thigpen. He had been heard to say, "Ding any sich rule, and he wasn't goin' to break his neck for Iserl Meadows nor nobody else." If he got in behind the master, which often happened, that gentlemen was kind enough not to notice it,—an illustration of an exception to the good discipline of country schoolmasters which was quite common in the times in which Mr. Meadows lived and flourished. On this occasion, when Mr. Meadows saw Allen, calculating that the gait at which himself was walking would take him into the house first, he halted a little, and stooped, and, having untied one of his shoe strings, tied it again. While this operation was going on, Allen went in. Mr. Meadows, rising immediately, struck into a brisk walk, almost a run, as if to apologise for his delay, and then entered into the scene of his daily triumphs.

But before we begin the day's work, let us inquire who this Mr. Meadows was, and whence he came.

### CHAPTER III.

MR. ISRAEL MEADOWS was a man thirty-five or forty years of age, five

feet ten inches in height, with a lean figure, dark complexion, very black and shaggy hair and eyebrows, and a grim and forbidding expression of countenance. The occupation of training the youthful mind and leading it to the fountains of wisdom, as delightful and interesting as it is, was not in fact Mr. Meadows' choice, when, on arriving at manhood's estate, he looked around him for a career in which he might the most surely develop and advance his being in this life. Indeed, those who had been the witnesses of his youth and young manhood, and of the opportunities which he had been favored withal for getting instruction for himself, were no little surprised when they heard that in the county of—, their old acquaintance had undertaken, and was in the actual prosecution of the profession of a schoolmaster. About a couple of days' journey from the Goosepond, was the spot which had the honor of giving him birth. In a cottage on one of the roads leading to the city of Augusta, there had lived a couple who cultivated a farm, and traded with the wagoners of those days by bartering, for money and groceries, corn, fodder, potatoes, and suchlike commodities. It was a matter never fully accountable, how it was that Mr. Timothy Meadows, during all seasons, had corn to sell. Drought or drench affected his crib alike—that is, neither did affect it at all. When a wagoner wished to buy corn, Timothy Meadows generally, if not always, had a little to spare. People used to intimate sometimes that it was mighty curious that some folks could always have corn to sell, while other folks couldn't. Such observations were made in reference to no individual in particular; but were generally made by one farmer to another, when, perchance, they had just ridden by Mr. Meadows' house while a wagoner's team was feeding at his camp. To this respectable couple there had been born only one offspring, a daughter. Miss Clary Meadows had lived to the age of twenty-four, and had never, within the knowledge of any of the neighbors, had the first beau. If to the fact that her father's always having corn to sell, without his neighbors knowing exactly how he came by it, had to a considerable extent discouraged visiting between their families and his (though it must be owned that this was not the fault of the Meadowses, who had repeatedly, in spite of their superior fortune, shown dispositions to cultivate good neighborhood with all the families around)—if to this fact be added the further one, that Miss Clary was bony, and in no respect possessed of charms likely to captivate a young gentleman who had thoughts upon marriage, it ought not to be very surprising that she had, thus far, failed to secure a husband. (Nevertheless, Miss Meadows was eminently affable when in the society of such gentlemen of the wagoners who paid her the compliment to call upon her in the house. So that no person, however suspicious, would have concluded from her manner on such occasions that her prolonged state of single blessedness was owing to any prejudice to the opposite sex.)

Time, however, brings roses, as the German proverb has it, and to the Meadows family he at last brought a rose-bud in the shape of a thriving grandson. As it does not become us to pry into delicate family matters, we will not presume to lift the veil which the persons most concerned chose to throw over the earlier part of this grandson's history; suffice it to say that the same mystery hung about it as about the inexpli-

cable inexhaustibility of Timothy Meadows' corn crib, and that the latter—from motives, doubtless, which did him honor—bestowed upon the new-comer his own family name, preceded by the patriarchal appellation of Israel.

There were many interesting occurrences in the early life of Israel which it would be foreign to the purposes of this history to relate. It is enough to say that he grew up under the eye and training of his grandfather, and soon showed that some of the traits of that gentleman's character were in no danger of being lost to society by a failure of reproduction.

In process of time, Mr. and Mrs. Meadows were gathered to their fathers, and Miss Clary had become the proprietress of the cottage and the farm. Israel had the luck of the Meadowses to be always able to sell corn to the wagoners. But unluckily, the secret which lay hidden in such profundity during the lifetime of his grandfather, of how this wonderful faculty existed, transpired about six months previously to the period when he was introduced to the reader—a circumstance which would induce one to suspect, in spite of the declaration of the law in such case made and provided, that there was something in the blood of Israel which was not all Meadows.

One Saturday night, a company of the neighbors on patrol found a negro man issuing from the gate of Miss Meadows' yard with an empty meal bag. Having apprehended him, they had given him not more than a dozen stripes with a cowhide before he confessed that he had just carried the bag full of corn to Israel from his master's corn crib. The company immediately aroused the latter gentleman, informed him what the slave had confessed, and although he did most stoutly deny any and all manner of connection with the matter, they informed him that they should not leave the premises until they could get a search-warrant from a neighboring magistrate, by which, as their spokesman, a shrewd man, said, they could identify the corn. This was a ruse to bring him to terms. Seeing his uneasiness, they pushed on, and in a careless manner proposed that if he would leave the neighborhood by the next Monday morning, they would forbear to prosecute him for this as well as many similar offences, his guilt of which they intimated they had abundant proof to establish. Israel was caught; he reflected for a few moments, and then, still, however, asserting his innocence, but declaring that he did not wish to reside in a community where he was suspected of crime, he expressed his resolution to comply with their demand. He left the next day. Leaving his mother, he set out to try his fortune elsewhere, intending by the time that the homestead could be disposed of, he would remove with her to the West. But determining not to be idle in the meantime, after wandering about for several days in search of employment, it suddenly occurred to him one night, after a day's travel, that he would endeavor to get a school for the remainder of the year.

Now, Israel's education had been somewhat neglected. Indeed, he had never been to school a day in his whole life. But he had at home, under the tuition of his mother, been taught reading and writing, and his grandfather had imparted to him some knowledge of arithmetic.

But Mr. Israel Meadows, although not a man of great learning, was

a great way removed from being a fool. He had a considerable amount of the wisdom of this world which comes to a man from other sources besides books. He was like many other men in one respect. He was not to be restrained from taking office by the consciousness of parts inadequate to the discharge of its duties. This is a species of delicacy which, of all others, is attended by fewest practical results. Generally, the most it does is to make its owner confess with modesty his unfitness for the office, with a 'he had hoped some worthier and better man had been chosen,' and then — take it. Israel wisely reflected, that with a majority of mankind the only thing necessary to establish for oneself a reputation of fitness for office is to run for it and get into it. A wise reflection indeed; acting on which, many men have become great in Georgia, and, I doubt not, elsewhere, with no other capital than the adroitness or the accident which placed them in office. He reflected further, and as wisely as before, that the office of a schoolmaster in a country school was as little likely as any he could think of to furnish an exception to the general rule. Thus, in less than six weeks from the eventful Saturday night, with a list of school articles which he had picked up in his travels, he had applied for, and had obtained, and had opened the Goosepond school, and was professing to teach the children spelling, reading, and writing, at the rate of a dollar a month; and arithmetic and geography at the advanced rate of a dollar and a half.

Such were some of Mr. Meadows' antecedents.

#### CHAPTER IV.

IT was the custom of the pupils in the Goosepond, as in most of the other country schools of those times, to study aloud. Whether the teachers thought that the mind could not act unless the tongue was a-going, or that the tongue a-going was the only evidence that the mind was acting, it never did appear. Such had been the custom, and Mr. Meadows did not aspire to be an innovator. It was his rule, however, that there should be perfect silence on his arrival, in order to give him an opportunity of saying or doing anything he might wish. This morning there did not seem to be anything on his mind which required to be lifted off. He, however, looked at Brinkly Glisson with some disappointment of expression. He had beaten him unmercifully the morning before for not having gotten there in time, though the boy's excuse was that he had gone a mile out of his way on an errand for his mother. He looked at him as if he had expected to have had some business with him, which now unexpectedly had to be postponed. He then looked around over the school and said:

"Go to studyin'."

It was plain that in that house Mr. Meadows had been in the habit of speaking but to command, and of commanding but to be obeyed. Instantaneously was heard, then and there, that unintelligible tumult, the almost invariable incident of the country schools of that generation. There were spellers and readers, geographers and arithmeticians, all engaged in their several pursuits, in the most inexplicable

confusion. Sometimes the spellers would have the heels of the others, and sometimes the readers. The geographers were always third, and the arithmeticians always behind. It was very plain to be seen that these last never would catch the others. The faster they added or subtracted, the oftener they had to rub out and commence anew. It was always but a short time before they found this to be the case, and so they generally concluded to adopt the maxim of the philosopher, of being slow in making haste. The geographers were a little faster and a little louder. But the spellers and readers had it, I tell you. Each speller and each reader went through the whole gamut of sounds, from low up to high, and from high down to low again; sometimes by regular ascension and descension, one note at a time, sounding what musicians call the diatonic intervals; at other times, going up and coming down upon the perfect fifths only. Oh! it was so refreshing to see the passionate eagerness which these urchins manifested for the acquisition of knowledge. To have sliced out about five seconds of that studying, and put the words together, would have made a sentence somewhat like the following:

"C-d-e twice e-an c-three r-ding-i-two l-v-old. My seven vill times a-je-l-cru-i-l coin-g-f-is man o-six-h-nin-four ni-h-eight cat p-c-a-t-r ten e-light is ca-light i-light x tween-by-tions fix de-a-bisel-cru-fa-cor-a-light-bisel-rapt-double-fe-good ty-light man cra-forn-ner-ci-spress-fix-Oh!!!"

To have heard them for the first time, one would have been reminded of the Apostles' preaching at Pentecost, and it might not have been difficult to persuade a stranger, unused to such things, that there were then and there spoken the languages of the Parthians and Medes, Elamites and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocia; in Pontus and Asia; Phrygia and Pamphylia; in Egypt and in the parts of Syria about Cyrene; and strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians. Sometimes these cloven tongues would subside a little, when it might be half a dozen would stop to blow; but in a moment more, the chorus would swell again in a new and livelier *acrescendo*.—When this process had gone on for half an hour, Mr. Meadows lifted up his voice and shouted "SILENCE!" and all was still.

Now were to commence the recitations, during which perfect silence was required. For as great a help to study as this jargon was, Mr. Meadows found that it did not contribute any aid to the doing of *his* work.

He now performed a feat which he had never performed before in exactly that manner. He put his hand behind the lappel of his coat-collar for a moment, and then, after withdrawing it and holding it up, his thumb and forefinger joined together, he said:

"There is too much fuss here. I'm going to drop this pin, and I shall whip every single one of you little boys that don't hear it when it falls. Thar!"

"I heerd it, Mr. Meadows! I heerd it, Mr. Meadows!" exclaimed simultaneously, five or six little fellows.

"Come up here, you little rascals. You are a liar!" said he to each one. "I never drapped it; I never had nary one to drap. It just shows what liars you are. Set down and wait a while, I'll show you how to tell *me* lies."

The little liars slunk to their seats, and the recitations commenced. Memory was the only faculty of mind that underwent the smallest development at this school. Whoever could say exactly what the book said was adjudged to know his lesson. About half of the pupils on this morning were successful. The other half were found to be delinquent. Among these was Asa Boatright's class. That calculating young gentleman knew *his* words and felt safe. The class had spelled around three or four times, when lo! the contingency which Allen Thigpen had suggested did come to pass. Betsy Wiggins missed her word; Heneritter Bangs (in the language of Allen) hern, and Mandy Grizzle hern; and thus responsibilities were suddenly cast upon Asa which he was wholly unprepared to meet, and which, from the look of mighty reproach which he gave each of these young ladies as she handed over to him her word, he evidently thought it the height of injustice that he should have been called upon to meet. Mr. Meadows closing the book, tossed it to Asa, who, catching it as it was falling at his feet, turned, and his eyes swimming with tears, went back to his seat. As he passed Allen Thigpen, the latter whispered:

"What did I tell you? You heerd the pin drop too!"

Now, Allen was in no plight to have given this taunt to Asa. He had not given five minutes' study to his arithmetic during the whole morning. But Mr. Meadows made a rule (this one with himself, though all the pupils knew it better than any rule he had), never to allow Allen to miss a lesson; and as he had kindly taken this responsibility upon himself, Allen was wont to give himself no trouble about the matter.

Brinkly Glisson was the last to recite. Brinkly was no great hand at pronunciation. He had been reading but a short time when Mr. Meadows advanced him into geography, with the purpose, as Brinkly afterwards came to believe, of getting the half dollar extra tuition: This morning he thought he knew his lesson; and he did, as he understood it. When called to recite, he went up with a countenance expressive of mild happiness, handed the book to Mr. Meadows, and putting his hands in his pockets, awaited the questions. And now it was an interesting sight to see Mr. Meadows smile as Brinkly talked of *is-lands* and *promonitaries*, *thismuses* and *hemispherics*. The lad misunderstood that smile, and his heart was glad for the unexpected reception of a little complacency from the master. But he was not long in error.

"*Is-lands*, eh? *Thismuses*, eh? Take this book and see if you can find any *is-lands* and *promonitaries*, and then bring them to me. I want to see them things, I do. Find 'em if you please."

Brinkly took the book, and it would have melted the heart of any other man than Israel Meadows to have seen the deep despair of his heart as he looked on it and was spelling over to himself the words as he came to them.

"Mr. Meadows," he said, in pleading tones, "I thought it was *is-land*. Here it is, *Is-l-a-n-d-land*: *is-land*;" and he looked into his face beseechingly.

"*Is-land*, eh? *Is-land*! Now, *thismuses* and *promonitaries* and *hemispherics*—"

"Mr. Meadows, I did not know how to pronounce them words. I asked you how to pronounce 'em, and you wouldn't tell me; and I asked Allen, and he told me the way I said them."

"I believe that to be a lie."

Brinkly's face reddened, and his breathing was fast and hard. He looked at the master as but once or twice before during the term he had looked at him, but made no answer. At that moment Allen leaned carelessly on his desk, his elbows resting on it, and his chin on his hands, and said, dryly:

"Yes, I did tell him so."

Mr. Meadows now reddened a little. After a moment's pause, however, he said:

"How often have I got to tell you not to ask anybody but me how to pronounce words? That'll do, sir; sit down, sir."

Brinkly went to his seat, and looking gloomily towards the door a minute or two, he opened his book, but studied it no more.

*(To be continued.)*

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*Good Words.*

## UNDER THE PALMS.

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### I.

**L**ED on—not driven by mere outward force;  
Led on—not drifting at my own weak will;  
For falt'ring footsteps, an appointed course;  
For nerveless grasp, a Hand firm-holding still!

Led on—past childhood's easy grassy ways,  
Past youth's glad scaling of a flower-fringed steep,  
Past plans and failures of less sanguine days,  
Past graves where I had thought to stay and weep.

Led on—but how? I stumble as I go;  
Led on—but whither? clouds seem all I see:  
My trust, a purpose higher than I know;  
My hope, a goal yet undescried by me.

Oh friends! if loved ones love me to the last,  
And deem earth sadder for that I am gone,  
Think not too much of the dim track I've passed,  
Think still of me as but led on—led on!

## II.

In the band of noble workers  
 Seems no place for such as I :  
 They have faith where I have yearning,  
 They can teach where I but sigh,  
 They can point the road distinctly  
 Where for me the shadows lie.

Lofty purpose, high endeavour,  
 These are not ordained for me ;  
 Wayside flower may strive its utmost,  
 It can ne'er become a tree.  
 Yet a child may laugh to gather,  
 And a sick man smile to see.

And I, too, in God's creation  
 Have my little proper part :  
 He must mean some service, surely,  
 For weak hand and timid heart ;  
 Transient joys for my diffusing,  
 For my healing, transient smart :

Just to fling a ray of comfort  
 O'er life's downcast, dreary ways !  
 Just to fan a better impulse  
 By a full and ready praise !  
 Pitying, where I may not succour ;  
 Loving, where I cannot raise !

## III.

Why would you have me dwell on Death,  
 Rehearse the awful parting hour,  
 The creeping chill, the ebbing power,  
 The gasping for the latest breath ?

Why vex a child 'neath noontide sky  
 With image of his nightly rest ?  
 Just now his games, his toys seem best —  
 He will be weary by-and-by !

Just now a hand is linked in mine,  
 Just now thought flashes far and free,  
 I joy in everything I see,  
 I call *this* God-made world divine !

Wait — till night fall at His behest,  
 Wait — till He hush to sleep through pain,  
 Wait — till He show me Death is gain,  
 And give the longing, with the power to rest !

IV.

Not my will, gracious Lord,  
Not my blind will and wayward be fulfill'd !  
I dare not say that bowing to Thy word  
All my heart's wishes are subdued and still'd.  
My will might crave some boon by Thee denied,  
Covet the praise that ministers to pride ;  
Shrink back from taking up a needed cross,  
And shun the furnace to retain the dross.  
Not my will, O my Lord,  
No — be Thy name adored :

Though too much to the dust affection clings,  
And self-wrought chains hold down the spirit's wings,  
Yet out of sorrows past and present fears,  
Out of experience bought by loss and tears,  
At least the breathing of one prayer I've won —  
Not my will, Father, but Thy will be done.

L. C. S.

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## THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN HORSE-SHOE.

AN EPISODE IN THE COLONIAL HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

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*"Sic juvat transcendere montes."*

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IN the year 1710, Alexander Spotswood, lieutenant-colonel in the English army, was appointed by Queen Anne, Colonial Governor of Virginia, in token of royal favor and as the substantial reward of distinguished service in the army commanded by the illustrious Duke of Marlborough. Colonel Spotswood was born of Scotch parentage at Tangier, in Africa, early adopted arms as his profession, won high distinction and received a dangerous wound in the great battle of Blenheim, but happily recovered to finish a career of extraordinary activity and usefulness in this country. In him were happily combined the highest attributes of a soldier with the attainments and accomplishments of a mathematician, architect, engineer, and draughtsman: the taste and culture of a gentleman and scholar, and the liberal conceptions of a wise, enlightened, and practical statesman.

The beautiful Valley of Virginia, that attractive land "of streams and sunlit skies," to which events of these later years have attached a

more than romantic interest, lying between the Blue Ridge and main chain or "backbone" of the Alleghanies, was, at the time of his appointment as Governor, the *terra incognita* lying without the pale of civilisation, which the white man's foot had never pressed, whose occupation the northern and southern tribes of Indians at deadly feud continued to dispute as chosen and attractive hunting ground. The sagacity, enterprise, military and political genius of Governor Spotswood speedily discerned the importance of exploring the country beyond the Blue Mountains and contracted limits of existing settlements, and proved him no unworthy successor to the great "Captaine" John Smith, the famous and successful planter of the colonial empire.

Three years only after his arrival in Virginia, in the year 1713, he conceived, organized, and led in person the remarkable expedition of gay and gallant cavaliers, composed of the best and most substantial men of the colony, entirely devoted to such a leader, and imbued with that true spirit of adventure and generous enthusiasm worthy of the best and most famous knighthood, intended to explore a country beyond the boundaries of civilised life, and to enlarge the scope of territory for the arms, the arts, the letters, and the Christianity of England. Only a soldier so accomplished and experienced as was Colonel Spotswood, could the outfit and armament of such an expedition have been confided with reasonable anticipation of its success; for all the legislation of that time, and the sad memorials of a somewhat earlier period in the colonial history, evince but too clearly the temper, craft, and cruelty of the insidious "salvages" who hung around the outskirts of our infant settlements.

The expedition, well provided and equipped, started from the colonial capital, "Middle Plantations," (afterwards called Williamsburg), taking in the line of its western march the iron-works which Governor Spotswood had not long before established near Germanna, on the upper Rappahannock. Where the ascent of the Blue Ridge was made is not known; but they who have beheld that Valley of Virginia in its unsurpassed beauty, may well conceive of the high-wrought enthusiasm with which the Virginian "Low-landers" must, for the first time, have contemplated the magnificent campaign in all its virgin loveliness of forest, stream, savannah, where the native wild pea flourished luxuriantly, and open glades afforded pasturage, watered and nourished by the Shenandoah, "Daughter of the Stars." It is matter of conjecture and historical speculation whether the Governor, crossing the Valley, surmounted the Alleghanies and proceeded to the Ohio river; but it is highly probable that he passed over the North Mountain (dividing the greater Shenandoah Valley and one lesser lying between it and the Alleghanies) into the valley of the south branch of the Potomac; in beauty, fertility, and fair attractions, no whit inferior to the Shenandoah Valley.

So far as the main objects of this expedition, as contemplated by its gallant leader, were concerned, it certainly proved altogether successful. To descry new lands of matchless beauty and fertility, to afford the example and point the way to worthy followers in future, pioneers of observation and discovery—this had been fully, faithfully accomplished, while no misfortune nor untoward accident had attended or marred the execution of its capital design.

The Governor subsequently addressed himself to improvements and legislation of the most liberal and enduring character for both the capital and colony. The "Magazine;" the ancient, time-honored "Palace;" a new "city prison," in Williamsburg, were monuments of his taste and genuine love of improvement; certain legislation in behalf of venerable old William and Mary College, and giving her substantial pecuniary aid, bore sure witness of his scholar's zeal in the behalf of letters; while laws enacted more lately in his administration concerning tobacco trade and inspection, showed advantageously his comprehensive views of commerce and practical knowledge as a financier.

Greatly beloved by the people and burgesses of Virginia, the legislature took early occasion to name a newly established county "Spotsylvania," in honor of Governor Spotswood; and there it was allotted to this great and good man, at a ripe old age, to terminate a life of more than ordinary excellence and usefulness.

Yet many years were to elapse ere the fair domain explored by the Spotswood expedition would be occupied by the white race; and singular to add, its settlement began from another direction, for the first settlers of the Valley of Virginia came from Pennsylvania and adjacent colonies, crossing the Potomac river and entering Virginia through the great natural gateway of Harper's Ferry. So lately, indeed, as the year 1722, the colonial legislature enacted a law regarding occupation of the Valley by the savages, making it unlawful and *casus belli* for the tributary Indians "to cross Potowmach river, or pass the great ridge of mountains lying westward of the inhabited parts of this colony." This act of the Virginia Assembly was ratified by the chiefs of the Five Nations at the memorable treaty of Albany, negotiated in September, 1722. In the year 1734, the county of Orange was formed, by division of Spotsylvania, to be bounded "westerly by the utmost limits of Virginia;" and "for the encouragement of the inhabitants already settled, and which shall speedily settle, on the westward of Shewando (Shenandoah) river," certain exemption from taxes is provided in their favor. Thus the delicate germ of our western colonisation was planted and directly fostered by the legislature; but not until 1738, when old Orange was divided, were two new transmontane counties of Frederick and Augusta formed (named respectively in honor of the Prince and Princess of Wales), comprising in their boundaries all the territory of Virginia that lies to the westward of the Blue Ridge Mountains. In happy allusion to a declaration of General Washington that he would plant the flag of freedom among "the mountains of west Augusta" (the Alleghanies), the State seal of West Virginia assumes its inscription, *Montani Semper Liberi*.

During Governor Spotswood's administration, probably owing to prudence and popular influence on his part, the long protracted dispute, the great *vexata quaestio* of boundary between Virginia and North Carolina, which had proved so detrimental to either colony, was finally and amicably adjusted.

The memoir affording full relation of Governor Spotswood's expedition "across the great mountains," did not reach England until after Queen Anne's death; it was therefore reserved for King George I. to

confer upon him the honor of knighthood. When were spurs more honorably won? The device for his coat of arms was a small golden horse-shoe, bearing the classical and highly appropriate legend, *Sic juvat transcendere montes*. But, sad to relate, his just and reasonable desire for reimbursement of heavy pecuniary outlay made by him on account of the expedition, was postponed and ultimately refused; and in the end he was removed from the office of Governor, which he had filled with unexampled fidelity and zeal for public interests and welfare. On his removal from office in 1722, after full twelve years of arduous and uninterrupted service, Governor Spotswood retired to his plantation in Spotsylvania, where he remained in the discharge of private duties; but when war was renewed in 1739, the brave old soldier and noble patriot was called to the command of the Virginia colonial troops, but died before the performance of any actual service in the field.

The materials for an authentic and more comprehensive memoir of Spotswood's expedition are but scanty; since, unfortunately, the precious manuscript history of his administration as Governor, prepared by himself, was lent some years ago by one of his descendants to Mr. Featherstonhaugh, the distinguished English geologist, while sojourning in Virginia, probably carried away by him to England, and its recovery scarcely to be expected. Notwithstanding this, the somewhat meagre details of contemporary annalists or historians—of Jones and Keith—supplied material to Dr. Caruthers, a native of the Valley of Virginia, upon which was founded his fine historical romance entitled, *Cavaliers of Virginia, or Knights of the Golden Horse-Shoe*. And more lately, of them a bard of "The Old Dominion" has enthusiastically sung that—

"Kings might learn to know their peers,  
In her untitled Cavaliers!"

However many interesting incidents of his life, administration, and expedition have been lost to posterity, there fortunately remains enough to justify the most flattering encomium of Alexander Spotswood. He seems to have possessed in largest measure those manly, generous characteristics, those chivalric instincts and engaging traits, with all the high-bred courtesy and exalted courage that rank him fitly among the old worthies between John Smith and George Washington. His name, like theirs, any people should delight to honor and commemorate, for their spirits inform a nationality of heroism and true greatness.

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,  
To strive, to seek, and not to yield."

It has been said that the actual settlement of the Valley of Virginia proceeded from the northward, mainly from the province of Pennsylvania; but it was the great good fortune of him who had been first in exploration of that fair, untenanted domain—our noble Spotswood—to survive in ripe and honored old age, as it were, to observe it as the white man's possession and his children's heritage.

## WOMEN'S FACES.

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WITHOUT its quaint prejudices and delicious prepossessions, without its foolish impulses and illogical likings, without its comic contradictions and absurd idealisms, human nature would be a dull and stupid blunder. The worst type of man is he whose actions you can always predict. A man without an obvious weakness is a dangerous character. And yet there are such men — men whose notion of heaven is that of a sort of translated Carlsruhe, with very straight streets converging to an accurate geometric centre. Cold as a jelly-fish, with no more human sympathy than a cat, moving as mechanically as a hydraulic engine, such men pass through life in an orderly and precise manner, filling respectably the office in church or state to which they have been called, leaving the world in front of a fashionable funeral, and commemorated by a prim monument which does not mention their failings, for they never had any. These are the men whose criticism of a woman's face may be depended upon for its superficial accuracy. The odd blunders which ordinary men make in judging and speaking of women's faces are very amusing. The scientific spirit, which ought to approach cautiously a careful definition, sets to capering and dancing like a harlequin, and finally flies off into the pure empyrean of idealism. Bold scrutiny of a profile gets transfixed by a glance from a pair of eyes, and dangles helplessly there, like a scarecrow in the rain. We have all noticed the absurd transition in the look of a man who has inspired laughing gas, when, advancing with a prodigious and pugnacious frown on his face, he suddenly bursts into an idiotic giggle, and stands puzzled by his own sense of the humorous. This is the ridiculous plight in which criticism suddenly finds itself when about to scan a pretty woman's face. Indeed, it may be safely affirmed that no man (except he be of the jelly-fish order) can perceive that a woman who has a wonderful pair of eyes and a wonderful smile has also an awkwardly bent nose. Were he to take her photograph, and trace with a pencil the outline of the face, his reason might compel him to acknowledge that, certainly, the nose was not *quite* straight. Another reference to the original, however, and lo! he has no more power of artistic scansion than the shepherd who first saw the face of Aphrodite burst laughing through the white froth of the sea.

In this matter, love is out of court. The freaks of idealism committed by him are too prodigious to form the topic of an intentionally sane essay. The odd criticisms which men who are not in love pronounce on the faces of the women whom they meet are, without any extraneous help, sufficiently curious. There can be no doubt of the fact that what might be supposed to be the chief criterion — accuracy of outline — is held to be of very secondary importance indeed. The grand protest of Mediævalism and even of the Renaissance against the tyranny of

the unapproachable antique types affected at least this one good in our notions of the human face — it gave value to individualism, and freedom to the choice of art. Henceforth there were no supreme forms, to approach which all the specialities of individual portraiture had to be smoothed away. Prominence and proper appreciation were given to specific characteristics; and the human face, with its infinite varieties of form and expression, with its innumerable artistic graces, was made a law unto itself. This tendency to recognise the beauty and artistic fitness of actual forms, in preference to a slavish obedience to certain sublimated "universals," was but the reflex of a sentiment which has run through, in many directions, all our modern life. Men no longer sigh for the perfectly beautiful woman. Regularity of the most faultless kind in physical form is held to be of lesser account than those variations which are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to indicate special emotional or intellectual characteristics. When a man thinks over the beautiful women whom he knows — that is to say, the women whose profile is correct, whose head and figure are admirably in accordance with artistic types — does he not invariably find that the handsomest women are also the dullest? Does he not in trying to decide which is really the most beautiful woman of his acquaintance, choose out her whose irregularities of feature are lost in the movement and light of the face, in the glow and colour of the eyes, in preference to the woman of cold and formal accuracy of outline? It may be said that we are begging the question in assuming that women of classic regularity of features are generally expressionless and formal; but we demand the premise on the ground of common experience. Somehow or other, the women whose life and grace of face are remarkable — so remarkable as instantly to attract and fascinate — almost never approach either the ancient or modern types of beauty. We do not at all mean to echo the vulgar belief that pretty women are invariably stupid. We leave mental qualities for the moment out of the question. The dulness of which we speak is not the dulness of mental vacuity; but that of conventional form. If you were to take one of the women out of the pages of *Le Follet*, and give her twenty times the genius of George Eliot, she would still look a fool. No power of brain could conquer the simpering stolidity of the perfectly regular face. Yet if pressed for an answer as to what they consider the perfect type of modern beauty, most men would think of one of these women in a book of fashions. There are the clear outlines of nose, mouth, and chin; the smooth high forehead, the small ear, the rounded cheek, and the accurately placed eyes. It is given to some men to know one or two women of this stamp in private life. Sometimes these outwardly angelic creatures are fools; sometimes, though rarely, they have mental qualities considerably above the average. In either case the result is the same. A man suddenly confronted by such a face, admires it; he is not moved by any instantaneous sympathy towards it. Perfectly beautiful women (there are not many of them, even if we accept the low type mentioned above) are much caressed by society. They adorn dinner-tables; are magnificent at balls; and make good matches. But they do not break hearts; and the memory of their face, tortured with parting or glowing with the quick joy of meeting, does not haunt a man's life.

Intellectual graces do certainly add to the chances of a face being beautiful ; and, without intellectual graces, the most charming face can never be quite satisfactory. Emotional variety and expression, however, is the true key to the inexplicable influence of the most irregular faces — a key which suggests considerations as to the origin of this free emotional display which cannot be entered upon here. The possibilities of tragedy and comedy which lie in some women's eyes are sufficient to make the face strongly and strangely suggestive — you know that with the slightest application of the proper touch, the whole mine of concealed emotion would fly up. Even the suggestion of a fierce temper (as a brief artistic study, be it understood) is better than the helpless dulness of the faultless and inexpressive face. Not unfrequently this indication of a fiery temperament lies in the eyes of a face which is otherwise unutterably soft and dove-like. In such a case the *piquante* contradiction is irresistibly charming if the woman be tender, and fragile, and winning, with a discreet and delicious veil of mildness tempering the powerful eyes. Such a woman invariably lends herself to any passing mood with an *abandon* which is either wonderfully seductive and confiding or repellent and terrible. She is either affectionate with a sort of kitten-like, tantalising playfulness, or she is a revengeful Juno with eyes of anger and words of sharp fire. There are other faces which express powerful emotion under powerful restraint — with all its suggestions of strong, enduring constancy and irrepachable delicacy of conscience. There are others that only speak of emotional weakness — of a certain infantine want of principle, joined to a want of will, and a prevailing misapprehension of surrounding relations chiefly arising out of vanity. We may most easily find types of such women in fiction, although they are common among us. As a representative of the last named section take Hetty Sorrel ; of the previous class take Nina Balatka — surely one of the most perfect figures ever conceived by a novelist ; and for the first, Cleopatra may be taken as the one perennial type. The list might be indefinitely expanded.

It is this suggestion of emotional power which gives the wonderful glamour to faces which are far from being strictly beautiful. Who is to define it, or mark its limits ? No two men are affected in the same way by the same face ; because it depends on themselves to seize the full suggestiveness of the face — to catch the stray lights of the features — and construct unspeakable sympathies out of the raw material of features. The man who pronounces a woman plain or beautiful according to certain canons of form is either a hypocrite, a pedant, or a donkey. A face is beautiful in proportion as it says something to you which you are desirous of hearing. Different men have different methods of hearing ; and there are some to whom only the coarse message of health — conveyed in fresh colour and plump cheek — is intelligible. There are others to whom such a face is blank and meaningless, who are willing to give away their life to win a smile from a certain pair of eyes, even although the eyes are green. Of course it is easy to see that a man with strong powers of idealism will construct a beautiful face out of unpromising materials ; but this is not to the point. What face is that which appeals to the sense of beauty of the majority of

men? Not the plump inanity of the coloured lithograph. Not the buxom country lass, who has all the beauties of which poets sing, but whom poets do not marry. Not the pinky doll of the book of fashions. Men love long eyelashes, because they seem to hide a secret. Men love those eyes which are transparent and yet deep, because there lies in them something of the unknown and the discoverable ; and so men love faces that tell stories, and are coy, confiding, tantalising, with vague and grand emotional possibilities hidden somewhere about their expression.

We have not said a word about the desirability of marrying a woman with one of these tantalising faces, nor of the desirability of marrying a woman with a pretty face at all. It is almost impossible to touch upon this branch of the subject without repeating the commonest of commonplaces. This may be said, however — a plain woman who has a cultivated brain, and good taste, ought always to be able to hold her ground against pretty women. Emotional variety has so much narrower limits than intellectual variety. You can run over the gamut of a woman's loves and hates much sooner than you can measure the circle of a cultivated intellectual sympathy ; and, once you have exhausted the possible chords, their repetition is likely to become a trifle wearisome. With good taste, come the charms of artistic dress, pleasant, fresh, amusing conversation, and a graceful manner, which does far more execution than the victims of it imagine. Through her intellectual sympathies a woman enlarges the horizon of her life, borrows a new lustre for her own use, and gets the credit of all the wit, and grace, and brilliancy which her extended vision embraces.

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*Good Words.*

## DANCE, MY CHILDREN !

“DANCE, my children ! lads and lasses !  
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels !  
Piper, roar from every chanter  
Hurricanes of Highland reels !

“Make the old barn shake with laughter,  
Beat its flooring like a drum,  
Batter it with Tullochgorum,  
Till the storm without is dumb !

"Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,  
Flit across like meteors glancing,  
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,  
Think of nothing but of dancing!"

Thus a grey-haired father speaketh,  
As he claps his hands and cheers;  
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,  
And his eyes are dimmed with tears.

Well he knows this world of sorrow,  
Well he knows this world of sin,  
Well he knows the race before them,  
What's to lose, and what's to win!

But he hears a far-off music  
Guiding all the stately spheres—  
In his father-heart it echoes,  
So he claps his hands and cheers.

LOCHABER, *August.*

NORMAN MACLEOD.

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*The Atlantic Monthly.*

## THE CITY OF BRASS.

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THERE was no doubt that our wildest dreams were in process of realization.

Following in the track of the Emir Mousa and the Sheikh Abdel-samad, we were on our way to the City of Brass and to the shores of that unknown sea which contains the imprisoned Genii.

We had passed the palace of Kosh, the son of Sheddad; had ascended its unequalled stairways of many-colored marbles; had wondered at its lofty walls and arches, decorated with gold and silver and minerals; and, like the Emir Mousa, had wept until we were insensible, over its pathetic inscriptions.

The Horseman of Brass we had found, reared full high as of old on his lofty hill, the broad head of his spear still blazing with light, and his metallic face set in the direction of the invisible city.

At last we stood beneath the immeasurable pillar of black stone in which Danhash the Afreet, sunk to the pits of his four arms and his two wings, was confined and made fast with the seal of Solomon.

"There," said the great and good man with whom I made that memorable journey,—“there is the first claimant on our philanthropy. We must hasten to extricate this victim of centuries of oppression.”

Thoroughly as I confided in the wisdom and the excellent intentions of my revered friend, often as I had seconded his motions at anniversaries and conventions, I was alarmed at his present proposition. Even if the aspect of this applicant for our sympathy had been benevolence itself, he seemed to me too large to be treated with childlike confidence.

Judging by the eye alone, I should say that the pillar was at least seven hundred feet high, and that the Afreet's head rose two hundred feet or more above the pillar. What if a fellow who measured some seven hundred and fifty feet in his stockings should, to use a Southern expression, get after us? Small chance of life; he could swallow a convention of philanthropists; he might trample us to jelly without knowing it.

What made the matter worse was that our friend Danhash's physiognomy and physical peculiarities of development were in the highest degree disquieting. The author of the *Arabian Nights* (that fervid genius to whom we must bow as to one of the unknown gods of literature) has described him with his usual fidelity and picturesqueness.

A jet-black monster; two immeasurable eyes like coals of fire; in the middle of his forehead a third optic, emitting sparks; a mouth which reminded me of the Grotto of Antiparos with its stalactites; a Niagara of hair, hanging in tufts like the tails of horses. His two human arms were at least eighty yards longer than I care to see, and not at all such members as a man likes to have around him. As for his other pair of upper limbs, equally disgusting in the matter of magnitude, and fashioned like the forelegs of a lion, with incredible claws attached, they were still less to my taste. Nor can I say that I have a weakness for wings when they are some hundreds of feet in length, and the wind sighs through their ponderous plumes as through a pine forest.

Such was Danhash, the Afreet of the pillar. The everlasting nigger, that unparalleled nightmare of our age of visions, never appeared half so awful to the imagination of silver-gray politicians.

“My dear Harrison,” said I to my snowy-haired, but ever youthful, perhaps too youthful, friend, “hadn't we better consider this business a little before we decide upon it?”

“Not an instant,” he replied. “Once the path of humanity is clear before you, plunge into it without a moment of reflection, if it takes you up to your neck at the first jump. Consideration, my dear friend, is a temptation of the evil one.”

At this moment the Afreet, who seemed to have been dozing during our approach to him over the level desert, came to his senses with a start which agitated the air for miles around, and broke out concerning his troubles in a voice equal to half a peal of thunder.

“Extolled be the perfections of my lord who hath appointed me this severe affliction and painful torture until the day of resurrection!”

“Beautiful!” exclaimed Harrison, a born admirer of monsters and of everything that they do or say. “The very words which he uttered in the times of the Caliph Abdelmelek! Could anything be more devotional and pathetic?”

"I like his phraseology," I responded. "But one can't be too sure of the conversion of a fellow who is seven hundred and fifty feet high. Magnitude like that is a crime which requires many good works to atone for it, or at least the most honorable intentions." Suppose you catechise him on the main question, — our safety."

"Hand me the instruments!" was the sublime response of John Howard Harrison.

I must say a word here concerning the character and history of my friend. He was a Bostonian by birth, a philanthropist by instinct, and a follower of isms by religion. Need I add more?

While we were making our arrangements to ascend the pillar, the monster discovered us. First he bent his head awkwardly to look at us, much hampered apparently by his fixed position and by the capital of the pillar, like a man troubled with too high and stiff a cravat. Then he burst into a deafening whimper, reciting his sufferings and imploring compassion. A most babyish monster, as plaintive as Old Grimes. I should have laughed in his face, if I had not been nine hundred feet too short. But my merriment was soon drowned in a tear almost as big as a hogshead, which falling from that enormous altitude, laid me as flat as a flounder, and as wet.

"Hold in!" I could not help remonstrating. "Your grief is altogether too overwhelming."

The Afreet having dried his lachrymals on his hairy paws, we took advantage of the clearing off to send up a kite, and succeeded in lodging it across a finger of one of his human hands. He did not seem to be entirely lacking in common sense, for he immediately commenced hauling up the string. To the end of the string a rope was attached, and to the end of the rope a huge basket containing Harrison and myself, together with our little store of instruments and chemicals. Whoever has ascended Mount Tom on the railway can faintly imagine what were my feelings when we were jerked from the earth and commenced mounting that tremendous perpendicular.

As soon as the Afreet felt us between his digits, he lifted us to the level of his two lower eyes, and holding us off about one hundred and fifty feet, stared at us long and earnestly. It was an awful moment; he might drop us — and I looked down tremblingly; he might eat us — and what a mouth he had! So strange, however, are the workings of the human mind that even in that fearful conjuncture I could not help thinking, with a sense of amusement, what a dentist it would take to fill one of those teeth, and what an amount of chloroform would be needed to tranquillize the patient.

"O Sons of Adam, what desire ye?" he whispered, very much as the ocean whispers in a storm.

"We have come to liberate you," bawled my comrade through a speaking-trumpet. "Place us upon the pillar and we will remove the seal."

"It is the seal of Solomon, upon whom be peace!" thundered back Danbash. "Have ye power above him? Ye will bring upon me a punishment greater than I have yet borne. I have a mind to dash you to the earth."

I wished we were in Boston, or even in New York or Philadelphia.

But Harrison was all himself, as calm as if he were on a platform, with a crowd of roughs throwing rotten eggs at him; as fluent and mellifluous as if he were addressing that other Afreet, the sovereign people. A few sentences from the golden-mouthed orator secured the confidence of our friend Danhash and made him blubber with joy.

"If thou freest me," he said, "I will worship thee and be thy slave."

A swift flight through the air—which stifled one of Harrison's eloquent outbursts against tyranny, and set my head to swimming as if it were independent of me—landed us in an instant upon the capital of the pillar, close by the beating of the Afreet's mighty heart.

Modern chemistry proved too much for ancient alchemy. The fated leaden seal, deeply imprinted with Hebrew characters, was soon eaten out of the black stone by an acid. As the last globule of it vanished into vapor, there came a change: the great basaltic column trembled, crumbled, became atoms, became smoke; held fast in the Afreet's hands, we soared upwards amid clouds and clamor; a deafening yell of demoniacal delight shook the atmosphere; it was a simoon of dust and speed, vocal with thunder.

What altitude we reached I cannot say, for it was impossible to see the earth. The Marid carried us in the hollow of his two hands, which made a basin of over forty feet in length, with sides very nearly thirty feet high, being something above the average Bostonian stature. I might, perhaps, have got a peep downward between his fingers; but the very thought of venturing near one of those chasms made my flesh creep as if it were no longer attached to my bones; and, moreover, the idea that the monster might sneeze, and blow us to destruction without knowing it, filled me with such terror that I lost all my curiosity.

In this situation it was really infuriating to hear Harrison say, "How delightful to share in the joy of this gigantic emancipation!"

Presently Danhash put us into the hollow of his right ear, and asked us the very sensible question, where we wanted to go.

I stopped my auricles to keep out his uproar: it was like a Fourth of July celebrating on one's tympanum.

Harrison responded, with his usual readiness and calmness: "First to the City of Brass, and then to the Sea of Kakar."

"Upon thy head be it!" said our monster. "And if thou canst remove the enchantment from the City of Brass thou shalt be its Caliph, with subjects like the sands of the sea. And if thou canst open the bottles of brass that are in the Sea of Kakar, thou wilt thus deliver all my Marids, and they also shall be thy slaves."

"Friend Danhash, all that shall be done," replied Harrison. "Only, these people and Marids shall be free. I enslave no man and no devil."

"And Solomon?—upon whom be peace!" continued the Afreet, trembling so that he nearly dropped us. "Will he not pursue us and bottle me up again?"

"I am happy to inform you that Solomon is dead," observed Harrison, too logical a philanthropist to sympathize with a man who could limit any freedom, even that of the principalities and powers of the air.

At this piece of news the Afreet laughed so violently that all the trees on the top of a neighboring mountain fell prostrate. What was worse, he cut a number of joyful capers and summersets in the empyrean,

merely taking the precaution to close his fingers above our heads, and thus save us from being sown broadcast over the earth. I can safely affirm that being jerked about in a balloon, or tossed on a tempest in a fishing-smack, is nothing to atmospheric tumbling with a Marid. Our predecessor in philanthropy, Sancho Panza, was less frightfully tossed, and in a softer blanket.

After we had gone heels over head half a dozen times, the Afreet became more tranquil and resumed conversation. I was alarmed now to discover in him a certain falling from grace; no more of the edifying spirit of resignation in which we had found him; no more invocations of peace upon the name of Solomon; no more confessions of faith. He muttered threats against his old enemy Dimiriat, and talked about setting up his own ancient idol of carnelian, if he could find it.

I whispered to Harrison: "The devil was sick; the devil a monk would be: the devil got well; the devil a monk was he."

But my friend, with the unshakable affection of a humanitarian for his pets, would not hear a word against Danhash.

"No wonder the poor fellow is a little put out by the recollection of his unmerited sufferings," he remarked. "Moreover, the long confinement has probably injured his digestion, and so made him nervous. He will feel better, and he will be better, after he has had some exercise."

Presently we beheld the City of Brass,—the long, black, castellated line of its walls along the horizon, and its two monstrous brazen towers, soaring and gleaming like flames.

Of the ten damsels who lured the twelve servants of the Emir Mousa to break their necks, and who nearly overcame the prudence and piety of the venerable Sheikh Abdelsamad, we saw nothing. Danhash took us clean over the battlements, and set us on our feet in the principal square of the deserted city, without other misadventure than stubbing our toes into the gravel.

His next performance was to turn into smoke and vanish. Just as I had begun to entertain a hope that he was dead, or that he had been bottled up and pitched into the Sea of Kakar by some mysterious power, he reappeared in a smaller edition of himself, only about ten feet high.

It was gratifying, however, to perceive that, either because he felt weaker in this belittled state, or because he was impressed by the solemn spectacle of punishment around him, he had recovered somewhat of his former spiritual humility.

"This city presenteth a lesson to him who will be admonished," he said. "The inhabitants were of the tribes of Adam; but they became obedient unto Eblis, and worshipped his gods. For this they were chastised by Solomon, upon whom be ——. There fell upon them an enchantment of starvation. They saw food around them, and knew it not to be food, and so died of famine. Break the charm, and restore them to life, and they are thy subjects."

My weak mind was not clear as to the wisdom of setting three hundred thousand devil-worshippers in working order.

But Harrison, true to his great nature, did not waver an instant. He broke the enchantment as unhesitatingly as he had of old shattered

the Moloch of capital punishment; as soon as he found the seal of Solomon, he poured his acids upon it and evaporated it.

The next moment the city was in a buzz; multitudes crowded the cook-shops and markets; there was one vast, sublime outcry for dinner. Imagine what a meal they made, after a fast of three thousand years!

Meantime the Afreet flew to the top of one of the brazen towers, and roared for half an hour with laughter, as noisy as if he were a bell.

It has been remarked that the humor of one age is not like that of another; that, for instance, the jokes of Aristophanes are but dimly visible to us moderns; and that the ancient Greeks would probably have seen no fun in Dickens. The observation may be extended to the humor of different species. Horses laugh, but not at what tickles monkeys; and monkeys grin, but not at what sets men a-roaring.

Thus, I had noticed that Danhash was not amused at what amused me. To keep him in good-humor, I had repeated to him some of the crack jokes of Artemus Ward, and some of the best stories in our comic almanacs, without raising a smile on his mountainous visage. But now and then, when perhaps the occasion seemed to me one of extreme gravity, this huge wretch would thunder with merriment.

As soon as the resuscitated multitude of bronzed devil-worshippers remarked our Bostonian complexions, they concluded that we were gods, and wanted to adore us. Harrison's conscientious outcries, to the effect that we were men and brethren like unto themselves, seemed to me particularly ill-timed, and soon brought us into trouble. A starveling rabble of the lower classes decided that, if we were not fit to worship, we were fit to eat. I have no doubt that we should have been digested very speedily, but for an outburst of the devotional element of the city. A party of reverend priests sallied from a temple, dispersed the lean rascallions who were about to make cutlets of us, dragged us with their own sacerdotal hands into their venerable fane, and proceeded to offer us up to a porphyry idol of sublime antiquity and ugliness. Great as the honor undoubtedly was, I instinctively shrank from accepting it, and could not help being bitter upon Harrison.

"You see it won't do," said I, as I lay beside him on the sacrificial altar,— "it won't do to enfranchise everybody and everything that you come across."

"What these people need," he replied, "is a free press, a common-school system, and the ballot."

"Do you suppose," demanded I, reverting to a subject on which we had often disputed,— "do you suppose that universal suffrage, etc., will make Christians and moralists out of our Chinese immigrants?"

"What matter?" was his heroic answer. "Let the strongest faith win!"

The chief priest was about to cut short our argument with a carving-knife, when I heard a supernatural shout of laughter behind me, and Master Danhash came flying into the temple, buzzing along the walls and knocking himself against the pillars like a monstrous horn-bug. Although the good people around us did not seem astonished at this phenomenon, they nevertheless suspended their pious offices upon our persons, and raised their eyes as if in expectation of supernatural guidance.

At last our ærial friend perceived us. The next instant he went into one of his fits of smoking, and very soon vanished in thin curls among the arches, like a whiff from a cigar.

Precisely in proportion as he disappeared, a small flame lighted up on the head of the idol, and increased to an excessive brightness.

Never were pyrotechnics more satisfactory: the four thousand persons present went down on their eight thousand knees; the priests loosed their hold on our arms and let us sit up on the altar. Next the stony lips of the porphyry horror gave utterance to the following oracle:—

“These, O sons of Adam, are they who delivered you. They are your prophets, and ye are their followers.”

We were worshipped! Useless for Harrison to recommence his perilous babble about our being men and brethren; his voice was drowned in a choral ascription of praise and in a rush of thousands of adorers. No toe of a bronze St. Peter was ever more liberally kissed than were our toes though cased in calfskin. In proof of this wearing osculation I can show my capped boots.

Prophets are better off in the City of Brass than they have been in some other places of which history makes mention. After being sumptuously fed in the temple, we were boxed in two jewelled palanquins of ivory, and borne on men’s shoulders, through streets lined with worshippers, to the royal palace.

If I should describe all the wonders of this superb building, I might incur a suspicion of exaggeration, and throw a doubt on the rest of my narrative. I will however venture to say that I could not have believed in so many beryls, had I not seen a still greater number of jacinths. Perhaps I can best give the reader an idea of the magnificence of the palace by simply stating that it was finer than that of Kosh, the son of Sheddad.

Through amazing doors of teakwood inlaid with ivory, between incredible rows of soldiers armed with gilded shields and spears, along marvellous saloons floored with marble and incrustated with arabesques, we were borne with a solemnity and care which did credit to our attendants,—closing our progress beneath a dome of fabulous vastness and splendor.

When I say that we were now at the entrance of a lofty kiosque of the purest alabaster, I shall not be credited except by those who are familiar with the Arabian Nights. Indeed, we doubted our own senses until I had rubbed my eyes and Harrison had wiped his spectacles.

Dismounting, we were ushered into the kiosque, and found ourselves in the royal presence. Although I respect the crowned heads of Europe, Asia, and Africa as much as is permitted to a republican and philanthropist, I am obliged to declare that I never saw another queen so incredibly lovely as her Majesty of the City of Brass.

No wonder that the Oriental historian describes her as “a damsel resembling the shining sun,” and asserts that “eyes had not seen one more beautiful.” No wonder that the Emir Mousa “ marvelled extremely at her comeliness, and was confounded by her beauty, and the redness of her cheeks and the blackness of her hair.” Nor does the same great authority exaggerate when he speaks of her couch adorned with jacinths, her garment of brilliant pearls, her fillet and necklace of jewels, and her crown of red gold.

Words, however, fail before this august lady's beauty and magnificence. Such things must be seen to be believed.

The bigoted party who had been about to operate on our windpipes with the pontifical butcher-knife now went on his knees with a thump which did my heart good, and informed her Majesty of the revelation which had been made by the idol. The scene of excitement which followed was unparalleled in my experience, familiar as I have been with conventions, anniversaries, and the like. The queen threw herself at our feet; so did her charming sister, Rose in Bloom; so did all her train of odalisques. We were the objects of a gratitude and adoration which could not have been expressed in a language less copious and hyperbolic than the Arabic.

It was in vain for Harrison to declare that we were not prophets, but Bostonians. This last word, being untranslatable and mysterious, simply aided to impress the imaginations of our adorers, and to make them more assiduous in their genuflections. The result was, that my intelligent friend gave up his absurd expostulations, and played the part of sacred monkey with a patience which would have been praiseworthy in a brute and which was beautiful in a man and reformer.

The close of this eventful day found Harrison and myself occupying a magnificent suite of apartments in the palace, and waited upon by two hundred slaves of two hundred different complexions. Having dismissed one hundred and ninety-nine of our attendants, we held a discussion as to how much we had accomplished for the cause of humanity.

"So far it is almost too good to be true," said I with irony. "If we had fallen heirs to populous estates in Cuba or Brazil, things would not have looked so very different."

"We have reason to congratulate ourselves," gravely responded Harrison, who, like all born humanitarians, is stone-blind to a joke. "This has been truly a day of Progress."

"If setting loose a devil seven hundred feet long, and bringing about a rousing revival of paganism, is progress, I grant it," was my comment.

"This is but the beginning of the end," he continued. "We have secured our vantage-point. Now we must use it. I shall commence great reforms among these people at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"The first step, if there were no legal obstacles in the way, would be for you to marry the queen," said I. "In the character of prince consort you could back up your other character of prophet."

"I have decided upon it," was the serene reply.

Knowing that Harrison had a wife in Boston, I felt the goose-flesh of reverence on my back. This great, pure, beneficent nature was willing to bear the yoke of polygamy for the sake of doing good.

"If it won't interfere with you, I shall propose to the queen's sister," I ventured to add. "Rose in Bloom is almost as handsome as her Majesty."

"Beauty has nothing to do with it," said he reprovingly. "If the queen were as ugly as Danhash, I should marry her for the good of her subjects. Love is but the servant of philanthropy."

Fearing lest Harrison's enthusiasm for beneficence should lead him to espouse, not only the queen, but Rose in Bloom, and every other respectable lady in the kingdom, I set about my own courtship the

very next day, speaking of it first to her Majesty. She received my proposition most graciously and had the goodness to refer me directly to her sister.

I had my doubts and terrors as I entered the ivory reception-room of the princess. I was the youngest and handsomest Bostonian in the City of Brass ; but I was only a minor prophet compared with Harrison ; and women do so love distinction ! Considering the superstitious enthusiasm of which the sex is capable, there was danger that every female in the land might desire to be sealed to the august head of our mission, thus creating a sort of Oriental Utah in which I should be a bachelor Gentile.

Blushing and trembling, I inwardly queried, How is it with Rose in Bloom ?

Her Royal Highness received me with that charm of manner which every one familiar with the Arabian Nights must have observed in the princesses of the Orient. One wave of her jewelled hand transported me to her side ; another wafted out of the ivory boudoir her train of odalisques. Next, the witchery of her eyes and smile seated me cross-legged beside her, upon the divan of gold brocade.

Our courtship was somewhat in the style of children making love by alternate bites of apple. Dipping her rosy fingers into a jasper vase, brimming with the delicious confectionery which is made in the City of Brass, she helped me and helped herself. I masticated and worshipped in silence ; heart and mouth were both too full to speak. Moreover, I remembered that it was her ladyship's privilege, as the scion of a royal race, to take the initiative. It is always leap-year with women of her social position.

After a time, blushing like a parterre of roses, and turning her eyes shyly from me, she murmured : " A nightingale has told me what is in your heart. Fear not to repeat his song."

Full of joy and confectionery, I undoubled my legs and fell on my knees. Few words were needed : she stretched out her hand right royally ; I kissed it right democratically ; we were engaged. Ah, that hour of gladness ! it now seems a delusion.

Our happiness was soon disturbed by the necessity of travelling in the path of Progress. Harrison was not a man to let grass grow under the feet of Reform, and he called for beneficent measures with exasperating vigor and perseverance.

I must confess that I wanted him to keep quiet. Betrothed to Rose in Bloom, and living in the most luxurious palace of the Thousand-and-One Nights, it seemed to me that the world went well enough and that there was no need of disturbances. I was like the old lady, who, having taken a glass of hot sling, decided that the weather had moderated, and that it was useless to send wood to the poor. With me life was summed up in sitting beside my princess and eating sweetmeats from her delicious fingers. I wished Harrison would persecute some other city with his philanthropy.

But Harrison was odiously good. Great things were done with disgusting rapidity. Slavery was abolished ; universal suffrage was established ; the temples were turned into school-houses ; there was a free press, free trade, free everything.

It was pleasant, however, to observe, that our reformer stubbed his

progressive toes against divers obstacles. For instance, nobody would take the trouble to read his radical newspapers, and everybody persisted in voting on the side of the government. In vain did Harrison proclaim that, without two parties, there is no freedom of speech or thought, and no true liberty. He nearly broke his voice in a fruitless attempt to get up an opposition to himself.

"The gods forbid that we should say aught against our most excellent queen and our most holy prophet!" was the response of the elders of the people.

"I'll bring them to exercise the right of discussion," said my friend to me, in hot anger. "I shall organize an expedition to the Sea of Kakar, to unbottle the Marids and Afreet. We will see if that will not awaken public opinion."

"Don't!" I implored. "It would be literally raising the *inferno*. There are nearly a million of those devils."

"We owe it to Danhash," was the sublime reply. "They are his brethren, and he demands their liberation. Let justice be done, if the heavens fall."

To crown my discontent, I was made chief of this abominable picnic. I consoled myself by taking along with me Rose in Bloom, two hundred servants to wait upon us, a camp equipage which loaded a thousand camels, and a gilded escort of five thousand cavalry.

The Sea of Kakar, as every educated person knows, is beyond the country of the blacks. Consequently, travelling at the rate of twenty miles a day, and halting Sundays, we were just three weeks in reaching it. Arrived there, we hired twenty-two thousand of "God's images carved in ebony," and began drawing seines for potted goblins.

This species of fishing is certainly a very curious and interesting recreation. You land your brass bottle, knock a hole in it with a hatchet or pickaxe: out comes a blue smoke which rises several hundred feet; then you hear a horrible voice, saying, "Repentance, O Prophet!" After that the Marid gets himself together, takes the disagreeable shape that belongs to him, and skedaddles.

We worked thirty-one days, opening an average of five thousand bottles a day; the cheering result being one hundred and fifty-five thousand free and independent devils. The country was darkened with the shadows of these flying monsters. You could see them sitting on the mountains in rows, like crows on the bare branches of an autumnal tree, or like turkey-buzzards on the roof of the Charleston (S. C.) meat-market.

At the close of five weeks Prophet Harrison graciously granted me leave of absence to visit the City of Brass and celebrate my marriage with Rose in Bloom.

"Congratulate me!" he said when we met. "I have been hooted in the streets to-day by the rabble. It is the dawn of independent public opinion. It is the genesis of freedom."

"What have you been doing?" I demanded, angry enough to bottle him up and pitch him into the Sea of Kakar.

"It is this Afreet business," he responded, radiant with joy. "These people have now a grievance which even their darkened minds cannot ignore. At last, — at last, O gracious powers, — there is an opposition, there is free discussion!"

In truth, the Afreets and Marids were giving the citizens no end of trouble. These gigantic nuisances were, of course, fearfully hungry after their lent of three thousand years. Although they had the right of suffrage, and the chance of earning an honest living under an eight-hour law, they stood in such need of immediate nourishment that they seized whatever they could lay their claws on, gobbling sheep by the flock and cattle by the herd. In all directions you could see couples of them pulling at a horse or an ox, like chickens hauling on the two ends of a caterpillar.

The result was that, although we were in the full reign of humanitarianism, starvation threatened. Harrison would do nothing to diminish the distress, or soothe the discontent of the citizens. When I begged of him to urge upon the Marids the propriety of restricting themselves to half-rations, or of emigrating to Australia or the United States, he talked philanthropy. The Marids were free; the Marids had the right of suffrage; everybody was free and had the right of suffrage; it was an era of reform and progress and liberty; everything would manage itself.

For the first time in my life it struck me that an individual greatly in advance of his age may be as much of a nuisance as an individual greatly behind his age.

From man I appealed to monster; from would-be prophet to couldn't-help-it devil. Master Danhash, with the good-nature of large people, was still going about in a ten-foot-high state, which was certainly obliging in a fellow who might, if he chose, be seven hundred and fifty. Beckoning him down from his favorite sunning-place on one of the Towers of Brass, I had a serious conversation with him concerning our social and political crisis, and urged him to send his Marids to some other part of the planet.

He replied that he would be happy to bundle them off, but that it would be unconstitutional; that by the law of the land all Marids and Afreets were now free and equal; that consequently he, Danhash, had no power to give orders. He further informed me that the Prophet had found that famous talisman, the idol of red carnelian, whereby the tribes of Eblis were wont to be governed, and had buried it in some secret place so that no one might use it.

Having made these statements, Danhash burst into one of his irrational bellows of laughter, and flew up to his perch.

I rushed back to Harrison and firmly demanded the idol.

"Never!" returned this heroic being. "What! appeal to that relic of a degraded superstition! that figment of a mouldering past! Deprive one hundred and fifty-five thousand devils—but just liberated and enfranchised—of their freedom of will! The allegiance which I owe to the eternal principles of right will not permit it. I shall obey my conscience in this matter, and let the consequences take care of themselves."

The consequences were not long in making their disagreeable appearance. Even while we argued, a huge and unintelligible roar, the howling of an angry city, approached the palace. Stepping to a balcony, we saw the streets surging with men, and caught their furious shouts of, "No more Marids! Death to the Prophet of Evil! Death to the ill-omened ones!"

"We are lost," said I, "unless you find the talisman and summon the power of Danhash."

"Better die than be saved thus!" replied Harrison. "Better perish by Progress than be saved by the Past!"

"But the queen may perish also,—and Rose in Bloom!" I shrieked.

"Let them all go!" declared this monster of conscience. "I would sacrifice all my race, rather than take a step backward."

Turning my back on him with profound respect, I sprang out of the apartment through a crowd of yelling savages, and rushed along a monstrous colonnade toward the kiosque of my princess, determined to save her or perish by her side. But at the termination of the corridor another screaming crowd met me, grasped at me with its hundreds of eager arms, paralyzed my resistance, and bound me fast.

Then a trampling and bellowing torrent of human wrath bore me away from the palace and through the swarming city. For miles I was carried on the shoulders of assassins, under a never-ceasing storm of maledictions and indignities. Multitudes reviled me; a population threatened me. I seemed one cursed by the human race, and condemned to death by mankind.

Into the Tower of Brass, at last; up its hundreds on hundreds of brazen steps; circling aloft spirally, dizzily, infinitely; ascending, as it were, the cycles of eternity. When it seemed as if the heavens must have been reached, I was brought out upon a narrow balcony, and saw the earth beneath me. Then, with one mighty heave of rage, and one supreme shout of execration, I was hurled into the abysses of air. It is needless to say that I fell, and that I fell an enormous distance. My idiosyncratic respect for the law of gravitation would not permit me to do otherwise.

I might have been falling yet, but for my amiable friend Danhash, who doubtless remembered his deliverance from the pillar, and felt that one good turn deserves another.

I was half-way down, or perhaps three quarters of the way,—it surely matters little which,—when he caught me on his shoulders, shaking with laughter.

I begged with tears to be taken back to Rose in Bloom, but he shook his ill-shapen head over the desperate proposition, and never relaxed the beat of his mighty pinions.

At midnight, hundreds of miles from the City of Brass, he deposited me in an oasis of the Sahara, near an encampment of English travelers, and immediately soared aloft again, vanishing in the darkness. The Englishmen carried me to the nearest seaport, and the American consul there forwarded me to Boston.

What happened in the City of Brass after my sudden and unexpected departure, I have no means of knowing. I entertain hopes, the hopes of a lover, that the rioters meant no harm to the queen nor to Rose in Bloom.

Harrison, the wisest philosopher that ever got into trouble, the truest philanthropist that ever made mischief, is, I fear, defunct.

If he lives, we may be sure that the City of Brass has been extricated from the familiar quagmire of its Past, and is making for that other and unknown quagmire, its Future.

## THE GORGON'S SECRET.

FROM GOETHE—AN OFFERING TO THE MEMORY OF BYRON.

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Chor (zu Phorkyas).  
"Schweige, schweige!  
Missblickende, missredende du!"

—FAUST, *Zweiter Theil, Dritter Act.*

### I.

HUSH thee, Hag! be silent, thou  
With eyes askant and hissing brow,  
Mouth deep and black, with lips that hang  
Dissevered by one ghastly fang —  
Fit birth-place for a tale  
At which the sun turns pale,  
While Nature sickens in his glare —  
Such horror as to upper air  
Came never till this fated hour,  
Came never yet from earth or sea,  
Save when their dark and stormy power  
From some deep cavern sent forth thee.

### II.

Inly malevolent,  
Seeming benevolent,  
She-wolf, under thy snowy fleece  
More to be dreaded  
Than the Three-Headed  
Whose barkings break the Hell-world's peace;  
Though foulest of the shapes of dread,  
The gray, gaunt dog that bays the dead.

Eager, trembling, stand we now,  
Breathless, await the when and how;  
Shadows from the cave of night,  
Bring ye darkness?—bring ye light?  
Secrets, the dead have kept so long,  
How broke ye prisons deep and strong?  
Spectres that lurked in the lives of men,  
Deeds that were done without the sun,  
Have ye a voice?—say where and when;  
And your tale be told, your task be done,  
And back no more  
From Lethe's shore,  
Unseemly phantoms, in our ken  
Moping and mouthing, come again.

## III.

But thou, as oft in other days,  
 With mind elate and bosom free,  
 For eager falsehood waiting praise —  
 Hear the earth curse thee : earth and sea  
 Shall make thee hateful ; starry night  
 And mountains rosy with the morn,  
 All thou hast sullied that was bright,  
 Shall shame thee, babblers, with our scorn —  
 Shall make us hate thee with the might  
 Of banished love and hearts forlorn.  
 For when upon the fated strife  
 Of gloomy passions, darkening life,  
 Came peace — and all the stormy fight  
 Fell weaponless, as, with dawning light,  
 Lethean, hopeful words were cast  
 Backward, with many a soft alas !  
 Into the darkness which holds fast  
 The shades that into its shadow pass,  
 The shame, the blame of all the past —  
 Unblest one ! thou, in evil hour,  
 Hast found a nameless word to blast  
 The splendor in the grass and flower, —  
 To earth and air hast breathed a story  
 That, staining beauty in its birth,  
 And tearing all the scroll of glory,  
 And making all of vilest worth,  
 The star-crowned head of Heaven hoary,  
 Brings down with shame to the dust of earth.

## IV.

Silence, silence ! and leave us still,  
 Ere yet thy tale be done,  
 Though pale with doubt, with horror chill,  
 The image of the sun :  
 The world that reels beneath our feet,  
 The forms of things that from us flee,  
 But wait until our lips repeat  
 Earth's malediction upon thee.\*  
 Ere thou thyself fly, winged with fear,  
 Back to the stormy ocean, hear  
 Thy mother curse thee : " By the night  
 And this avenging sun, and me  
 The eldest, and not less in might,  
 Now to thyself a 'terror' be !

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\*The rest of this strophe has no foundation in Goethe. With this exception the ode, though rendered and amplified with poetic freedom, is faithful to the spirit of the original. For giving one of the Graie (sisters and inseparable companions of the Gorgons) the hissing locks of Medusa, and conceiving her to be Deino, "The Terrier," the translator is responsible.

Till watched by fear, and worn by flight,  
Thou start from sleep, and hiss with fright.  
Of all the furies latest born,  
With all their fury, hate, and scorn ;  
Accursed inheritrix of strife,  
A sister-terror, sprung to life  
From dire Medusa's blood — for thee,  
Mortal like her, I see, I see  
The bright steel gleam, and drops that fall  
Red on my bosom, and appall  
The hideous train of fear and pain,  
Gorgons, Erinnyes, that remain,  
To fly the strong — the weak to hound  
With phantoms, while my sun goes round.

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*The Overland Monthly.*

### TENNESSEE'S PARTNER.

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I DO not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack," or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Salaratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread ; or from some infelicitous slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry ; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name, in that day, rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new-comer with infinite scorn ; "hell is full of such Cliffords !" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley" — an unhallowed inspiration of the moment, that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title : That he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where

he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar-rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But, to every body's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys, who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting, were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler—he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble in Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype—the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man, on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless; both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have

you got there? — I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and, with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the *chaparral*-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated, resinous odors, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express office, stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter, passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands, they were ready to listen patiently to any defense, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defense than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge — who was also his captor — for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight" that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper" and trowsers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trowsers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and, after having shaken the

hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandana handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar — my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you any thing to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner — knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'int in that young man — thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to — as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you — confidential-like, and between man and man — sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I — confidential-like, as between man and man — what should a man know of his pardner?"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say any thing agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you — bein' a far-minded man — and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so?"

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily, "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch — it's about all my pile — and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offense could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguin-

ary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have any thing to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say any thing, how perfect were the arrangements of the Committee, were all duly reported—with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers—in the *Red Dog Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly, the *Red Dog Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart, halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant, the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye-tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the Committee." He didn't wish to "hurry any thing;" he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun!—they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of

Sandy Bar ; perhaps it was from something even better than that : but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box — apparently made from a section of sluicing — and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men — half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly — strolled along beside the cart ; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road, or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had, at the outset, played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation — not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon — by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating, in the ferns by the road-side, as the *cortège* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs ; and the blue jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay super-added. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough inclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it, we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the inclosure ; and rejecting the offers of assistance, with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid ; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech ; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to

come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time—why"—he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'll's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation, gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandana handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well meant kindnesses. But from that day, his rude health and great strength seemed to visibly decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying: "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now—steady, 'Jinny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way, too—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE AND *THE NEW ECLECTIC*.

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THE able and well-timed article on Southern authors which appeared in the *Southern Presbyterian Review* a short time ago, has caused many cultivated minds among our people to inquire anxiously why this strange apathy about our own literary development should still cling to us. It would be hard to say how often we have heard this question asked. Nor is the answer an easy one to give. Of partial answers there are many. The fact that the educated among us have received a very high and thorough training, and have a taste too fine to be satisfied with anything short of the very best, while the greatly larger class of the uneducated are almost totally without education, and find the illustrated papers with sensational stories, and the dime novelettes of the North quite captivating, when they read at all — this fact, of course, goes a long way towards explaining the mystery. The devotion, in past times, of most of our first-rate intellect to the attractive, endlessly intricate science of politics, so strangely blending metaphysical subtlety of speculation with the practical glow of social conflict, and both with the wide domain of the human race's historic experience, withdrew so much of our native power from the quest of Helicon, that it is scarcely wonderful we should have learned to set ourselves down as intrinsically an unliterary people — especially as the Yankees have kept telling us so, from the time that Boston began to burlesque Athens. Yet, rare as were the examples of Southern genius seeking the glory of written thought, the few names we can point to are bright enough to keep us from blushing for the culture of our fathers. The truth is, the minds of most generations of the Southern gentry have fed on the older English literature; the libraries of the planters, with whom began our commonwealths from the Chesapeake to the Gulf, having far more solid store of wit and wisdom on their shelves than most private libraries North or South can boast at this day. Even the best of more recent English literature our conservative thinkers were rather inclined to underrate, comparing it as they did with the more hearty, vigorous, sterling power of the age of Chaucer, the age of Shakspeare, the age of Dryden, the age of Pope and Swift, of Fielding and Sterne. But the spirit of Coleridge, and, later, of Carlyle, did inspire them to seek new forms of beauty, fresh revelations of strength in the nascent literature of Germany; while, ages before, the Huguenot ancestors of many had introduced them to the best writings of France, and, at the very outset of our growth, the connexion of old English literature with the classics of Italy and Spain had turned the attention of gentlemen who had leisure for the widest scholarship to the works at least of the chief five of Italy, as well as to the pages of Cervantes de Saavedra, and of Calderon, Garcilaso, and Lope de Vega. Very many of our gentlemen, in the elder time, thus became finished scholars in critical taste.

But, whether the same culture now prevails, or the excellence of Southern training has declined with the general superficial tendencies of the age: whether the same delicacy of taste still prevails, and the same power remains to produce what is worthy from the constant habit of studying only what is worthy, it scarcely boots to ask or know, when the chief practical difficulty in the way of establishing a superior organ in the South of purely intellectual and educational development—a periodical which will *last* and tend to the larger and fuller growth of a distinctively Southern fruit, of Southern thought, and Southern feeling—still remains, and remains in greater force than ever. This difficulty is the old enonomic one of “no pay for the porter.” It is idle to talk of want being the best school for genius, and of the most precious fragrances rising from crushed flowers. These are the commonplaces of poetry, not the truth of literary history. The real first-rate genius of the world has ever sought those forms of labor which would at the same time be its best channel for expressing itself and its surest way to win bread for the family. Genius is false to itself when it forgets its nearest duties and makes the home unhappy, even though it be for the sake of humanity. It was not so that Shakspeare worked. The stage in his day was the money-making mart of thought, and hence his wonderful creations, his grand histories of the heart, took the dramatic form. The novel was the popular form of literature when Walter Scott sought to eke out his income by drawing on the treasury of a genius, the wealth of which he did not himself suspect; and the economic necessities of the branch of industry for which nature had adapted him thus gave us the inexhaustible stores of beauty and truth which the Waverley novels hold for the refreshment and refinement of every mind capable of cultivation.

But it is often objected that there need be no supply where there is no demand; that were there a serious, earnest wish at the South for a purely native literature, the supply would come fast enough; and that the tacit refusal of our people to countenance warmly such literary attempts as are made among us, the indifference shown toward every such effort, must be proof positive that one of two things is true: either our people have all the literature they desire already furnished from abroad, or the quality of what is given us at home is not of the kind suited to our tastes. There is, indeed, a degree of truth in both these statements. We *have* much good literature from England and Scotland, and a great deal of wretched stuff from the North, too much sought and too greedily devoured by many among us. But we need something which shall be marked by our distinctive modes of thought, our peculiar order of civilization, tinged as it is with much of the beautiful and the heroic lost to Europe in the lapse of ages since feudal chivalry prevailed. And we need something which may plant itself firmly in opposition to the modern spirit of agrarianism, the modern spirit of centralisation in all organized society, whether of Church or State, and the modern temper of Pharisaic meddlesomeness. We deny that our people are satisfied with what they get from abroad as food for their minds. The many attempts made to establish permanent literary organs is, of itself, a proof that this is not so. But why then these failures? Is it true that the quality furnished us by our literary caterers is not of the best, or at

least not suited to the tastes of our people? It is true, and it is not true. The real state of the case is, that most of these attempts have been at the same time too ambitious and too partial. Forgetting that our reading class is comparatively a small one (in the sense in which the term is used here), each magazine directory has addressed too narrow a circle of readers. It is needless to point out instances. The fact is patent to any who will be at the pains to glance through almost any of our monthlies, past or present. A great review, such as is the *Southern Review*, it is of course most difficult to sustain in a country where no large cities, no universities like Oxford and Cambridge, no acknowledged centres of literary criticism, no sinecure for scholarly leisure, yet exist. Still its great merit keeps it in life; and we trust that the atmosphere in which alone such enterprise can live long, will at no distant day grow into being in this Southern land. The *Southern Presbyterian Review*, always strong enough in theological ability and scholarship to hold its ground with the people of our own Church, and secure, as the writer well knows, from any possibility of failure by the devotion of its editors and a few staunch friends who would sacrifice much to keep up the good it is doing, has never claimed a place among purely literary organs, except in subordination to its higher aims. Yet, scarcely a number of this able quarterly appears without some admirable paper on topics of general interest; and occasionally an article devoted to strictly literary matter is produced in its pages fairly worthy of a place in the best of the British quarterlies.

Our main purpose in reviewing this topic of Southern literature, and the needs of our people in regard to it, is to call attention to one monthly which, in our opinion, supplies in every respect the *desiderata* of the South in this matter, and bids fair, with proper encouragement, to better satisfy, as time goes on, the wishes of all who have a lively interest in the establishment of a really worthy exponent of Southern thought. The *New Eclectic*, published by Messrs. Turnbull & Murdoch, in Baltimore, began its career in January, 1868, with the principle of selection from the best foreign and home publications as its basis, though opening its pages to valuable contributions from any quarter. It has continued this policy, improving as it went on in the excellence of its selections, adding to the number of its original papers, uniting with *The Land We Love*, and appearing this year in the handsomest dress of any periodical we know. Its taste in selection is admirably catholic and pure. The field of selection is very wide. It comprehends in its pages translations from contemporary German and French writers of mark; choice papers from the best of the British quarterlies, monthlies, and weeklies; selections from New World publications, from the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, of Columbia, to the *Overland Monthly*, of San Francisco; original papers by such writers of our own as John Esten Cooke, Dr. R. L. Dabney, William Hand Browne, Morrison Heady, Margaret J. Preston, Dr. F. O. Ticknor, and others of known merit. There is always in it something good for Sunday reading, like the Duke of Argyle's fine contributions to *Good Words*, or Dr. Norman McLeod's energetic Christian teaching.

## MOSAIC.

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“WHEN man’s duty to man reduces itself to handing him certain metal coins, or covenanted money-wages, and then showing him out of doors ; and man’s duty to God becomes a cant, a doubt, a dim inanity, a ‘pleasure of virtue,’ or such like ; and the thing a man does infinitely fear (the real *hell* of a man) is ‘that he do not make money and advance himself,’—I say, it is incalculable what a change has introduced itself everywhere into human affairs ! How human affairs shall now circulate everywhere not healthy life-blood in them, but, as it were, a detestable copperas banker’s ink ; and all is grown acrid, divisive, threatening dissolution ; and the large tumultuous life of society is galvanic, devil-ridden, too truly possessed by a devil ! For, in short, Mammon *is* not a god at all ; but a devil, and even a very despicable devil. Follow the devil faithfully, you are sure enough to *go* to the devil : whither else can you go ? In such situations, men look back with a kind of mournful recognition even on poor limited monk-figures, with their poor litanies ; and reflect with Ben Jonson that soul is indispensable, some degree of soul, even to save you the expense of salt !”

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“CHRISTIAN life is action ; not a speculating, not a debating, but a doing. One thing, and only one in the world has eternity stamped upon it. Feelings pass ; resolves and thoughts pass ; opinions change. What you have done lasts—lasts in you. Through ages, through eternity, what you have done for Christ, that, and only that you are. ‘They rest from their labors,’ saith the Spirit, ‘and their works do follow them.’ If the love of the Father be in us, where is the thing done which we have to show ? You think justly, feel rightly—yes, but your work ? Produce it. Men of wealth, men of talent, men of leisure, what are you *doing* in God’s world for God ?”

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“I WOULD have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow. Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been moulded in the rose-red clay of love, before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love-capacity is a congenital endowment ; and I think, after a while, one gets to know the warm-hued natures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counterfeits of them. Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself ; but pride in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself, deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman’s *inferno*, where the punishments are smallpox and bankruptcy. She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the top of an icicle, to

bestow upon those whom she ought kindly and cordially to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all; but if a woman puts on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Better, too, few words, from the woman we love, than too many: while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself. Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold."

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"If the might of Omnipotence can arrange, in their unspeakable delicacy, the tendrils of the corals in the depths of ocean, and bring to maturity colonies and nations, in all the animation of their life and the glow of their costume, within the bosom of a flower, and reach a perfection of beauty, after which art at what may be called an infinite distance, in the rainbow He hangs in every mountain brook, will He not wipe away a stain as if from His own forehead, will He not humble His great adversary on a territory He hoped He had won, will He not amend the one imperfection in the world—sin? And is it not in consistency with the glory of His name, that, thus to vindicate Himself, He has made a display of mercy and condescension at which heaven and earth may stand agaze?"

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"LET a man get but one glimpse of the King in His beauty, and then the forms and shapes of things here are but the types of an invisible loveliness—types which he is content should break and fade. Let but a man feel truth,—that goodness is greatness,—and then the degrading reverence with which the titled of this world bow before wealth, and the ostentation with which the rich of this world profess their familiarity with title—all the pride of life, what is it to him? The love of the inward,—everlasting, real,—the love, that is, of the Father,—annihilates the love of the world."

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"YE make the great All a machine, say the Pantheists, a dead piece of very superior mechanism; the tree Igdrasil of the old Norsemen was better than that; to look on the universe as godlike and god, how infinitely better is that. Let us consider. One mighty tide of force filling immensity, its waves, galaxies, and systems, its foam sparkling with worlds, one immeasurable ocean of life, swelling in endless billows through immensity at its own vast, vague will; such is at once the universe and God of Pantheism. The Pantheist is himself one little conscious drop in the boundless tide, in the all-embracing infinite. In the branching of the stars, this infinite rushes out; in the little flower at your feet, it lives. In all the embodying of human thought—in the rearing of nations and politics, in the building of towered cities, in the warring and trading of men—it finds a dim garment; in the beauties and grandeurs and terrors of all mythologies—the grave look of the Olympian King, the still and stainless beauty of the woodland Naiad, the bright glance of the son of Latona, the thunder-brows of Thor, the dawn smile of Balder—it is more clearly seen; the beauty which

is the soul of art — the majesty that lives from age to age in the statue of Phidias, the smile that gladdens the eyes of many generations on the perfect lip and in the pure eye of a Madonna by Raphael — is its very self. You may look at it, you may, by effort of thought, endeavor to evolve it within you ; but the drop holds no converse with the ocean, the great rolling sea hears not the ripple on its shore ; you can hold no converse or communion with your God ; your highest bliss is to cease individually to be, to sink into unconscious, everlasting trance. What, now, do we behold, when we turn with unsandaled foot, to look upon the universe and God of Christianity ? An immensity, to the bounds of which, urge them never so wildly, the steeds of thought shall never pierce, thronged with ordered myriads of worlds, all willed into existence and ever upheld by a Being of whom tongue can not speak or mind conceive, but who lit the torch of reason, who hears the voice of man, and whose attributes are dimly mirrored in the human soul. Endeavor to embrace the universe in thy conception ; let thought take to it the wings of imagination, and imagination open the oceanic eye of contemplation ; view this stupendous, illimitable whole. Then conceive God infinitely above it ; filling it all with His light, as the sun fills with its light the dew-drop ; as distinct from it as the sun is from the dew-drop ; to whom the countless worlds of immensity are as the primary particles of water composing the dew-drop are to the sun. Then add this thought : that He, around whose throne the morning stars forever sing, to whom anthems of praise from all the star-choirs of immensity go toning on eternally from galaxy to galaxy, hears the evening hymn of praise in the Christian home, the lowly melody in the Christian heart, the sigh of the kneeling child ; and, when the little task of his morning sojourn on earth is over, will draw up the Christian, as the sun draws up the dew-drop, to rest on the bosom of infinite Love. Such is the universe, and such the God of the Christian : in what faint and feeble words we can image the conceptions. Is the universe of Pantheism more sublime than this ?”

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“THE problem of problems, which has tried and baffled the intellect of man in all ages, is to unite the ideal of his soul with the determinations of nature. The Platonist, the Utopian poet, the Socialist dreamer, shapes his ideal, such as it may be, scrimp, spare, and hungry-looking, like the angular ideals of certain dismal modern improvers, youthfully fresh and arrayed in the hues of the morning, as that which was to convert the banks of the Susquehanna into a Pantisocratic garden of Eden, or glittering in all the gorgeous beauty which Shelley hung around his pile in the ‘Revolt of Islam.’ He then brings it forth, begilded and bedizened, and proclaims, huskily or musically, that it is to stand forever. Nature arises, and sweeps it away, blowing it all into the air by the link of some treacherous Guy Fawkes, or summarily wrecking it in blood. The Baconist reads nature, and is on the right way, but has as yet, we suspect, been reading but the half of man ; for he must include the ideal in his scrutiny, or make a fearful omission. The man who can and will unite both, will renew the world ; or, rather let us plainly say that no man will unite both, but that Almighty God, in the evolution of human history, will bring it about by what means —

almost certainly indeed, human — are most in accordance with His high will.”

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“THE Cross of Christ is the measure of the love of God to us, and the measure of the meaning of man’s existence. The measure of the love of God.—Through the death-knell of a passing universe, God seems at least to speak to us in wrath. There is no doubt of what God means in the Cross. He means love. The measure of the meaning of man’s existence.—Measure all by the Cross. Do you want success? The Cross is failure. Do you want a name? The Cross is infamy. Is it to be gay and happy that you live? The Cross is pain and sharpness. Do you live that the will of God may be done, in you and by you, in life and death? Then, and only then, the spirit of the Cross is in you. When once a man has learned that, the power of the world is gone; and no man need bid him, in denunciation or invitation, not to love the world. He cannot love the world; for he has got an ambition above the world. He has planted his foot upon a rock; and when all else is gone, he at least abides forever.”

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“WE deem it inconsiderate, and indicative of a want of sober and careful reflection, to indulge in expressions regarding our fallen state such as are met with at the present day. The individual and distinctive nature of sin seems to be lost sight of. It is spoken of as mere imperfection, as little more than what affords an opportunity or a battle-field for goodness. Whereas it seems plain that its peculiar nature arises from its connection with a free, willing being, as related to a Supreme Father, that it is inextricably intertwined with the idea of personality, and that its least speck is in an essential and unqualified sense vile. The supposition of sin’s existence in a world of God’s creation besides our own, is an idea of acute pain; we hope there is sublimer employment to be found in the universe than battling to the death with the devil and his angels. It is unsafe to familiarize ourselves with the idea that sin came into God’s creation for its decoration. From eternity to eternity, from world to world, sin was, is, and will be—damnable. There is indeed a sublime aspect of its connection with man’s destiny; it is a sublime office to battle for light, were it in a world that quivered on the smoke of hell; let us not shrink from the combat! But we dare not forget that what we struggle against is eternally vile, and that there is no sublimity, but endless shame, worthy of an agony to freeze our very tears, in much that it has entailed on humanity. Is there any sublimity in the fact that a man cannot grasp the hand of his brother without the possibility of its one day striking a dagger to his heart? Why is it that the smile and the complacent gesture, and the softly-tuned word, and all those dear emblems of kindness which shed a lingering starlight over life, can be mimicked and debased, and turned into the dead paint of what is called politeness and etiquette, to hide the sepulchral rottenness of false hearts? When the friend you have loved for years turns treacherously against you for gold, is there sublimity in the fact? Is it not the agony of infinite shame that rises in our bosoms as we read that the mode of expression which nature has given for the last speechless tenderness of love, was that by which a Judas betrayed a

Jesus? Wander through the dreary vistas of time; look into the tavern of the Inquisition; see the flames encircling that queenly maiden of eighteen who had rescued her country; gaze into the swollen eyes of the beautiful Beatrice Cenci; stand by the scaffold of Leonora Schoening; then tell us of the sublimity of man's destiny. Look at that streak of hell-born slime, foul and inexpungeable, darker than mist or rain-cloud on the purity of Mont Blanc, which blackens the lofty snow of Bacon's brow, and then speak of the sublimity of man's destiny. Worst, far worst of all, why is it that in our own hearts a hellish venom lurks? The external battle were slight, if it were all. But it is not so. Why is it that we feel the suggestion of generosity ever cramped by some small insinuation of self? Why is it that only at rarest moments we can rise to the feelings of noblest friendship with man, or devotion to God? Why is it that unless we are utterly lost to nobleness, or utterly blind to our own state, we are so often 'replenished with contempt?' Sin has done all this. We have heard enough of sublimity; we must change our tone a little. Not death alone, and pain, and disease, has this hellish agency brought along with it; but as it were the very rottenness and repulsive horror of death; ingratitude, cowardice, sloth, uncleanness, treachery. Sin is the blackness of all light, the defilement of all purity, the all-embracing formula for what is ignoble. We shall still have self-denial and nobleness enough to hope that our poor world is the only tainted spot in the universe of God."

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"THERE is no longer any God for us! God's laws are become a greatest-happiness principle, a parliamentary expediency; the heavens overarch us only as an astronomical time-keeper, a butt for Herschel-telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at; in our and old Johnson's dialect, man has lost the *soul* out of him, and now, after the due period, begins to find the want of it! This is verily the plague-spot; centre of the universal social gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem, with its roots and tap-root, with its world-wide Upas boughs and accursed poison exudations, under which the world lies writhing in apathy and agony. You touch the focal-centre of all our disease, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion; there is no God; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt."

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## THE HAVERSACK.

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[*The Haversack* was originally introduced as a feature of this magazine, with the design of collecting and placing on record the best of the great multitude of anecdotes, humorous or grave, facetiæ and other minor memorabilia of the war, not only for the present gratification of our readers, but also as a repository of illustrations upon which future historians and biographers might draw. This feature of our journal has been always a popular one, and we should like not merely to continue but to enlarge it. There exists, scattered throughout the South, an abundant quantity of material, piquant anecdotes, brief narratives and incidents of heroic daring, of perilous escapes, and all those details which bring the reality of the time and the personality of the actors vividly before the mind, which are as yet fresh in men's memories, but soon must fade into comparative oblivion unless secured.

—We therefore ask our readers and friends to send us for the *Haversack* such items as they believe to have general interest or to be worthy of record. We will affix our informants' names to their communications, unless they request otherwise. — Eds.]

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DURING the forenoon of the memorable "third day" at Gettysburg, some Yankee skirmishers occupied a barn lying between their line and ours in front of the right of Hill's corps, from which shelter their fire became excessively annoying. The officer in command of that portion of the skirmish line sent a messenger back to the main position with a request that artillery be employed to dislodge them. The Fredericksburg Battery, Capt. Marye, was ordered to open upon the barn; which was done, and with a few shots the building was soon in flames. The Yankee artillery at once replied with spirit and effect, blowing up the limber of one of Marye's caissons, which in turn set fire to one of the rear ammunition-chests, and, of course, rendered another explosion imminent. Besides, the shells from the limber-chest (their fuses having been ignited) were bursting on every side. At this critical juncture, young John Howison, a driver to the next caisson, seized a sponge-bucket, ran with it through the midst of the shells, and quietly, coolly, without wasting the water—which was precious there—sprinkled it with the palm of his hand all along the edge of the chest where the fire was, until it was extinguished. This gallant act was witnessed by hundreds who will recall it; the writer among them, who also had the honor of knowing this hero personally, and well. Poor fellow! he got a shrapnel ball in the head a few hours after. The writer, himself disabled, met him once more in the ambulance just after we recrossed the Potomac. He reached his native Virginia only to die.

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A JUST TRIBUTE FROM A FOE. — The following, from the address of Governor Chamberlin at the late re-union of the Army of the Potomac, in New York, is both true and just to those "who fought nobly and well." Alluding to the "ragged rebels" who stood at Manassas, at Chancellorsville, and Petersburg, the Governor says: "That Army of Northern Virginia! Who can help looking back upon them now with feeling half fraternal? Ragged and reckless, yet careful to keep their bayonets bright and lines of battle well dressed; reduced to dire extremities sometimes, yet always ready for a fight; rough and rude, yet knowing well how to make a field illustrious. Who can forget them?—the brave, bronzed faces that looked at us four years across the flaming pit; men with whom in a hundred fierce grapples we fought with remorseless desperation and all the terrible energy of death, till on the one side and the other a quarter of a million fell, and whom yet we never hated except that they struck at the old flag."

## THE BURIAL OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JACKSON.

*A Dirge.*

[Shortly after the lamented death of the great Stonewall Jackson, the following dirge appeared in the *Richmond Whig*, from the pen of A. W. KERCHEVAL, Esq., of Virginia, written to the music of *Oporto*, the Portuguese hymn of the Nativity, a tune which had been appropriated by the Virginia troops for the burial of their dead.]

Comrades, advance ! your colors draped with mourning,  
Muffled your drums, and arms reversed, ye brave ;  
Trumpets, blow dirges for the great commander,  
Ye follow gallant Jackson to his grave.

Muskets, fire clear, your iron throats peal thunder  
O'er him who oft victorious legions led ;  
Commemorate ye still the great commander,  
As volley answers volley o'er him dead !

Bands, now strike up your noblest martial music ;  
Light lie the turf on his heroic breast,  
While fair hands strew *immortelles* o'er him fallen,—  
Oh, emblems pure and holy of his rest !

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MOUNTED men in the Confederate service found little favor in the eyes of the "Doughboys," as they were accustomed derisively to style the infantry. Whilst himself a despised Doughboy, the writer has more than once derived no small satisfaction from hearing a trooper, as he rode by, spattering with mud the toiling foot column, well chaffed—"deviled" is the C. S. synonym. We have, however, given both sides a fair trial, having served during the last year of the war in the cavalry. Being at one time an unofficial attaché to the staff of Major-General Lomax—otherwise a courier—we were waiting in the main street of the little town of Port-Republic until the General and staff should come along. Kershaw's division, recalled on its way to Richmond, was marching through the town, and, unhappily for us, called a halt whilst part of the column was yet filling the street in front of the position we occupied. Our mind misgave us that the unrestrained presence of these wild fellows boded us no good. But for some space there was no notice taken of self or steed, and we were beginning to imagine fondly that there might be somewhat in our presence suggestive of official rank, when one of the rascals "sighted" our spurs—a handsome Mexican pair, presented by a friend—with rowels measuring some four inches in diameter. "Jist come hyar, boys, and look at this hyar cavalry-man's gaffs !" In an instant we were surrounded. Queries and exclamations resounded on all sides. "Mister, how old do ye git afore they comes out that long on ye ?" "Kin ye sleep in 'em, mister ?" etc. One fellow asked, with every appearance of serious interest, if they were Yankee spurs. Being answered in the negative, he looked relieved, and said, "Wall, stranger, I'm powerful glad to hear ye say so ; they say we're a comin' back to fight Yankee cavalry, an' I swar I wouldn't like to fight people with them things on !" The thing was becoming annoying. However, the worst possible policy had been to show annoyance. Wellington never wished for his Blücher more devoutly than did we for our General. The whole regiment was pressing upon us ; each man going off and bringing his friends to have a look. At last, with a view of ridding ourself of the pests, we unbuckled one spur and held it aloft on the point of our sabre, so that all might see. There was at once and universally a movement in retreat, accompanied by a cry of "Mister, fur the Lord's sake don't turn that thing loose hyar—hit's dangerous !" We gave in, and acting on the Mahometan principle, set our remaining spur to the flank of our

Rosinante, and galloped off "to look for the General," with a cheer following us such as we had believed nothing less than charging a Yankee six-gun battery could have called forth.

WHEN the French Battalion (Zouaves) of New Orleans was at Weldon, N. C., *en route* for Virginia, some ladies who happened to be standing upon the hotel piazza, accosted a private soldier of the same, who, with his fez set rakishly askew over one eye and his hands in the pockets of his red "coffee-bags," was solacing himself with a short pipe whilst waiting for the train. "What command is yours?" from the lady. "The French Batalyin, mum," was the reply, between whiffs of the dhudeen. "But," continued the fair seeker after military intelligence, struck possibly with the un-Gallic sound of the soldier's broken English, "you are not *all* Frenchmen?" "Arrah, yis, mum," replied Zou-Zou, "we're all Frinch—ivvery wan av us; divil the wurrad av English do we spake at all!" The lady was doubtless satisfied.

ON the morning of the 21st of July, 1861, while the memorable battle was getting under way, an ancient African, engaged in driving one of our baggage-wagons, was proceeding leisurely along with his team over the plains of Manassas in rear of our lines, rather nearer the contending armies than a prudent regard for the safety of his non-combating person would have dictated. He jogged on, enjoying the balmy air of that beautiful Sabbath morning, in blissful unconsciousness of the perils of his situation, and after the manner of his race, singing one of those "Songs of Zion" with which he had waked the echoes at many a Virginia camp-meeting, not one whit disturbed by the somewhat distant rattle of musketry, the import of which he only faintly comprehended, when from beyond the crest of a hill some distance to his left, the loud report of a field-piece was heard, and had almost died away when a shell shrieked through the air, and nearly spent from its long flight, ploughed up the ground only a few yards in front of his leaders. Bringing the animals to their haunches with a violent jerk of the reins, he gazed with astonishment at the track of the missile; then turning his countenance, in which anxiety and indignation struggled for the mastery, toward the thin cloud of smoke ascending in the distance, the old man ejaculated: "De d-e-a-r Lord! Dem wite men handle dem gun *too* keerless."

A SINGULAR story is narrated of one Cassius Scæva, who, at the battle of Dyrhachium, had an eye shot out with an arrow, his shoulder wounded by a javelin, his thigh run through with another, while his shield bore the marks of one hundred and thirty darts. When in this predicament, he called out to the enemy that he would surrender. Two soldiers at once came up to him, when he gave one a blow upon the shoulder with his sword, which left him minus an arm; the other he smote in the face, so that he retired quickly. Thereupon a body of his comrades arrived, and by their timely presence saved his life. That was a no less remarkable exploit of Acilius, who, in a naval engagement off Marseilles, after he had boarded an enemy's ship, had his right hand cut off; yet, nevertheless, he grasped fast hold of his buckler with his left hand, defeated the enemy, and took the vessel.

A RANDOM SHOT.—The C. S. Post-office Department was not without incidents of an amusing character. A letter was directed from Texas to one of our regiment, as follows:

Mr. ———,

*Mr. Carter's horse back company,  
Some where in Arkansas.*

The epistle reached the proper hands.

It is currently reported that General Von Moltke, the illustrious victor of Sadowa, and probably the greatest strategist of the day, has made a joke. It was remarked on the late festive visit of the King of Prussia to Bremen that the General was in unusually high spirits, which appear to have culminated in the following "mot." Some one having called his attention to the disrespectful tone of the addresses in prose and verse presented to the King by the townsfolk, in which they did not scruple to address his Majesty in the second person singular, as *thou* or *Du*, "Ah," said the facetious warrior, "it is evident that the people of Bremen prefer *per Du* to *perdu*." It may easily be imagined that so admirable a piece of polyglot pleasantry provokes bursts of irresistible and contagious merriment throughout the Hanse Towns. Indeed, their ingenious inhabitants appear to have mastered it more quickly and to relish it more keenly than the last joke heard in those parts, which was made in 1812 by Rivarol during his exile at Hamburg. A dead silence followed the perpetration of the jest in question, and the citizens drew together in evident doubt as to its meaning, when Rivarol turned to the only other Frenchman present, and said, "Regardez donc ces pauvres diables d'Hambourgeois qui se cotisent pour me comprendre."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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"STACK ARMS!"

[Written at Fort Delaware, April, 1865, on hearing of the surrender of the "Army of Northern Virginia."]

"Stack arms!" I've gladly heard the cry,  
When, weary with the dusty tread  
Of marching troops, as night drew nigh,  
I sank upon my soldier's bed,  
And calmly slept; the starry dome  
Of heaven's blue arch my canopy,  
And mingled with my dreams of home,  
The thoughts of peace and liberty.

"Stack arms!" I've heard it when the shout  
Exulting ran along the line  
Of foes hurled back in bloody rout,  
Captured, dispersed; its tones divine  
Then came to my enraptured ear,  
Guerdon of duty nobly done,  
And glistened in my eye the tear  
Of grateful joy for victory won.

"Stack arms!" In faltering accents slow  
And sad, it creeps from tongue to tongue:  
A broken, murmuring wail of woe  
From manly hearts by anguish wrung.  
Like victims of a midnight dream,  
We move, we know not how nor why;  
For life and hope but phantoms seem,  
And it would be relief to die.

J. BLYTH ALLSTON.

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## REVIEWS.

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*History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne.* By W. E. Lecky, M. A. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1869.

IT is, perhaps, a hazardous assertion to make, and yet we feel ourselves almost warranted in saying that, since Gibbon wrote his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters in the *Decline and Fall*, there has not appeared among us a more laborious contribution to the history of the rise and progress of Christianity in Europe than is furnished by the present work of Mr. Lecky. We remember, as we write, the labours of not a few distinguished men in the field which Mr. Lecky has selected for investigation, and conspicuous among them are the histories of Milman, Merivale, and Isaac Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*. That Mr. Lecky possesses the scholarship or first-hand information of any of these three writers we do not affirm. Indeed, to judge from his footnote references, we should feel largely justified in concluding that Mr. Lecky has at least to a very considerable extent been satisfied with the materials which other inquirers have offered him, instead of drawing his resources directly from primary authorities. However, on this matter it is quite impossible to pronounce, with fairness, a positive opinion. And in any case, Mr. Lecky's reading is so catholic in its modern range and so voluminous in extent, that readers who have neither the leisure nor the means at hand of verifying his quotations from Pagan or early Christian writers, may feel perfectly safe in his hands.

But the service—the very great service, as we must consider it—which our author has rendered to the elucidation of early Christian history does not consist in the production of fresh evidence, but in his skilful grouping of phenomena and in his masterly generalizations. The three recent authorities to whom we have just alluded—not to mention other names—have with tolerable fullness presented to us all the leading facts and circumstances which relate to the moral character of the declining Roman Empire, to the gradual emergence of Christianity from a condition of obscurity, suspicion, and occasional tremendous suffering, until it was strong enough to secure the alliance of the Roman Emperor himself, as well as to the tendencies and results which issued in, and flowed from, the predominance of moral asceticism in the Church of the Nicene period. But, nevertheless, Mr. Lecky has given us a book which has the rare merit not only of freshness, but of originality. And, speaking for ourselves, we could not on the instant recall the work of any essayist, or historian, in whose pages the centuries from Augustus to Charlemagne are rehabilitated with so much life and vigour.

Mr. Lecky has designated his work a *History of Morals*, and he has thought it necessary, or at any rate desirable, to put his readers in

possession of his own conceptions of the elements which ultimately constitute the subject-matter of all truly ethical judgment, before unfolding his chart of ethical development. But in so doing, it seems to us, he was forgetting, for the time, that his work was *not* a history of moral philosophy — such as Sir James Mackintosh, too briefly, alas! sketched out for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in his ripe and scholarly dissertation — but was a representation of moral results. As a preface to an exhibition of the immense revolution in thought, in sentiment, in action which Christianity has effected in Europe, Mr. Lecky's discussion of the utilitarian standard of ethics is altogether illogical. It is illogical in a twofold sense. In the first place, if his polemic against the school of Hume, Bentham, and Mill could be legitimately introduced into a history which, if worthy of the name, should be purely inductive, it should have formed the epilogue and not the prologue of his work. As the crown and conclusion, or blossoming flower, of his inquiries, Mr. Lecky might have summed up with his anti-utilitarian theses, and demonstrated, or tried to demonstrate, that the philosophy he so cordially dislikes is antagonistic in spirit to the moral ideal which, amid all confusions and misapprehensions, has yielded us our modern and noblest civilization. He might have said *then*, the ideas of truth, of goodness, of the love of God, have made us what we are; and history, telling us what is in man, compels us to believe that no mere doctrine of happiness, or cold calculation of what would in any given circumstances be most conducive to man's earthly welfare, could ever have caused the grand self-sacrifices and martyrdoms which have tended to lift humanity up to levels on which it never stood before, and which form the special glory of Christian morals. He might, in the case supposed, have added, it is wholly gratuitous to assume that the mere happiness of the individual or of the many is the final cause of existence, and, therefore, its primary moral consideration in human conduct, forasmuch as the men whose lives and deaths have best served the permanent interests of the world were governed by principles which include in their natural issues, but do not in the first instance regard at all, the things seen and temporal. Of course, the utilitarian would reply, "Perfectly true," but I am only applying a scientific test to an *unconscious* morality, and the very heroes of the faith whom you eulogize so much are the best illustrations that could be supplied of my faith in the worth of virtue. Nevertheless, in form and appearance at least, Mr. Lecky would have retained his character as historian by relegating his defence of intuitive morality to the end of his second volume. It is quite another question whether our author is really, as yet, sufficiently master of philosophic habits of thought and *abstract* inquiry to be able to pronounce judiciously on the Utilitarian philosophy.

In the second place, Mr. Lecky has been illogical in substituting a dissertation on the philosophy of ethics for a consideration of the foundations of the Christian Church. He raises at starting a false issue, and the subject which he should have manfully grappled with in his opening chapters was *not* that of the reasons which ultimately guide or control our moral judgments, but rather this: What was the morality first taught by Christ and His Apostles? We have no sympathy at all with those critics who class Mr. Lecky with anti-Christian writers. On

the contrary, it seems to us, that only a profound believer in the transcendent excellence of the character and teaching of Christ could write as Mr. Lecky writes in these volumes of "the brief life of three years which has done more than all philosophies to regenerate the world." At the same time, we must honestly confess that his book, as it stands, leaves on us the impression which a traveller's narrative would do in which we had an account of the overflowings of the Nile, but which left us in entire ignorance of the great feeding reservoirs which modern discovery has made known to us. Christianity without Christ is a stream without a fountain, and Mr. Lecky's history of European morals is simply the picturesque delineation, always eloquent, always suggestive, of an effect without an adequate cause.

For in truth these volumes are, after all, only a representation of these two great facts, (1) the conquest of the Roman Empire by Christianity; (2) the use Christianity made of the victory.

Most of our readers are, we presume, familiar with what Gibbon has written on both of these subjects, but especially on the first. Of the "five causes" which, according to Gibbon, who always tries so hard to show you that he is not mocking, were sufficient for, or mainly efficient in, enthroning the religion of the Christians in the seat of the Cæsars, Mr. Lecky accepts four. These are, "The inflexible zeal of the Christians," "The doctrine of a future life," "The pure and austere morals of the Christians," and "The union and discipline of the Christian republic." Most of us agree with Mr. Lecky. We can detect beneath Gibbon's irony the substratum of transcendent moral worth which characterized the hated sect of the Nazarenes, and which the sceptic himself could not but secretly respect. But with one of Gibbon's causes Mr. Lecky has a quarrel, and that is "The miraculous powers ascribed to the Church." For his dissent from the author of the *Decline and Fall* on this to some vital question, Mr. Lecky may calculate on a considerable amount of censure. But not from us. On the contrary, all that he writes on this matter has our fullest acquiescence, especially as we recall his very candid note on the subject of miracles in his history of *Rationalism*; and we are of opinion that in the whole of his pages there is nothing which equals the ability and candour with which he has treated the probable influence of miracles on the mind of the Romans of the Empire. At the time when the various cities in Asia Minor and Europe were first visited by the heralds of the Cross, the atmosphere was tremulous with thaumaturgic influence, and the mere report of an additional series of extraordinary occurrences was not in itself significant enough to command a special inquiry or arrest the conscience of the world. We need not inform the readers of this journal that the reality of the wholly transcendental phenomena ascribed in the Gospel narratives to the will of Christ is not with us an open question. We believe the message returned to the Baptist, that the deaf heard, the dumb spake, the lepers were cleansed, the blind saw, and the dead were raised up. But from all that we can gather of the teaching of our Lord or of His Apostles, the *evidence* on which they based their respective appeals was not physical, but moral. The mood which demands signs and wonders is assuredly not the spiritual condition on which the New Testament looks propitiously, or to which it

promises any special benediction. On the contrary, it is distinctly affirmed that if the inner vision is so paralyzed that it sees no divineness in the ethical proclamations of Moses and the prophets, no merely outward event, however extraordinary in its surroundings, could effect any desirable mental revolution in the beholder. It is specially in the New Testament teachings that we are apprised of the vast difference between the blind credulity or slavish fear which is the appropriate attribute of believers in magic, and the childlike trust, yet, withal, manful reverence and repentance, which characterize the spirit of the recipient to whom a deeper insight into the will of God is imparted. We accordingly agree with Mr. Lecky in his conviction — if we understand him aright — that by eliminating the physically *unnatural* element from the causes which subserved the immediate surrender of the ethnic populations to the love of Christ, we do not derogate from the divineness of the Gospel, but are rather doing honour to its internal claims. Given the life and the resurrection of Christ — the latter a sequel, in which, to quote the substance of what Lady Byron says so beautifully and truthfully in one of her letters to Crabb Robinson, the whole tenor of the life anterior to the Cross “is reproduced so homogeneously, and without the faintest taint of the suspicions and degrading elements which adhere to all the manifestations of so-called spiritualism,” — the election of Christianity by the individuals and nations that were ready to embrace the sacrifices imposed upon those who would convert the world into a kingdom of Heaven is very explicable indeed. That life of apparent defeat, and that resurrection of substantial victory, brought in the saving principle of hope, without which the old civilization was sinking down into dismal depths of degradation. And whether Mr. Lecky shall be obliged to us or not, we, for our parts, are exceedingly obliged to him for anew suggesting to us that Christ himself is the great miracle of Christianity, and that the attractive forces revealed in His life and death, and augmented by His resurrection, are in themselves quite sufficient to account for the “newness of life” which eighteen centuries ago, began to permeate mankind.

The second great division of his work, that, namely, in which our author treats of the estate of European morals as induced and dominated by Christianity, we have only space to say a few words. And, first, he is wholly unimpeachable, and free from aught like partiality or partizanship in his statement of facts. He gives all due prominence, — and in the art of giving *prominence* to a particular subject, or set of phenomena, lies, as it seems to us, one chief element of Mr. Lecky's genius, — to such results of the Christian battle with Paganism as these: the imparting of quite a new value to individual life, and the purification of the sexual relations. Christianity claimed each human soul for God, and for immortality, and however questionable some of the adjuncts of its claim, nevertheless, it succeeded in abolishing infanticide, human sacrifices, which were perpetrated even down to the third century (according to Gieseler), the gladiatorial brutalities, and Roman slavery.\* Christianity consecrated the family life, and made each house a home. We cannot imagine that any one could honestly

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\* Is not Mr. Lecky acquainted with Blair on *Roman Slavery*? He does not ever seem to quote from him.

take exception to the spirit in which Mr. Lecky has written on these great achievements of our common faith in its "rudimentary" conflict with heathenism, and "rudimentary" is a pet word with Mr. Lecky. In all the exquisitely ordered sentences in which he represents these victories of the Christian congregations scattered throughout the empire, Mr. Lecky shows himself fully alive to the importance of the moral results involved. And those who, like ourselves, believe that Christ was the representative of each son of man, only recognize in these beneficent issues the natural outcome of the mission of our Lord. Mr. Lecky, again, may safely be brought to book when he paints for us the reverse of the picture, and shows us the lowly bride of Jesus transformed into the spouse of the secular power, and wielding a remorseless tyranny over the whole outer and inner relations of life. For nothing less than this was the transformation — a wonderfully *inverse* course of development. Under the native influence of the Church, as Mr. Lecky forcibly states the case, doctrines concerning the nature of God, the immortality of the soul, and human duties which the noblest intellects of antiquity could hardly grasp, became truisms of the village school, the proverbs of the cottage and of the alley. On the other hand, Christianity in its second estate had the field of the world, to do with it what it chose. It directed the course of legislation for a thousand years, and that period turns out to be one of the most contemptible of human history. The dominant Christian doctors, in their anxiety to christen Paganism, paganized Christianity; and fanatical asceticism and anthe-matizing bigotry leavened the whole mass of ethics and theology. The simplicities of natural goodness, and the direct moral trusts in an Infinite Fatherhood of love, gave place to the Manichæism which at once crowded the deserts with solitaries, and drenched the remaining section of society with measureless sensuality, and to the dogmatism which enthroned an Almighty Author of Curses which were ready to come down with eternal consequences on all who dissented in the minutest particular from the accepted creed. Wrangling and denouncing one another because of differences of opinion as to how Christ was the Son of God, all the divines seemed to forget that he was really the Son of Man.

But while Mr. Lecky's statements of the tremendous corruptions which flowed throughout Christendom in the period he treats of are all reliable, — and not less trustworthy are all his indications of the good that, notwithstanding the abounding evils, was at work, — we cannot but think that he ought to have been a little more explicit, as was implied above, in exhibiting the whereabouts of the line which marks off the Christianity of Christ from that of the Catholic Fathers.

We wish we could have spoken at length of a great "point" Mr. Lecky makes in showing how specially the genius of Christianity appealed to the virtues of *the slave*, enlisted them, and made them divine. On the other hand, we should like to state the reasons of our difference from him on two subjects, (1) the alleged affinity of Romanism for the female and of Puritanism for the masculine division of humanity, — the Duke of Alva being a Catholic, and Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson a Puritan; — and (2) the supposed tendency of pure Christianity to ignore the patriotic, and cherish only the domestic and amiable virtues, —

as if Zwingle, or Knox, or Milton were false to Christianity in espousing with such intense devotion the secular interests of their respective countries. Then some of the side-lights in Mr. Lecky's volumes have all the charm of romance, such as his account of the philosophers who, quite as much as the modern priest, were the indispensable directors and father confessors of many Pagan Roman families; or his sketches of hermit life, in one of which he gives us a graphic picture of the courtesies exchanged between two old cave occupants, who spent a whole afternoon in discovering whether the guest, who was upwards of ninety, or the host, who had completed his century of years, should break the whole loaf which the ravens had that day brought in honour of the visitor, instead of the customary half one; or finally, the remarkable paragraph in which he demonstrates that all the glory ascribed in song and legend to Charlemagne was in reality a fiction,—the name of Charlemagne being substituted for that of Charles Martel.

But we must take our leave of Mr. Lecky, which we do with much sympathy in the main, and with cordial admiration for his great industry, eloquence, and ability.—*The Spectator*.

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*Our New Way Round the World.* By Charles Carlton Coffin, author of "Four Years of Fighting," "Winning His Way," "Following the Flag," etc., etc. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869. pp. 528.

DELHI is next door; Ispahan and Teheran are our near neighbors; and a daily stage will take us into the Valley of Cashmere—"through by daylight." The incredulous reader is referred to Mr. Coffin's *New Way Round the World* for the truth of all this. If he does not know that our new way round the world is a very different one from that which poets have sung and voyagers have told us of, let him read this book, in which a clever newspaper correspondent and mild-mannered *raconteur* tells the story of his circumnavigating the globe with less flourish than Virgil would recite the adventures of some ambitious voyager along the coast of ancient Phrygia. Mr. Coffin, our new Palinurus, but more wakeful than the old-time pilot, begins conscientiously at the beginning of things, as one should say: "I did not start on a trip around the world from nowhere." He had an honest starting-point. It was at New York; and we are faithfully told that the momentous day was "hot and sweltering," as July days in New York are apt to be; and that on his—or "our"—arrival in England, "the reform movement, which has since resulted," etc., was just beginning; that English matters were generally in a chaotic state; and that "Austria, although she had won Custoza, was preparing to accept the situation into which she had been forced by her defeat at Sadowa;" and that "Victor Emanuel comes, and there is a revival of the pageantry of other days." But all this is the merest prologue—the unnoted tuning of the orchestra—the packing of the portmanteau for the trip around the world. Still, it is an honest and fair beginning; and we are relieved by the assurance that when Mr. Coffin actually began to move on in his new orbit, the condition of Europe was decidedly

kaleidoscopic, and it is by no means his intention to dwell upon events transpiring in that part of the world during the years 1866 and 1867. This, at least, is plain sailing.

Embarking at Marseilles on a voyage of five hundred pages of moderately fine type, we are told that "this is the land of the orange, the olive, and the grape;" and that, six hundred years before the time of Christ, soon after the founding of Rome, the Phenicians, coasting along the shore, discovered the advantages of this harbor. It is plain that a violent attack of guide-book has set in; and it does not leave the unhappy tourist until he is half-way round the world, when a mild symptom of poetical quotation appears, and the rest of the volume is judiciously interspersed with brief selections from Watts, Bryant, and Cowper. Of course, as we pass into the classic regions of Greece and the ancient Arcadia, we are treated to a rehabilitation of scenery made famous by the old poets. "The Scylla and Charybdis, navigated by Ulysses," and other such localities, are gilded by the tourist's passing eloquence. Scraps of ancient history are rescued from the oblivion of school-boy reminiscences as we skip by Salamis, Athens, and the Ilissus. At Alexandria the show fairly begins, and at once we are irresistibly reminded of the panorama-man, whose rotund notes roll out with unruffled smoothness ever and ever. Indeed, Mr. Coffin's style throughout his work is a cross between that of the panorama-man and the Sunday School book; a flavor of the primary geography for younger pupils is also perceptible. This gives us exactness without color—a photograph without artistic distance. Nor is the tourist above perpetrating a mild form of witticism: the cheating Arabs compel him to declare that "there are no Bedouins of the desert than can equal the hackmen *and* stock-jobbers of New York;" and the flavor of Mocha coffee revives memories that "are painful in these days of burnt beans, roasted corn, chicory, and carrots," for he recalls the good old times when everybody knew that breakfast was ready by the aroma that was exhaled from the coffee-pot in the kitchen. Then there is a smack of the inevitable provincialism of the newly traveled American. Bombay, like Boston, has its "Back Bay;" the Jumna, where the railroad from Calcutta crosses it, is "as wide as the Connecticut at Springfield;" and the White Cloud Hills of China have something in common with western Massachusetts. The book is written in that wearying style of the present tense that is so much affected by the cheap variety of dramatic novelists. One says: "And now he scales the slippery crag; his brain is all on fire as he sees his beloved Eudora clasped to the bosom of the foul monster, whose vile lips pollute her pale cheek with caresses. Stridently he cries," etc. The other thus: "Here we have the city of Ahrajpootneer, built in 2703 B. C.; that domed building on the right is the home of the Rajore of Keerhat; we take a palanquin at the ruined quay, and are carried," etc. To sustain a strain of that sort through the whole length of such a book is not only tiresome: it is vicious.

Still, so long as there are so many better books on the countries which Mr. Coffin visited, we do not suppose that he rests any claim for superior merit upon what he has to say about those regions. In a hurried rush through Europe and Asia, it was not possible for the

tourist to collect much new data ; and in a book of five hundred pages, what can be said more than shall describe Mr. Coffin's new way round the world? So the author has given us a hastily seen and hastily sketched panorama of his voyage. Hindoo women, "examining each other's heads for population not put down in the census," cut just as large a figure in the moving picture, as the Greek ambassador Megasthenes at Allahabad in 300 B. C.; a block of Boston ice at Cairo is as conspicuous in the landscape as the Egyptian Sphinx. Mr. Coffin is not guilty of the impertinence of seeing for other people: he has surveyed the route around the world, and tells us simply what he saw, and how things struck him. It is not his fault that Chinese duck-boats and sedan-chairs made a deeper impression upon his mind than some things of which we would like to hear more. But in a supplementary chapter he has atoned for any lack of such detail as future tourists may want, by printing therein a complete guide-book of the trip around the world. In this chapter we observe that he confesses that his new way is not the best way: the traveler must travel westward, not eastward, if he would so time his voyage as to reach each zone at the supreme moment when it is in the best mood for receiving visitors. Easily detached people, contemplating a run around the globe, will here find explicit information on every point—even down to the fittest works for him to cram himself withal before starting. As the Great Republic was the author's *Alpha*, so is it his *Omega*; and the volume rounds out with a hasty glimpse of California—a tolerably minute sketch of the inevitable Yosemite coming in oddly after Mirzapoor and Whang-chu. The completion of the Pacific Railroad, some poetic allusion to the Ship of State, and a touch of "Jefferson Brick," whose home was in the setting sun, fitly unite both ends of the girdle round the earth; and the reader will close the volume with a vague resolve to see with his own eyes the countries thus hastily strung on the imperfect thread of the Returned Traveler's narration. — *The Overland Monthly*.

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*Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-Law, F. S. A.* Selected and Edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph.D. London: Macmillan. 1869. 3 vols.

THESE delightful volumes, brimming over with salient anecdote and sagacious reflection, more than fulfil the expectations with which we looked forward to their publication, when, some months ago, we ventured to speak, in this journal, of "the forthcoming memoirs of a veteran English notability." Henry Crabb Robinson is here again among us. In the work so ably and so wisely edited by Dr. Sadler, the younger generation of readers have the means of becoming personally acquainted with one of the most genial, truth-loving, and generous men of this century, while the successive pages will cause the friends of Mr. Robinson to say that he, being dead, yet speaketh. Indeed, we might, with all reverence, use the expression that these reminiscences and diaries are not so much remains as a resurrection; and when we look at the admirable engraving prefixed to the first volume, taken from a photograph which has happily caught the sitter's finest expres-

sion, we feel that nothing is lacking in order that the world may know what manner of man, outwardly and inwardly, Henry Crabb Robinson was.

Mr. Robinson was born at Bury St. Edmund's in 1775, and died in Russell Square, in London, in 1867, having all but completed his ninety-second year. In noticing, first of all, the range of years—so much beyond the average duration of human life—allotted to Crabb Robinson, two observations very naturally arise. And the first is, that the united ages of twenty men just as old as he was would carry us right up to the time when St. Paul was introducing Christianity into Europe. The second is, that in the period which elapsed between his birth and his death Christianity did more to break up the great fountains of the deeps of human thought, and to bring the various arrangements of social life into accordance with the principles of the New-Testament teaching, than it had done or attempted since the days of the Apostles. We said that these observations arose naturally in thinking of the age of Crabb Robinson, because varied as were the subjects in which he was interested, and diverse as were the men who shared his friendship, the one great dominating element in his life was the religious one.

We do not mean to raise a smile on the countenances of any of Crabb Robinson's friends by adding to the preceding statement that it was not precisely in the character of a saint that he was known to the world, or regarded by his familiars. All the same, there are not a few of our readers who will remember, what these volumes abundantly testify, that on whatever subject a *tête-à-tête* with him might begin, a theological question was inevitable ere it closed. And perhaps the reason was that, though possessed by a profound religious sense, which only deepened with his advancing years, his Christianity was of a fluent, rather than of a fixed, character. He was a seeker after truth all his life, and thus he was always ready for a fresh quest, and forward, too, to listen to any one who had any authentic or first-hand experience to impart from the great surrounding sphere of the apprehensible but mysterious. In this respect Crabb Robinson's autobiography is a singularly valuable contribution to the literature of our time and of our country. He marched step by step with the developing thought of his age. He had no special contribution of his own to bestow; but he was a disciple to the last; and if Godwin was the first to enable him to break through the hard and limited horizon of Calvinism, if at Jena, where he studied for five years, he made the Kantian philosophy his own, and was an intelligent student of Schelling himself, in his later days he was the enthusiastic friend and admirer of Robertson. It is quite worth while, however, to note the *directions* in which he was respectively liberal or uncompromising. To *mystery*, as such, in the region of religious speculation he did not demur. He was quite willing to admit that there was, or might be, in Christ a transcendent union of the human and divine such as rendered His personality *unique* in the history of mankind. To quote his own words, "I am no more repelled from belief in Christ's double nature as God and man by its inconceivableness, than having a belief in my own double nature as body and soul." But when the plea of mystery was alleged in behalf of dogmas which shocked the moral

sense, such as the eternal damnation of infants, or eternal punishment itself, in the popular sense of the phrase, he owned that he would rather reject the Scriptures than believe they contained a doctrine which blasphemed God (iii. 206).

On this last subject it is interesting to note an identity of sentiment with Crabb Robinson on the part of many of his most intimate English friends, and especially Thomas Clarkson, Southey, and Wordsworth. In a letter to J. J. Gurney, the Keswick Laureate thus wrote, — “I cannot believe in an eternity of Hell. I hope God will forgive me if I err, but in this matter I cannot say, ‘Lord, help thou mine unbelief.’” (ii. 215).

But we must turn to other matters. Of the class of minds which are appreciative, rather than original or productive, Henry Crabb Robinson is perhaps one of the most remarkable modern examples. He was a man of generous and manifold admirations, rather than of personal inspiration. He brought nothing specially his own into the world, and yet he has bequeathed to it a very rich legacy. Of science, on his own confession, he knew nothing. He was not a poet, nor a metaphysician, nor a politician, nor a theologian, and yet in his journals we have a wonderfully vivid representation of the main literary, philosophic, and political tendencies and phenomena of the last eighty years. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that there is scarcely a noteworthy personage, poet, politician, philosopher, philanthropist, or preacher, belonging to the century, of whom there is not some just or characteristic mention made in these memorabilia. But while they supply us with a valuable estimate of many celebrities, or with some delicious story about them, they possess an additional and not altogether secondary interest in the notices they contain of less famous individuals. Of these last, the first to be mentioned is Crabb Robinson’s mother, to whom, he tells us, he was indebted for every habit or fixed thought at all respectable that he possessed. She died when he was only in his eighteenth year, but in 1867 “her memory was as fresh as ever,” and the last letter that he wrote, just a month before his own death, is a letter about her. He could always think of her as young and beautiful.—indeed, his father and mother were said to have been the handsomest pair ever married in Bury—and though she was uneducated, and a Calvinistic Dissenter, the influence of her religious affections left its impress on her son throughout his long life. Nay, more, there was something akin to his own recoil from the damnatory clauses of the popular creed, at least, in his mother’s feelings, of which we have, in this last letter, written to the Rev. Harry Jones, on the death of this clergyman’s mother, the following illustration: — “When I was about twelve I teased her to let me go to the Bury Fair play, and see ‘Don Juan,’ which contained a view of *hell*. She steadfastly refused. ‘No, my dear,’ she said, ‘you shall not go to see the “Infidel Destroyed.” If it had been to see the “Infidel Reclaimed” it would have given me pleasure to let you go.’”

A second name must here be introduced among those who are less known to the world, but who will live in Crabb Robinson’s pages, that of Ben Strutt. Mr. Strutt was a resident in Colchester, to which town Crabb Robinson was removed in his fourteenth year, to do duty as an

articled clerk in an attorney's office there. Strutt was self-educated, a great reader, a painter, skilled in mechanics, and, though not a professional lawyer, a man who served the county gentry largely as adviser and agent. He was cynical and sceptical, but withal a man of prudence. He made a great impression on young Crabb, and two of his sayings should be well pondered by those who devote themselves to "making the most of both worlds." One day, our diarist relates, Strutt made an observation which implied that he was a Churchman. "What!" I exclaimed, "you a Churchman?" He laughed and said, "Let me give you a piece of advice, young man. Whatever you be through life, always be of the Act of Parliament faith!" On a later occasion Robinson met him in London. Strutt was going to the opera, and on Crabb's mentioning to him that he had no ear for music, and least of all for Italian music, he said, "Get it as soon as you can. You must one day love Italian music, either in this life or another. It is your business to get as much as you can *here*; for as you leave off here, you must begin *there*."

But of far greater influence over young Crabb Robinson was a young lady, by name Catherine Buck. As far as appears, there were never any tender episodes in their relation, and, indeed, it seems certain that Crabb Robinson never was in love, a reason somebody assigned absurdly enough for his admiration of Wordsworth's poetry. Catherine was three years Crabb's senior, and as being the most promising of her brother's playfellows, she took him in hand to bring him forward. And "bring him forward" she did. She scolded him well for slovenliness in dress and rudeness in behaviour. She opened to him the realm of books, and in due time made him acquainted with the new opinions which were everywhere becoming insurgent. She lent him Godwin's *Political Justice*, the atheism of which he never accepted, though Godwin's *idea* of justice he then adopted, and retained through life. It was she who introduced him to Lamb, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and she was, as he tells us, his oracle, until she became the wife of no less distinguished a man than Thomas Clarkson, the original founder of the Society for the abolition of the Slave Trade.

Perhaps a better reason for Crabb Robinson's appreciation of Wordsworth might be found in the fact that the words which have become household ones, "the boy is father of the man," were so specially true of himself, while in his case, too, the days were bound each to each by natural piety.

Of the public characters and events introduced and chronicled in those journals, it would be quite impossible to speak in a single article, except in the most indefinite way. It must suffice to say that Crabb Robinson remembered the appearance of *John Gilpin*, and got sixpence for learning it; and that before leaving Colchester he heard John Wesley preach and Erskine plead. Then he lived through three French revolutions and two Irish rebellions. He saw with satisfaction the Catholic and the Jew admitted to equal civil privileges in England; but he could only hope, and hope he earnestly did, for the abolition of the great scandal and parody of national ecclesiastical establishments, the Irish Church. He was present at the birth of modern English literature. He could remember when Rogers began to write in the

style of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and he lived on until the days of Tennyson and Browning. He criticizes *Waverley* on its first appearance. Far on in his last days he was reading with delight the novels of George Macdonald.

From 1800 to 1805 Crabb Robinson was a student at Jena. His life here might, in Niebuhr's phrase, be termed the golden period of growth. He became thoroughly master of the German language. He initiated himself into the philosophy of Kant, and has given us in a letter to his brother Thomas a singularly lucid and popular analysis of its main elements. He could joke with Schelling, and on one occasion he was played off as Fichte himself, he acting the part so well as to awe a simple German landlord, and gain a hearty, frank confession of Roman Catholic free-thinking from a young priest, who believed that he had the privilege of speaking to no less a person than the author of the *Blessed Life*. It was during this time that he also became acquainted with Herder, Voss, Paulus, Schlosser, Schiller, and Goethe, of all of whom he has given us exquisite sketches. Of course, Goethe is the special object of his enthusiasm. His beauty of countenance, on his first being introduced to him, was, he tells us, quite "overpowering," and the influence of his intellect was, to use Goethe's own adjective, something *dämonisch*. All the same, we cannot perceive that the genius of the Weimar Solomon permanently affected the freshness and simplicity of Mr. Robinson's feelings, and nothing is a clearer proof to us of the native robustness of Crabb Robinson's intellect and character, than the fact that with all his boundless reverence for Goethe, he still remained true to himself.

Crabb Robinson, before returning to England, journeyed on foot to not a few famous German and Bohemian localities, of all of which he has given graphic notices. We can only afford space, however, for the following extract from this portion of his journals:—

"My first evening in Bohemia is worth recording. . . . In a large kitchen was a bedridden old woman. She began questioning me, 'Are you a Christian?'—'Yes.'—'A Catholic Christian?' The landlord came up. 'Don't trouble the gentleman. He is an Englishman, and, mother, you know the priest says it is the duty of everybody to remain of the religion they are born in.' . . . I asked him about the Hussites. 'Oh, they are the most loyal and peaceable of all our people.'—'It did not use to be so.'—'Oh no, they were always breeding disturbances, but the Emperor Joseph put an end to that. Their priests were very poor, and lived on the peasants; one man gave them a breakfast, another a dinner, a third a bed, and so they went from house to house beggars and paupers. When the Emperor came to Prague to be crowned, among the decrees which he issued the first day was one that the Hussite priests should be allowed the same pay as the lowest order of the Catholic clergy. And since then we have never had a disturbance in the country.'"

The Archbishop of Canterbury has already quoted this passage in the House of Lords, and indeed strained its fair and reasonable lesson a little beyond what it will bear. But the lesson is instructive enough as to the *tendency* of Voluntary Churches.

In his thirty-eighth year Crabb Robinson was called to the Bar, and he worked hard and successfully as a barrister for fifteen years. But before finally selecting the Bar as a temporary vocation, he was variously engaged in literature, and in the old days, when the *Times* began to be a power in the State, he was connected with that journal, first as

foreign correspondent, and then as foreign editor. In both capacities he showed remarkable aptitude and vigour, and among other Peninsular experiences which befell him as correspondent, he records the disastrous affair of Corunna. Strangely enough, however, he heard nothing of the death of Sir John Moore until some considerable time after the event.

During the fifteen years of Crabb Robinson's legal life his fees steadily increased, and he had acquired a very decided reputation for forensic ability, though, with his characteristic humility, he always maintained he knew nothing of law. It might accordingly be asked why he abandoned his profession in the vigour of his days, and when the tide of fortune and fame was at the flood. He himself tells us that next to going to the Bar, the wisest thing he ever did was leaving it. And, perhaps, he was right. In such matters we are not competent to pronounce judgment on each other's decisions, and there is a wise saying of his own about indolence, which may be pleaded in bar of a harsh verdict on his giving up his profession. He says in a letter to his brother (iii. 355), "What is often called indolence is, in fact, the unconscious consciousness of incapacity, and the impurity to overcome it is often as injudicious as to force an unwilling player to the whist-table, to the great annoyance of his partners." We do not mean that Crabb Robinson did not possess sufficient capacity for sustaining for many years longer a distinguished position in the law. But we do believe that he had done his best, and that in retiring when he did, he was not robbing the nation of a future Attorney-General or Lord Chancellor. If Crabb Robinson had had others dependent for their daily bread and advancement in life on his professional exertions, of course he would have continued to work for their sakes. But as he was a bachelor, and with the help of a small income with which he started in life had already realized a fortune which enabled him to devote £500 in one year to charitable purposes, one great stimulus to labour was necessarily absent in his case. Besides he had no enthusiasm for law, and why should he not do good in his own way, when many might be benefited and none could be injured by his humour?

Henry Crabb Robinson was born to be a reporter of the best things of other men, and he has reported splendidly. Having no domestic claims on his affections, he gave himself up to the business of friendship,—and what a goodly list of friends, old and young, men and women, he had! Charles and Mary Lamb, Mrs. Barbauld, concerning whom he tells us that when some one asked him whether he would like to be introduced to her, he exclaimed, "You might as well inquire whether I would like to be introduced to the angel Gabriel;" Southey, Wordsworth, Flaxman, Edward Irving, Coleridge, Arnold, poor William Blake, who said to him one day, "*I was Socrates*;" his Ladies of the Lake, including Mrs. Fletcher, her daughter, Lady Richardson, and Miss Martineau; and, finally, Lady Byron, whose remarkable letters in the third volume will be a revelation to many at once of the character and intellect of the writer, and also of the fatal Calvinism of her unhappy husband's creed. Crabb Robinson was the prince of storytellers. The stories in these volumes have long been familiar to the narrator's friends. Dr. Sadler has done well in publishing them all;

and we must express our regret that we cannot spare room for any more of them, especially those relating to Charles Lamb and the Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge.

Saving occasional outbursts of indignation with those who did not sympathize with him in his hero-worship of Goethe and Wordsworth, Crabb Robinson was intolerant only of intolerance. He remained young and fresh in his sympathies to the last, and the Flaxman Gallery and University Hall, London, will long bear witness to his enthusiastic and substantial liberality.

This work will be a delightful surprise to the great outer world, while it will augment very considerably the esteem, and, in not a few cases, the unfeigned and grateful affection with which H. C. Robinson was regarded by his acquaintances and friends. He comes out here better and greater than even his most intimate friends held him to be; and we shall take leave of him with the words which Dr. Sadler has appropriately prefixed to the third volume:—

“His life,  
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good,  
That shall survive his name and memory.”

—*The Spectator.*

## NEW BOOKS.

- Life and Letters of F. W. Faber, D. D.* By John Edward Bowden. Svo. \$2.00. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.
- A Compendious German Grammar.* By William D. Whitney. \$1.50. New York: Leypoldt & Hoit.
- David Elginbrod.* By George Macdonald, M. A. \$1.75. Boston: Loring.
- Veriniqui. A Romance.* By Florence Marryat. 75 cents. For sale by Henry Taylor & Co., Baltimore.
- The Earth's History: a Text-Book.* By D. T. Ansted. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.
- Dream Numbers: a Tule.* By T. A. Trollope. \$1.75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
- A Guide Book of Florida and the South.* By Dr. D. G. Brinton. \$1.00. New York: Geo. Maclean.
- Speeches of Hon. John Bright, M. P.* Author's pop. ed. \$2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.
- The Two Baronesses: a Tule.* By H. C. Andersen. \$1.75. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
- Complete Works of Mrs. F. Hemans.* 2 vols. \$3.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- The Intelligence of Animals.* By E. Menault. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.
- Poetical Works of J. G. Whittier.* Merrimac ed. 2 vols. \$5.00. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

## MISCELLANY.

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ONE evening, as Theodore Hook sat at the piano-forte making rhyming couplets on the names of the assembled company, some one observed that he would not easily find a corresponding rhyme to the name of a gentleman who had just returned to the drawing-room after a temporary absence. "His name?" asked Hook. "Rosenhagen," was the reply. The master of impromptu instantly sang—

"But what shall we say about Mr. Rose-in-again,  
Who pops his nose out, and then pops his nose in again?"

On the occasion of a tax-collector making his appearance, Hook immediately said—

"Here comes Mr. Wynter, surveyor of taxes;  
I advise you to give him whatever he axes,  
And that too without any nonsense or flummery;  
For though his name's Wynter, his actions are summary."

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### THE GREAT WARRIOR.

I am a warrior, stout and strong,  
I've fought the cold world, hard and long,  
I've fought it for a crust of bread,  
And for a place to lay my head.  
I've fought it for my name and pride,  
Back to the wall, with both hands tied;  
I've felt its foot upon my brain,  
And struggled, and got up again!  
And so I will, if so I must,  
Until this dust returns to dust.  
Meanwhile the battle rages on,  
Let me die fighting, and begone!

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FINE LANGUAGE FOR FINE LADIES.—Strange as are the fashionable costumes now in vogue, the words used to describe them are to our mind stranger still. For instance, look at this:—

"The basque is edged round the bottom with a small fluting. The tight sleeves are trimmed at the wrists with a bouillon with two headings."

As there is a musical resemblance in the words, it is possible that "fluting" may mean the same as "piping," a term which we distinctly remember to have seen in some old fiddle-faddle fashion book. But how can sleeves be "trimmed with a bouillon," unless, indeed, some French soup happens to be spilled on them? "A broth of a boy" is a foolishly incomprehensible expression, and perhaps a girl who chooses to wear bouillon on her sleeve may, with almost equal foolishness, be said to have a *soup-çon* of being a fine lady.

## THE FOREST.

There is a wonder in the woods  
 More sweet than ocean calm ;  
 And sounds more pure than surging floods,  
 Or organ-sounded psalm.

Deep arches stretch as holily  
 As minster-aisles by night,  
 When shades in dim immensity  
 Limn forth the Infinite.

And oft when not a leaf is stirred  
 A shudder thrills the wood,  
 As though the forest, trembling, heard  
 The footsteps of its God.

Then comes a quiet deep as death,  
 And awful as the prayer  
 Of the last sigh of saintly breath  
 Upborne on silent air.

Like angels o'er sepulchral urn,  
 So seem to pray the trees ;  
 We hear our beating hearts, and yearn  
 To have repose like these.

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WANTED, a broad philosopher. This is at the present moment the demand of a gentleman, aged twenty-five, who is about to travel abroad, and is seeking through the advertising columns of the *Times*, a suitable companion. The desired friend must be pretty well off, so as to share the cost of a "travelling servant," and he must be fond of exercise, especially shooting ; but, above all, he must hold "broad philosophical views." The tourists are to begin with Geneva or Lucerne, then to travel on to Pau for part of the winter, and thence to Italy or Spain. Evidently the advertiser thinks that shooting abounds in these unexplored lands, and we can well imagine the bright hopes with which he looks forward to discuss Comte and Congreve with some broad philosopher as they lie on their stomachs stalking deer among the Alps, or letting fly at small birds in the Roman *campagna*. But the oddest part of the proposal is the proviso that "preliminaries are to be discussed by friends." This completely baffles us. In what state of mind, of body, and of purse is the advertiser that he cannot discuss preliminaries in his own proper person ? What can be those "broad philosophic views" which require the aid of a *conseil de famille* for previous discussion ? Is it necessary to call in one's lawyer, or one's sister, in order to ascertain whether the intending companions are agreed as to the philosophy of "the absolute" and the "unconditioned ?" Is the advertiser a partisan of Mr J. S. Mill or of Sir W. Hamilton ? What does he think of Mr. Huxley ? It is just as easy for travelling companions to part on the question whether or not human thought is a mere function of aggregated molecules, as upon the doubt whether the Pope of Rome is or is not the Scarlet Lady.

A FRENCH doctor has discovered that turpentine is a sure antidote to phosphorus, and he commends this discovery most especially to parents whose children have been sucking lucifer matches. It appears that, in more than twenty cases of this kind he has employed turpentine (one teaspoonful neat) successfully; and his report on the subject of these cures has been favourably received by the Academy of Medicine. We hasten to add that we do not ourselves vouch for this remedy, so that if any of our readers wish to try the experiment of eating a few matches, and then drinking a little turpentine, they must not sue us for damages if they are incommoded by the results. We are not prescribing, we are only reporting.

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FOUNDERED.

How many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Darken ere noon in fearfulest eclipse !  
 How many a sea, pellucid and serene,  
 Have I known treacherous to deep-laden ships.  
 Alas ! alas ! how many a gallant soul —  
 Artist, romancer, scholar, bard, divine,  
 Poor wherries in the wild Atlantic roll —  
 Have I seen founder in the pitiless brine !

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THE BOUQUET BONNET.— Among other vastly interesting morsels of intelligence, a Paris correspondent tells us that —

“Ladies wear, as bonnets, diadems of flowers, extremely high, accompanied by lace ruches and often by an aigrette or a small bird placed as if it were on the point of flying away with full-spread wings.”

For a long while ladies' bonnets have been growing, in the trite phrase, small by degrees and beautifully less; and after being scarcely visible to the naked eye, it seems they now have actually gone clean out of sight. Flowers in France are worn “as bonnets,” we are told; and perhaps we soon may hear of ladies wearing bouquets on their heads, and thus enjoying the delight of displaying something fresh whenever they go out. No doubt, too, they will soon go in their bonnets to the opera, and throw them to *Dinorah*, or *Rosina*, or *Ophelia*, or whoever else may win their admiration and applause. Staid persons might object to wear a bird “with full-spread wings,” as it possibly might give them an appearance somewhat flighty; but no objection could be raised to a high diadem of flowers, excepting on the ground that it was clearly not a bonnet. When is a bonnet not a bonnet? it may now be asked. And the answer may be given, When it becomes a bouquet, and then becomes a lady.

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HEAVEN AND HELL.

Is Heaven a place, or state of mind?  
 Let old experience tell!  
 Love carries Heaven where'er it goes,  
 And Hatred carries Hell.

THE STYLUS OF THE FUTURE.—An ingenious remark was made a short time since to the effect that until the invention of railroads mankind had made no real advance in locomotion since the days of the Pharaohs. The same thing may be said of the process of writing, which is carried on still in the same clumsy way that it was in the days of the scribe who heard all the words at the mouth of his master and “wrote them with ink in a book.” Think seriously about it, and what can be more cumbrous or vexatious than our mode of writing? It involves the making of ink, the making of pens, the procuring of paper, and of blotting paper or pounce, the possession of a separate receptacle for the ink, the carrying of the pen over to dip it into the ink, the constant interruption of the flow of thought to replenish the flow of ink, the longer interruption at the end of each page to blot the writing or cover it with pounce. Then observe the varieties of torment that may be introduced into this already complex operation. The pen may be bad; the paper may be bad; the ink may be bad—bad in colour, or too thin or too thick, or may (like copying ink) have a vile smell, or (like copying ink again) may remain sticky and smeary for hours after it is written with. Each of these possibilities creates some fresh nuisance for the writer and interferes with his comfort, and therefore with the ease and effect of his composition. His pen leaves a pathway of blots on the table between the inkpot and the paper, or has to be shaken out by his side after each dip to the disadvantage of the carpet. If not, the writing suffers. Every *i* is surmounted by a round pond, and the tails of all *l*'s, *g*'s, and other caudate letters form little lakes of ink, to be dissipated into broad lagoons on the pressure of the blotting paper. Then think of hairs in your pen, of black smears up the side of your finger, of pens digging into the paper, or gliding innocuously over greasy spots! In a word, the pen and ink are thoroughly antiquated, and fit for a place in the Kensington Museum, near the antiquated Italian coaches. Who will rise up and give us a pencil which shall do all the good that the pen and ink do, with none of their drawbacks? — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

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#### CLOUDS.

Nobody looks at the clouds  
 With a love that equals mine,  
 I know them in their beauty,  
 In the morn or the even shine.

I know them and possess them,  
 My castles in the air,  
 My palaces, cathedrals,  
 And hanging gardens fair.

Sometimes I think, star-gazing,  
 That many a monarch proud  
 Has far less joy in his halls of stone  
 Than I in my halls of cloud.

A CURIOUS SENTENCE.—The following curious sentence, "*Sator arepo teret opera rotas*," is not first-class Latin, but may be freely translated, "I cease from my work ; the sower will wear away his wheels." It is, in fact, something like a nonsense verse, but has these peculiarities: 1. It spells backward and forward all the same. 2. Then, the first letters of each word spell the first word. 3. Then, all the second letters of each word spell the second word. 4. Then, all the third ; and so on through the fourth and fifth. 5. Then, commencing with the last letter of each word, spells the first word. Then, the next to the last letter of each word ; and so on, through.—*Merry's Muscum*.

As Mr. Lecky's book has given a fresh stimulus to the old controversy on the genesis of morals, the following concise statement of French opinion on the subject (from the *Vie Parisienne*) may perhaps be interesting at this moment ; at least, it is decided enough :—"Il n'y a ni bien ni mal ; ni vice, ni vertu ; ni beauté, ni laideur ; il y a des traditions reçues, des usages admis, et des appréciations relatives au temps et à la société dans laquelle on vit."

#### THE LIVING MEN.

I see the true men of the day —  
 The great, the brave, heroic souls —  
 Not as they pass me in the way  
 Amid the common human shoals ;  
 But with the eyes of future Time,  
 Their halos fixed, their wreaths entwined,  
 Sages, and wits, and bards sublime ;  
 The benefactors of their kind.

A LADY the other day—who is deeply versed in all matters appertaining to the nursery—she is "very much married," as poor Artemus Ward used to say, with ever so many little "encumbrances"—suggested to me that the use of "baby's coral" probably originated in an old-world superstition, that red coral was a capital charm against witchcraft (!). And really, now I come to think of it—if it is worth a thought—Brand, the antiquary, quotes from an old work much as follows, if my memory serves me: "Wytches tell that this stone withstondeth lyghtenyng, and putteth it from houses that it is in." Bells, you know, were originally used to scare away evil spirits ; and so there may be the remnant of a mediæval superstitious fancy clinging to the coral and the silver bells, which will soon be as obsolete a child's plaything as the "go-cart."—*Once a Week*.

SOME weeks ago there appeared in this journal a curious specimen of enigmatical writing—L N D P Y, etc. The enigma is a very old one, and was not there given complete. A correspondent sends the subjoined version, which is, I believe, correct:—L N N E O P Y, L I A T T, L I A V Q, L I A M E, L I A E T M E, L I E D C D, A G, A C K C, which being interpreted signifies:—*Helène est née au pays Grec, elle y a tété, elle y a vécu, elle y a aimé, elle y a été aimée, elle y est décédée, agée, assez cassée*.—*Once a Week*.

WEAPONS.

Both swords and guns are strong, no doubt,  
 And so are tongue and pen,  
 And so are sheaves of good bank notes  
 To sway the souls of men.  
 But guns and swords, and gold and thought,  
 Though mighty in their sphere,  
 Are sometimes feebler than a smile,  
 And poorer than a tear.

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A DISTINGUISHED TOURIST.—Mrs. Malaprop is abroad with her husband and a Currier, and from the accounts which have come to hand of her progress appears to be making rather a wide circuit in her travels, letters having been received from her dated Aches-la-Chapel, The Ague, Humbug, Kissing'em, Tureen, and Whistbaden. She writes that she was delighted with the Rind and not surprised at the colour of the Roan. Her descriptions of Lake Lemon, the Jargonelles, the Hearts Mountains, and the Simpleton Pass are very remarkable, and the Jury Mountains she describes as Grand. When last heard of, Mrs. M. was going to Ruin.

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THE most innocent intentions are sometimes liable to be misconstrued. A Paris paper says an Englishman named John Roberts, was tried recently at Fontainebleau for picking pockets at a fair. He was detected by a Madame de Grandmaison with his hands in her dress. She accused him of attempting to rob her, but he begged her pardon, saying that he had mistaken her pocket for that of an overcoat which he carried on his arm. The lady's husband, however, gave him into custody, and he was taken to the police station, where he was found to have nine pieces of gold in his mouth. He explained that he had put the money there to relieve the toothache, and said he was a cabinet-maker by trade, but had come to Paris to engage as an interpreter. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and two years' surveillance by the police.

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A NEW specimen of the numerous eccentricities of Richard Wagner, the inventor of "the music of the future," is given in a book lately published by Herr Mendes, under the title of "Wagner at home." There is a room in Wagner's house, says the author, with a gorgeously decorated ceiling and tapestry of leather embroidered with gold. On the walls are portraits of Goethe, Schiller, and Beethoven. The two poets are placed facing each other, but opposite Beethoven there is nothing but a looking glass. On turning to Wagner for an explanation, the musician placed himself in front of the glass, in which his face was reflected, thus supplying the deficiency. It is added that this is the only kind of portrait of himself that Wagner allows to be kept in his house.

## THE GREEN TABLE.

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A VERY slender stock of knowledge seems sufficient nowadays to qualify a man for being a magazine-critic, in this country at least, and this probably is the reason that no one cares for their criticisms or in the least regards what they say. We do not, of course, speak of those who praise or censure according as the author happens or not to belong to their own set, or clique, or political party, but of those in whom one can detect a sort of meaning to criticise fairly, if they only knew how to go about it. But they seem to have no rules, no guide, no fixed principles; merely likes and dislikes, which they do not pretend to justify, and for which they apparently can not account.

Knowledge is one thing, and pedantry another. We expect a reasonable knowledge of anatomy or of the laws of light and shade from the critic of sculpture or painting; but most of these literary "critics" are in the position of one who should perceive nothing amiss in the calf of a leg being placed upon the shin, and pronounce admirable a landscape in which half the shadows fall toward the sun.

Within the last two days we have read two "criticisms" on a recent book of poems, in one of which the work was reviled as utterly stupid, contemptible, worthless trash, and in the other eulogized in a strain of panegyric which would be extravagant if applied to Milton. In neither was there the slightest attempt to show the grounds of the judgment, nor the least reference to any principles upon which it was formed.

We take up the first magazine that comes to hand—a monthly of considerable reputation—and here is what we open to:—

"We have a profound admiration for *George Eliot* as a novelist, and no admiration at all for her as a poet. She is no poet, and from present appearances will never become one. . . . She is ignorant of the very technicalities of the poetic art, the A B C's of rhythms, etc., which the merest versifier generally has at his fingers' ends. Such rhymes as 'yoke' and 'rock,' 'was' 'rose' 'disclose,' 'would' and 'mood' [and some others] would be unpardonable in a school-girl—what are they in the author of *Adam Bede* and *Romola*?" Or what, we may ask, are they in Byron, Pope, Dryden, Milton, and a score of other great poets, who use just such rhymes upon occasion? The *à fortiori* is a ridiculous one at the best; as if the rules for a school-girl's exercise were the standard of English poetry. He might have given some apparent force to his censure by turning it the other way:—"These licenses are barely admissible in the great masters of verse, but should never have been ventured upon by a novice."

So after fulminating the tremendous and irrevocable excommunication of *George Eliot* from the glorious company of poets, the only ground he alleges for his awful doom is that she sometimes uses imperfect rhymes.

But the critic proceeds:—"If she had selected a difficult measure to write in, we might not wonder at her occasional lapses; but we can not avoid wonder when the measure is so simple as the ordinary heroic couplet, which we owe to Marlowe, who was the first to use it in narrative in his *Hero and Leander*."

Now putting aside the fact that the heroic couplet is one of the *most difficult* measures to write *well* in—which is of course what he means—what are we to think of the knowledge, reading, and general fitness for his task, of a critic who says Marlowe was the first to use the heroic couplet in narrative?—a statement about equivalent to saying that Claudian first introduced

the Latin hexameter. Not to go back to early Italian and French poetry (both of the *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oïl*), has he never seen nor heard of a poet named Chaucer, who lived in the fourteenth century, and the greater part of whose works—narrative chiefly—are written in this very metre? They are works tolerably well known to scholars, and can be found in most public libraries. And can he complain if we turn his own language against himself, and say that he “is no ‘critic,’ and from present appearances will never become one. He is ignorant of the very technicalities of his art, the A B C of ‘criticism.’”

As a companion piece to this we may take a brief review of *L'Homme qui Rit*, in another magazine of high standing. The critic says “the reader is conscious of a feeling of disappointment that it is not a perfect work of art like either of its predecessors, *Les Misérables* and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*.” It would be curious to learn what is this reviewer's idea of “a perfect work of art.” In point of fact there is no single canon of art which those two works do not violate, more grossly perhaps than any other work of the century. All laws of symmetry and proportion are disregarded; irrelevant episodes and dissertations of enormous length introduced; minor characters dwelt on to a fatiguing extent; incidents and other matters not influencing the movement of the plot spun out through dozens of pages; the march of the narrative sometimes dragged at a snail's pace, and sometimes hurried at breathless speed; good taste and even decency violated—in fine, the whole is an immense phantasmagoria of grotesques. What makes these works really great, and compels our admiration, is the magnificent imagination of the author, with his extraordinary power of expression. Of art there is none.

Our critic further remarks that the swarms of anachronisms and errors respecting English laws and customs in *L'Homme qui Rit* are no more open to censure than the anachronisms and incongruities of Shakspeare. But there is no similarity in the cases. In many of Shakspeare's plays the locality is merely a name—his “Bohemia” which has a sea-port, is not the Bohemia of geography—the place is really Anywhere, and the time Anywhen. But M. Hugo pretends to special knowledge of everything he treats of, and is perpetually offering for his reader's admiration the exhaustive extent of his researches, and the curious and recondite sources of his information. And if it appears that he knows nothing at all of what he professes to know better than any one else, it is a duty of the critic to unmask that pretence.

Finally, our reviewer adds that “the critics have handled the book before us with unusual severity; but we venture to predict [*sic*] that had *L'Homme qui Rit* been published before *Les Misérables* and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, it would have been received not only with favor, but with acclamations of delight.” Here we have our reviewer's idea of the functions of a critic. He has no rules or principles to guide him; no idea of a perfect work as a standard. A new book appears: he likes it, he don't know why—perhaps he is in a benignant humor, or something in it reminds him of something pleasant, or perhaps his digestion is particularly satisfactory, so from the urn full of phrases that stands at his right hand, he deals out a measure of praise. Another work appears by the same writer: the charm of novelty is now gone, or our critic is dyspeptic, or feels like writing a slashing article, so he abuses the book, and can not tell why. This is our reviewer's idea of a calling of which he is still not ashamed to profess himself a member. To use his own happy phrase, “we venture to predict” that he conscientiously conforms his practice to his theory.

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SOME years ago a French speculator found himself ruined by a sudden collapse in the stock-market. He resolved to commit suicide, but, as he was a connoisseur in monumental literature, he decided first to compose his own

epitaph. The first line, a very fine one, terminated with the word *triomphe*. To this, search as he might, he could find no rhyme, and he could not bring himself to sacrifice his beloved line. Time passed, finding him still in search of his rhyme, assisted by a number of benevolent friends, but all in vain. One day a promising speculation presented itself: he seized the opportunity and regained his fortune.

The rhyme so zealously sought has at length been found, and the epitaph completed. Here it is:—

Attendre que de soi la vétusté triomphe,  
C'est absurde ! Je vais au devant de la mort.  
Mourir a plus d'attraits quand on est jeune encore :  
A quoi bon devenir un vieillard monogomphe ?

*Monogomphe*; a brilliant Hellenism signifying "who has but a single tooth."

IF.

If you are willing to be mine,  
There is, you know, an easy sign  
For you to give, me to divine:  
Just place the tendril of a vine  
Upon my breast.

Let this reveal the trust you feel,  
And I shall kiss the mute appeal;  
Then with a warmer kiss I'll seal  
The treaty for our common weal,  
My vine, my rest !

C. W. H.

GENERAL GEARY, now candidate for the Governorship of Pennsylvania, is evidently a student of the Elizabethan dramatists. The happy expedient to which he resorted to clear his reputation from a suspicion incurred during the Mexican war, was plainly inspired by the reading of Beaumont and Fletcher. It appears that during the battle of Contreras, his regiment was called into action, but no field officer could be found with it, so the Palmetto regiment was substituted. This fact having called forth some satirical comments, Col. Geary and his lieutenant-colonel went to the aide who had carried the order (a division commander in the last war, who himself relates the fact) and asked him to give them a certificate of courage.

Nothing could be clearer than that this expedient was suggested by a close and sympathetic study of the part of Bessus, in *A King and no King*, who having been beaten and kicked by Lord Bacurius, has recourse to two professional swordsmen for a precisely similar purpose. He relates to them his sufferings in detail, upon which they declare:—

Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman ;  
Abide upon't, a very valiant man.  
*Bessus.* My equal friends of the sword, I must request  
Your hands to this.  
*Swordsmen.* 'Tis fit it should be.  
*Bessus.* Boy,  
Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.

He then introduces them to Bacurius as soldiers and gentlemen who

— come to vouch  
Under their valiant hands, I am no coward.  
*Swordsmen.* We have examined, from your lordship's boot there,  
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings ;  
And we do find his honour is come off  
Clean and sufficient.

But the General's referee was not up in the Swordsman's part, and the General has not received his certificate to the present day.

IN the *Annual Register* for the year 1760 we find the following curious statement. Can any of our readers, versed in ethnological and philological science, tell us more about this little island of Northern speech left so long in the great sea of Romance language?

"There has been lately a new nation discovered in Italy, which has subsisted there for many hundred years without any notice being taken of them. These people live in several villages in the mountains lying north to the cities of Verona and Vicenza, and speak a language of their own, which hitherto was thought a corrupt German, but upon a closer inquiry is found to be very pure Danish. Signor Marco Pezzo has written a very learned dissertation to prove that these people are a remnant of the Cimbrians, defeated by Caius Marius."

THE zircon light invented by M. Tessié du Motay (of which we gave an account in our last number) has been employed in illuminating the theatre La Gaité in Paris, with remarkable success. Our authority says that "the light afforded is whiter and more intense than that of gas, and produces a peculiarly splendid and artistic effect. Sixty burners gave a more brilliant illumination than the twelve hundred gas-lights previously in use."

CERTAINLY it can not be charged against the Methodist Episcopal Church North that they cling over-fondly to the old ways, or are troubled by any foolish feelings of conservatism. What would Wesley, Summerfield, or Asbury have thought of the introduction of the music of Opera Bouffe in a church? At a fashionable wedding the other day in St. Paul's M. E. Church, Jersey City, the organist, by direction, doubtless, performed a selection from Offenbach's *Généviève de Brabant*. What this opera is, those who know need not be told, and those who do not know are better without the knowledge.

Should Mlle. Thérèse visit the United States, as it is reported she intends to do, she should apply for an engagement at St. Paul's M. E. Church, Jersey City, where she will probably have the opportunity of singing *Rien n'est sacré pour un sçépur* with organ accompaniment.

#### DEATH.

(From Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*.)

Death is the one consoler, true and tried ;  
 The goal of life, the hope we last retain,  
 Which, like some rare elixir, charms our pain  
 And heartens us to march till eventide ;  
 The streaks of morning which the clouds divide  
 Athwart the tempest, snow, and driving rain ;  
 The inn toward which the wayworn travellers strain,  
 Certain to find rest there, whate'er betide :  
 An angel holding in his sovereign hand  
 Sleep, and the guerdon of ecstatic dreams,  
 That smooths the couch and shuts the weary eyes :  
 The prisoner's key ; the leper's healing streams ;  
 The beggar's purse ; the exile's fatherland ;  
 The open portico to unknown skies.

THOSE of our readers who read Victor Hugo's romance *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* in the original will doubtless remember their surprise and amusement at his mention of a catastrophe that befel "the cliff on the frontier of England and Scotland, called *Première des Quatre, First of the Fourth*." But before the work appeared, a friend more learned in geography and the

language of that nation within whose territories M. Hugo had been residing for a dozen years, pointed out that *Première des Quatre* was not the correct translation of *First of the Fourth*, and that the Firth of Forth, which was the name he was aiming at, was an arm of the sea. He little knew the man he had to deal with. From his exalted height of imagination, M. Hugo looked down upon such puerilities as facts with ineffable contempt, and contented himself with replying that he was right in all points, that *Première des Quatre* was the right version of Firth of Forth, and that the first of the four cliffs marking the frontier between England and Scotland had been blown down by an equinoctial gale. "As for the meteorological facts," he said, he "took them from the *Bulletin* of the Paris Observatory, and it was to the *Bulletin*, and not to him that any rectification should be addressed. For the rest," he adds, "I do not believe there is any error." Of course not. What, Victor Hugo bring down his soaring genius from the azure abyss to consult a map? "The man whom nothing stops, the mouth of the black claron, the sinewy athlete that drags comets by the hair, who penetrates to the open gulfs guarded by the livid pack of black lightnings, and who roars when the thunders bark" (*Les Contemplations*, vi. 2) condescend to turn the pages of a dictionary? Better that geography ceased to be a science, and the English tongue perished from the earth.

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SINCE 1866, there has been an increasing tendency among the officers of the Prussian army to adopt the Russian fashion of insulting civilians whenever they find opportunity. But in Russia a civilian insulted by an officer usually effaces himself, while the Prussian is less meek, and sometimes turns the tables on the aggressor. Several officers of the Guard were travelling in a railroad-car in which was a party of Berliners. One of the latter, in conversation with his friends, let fall the expression "Upon my word of honor." "So!" said a lieutenant, with a sneer. "And you have a word of honor, have you?" "Yes, I have," replied the *bourgeois*. "In point of fact, I have two: my own, and one that a lieutenant of the Guard pledged to me for a hundred *thalers* he borrowed, and which he has never reclaimed."

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A SPRIGHTLY writer, M. de Saint-Victor, has recently published an interesting paper on *Cats*. He notices the fact that in Europe, while the race of dogs has been greatly esteemed, cats have been from the earliest times the victims of contempt or of obloquy. Ancient writers rarely mention them, while the mediæval superstition that associated them with witches, has invested with a lurid light the most harmless and domestic of animals. In the Orient on the other hand, dogs are in low esteem, and cats in universal honor. "An Arab legend," says M. de Saint-Victor, "gives a singular account of the origin of the cat. Noah, it says, being much annoyed by rats in the ark, desired to have some creature that would destroy them, so he approached the lion and slapped his face. This buffet caused the lion to sneeze, and he sneezed forth a cat.

"This quaint legend is not without poetry. A furious cat ready for a spring, her eyes flaming, her nose wrinkled, her fur erect, her whole body gathered up and drawn into a ball in her little rage, does she not give the idea of that fantastic incarnation, the sneeze of a lion?

"Most persons have heard the pretty story of Mohammed and his cat. The prophet was about to put on his robe to go to the mosque, when he perceived his cat asleep on one of the sleeves, upon which he cut off the sleeve rather than disturb her slumbers. On his return from prayers, the cat arched her back in reverence for the Chief of the faithful, and made her two professions of faith in a loud purr; whereupon Mohammed stroked her back thrice, bestowed upon her the gift of always falling on her feet, and promised her a place in paradise."

(From Goethe.)

GRIEVE not, sad souls, but mark a simple word :  
He who errs not sees well where others erred ;  
But he who errs has still a better light,  
For he sees clearly where they went aright.

IN the *Antigone* (220) the Chorus asserts,—

οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτω μῶτος ὅς θανεῖν ἐρᾷ.

But More proved the falsity of this apophthegm.

Kreon (525) shows how strenuously he would have opposed the Woman's Rights movement of this day :—

ἐμοῦ δὲ ζῶντος οὐκ ἄρξει γυνή.

But then Kreon was an abominable tyrant, and got the worst of it in the end, in his stupid strife with Antigone, who knew the battle-cry of "Scissors" and was more than a match for mere man.

OTHER distinguished persons besides the *G. T.* are interesting themselves in the question of reforming the mode of capital punishment. Surgeon-General Hammond has invented a species of garrote, equally ingenious and humane, which by means of a screw produces pressure on the carotids, the jugulars and the trachia, thus superinducing "apnoea, asphyxia, syncope and lipothymia." Syncope and lipothymia ! Insatiate Hammond, would not one suffice ?

Was it not Dr. Purgon who warned his insubordinate patient that he would fall "from a dyspepsy to a bradypepsy, from a bradypepsy to an apepsy, from an apepsy to a dysentery, from a dysentery to a lientery, and from a lientery to a privation of life" ?

I HEAR thy voice in murmuring pines,  
I see thine image in the lake ;  
Some fancy of thee ever twines  
With all I compass or forsake.

For thou a subtle spell hast spread  
O'er night and day, o'er land and sea ;  
All help to twine the charmed thread  
That leads my footsteps back to thee.

GUYOT'S School Geographies are a very popular, and in several respects very useful series of text-books. But it seems almost impossible for any educational work to proceed from a Northern source without containing some truth worsted or some falsehood openly asserted to promote Yankee aims and inculcate Yankee doctrines. Here is what children are to be taught in reference to the history and structure of their own Government :—

"The United States is a great Republic, which, *for the convenience of the people living in it, is divided into portions called States or Territories, like a great house divided into many rooms.*" *Common School Geography*, p. 29. Ed. 1867.

Here are three lines, containing three statements and a comparison ; and each of these is a double falsehood : a falsehood in history and a falsehood in politics. But then it suits the North to disseminate these doctrines just now, and school-books go everywhere, and children's minds are so receptive. These geographies have recently been selected for exclusive use in the public schools of Florida.

IN an interesting article on the three Cæsars, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Beulé relates a curious anecdote. In 1814, when Louis XVIII was on his way to Paris, an order was issued to substitute busts of the new king in the place of those of Napoleon, and the sculptor Bosio was employed to furnish the model. Having only forty-eight hours to do it in, he looked about for a ready-made bust that would require little alteration. He had in his studio a cast of the celebrated Vitellius of the Louvre, and was struck with the likeness. By the help of a little plaster he enlarged and rounded the nose to the Bourbon pattern, clapped a coiffure of the style of Louis XVI upon the crisp Roman curls, and there was his gracious majesty complete, and for some time Vitellius-Bourbon looked down from all official pedestals. Remembering how marked a feature gluttony has been in the character of all the Bourbons, the king was not so ill represented by the man to supply whose table for eight months cost 900,000,000 sesterces, and of whom it was said that if he had lived longer he would have eaten up the whole Empire.

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WHILE the Viceroy of Egypt, or Khedive, whatever that title may amount to—was in Paris, a certain charming Madame X. paid him such marked attentions as to give rise to a good deal of malicious gossip. Her master-stroke, however, was adopting for a device an ibis, and for a motto the words of Ruth:—*Quo IBIS ibo*. Whether she has started for Cairo yet, we have not heard.

The Viceroy, had he been a classical scholar, might have administered a gentle snub to her ambition in the words of Ovid:—*medio tutissima ibis*.

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WE had not intended to make any further allusion to "the Byron scandal," especially since the appearance of Lord Wentworth's declaration that the sealed-up manuscript in his grandmother's (Lady Byron's) handwriting "does not contain any charge of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. Stowe asserts was told her"—a declaration which pretty effectually settles the calumny and the calumniator—but a critic in the *Athenæum* makes a remark of so delicious a *naïveté*, that we cannot refrain from repeating it. After expressing his opinion of "this execrable matter," he says:—"We sincerely wish that the commercial atmosphere did not so closely envelop the relation. We are ready to believe in Mrs. Stowe's high principles, and we hope to hear from her a denial that she has touched honorarium for the story she has told."

To find that our idol is not merely clay, but uncleanly muck, is no doubt a sore trial. To suppose that Mrs. Stowe would consent to harrow and lacerate her tenderest and holiest feelings by violating the sacred confidence of her revered and cherished friend for any less motive than a handsome sum in cash, is a simplicity worthy of the Golden Age.





A. J. & N. Y.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE  
NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE,  
DECEMBER, 1869.

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LITTLE PEARLIE.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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LITTLE PEARLIE was her mother's only daughter, and the prettiest and sweetest little girl in the village. Though only fourteen years old, all the young men in the place were thinking about her, and wishing she would grow old enough to be permitted to attend the merry-makings at which they danced with the other maidens. Nobody ever met her without a pleasant word of greeting; and the young men, when they brought her flowers, often found that the old gray-haired elders of the village had been beforehand with them. Indeed, the finest nosegays came from the hand of the kind old priest. She seldom had a chance to fill her pitcher for herself, for when she reached the spring there was always some one there, eager to fill it for her and take it back on his shoulder, more than paid for his trouble by the glad thanks that came from her sweet lips. The sunny smile of such eyes as hers was worth doing anything for which showed friendliness enough to bring it there. So Little Pearlle was as happy as a maiden could be who was not old enough yet to feel the wonderful joy of loving one being more than anything else in the world. But new ideas were soon to dawn upon her.

One witch-Wednesday, late in the evening, when all was dark as dark could be, her mother sitting by the fire, nodding over her old

Bible which she had been reading by the single candle in the room till her eyes were strained and tired, woke up suddenly and asked if the house were all put to rights for beginning the next day fairly. Now Little Pearlle remembered that all the water had been drunk from the pitcher before sunset ; and, besides, she felt very thirsty. So she told her mother that she would run to the spring and fill it. The way was not very long, for the spring was in the edge of the wood which skirted the village. So Little Pearlle did not even stop to put on her shoes, but ran out just as she was, for it was not very cold and the path was smooth. Tripping gaily along, and singing as she went, she met nothing to disturb her, and did not feel at all afraid of the darkness. But, when she got to the bend in the path that brought her in sight of the spring, she thought she saw a light there, and stopped to look. Sure enough, there was a bright pink light playing just over the spring, and presently she heard a sound like the tinkling of little bells. She felt a thrill of awe, and stood quite still, half doubting whether she should go on. But there was really nothing terrible in either what she saw or what she heard ; and, besides, she began to feel a great curiosity to know what it all was. There was, too, something peculiarly pleasant in the sounds she heard ; and, as for the lambent flame hovering in the distance over the pure water she had so often drunk, there was positively something alluring about it, as if it was the soul of the refreshing element she saw before her, a thing that could not be other than kind. So she took heart and went on ; and, as she came near to the spring, treading as it seemed to her on very velvet at every step, the flame came out from the hollow in which the spring was and kissed her soft white feet, giving them a wonderful pink glow beautiful to look upon, and warming them with a light touch of warmth like that of a kitten. The same instant the air grew like spring, roses sprang up blooming all around her, and delicious scents seemed to come running to her in such rapid succession as almost to trip each other up. The bells, that were tinkling before so softly as to seem to be keeping time to the forming of the dewdrops, now rang out rapturous strains of music. Little Pearlle wondered they did not rouse the village. She listened with delight, and was so charmed with the melting melody and the perfumed air and the warmth which suffused her, that she felt as if she would gladly stay there all night — yes, and even forever ! But she remembered her mother's bidding, and hastened to fill her pitcher. She was about to turn back on her way home, when voices in the air, soft and sweet as the first lisping of a little child, but quite clear and distinct, called to her, "Do not go, Little Pearlle ! Come with us, Little Pearlle ! We want you, Little Pearlle !"

"But, my mother !" said Little Pearlle, "and the pitcher !"

"Taste, Little Pearlle ! Drink, Little Pearlle ! Sip, Little Pearlle !" cried the voices again. Little Pearlle was very thirsty : so she tasted the water ; and it was no longer water, but a fluid of a strange kind, the most delicious thing her lips had ever touched. Then she drank a deep draught of it ; and, as soon as she had drank it, she forgot all about her mother and her home. The kind priest and the friendly young men and the maidens who had been her playmates, all passed out of her mind. She was conscious only of a new peaceful kind of

joy, a sense of lulled and tranquil happiness, very near to the sweetness of the dozing sleep after a first waking in the morning, yet too sensible to feel like sleep. Presently she felt that the unseen beings took her up into the air with them, talking to her all the while with a very dear gladness in their tones, using always the queer little language, like that of childhood, which they had spoken in before. They bore her with them through the air, a long, long way. As they went, a gray light began to break in upon the darkness which lay all around the little pink, cloud-like spot in which she and they seemed to move through space. Then the gray grew brighter, until the rosy tint of morning began to tinge the air; and at last the full, sweet light of day shone over all, and through the pink cloud, so that soon she saw no trace at all of the ethereal curtain which floated around their little travelling party. On, and on, and on they went, the songs of the morning birds dying away gradually in the distance below them. At last they came to what seemed to be a great green island in the midst of the air, on which they landed, with gleeful shouts echoed back by thousands of sister spirits, unseen like themselves. All here was rich with such wonders as had greeted Little Pearlle at the spring. The sights and scents and sounds were all delightfully soft and sweet. The earth was velvet-soft with a fern-like growth that touched Little Pearlle's feet with a thrill, as if it were blessed in the contact. Everywhere the verdure spread like a great sea of green. Above, under a noble growth most nearly resembling palm-trees and vines, floated innumerable creatures, whose nature seemed to be a curious blending of that of butterflies with that of flowers. Living and flying roses, lilies, violets, pinks, and camellias hovered in the air, and, as they fanned the air in their frolic glee, sang whisper-soft songs that came down all perfumed to the ravished senses of Little Pearlle. Higher up, perched upon the palm-trees, birds of every hue chanted rhymed strains in words of one syllable, the language of which she understood at once as if it were the language of nature, and all other tongues only degenerate scions from that ancient stock. The marvel of it all was the sweetest sensation that the child's being had ever known.

In front of them rose a great palace, formed of silver-tinted gossamer, shaped like a curiously curved cup or vase, and unceasingly in motion. The parapets shone with a rosy gleam; and the great dome within floated over it without touching. The windows were translucent gems, without weight, and large enough for a royal procession to pass through the spaces they occupied. The stairs ascending to the great door of entrance, which stood open, were spread with eider-down tapestry, the hanging folds of which falling on either side glittered with diamonds. Little Pearlle passed in, her unseen attendants all around her, and traversed hall after hall rich with wonders. On a raised dais in the grandest of all the halls was a couch, upon which they caused her to recline; and here they fed her with the same strange drink which had taken from her the memory of home, and with the rarest fruits of the Southern isles, and with wonderful talk, — until she came at last to take no note at all of the passage of time. From them she learned that Neverborn, one of the greatest of their princes, had seen her on her fourteenth birthday, and had loved her and chosen her to be his bride

when the quickly speeding years should ripen her beauty into woman's perfect mould. They forewarned her, that even when the bridegroom came to claim his earthly bride, she would not see him, as there would be danger in the sight ; but that, as he would love her most dearly and cherish her fondly, she need not mourn over the strangeness of that doom which kept him unseen. Little Pearlie wondered, but life was very happy to her, thinking evermore of him who loved her, and longing for his coming. The mystery which enshrouded him only added to the charm, and she never tired of repeating pretty things and caressing words which she would say to her dear Neverborn when he came at last. Sometimes, it is true, a feeling of fear would come over her as she thought of this mysterious being who had made himself master of her fate, a dread that he might be a demon of evil whose future doom would drag her too into a realm of horror, and then again a dread, that even if he were a lovely and loving spirit, when he came he might find her not so beautiful as he had hoped maturing years would make her, and turn away from her in disgust. When this thought came to her, she would long for a mirror, and pray to have one brought her ; but the unseen beings would pretend not to understand what she meant, and would bid her, though ever so gently, to wait for the coming of her lord. So time rolled by, and at last the fast-running years brought her to her eighteenth birthday, her beauty grown to wonderful perfection, and a sweet serenity of soul shining out from every feature. This day Neverborn came, gladdening her heart with delighted words of praise and love, and satisfying all her longing by the kindness and gentleness of his greeting. A new tide of life seemed to flow in her veins, a new beauty budded on her face, and enhanced the grace of her form. Little Pearlie was very happy, for she loved and was loved. By unseen beings, witnessing their promises of truth and love to each other, they were wedded, bringing their clasped hands, according to the rite of the spirit-world, into the mingled essence of water, air, and fire. Very happily they lived, the months speeding by with Neverborn always by her side, except at the midday hours, when he went to pay his duty at the court of Oberon. And when at last her little son, Twingift, was born to rejoice the hearts of both his parents, her happiness was complete. The double nature of the child gave it rare powers. His beauty and intelligence were alike surprising ; and his mother watched with yearning tenderness the growth in him of a fulness of feeling which even surpassed the sensibility of woman. So much of him as was human seemed to have the excellences of humanity in their richest measure. But the quick intuitions, the sudden passage from wish to will and from will to deed, the princely sense of power, which were the very life of his ethereal father, grew soon to show themselves in the half-human son. Already, when he was yet but ten days old, the power to move freely in air asserted itself ; and his mother, half proudly, half fearfully, saw him leave her bosom and glide upward to the dome and peep out over the parapet, drinking in the beauty of the green isle as it floated softly, but swiftly, through mid-air. When he came back here, prattling to her lovingly of all he had seen, amazed her with his sudden gift of speech. At the age of two months, so strong was the power of the spirit-life within him that he was already grown to the full stature

of manhood, and was full of all the wisdom, enthusiasm, and energy of a brilliant youth of twenty-five years. His progress was so rapid that it required all the mother's instincts to keep pace with him. But, as he still retained all the childlike trustfulness and caressing love which the men of earth, hardened in the tough conflict of life, are so prone to lose, there was perfect sympathy between mother and son; and neither the enlarging and expansion of his human intellect and manly will, nor the wonderful properties of his spirit-being, availed to separate their mutually approaching hearts. It was a fond task of hers to watch and ponder over all that she saw in him differing from what she knew to be in herself, and thus aim at divining something of the nature and appearance of her unseen lord. It must not be supposed that she had passed through all these months of endearing intimacy with her kind Neverborn without once praying for the boon of knowing by the eye one so near and dear to her. Indeed, she had with many caresses and wooing words entreated that she might see him, if only once. But he had seriously and almost mournfully assured her that, for the sake of his very love, he dared not show himself to her, the price of his possession of her being the decree that she was never to behold him. It was, he said, a trial of her faith demanded by Oberon, the dread king of the spirit-world. She had often, too, implored him to allow her the woman's necessity, a mirror; and he had as often signified to her that her wish in this matter could not possibly be gratified. There seemed to be nothing in all the palace which could in the least serve that purpose. The gossamer walls were incapable of reflecting a clear ray of light. The pavements and floors, which were a mosaic of perpetually moving flowers, vigorous with animal life, and exhaling sweet scents mingled with murmurous whispers like the fainter threads of music given out by an *Æolian* harp, gave back no image of forms beyond them. The great gems, through which light of every hue passed in to the halls of the palace, were none of them opaque enough to show even the gleam of an eye. Nowhere did she see the means by which to know how becomingly she had ordered the grouping of her beautiful locks about the face she felt, but could not see, to be lustrous in its loveliness now. Only her husband and her son praised her evermore with so fond a rapture, that the tones of the one and the bright face of the other answered its purpose well enough to make her longing for a mirror less every day. It is true that in her son's loving eyes she could see a miniature figure of herself, which gave her some satisfaction; and from his vivid word-painting, aided by his sketching with colors of flame in dense light compacted by his spirit-will in the air before them, she caught some conception of the true form of the father who was always visible to the son. Likewise she was consoled by the ardent hopes of her dear Twingift, who assured her that he felt strong confidence of being able to win her the right to see her husband, by imploring Queen Titania to intercede with Oberon in their behalf, when he should be permitted to visit the royal court. That long looked-for time at last came, Twingift having attained his seventh month; and joy filled the hearts of mother and son at the prospect before them. On the morning of the day on which Neverborn was to set out with his son for the great Meteor Isle, in which Oberon and

Titania held their court, Twingift rose to the dome to practise over the walls the spirit-gift of jetting fire in parabolas from his beautiful lips, whose ethereal flesh self-sent flame could not burn. It chanced to his misfortune that the hateful and malignant fairy, Rabidissa, was passing below at the time, and a spray of the flame which he emitted singed her cat-like whiskers. At once she darted a furious glance up toward him, and in a hoarse scream of passion threatened ruin to his mortal mother, and disgrace to himself and the proud Neverborn, whom she declared to have been always her enemy. After this spiteful outbreak of wrath, she flew away to the Bower of Transformation, and putting on the shape of a graceful maiden, hastened back to the palace. By this time Neverborn and his son were far away on their way to the Meteor Isle, Twingift unfortunately, in the self-confidence of youth, and with a haughty contempt of danger, not having said a word to his father on the subject of his morning adventure.

Meanwhile, Little Pearlle lay reclining on her lounge in the hall of state, full of hope, though a little restless and uneasy at the unwonted absence of both husband and son. She had not been long busy with her thoughts of mingled pleasure and trouble, when she perceived a radiantly beautiful damsel, moving with such airy lightness and ease as to assure her of her fairy nature. As the first of the beings of purely fairy nature whom she had yet seen with her eyes, the coming of this damsel was very pleasing to Little Pearlle, and seemed the harbinger of yet brighter days. The disguised Rabidissa announced herself to the lady of the palace as one of the maids-of-honor in attendance upon Queen Titania, and said that she had been sent to tell her a secret, which she feared would give her no pleasure. "Your husband, Prince Neverborn," said she, coming at once to the point, "has good reason not to wish you to see him, for, though beautiful as the day in every other respect, he has no eyes, and therefore no power of vision; and he fears that, if you should once become aware of this frightful defect, you would be shocked to find that he has never once beheld that beauty of yours which he pretends so much to admire. He has, therefore, charged his son never to permit you to suspect this, but to lay particular stress upon the marvellous beauty and brilliancy of his eyes whenever he describes him to you, either by words or by ethereal painting. Now, that you may have no doubt at all on this point, and may cease your foolish longing to see what it had been better you should never have seen, I will arrange that you may look upon him, without his knowing it until the thing is done. The reason why he has always forbidden you the use of a mirror is, that even spirits have no power over reflected light; and, though he may keep himself forever invisible to you, the image of him given back by a mirror is a thing over which he has no control, and will be as apparent to your eyes as that of any other being. I will procure such a mirror for you presently, and place it in this hall, where we will curtain it before his coming, so that he may suspect nothing."

Little Pearlle's eager, but darkened countenance expressed how much she longed to know for herself the truth or falsehood of this dreadful news. So Rabidissa, without waiting for words, passed out of the palace, and soon returned, bringing with her a great Venetian mirror,

which she had stolen from the Isle of Cyprus. She placed this against the wall ; and at once, with eager, trembling steps, Little Pearlle hastened to look upon herself once more. None but women can understand the emotion with which she now gazed at herself for the first time after so many years. In her first delight she even forgot the agony of her doubt about Neverborn's eyes, but only exulted in the perfect loveliness into which she had developed. Then, however, came the thought of his joy in her beauty, and with it the memory of that fell traitress's words, and she almost sunk to the earth in the tremor of dread lest after all her matchless beauty was unknown to her husband, and how could she feel sure of his continued love without that spell to keep it? The mirror was now curtained by Rabidissa, who bade farewell to the distressed lady, and seemed to leave the palace ; but she really ascended into the dome to see from that place what should follow. The hours were long and dreary for Little Pearlle, as she waited in wild impatience, with flushed cheeks and beating heart, for the coming of her husband. At last, with a start of nervous horror, she heard the fond greeting of the unseen Neverborn. She was barely conscious of hearing him say that Queen Titania, charmed with their dear Twingift, had kept him at court for a few days ; but she hastened, while he was yet talking, to draw aside the curtain from the mirror, and look for the eyes she feared were not to be seen. Dazzling in their radiance, but soft at first as effulgent stars, they shone upon her ; but she had hardly time to note with gladness their look of yearning love, and take in at a glance the noble features grouped around them, when they darkened, not with anger, but with an expression of ineffable sadness, as he cried, "Oh, my darling, you have brought the curse upon us ! The decree of Oberon you have broken, and, alas, we must part ! Our boy, too, our boy is a hostage at the court. I must hasten to see what my pleading can do to soften the wrath of Oberon. It is well that Titania loves the boy. Farewell, beloved ! I dare not even kiss you." And amid fearful thunderings and black rushings of the spirits of Night through the air, he ascended on his way to the Meteor Isle. Just before him flew the malevolent hag, Rabidissa, and he at once divined that it was all her work. Pursuing her with a fury of wrath, he hurled fire at her, and drove her, steaming with sulphur, into the regions of nether air. But he could not stop to wreak all his vengeance upon her. Eager to make peace for his dear wife at the court of the sovereign, he hurried on toward the Meteor Isle.

Poor Little Pearlle, almost distracted with remorse, shame, and sorrow, lay half-fainting on the floor of the hall, the only drop of comfort in the cup of bitterness brought to her lips by her aiming at forbidden knowledge being the new revelation of the extent of her husband's love in all its pitying, forgiving, regretful tenderness. Time passed, but she knew nothing, felt nothing, being only dimly conscious that the palace was deserted by all the unseen beings who had served her so joyously. The fatal mirror had been shattered by the fearful thunderings which had followed upon her transgression of Oberon's law. All the living things around, flowers, birds, and butterflies, sung a mournful wail, passionate and dreadful in its bitter monotony. Time passed, and she knew nothing with any real sense of life, until she

felt herself suddenly seized by her beautiful long hair, and looking up, saw the hag, Rabidissa, beautiful still, but with a frightful expression on her features and a fearful glittering of hate in her serpent eyes. "Now," cried the wicked fairy, "is my hour, and I will take you back, presumptuous mortal, to your base earth. Never more can you steal the heart of a prince of air. Oberon will permit no more these disgusting alliances. Open your eyes still wider, that you may see all your miserable fate. Wretch ! you are in no tender hands now !" So saying, without paying the least attention to poor Little Pearlie's piteous entreaties, she dragged her by her beautiful tresses up into the darkened air, and, letting her hang below her in mid-air, began to descend with fearful swiftness toward the earth. A great stench of sulphur pervaded the air ; dismal bats of vast size flew around them ; the hootings of owls rang in Little Pearlie's ears ; and derisive laughter, as if of hosts of mocking demons, came in shrill and discordant sounds across the black waste of sultry air. Down, down they went, fitful gleams of lightning showing the poor little thing all the horrors which had no voice wherewith to terrify her. At last they came to earth, alighting on a bleak plain, desert and bare, save for a little shrivelled grass which pricked her poor little feet. Here the fell fairy with one yell of mockery left her to her fate. The poor Little Pearlie, almost despairing, but with love still in her heart, yearning and panting with a hope that would not utterly perish, and nerving her to live in spite of all that might happen, wandered blindly through the wild waste, seeking for a land where something friendly lived.

No heart shall be pained with the tale of all that she suffered in journeying from land to land, helped sometimes by kindly human beings, but often hungry and footsore, and parched with thirst. Many weary days, many bitter nights passed over her forlorn little head, before she came within sight of her native village. With trembling footsteps and anxious heart she drew near to her mother's door, stopping first at the little spring to kiss the spot where she had first heard fairy greetings, and from which she had been taken up into the air to be reared for her dear Neverborn. Her mother was still alive, very aged with sorrowing for her lost child, but with eyes yet sound enough to know her beloved daughter. A sad heart and the weary toil of travel, with so many sufferings passed through, had so dimmed the beauty of upper air which had come upon Little Pearlie, that she was now more like her old self as a child of earth, only the innocent glee of her youth was gone. She told her mother all her story ; but the good old dame thought her child's brain was crazed, and could not believe the strange things she related. But, deeply as she grieved over the change which she thought had befallen her, still her dear girl was alive and at home once more ; and so she caressed her and rejoiced in her presence, petting her from day to day, as if she were a little child. Three months they lived on in this way together, when at last the old dame, shaken by the surprise of her newborn happiness, sickened and died. Little Pearlie wept much for her mother, but more still at the thought that her beloved Neverborn, and Twingift, the apple of her eye, had not yet found her. She never once, no, not for a moment, doubted their love ; and she never ceased to hope that this rich love would not

weary, until it had worked forgiveness for all, at the court of Oberon, and had sought her out and borne her back in triumph.

One morning, a few days after the death of her mother, she went down to the spring, and stooped, as she always did, to kiss the spot she loved so dearly. Before she could rise again, a voice she knew — ah, so well! — called to her, “Darling!” and the next moment she was in her Neverborn’s arms, this time invisible only from the blinding tears of joy which rained from her eyes. Those dear arms only released her to give her to the embrace of her son, who stood by his side, and kissed his mother with a rapture such as he had never felt before. They had won at last Oberon’s forgiveness, through Titania’s intercession; had subdued in a war of fire the revolted legions of Mazinderán, stirred up to rebellion by the wicked Rabidissa; and had then hastened to Little Pearlie’s earthly home, hopeful of finding her there. Happy once more, they took air at once for the green isle above in which they had been so happy before; and, soon reaching it, they once more possessed their beautiful palace in bliss. Never more did Little Pearlie suffer sorrow.

ERLE BERTIE.

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## DOÑA CLARA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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AT twilight strayed the Alcaldé’s daughter  
 Her garden’s flowery paths along,  
 While o’er the quiet, murmuring water  
 Came cymbal-clang and festive song.—  
 “Out on their weary, stupid dances;  
 Out on their hateful cavaliers;  
 Ah, how I loathe their amorous glances,  
 Their kindling hopes, their trembling fears.  
 Life gives me now one only pleasure,  
 The memory of the dear unknown,—  
 My soul’s best hope, my heart’s own treasure,  
 Dearer than all expression grown,—  
 Who to my lattice gently stealing  
 Beneath the glimmer of Love’s star,  
 Responsive struck the chords of feeling  
 To the soft notes of his guitar.

Heaven ! what a form, what grace, what fire,  
 What passion sparkles in his eye ;  
 Saint George himself could ne'er aspire  
 To greater grace and dignity."—  
 Thus Doña Clara, as she crushes  
 With dainty step the violet's pride :  
 Why starts the maid with rosy blushes ?—  
 Her handsome lover's at her side.  
 And, hand in hand, the lovers wander  
 In a delicious dream of bliss,  
 Low whispers, murmuring ever fonder,  
 Exhale in music on a kiss.  
 And o'er them beams the soft moon's lustre,  
 And amorous zephyrs gently sigh ;  
 The blushing roses, as they cluster,  
 Listen in silent ecstasy.  
 And gently sway the blooming roses,  
 Deepening with a purple hue ;  
 The dreamy lily slowly closes  
 Her fainting lips to kiss the dew.—  
 "Sweet angel, by those eyes that light me,  
 Ah, tell me why that blush so red ?"—  
 "It was the gnats and they did bite me ;  
 The hateful summer gnats," she said.  
 "Vile summer gnats, to me as hateful  
 As swarming hordes of hook-nosed Jews."—  
 "Then, my own darling, we'll be grateful  
 That we can curse those base Hebrews."—  
 Down the almond blossoms showered  
 All their store of glowing white,  
 And their heavy perfume lowered  
 On the pinions of the night.—  
 "Nay, but, sweet one, dost thou love me ?  
 Is thy dear heart mine, all mine ?"—  
 "By the heaven that beams above me,  
 Darling, I am thine, all thine.  
 Let the Powers above me hear it,  
 And record the oath I use :  
 By the Saviour dear, I swear it,—  
 Jesus, slain by hang-dog Jews."—  
 "Leave them both alone, my dearest,"  
 Smiling gently, says the knight ;  
 And the dreamy lilies fairest  
 Swung around them, steeped in light.—  
 "Tell me, honey-lips," he muttered,  
 "Hast thou sworn me no false oath ?"—  
 How her timid bosom fluttered !—  
 "Dear one, wherefore doubt my troth ?

Know you not these veins are painted  
By a tide of purest hue?  
Not one drop of blood is tainted  
By false Moor or curséd Jew.”—  
He replies, in tones caressing,  
“Let the Jews and Pagans rest;”  
Then came long and panting kissing,  
Love beseeching and love blest.  
From the grove Love’s feathered singer  
Joyful pours the nuptial lay,  
And the glow-worms round them linger,  
Nuptial torches bright and gay.  
All is hushed: no leaflet mutters:  
Modest roses veil their eyes:  
Nought the languid zephyr flutters  
Save soft words and smothered sighs.  
And now, along the darkening river  
Came trumpet-blast and cymbal clear;  
The panting maid did start and quiver,  
As starts the timid, hunted deer.  
“Hark, love,” she cries, “I needs must leave thee;  
That trumpet-call is true love’s knell;  
But ere I go—do not deceive me—  
Thy cherished name and lineage tell!”—  
He kissed her rosy finger tips:  
He kissed her dark and glossy hair:  
He kissed her glowing, pouting lips,  
And then spoke out that cavalier.  
“And wouldst thou then, sweet love, discover  
The name and lineage that I bear?  
I, who am bless’d as thy true lover!  
Well, listen then the truth to hear.  
Son of Don Isaac Ben Manassa,  
Whose pious learning’s much in vogue;  
He lives esteemed in Saragossa,  
Grand Rabbi of the Synagogue!”

## DUKESBOROUGH TALES.

BY PHILEMON PERCH.

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"And scenes, long past, of joy and pain  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain."

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### NO. I.—THE GOOSEPOND SCHOOL.

#### CHAPTER V.

MR. MEADOWS now set about what was the only agreeable portion of the duties of his new vocation, the punishment of offenders. The lawyers tell us that, of all the departments of the law, the *vindictory* is the most important. This element of the Goosepond establishment had been cultivated so much that it had at last become almost the only one that was consulted at all. As for the *declaratory* and the *directory*, they seemed to be considered, when clearly understood, as impediments to a fair showing and proper development of the vindictory, insomuch that the last was often by their means disappointed of its victim. Sometimes, when his urchins would not "miss," or violate some of his numerous laws, Mr. Meadows used, in the plenitude of his power, to put the vindictory first—punish an offender, and then *declare* what the latter had done to be an offence, and then *direct* him that he had better not do so any more. This Mr. Meadows seemed to owe a grudge to society. Whether this was because society had not given him a father as it had done to almost everybody else, or because it had interfered in the peaceful occupation which he had inherited from his grandfather (as if to avenge itself on him for violating one of its express commands that such as he should inherit from nobody),—did not appear. But he owed it, and he delighted in paying it off in his peculiar way; this was by beating the children of his school, every one of whom had a father. Eminently combative by nature, it was both safest and most satisfactory to wage his warfare on this general scale. So, on this fine morning, by way of taking up another instalment of this immense debt, which like most other debts seemed as if it never would get fully paid, he took down his bundle of rods from two pegs in one of the logs on which he had placed them, selected one fit for his purpose, and taking his position in the middle of the space between the fireplace and the rows of desks, he sat down in his chair. A cheerful, but by no means a gladsome smile overspread his countenance as he said:

"Them spellin' classes and readin' classes, and them others that's got to be whipped, all but Sam Pate and Asa Boatright, come to the circus."

Five or six boys and as many girls, from eight to thirteen years old,

came up, and sitting down on the front bench which extended all along the length of the two rows of desks, pulled off their shoes and stockings. The boys then rolled up their pants, and the girls lifted the skirts of their frocks to their knees, and having made a ring around Mr. Meadows as he sat in his chair, all began a brisk trot. They had described two or three revolutions, and Mr. Meadows was straightening his switch, when Asa Boatright ran up, and, crying piteously, said :

“Please sir, Mr. Meadows — oh pray do sir, Mr. Meadows — let me go into the circus !”

Mr. Meadows rose up and was about to strike ; but another thought seemed to occur to him. He looked at him amusedly for a moment, and pointed to his seat. Asa took it. Mr. Meadows resumed his chair, and went into the exciting part of the exhibition by tapping the legs, both male and female, as they trotted around him. This was done at first very gently, and almost lovingly. But as the sport warmed in interest, the blows increased in rapidity and violence. The children began to cry out, and then Mr. Meadows struck the harder ; for it was a rule (oh he was a mighty man for rules, this same Mr. Meadows) that whoever cried the loudest should be hit the hardest. He kept up this interesting exercise until he had given them about twenty-five lashes apiece. He then ceased. They stopped instantly, walked around him once, then seating themselves upon the bench they resumed their shoes and stockings, and went to their seats. One girl, thirteen years old, Henrietta Bangs, had begged him to let her keep on her stockings ; but Mr. Meadows was too firm a disciplinarian to allow it. When the circus was over she put on her shoes, and taking up her stockings and putting them under her apron, she went to her seat and sobbed as if her heart was broken.

Allen Thigpen looked at her for a moment, and then he turned his eyes slowly around and looked at Brinkly Glisson. The latter did not notice him. He sat with his hands in his pockets and his lips compressed. Allen knew what struggle was going on, but he could not tell how it was going to end. Mr. Meadows rested three minutes.

It has possibly occurred to those who may be reading this little history that it was a strange thing in Asa Boatright, who so well knew all the ways of Mr. Meadows, that he should have expressed so decisive a wish to take part in this last described exhibition,—an exhibition which, however entertaining to Mr. Meadows as it doubtless was, and might be perchance to other persons placed in the attitude of spectators merely, could not be in the highest degree agreeable to one in the attitude which Master Asa must have foreseen that he would be made to assume had Mr. Meadows vouchsafed to yield to his request. But Asa Boatright was not a fool, nor was he a person who had no care for his physical wellbeing. In other words, Asa Boatright knew what he was about.

“Sam Pate and Asa Boatright !” exclaimed Mr. Meadows, after his rest. “Come out here and go to horsin’.”

The two nags came out. Master Pate playfully inclined himself forward, and Master Boatright leaped with some agility upon his back. The former, gathering the latter’s legs under his arms, and drawing as tightly as possible his pants across his middle, began galloping gaily

around the area before the fireplace. Mr. Meadows, after taking a fresh hickory, began to apply it with great force and precision to that part of Master Boatright's little body which, in his present attitude, was most exposed. Every application of this kind caused that young gentleman to scream to the utmost of the strength of his voice, and even to make spasmodic efforts to kick, which Master Pate, being for the occasion a horse, was to understand as an expression on the part of his rider that he should get on faster, and so Master Pate must frisk and prance and otherwise imitate a horse as well as possible in the circumstances. Now, the circumstances being that as soon as Master Boatright should have ridden long enough to become incapacitated from riding a real horse with comfort, they were to reverse positions, Master Boatright becoming horse and himself rider, they were hardly sufficient to make him entirely forget his identity in the personation of that quadruped. He did his best, though, in the circumstances, such as they were, and not only frisked and pranced but actually neighed several times. When Asa was placed in the condition hinted at above, he was allowed to dismount. Sam having mounted on his back, it was truly stirring to the feelings to see the latter kick and the former prance. This was always the best part of the show. A rule of this exercise was that, when the rider should dismount and become horse, he was to act well his part or be made to resume the part of rider,—a prospect not at all agreeable, each one decidedly preferring to be horse. Sam was about three years older and fifteen pounds heavier than Asa. Now, while Asa had every motive which as sensible a horse as he was could have to do his best, yet he was so sore, and Sam, with the early prospect of butting his brains out, was so heavy, that he had great difficulties. He exhibited the most laudable desire and made the most faithful efforts to prance, but he could not keep his feet. Finding that he could do no great things at prancing, he endeavored to make up by neighing. When Sam would cry out and kick, Asa would neigh. He would occasionally run against the wall and neigh as if he was perfectly delighted. He would lift up one foot and neigh. He would put it down, lift up the other and neigh. Then when he would attempt to lift up both feet at once, he would fall down and neigh. But he would neigh even in the act of rising, apparently resolved to convince the world that, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, he was as real and as plucky a little horse as had ever trotted. Never before had Asa acted his part so well in the Horsin' at the Goosepond. Never had horse, with such odds on his back, neighed so lustily. Sam screamed and kicked. Asa pranced and neighed, until at last, as he stumbled violently against the bench, Sam let go his hold upon Asa's neck, in order to avoid breaking his own, and fell sprawling on his belly under a desk. This sudden removal of the burden from Asa's back made his efforts to recover from his false step successful beyond all calculation, and he fell backward, headforemost, upon the floor. Mr. Meadows, contrary to his wont, roared with laughter. His soul was satisfied; he dropped his switch, and ordered them to their seats. They obeyed, and sat down with that graduated declension of body in which experience had taught them to be prudent.

## CHAPTER VI.

AFTER the close of the last performance, Mr. Meadows seemed to need another resting spell. This lasted five minutes. He always liked to be as fresh as possible for the next scene. The most interesting, the most exciting, and in some respects the most delightful exercise was yet to follow. This was the punishment of Brinkly Glisson. It was curious to see how he did enjoy it. He was never so agreeable at play-time or in the afternoon as when he had beaten Brinkly in the morning. If he recited well, and there was no pretext for beating him, Mr. Meadows was sadder and gloomier than usual for the remainder of the day, and looked as if he felt that he had been wronged with impunity.

Now, Brinkly was one of the best boys in the world. He was the only son of a poor widow, who, at much sacrifice, had sent him to school. He had pitched and tended the crop of a few acres around the house, and she had procured the promise of a neighbor to help her in gathering it when ripe. Brinkly was the apple of her eye, the idol of her heart. He was to her as we always think of him of whom it was said, 'He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' And Brinkly had rewarded her love and care with all the feelings of his honest and affectionate heart. He was more anxious to learn for her sake than his own. He soon came to read tolerably well, and was advanced to geography. How proud was the widow when she bought the new geography and atlas with the proceeds of four pairs of socks which (sweet labor of love!) she had knit with her own hands. What a world of knowledge she thought there must be in a book with five times as many pages as a spelling-book, and in those great red, blue, and pink pictures, covering a whole page a foot square, and all this knowledge to become the property of Brinkly! But Brinkly soon found that geography was above his present capacity, and so told Mr. Meadows. That gentleman received the communication with displeasure; said that what was the matter with him was laziness, and that laziness, of all the qualities which a boy had, was the one which he knew best what to do with. He then took to beating him. Brinkly, after the first beating, which was a light one, went home and told his mother of it, and intimated his intention not to take another. The widow was sorely distressed, and knew not what to do. On the one hand was her grief to know her son was unjustly beaten, and his spirit cowed; for she knew that he studied all the time he had, and though uneducated herself, she was not like many other parents of her day who thought that the best means to develop the mind was to beat the body. But on the other hand would be the disappointment of his getting an education if he should leave the school, there being then no other in the neighborhood. This, thought the poor woman, was the worse horn of the dilemma; and so she wept, and begged him, as he loved her, to submit to Mr. Meadows. He should have the more time for study; she would chop the wood and feed the stock; he should have all the time at home to himself; he could get it, she knew he could; it would come to him after a while.

Brinkly yielded; but how many a hard struggle he made to continue

that submission, no one knew but he, — not even his mother, for he concealed from her as much as he could the treatment which he had received and the suffering which he had endured. Mr. Meadows could see this struggle sometimes. He knew that the boy was not afraid of him. He saw it in his eye every time he beat him, and it was this which afforded him such a satisfaction to beat him. He wished to subdue him, and he had not succeeded. Brinkly would never beg nor weep. Mr. Meadows often thought he was on the point of resisting him; but he knew the reason why he did not, and while he hated him for it, he trusted that it would last. Yet he often doubted whether it would or not; and thus the matter became so intensely exciting that he continually sought for opportunities of bringing it up. He loved to tempt him. He had no doubt but that he could easily manage him in an even combat; but he did not wish it to come to that. He only gloried in goading him almost to resistance, and then seeing him yield.

Have we not all seen how the showman adapts himself to the different animals of the menagerie? How quickly and sharply he speaks to the lesser animals who jump over his hand and back, and over and back again, and then crouch in submission as he passes by! But when he goes to the lion, you can scarcely hear his low tones as he commands him to use and perform his part, and is not certain whether the king of the beasts will do as he is bidden or not. Doubts like these were in the mind of Mr. Meadows when he was about to set upon Brinkly Glisson; but the greater these doubts, the more he enjoyed the trial. After a short rest from the fatigues of the last exercise, during which he curiously and seriously eyed the lad, he rose from his seat, paced slowly across the room once or twice, and taking a hickory switch, the longest of all he had, he stopped in the middle of the floor, and in a low, quiet tone, said:

“Brinkly Glisson, come.”

Allen had been eyeing Brinkly all the time since the close of the circus. He saw the conflict which was going on in his soul, and when Mr. Meadows had burst into the paroxysm of laughter at the untoward ending of the ‘horsin’,’ he thought he saw that the conflict was ended.

Slowly and calmly Brinkly rose from his seat, and walked up and stood before Mr. Meadows.

“Why, hi!” thought Allen.

“Off with your coat, sir,” — low and gentle, and with a countenance almost smiling. Brinkly stood motionless. But he had done so once or twice before, in similar circumstances, and at length yielded. “Off with it, sir,” — louder and not so gentle. No motion on Brinkly’s part, not even in his eyes, which looked steadily into the master’s, with a meaning which he nearly, but not quite understood.

“Aint you going to pull off that coat, sir?”

“What for?” asked Brinkly.

“What for, sir?”

“Yes, sir; what for?”

“Because I am going to give you this hickory, you impudent scoundrel; and if you don’t pull it off this minute, I’ll give you sich a beatin’ as’ll make you feel like you never was whipped before since you was born. Aint you going to pull it off, sir?”

"Not now, sir."

Allen wriggled on his seat, and his face shone as the full moon. Mr. Meadows retreated a step, and holding his switch two feet from the larger end, he raised that end to strike.

"Stop one minute, if you please."

Mr. Meadows lowered his arm, and his face smiled a triumph. This was the first time Brinkly had ever begged. He chuckled. Allen looked disappointed.

"Stop, eh? I yi! This end looks heavy, does it? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if it warn't sorter heavy. Will you pull off your coat now, sir?"

"Mr. Meadows, I asked you to stop because I wanted to say a few words to you. You have beat me and beat me, worse than you ought to beat a dog," (Allen's face getting right again); "and God in heaven knows that, in the time that I have come to school to you, I have tried as hard as a boy ever did to please you and get my lessons. I can't understand that geography, and I aint been reading long enough to understand it. I have asked you to let me quit. Mother has asked you. You wouldn't do it; but beat me, and beat me, and beat me," (there is no telling whether Allen wants to laugh or to cry), "and now, the more I study it, the more I don't understand it. I would have quit school long ago, but mother was so anxious for me to learn, and made me come. And now I have took off my coat to you the last time." (Ah! now there is a great tear in Allen's eye.) "Listen to me," (as the teacher's hand makes a slight motion); "don't strike me. I know I'm not learning anything, and your beating aint going to make me learn any faster. If you are determined to keep me in this geography, and to beat me, just say so, and I'll take my hat and books and go home. I'd like to not come to-day, but I thought I knew my lesson. Now, I say again, don't, for God's sake, don't strike me." And he raised up both his hands, pale and trembling.

It would be impossible to describe the surprise and rage expressed on the face of Mr. Meadows during the delivery and at the close of this little harangue. He looked at the boy a moment. His countenance expressed the deepest sadness; but there was nothing in it like defiance or threatening. It was simply sad and beseeching. The master hesitated, and looked around upon his school. It would not do to retreat now, he thought. With an imprecation, he raised his switch and struck with all his might.

"My God!" cried the boy; but in an instant sadness and beseeching passed from his face. The long pent-up resentment of his soul gushed forth, and the fury of a demon glared from his eyes. He was preparing to spring upon Mr. Meadows, when the latter, by a sudden rush, caught him and thrust him backward over the front bench. They both tumbled on the floor, between the rows of desks, Mr. Meadows uppermost.

"It's come," said Allen, quietly, as he rose and looked down upon the combatants.

Mr. Meadows attempted to disengage himself and rise; but Brinkly would rise with him. After several attempts at this, Brinkly managed to get upon one knee, and by a violent jerk to bring Mr. Meadows

down upon the floor, where they were, in the phraseology of the wrestling ring, cross and pile. Mr. Meadows shouted to two or three of the boys to hold Brinkly until he could rise. They rose to obey, but Allen, without saying a word, put out his hand before them, and motioning them to their seats, they resumed them. And now the contest set in for good, Mr. Meadows struggling to recover his advantage, and Brinkly to improve what he had gained. The former's right arm was thrown across the latter's neck, his right hand wound in and pulling violently his hair, while his left hand pressed against his breast. Brinkly's left leg was across Mr. Meadows' middle, and with his right against a stationary desk, his right arm bent and lying under him like a lizard's, and his left in Mr. Meadows' shirt-collar, he struggled to get uppermost; but whenever he attempted to raise his head, that hand wound in his hair would instantly bring it back to the floor. When Mr. Meadows would attempt to disengage himself from underneath Brinkly's leg, that member, assisted by its brother from the desk, against which it was pressed, held it like the boa holds the bullock. Oh, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Meadows! you don't know the boy that grapples with you. You have never known anything at all about him, Mr. Meadows. You blow, Mr. Meadows! See! Brinkly blows not half so hard. Remember, you walk a mile to and from the school, and Brinkly seven, often running the first half. Besides, there is something in Brinkly's soul which will not let him tire. The remembrance of long continued wrongs, which cannot longer be borne; the long subdued but now inextinguishable desire of revenge; every hostile feeling but fear—all these are now dominant in that simple heart, and they have made of him a man, and if you hope to conquer you must fight as you never have fought before, and never may have to fight again.

Your right hand pulls less vigorously at the hair of Brinkly's ascending head. Look there! Brinkly's leg has moved an inch further across you! Wring and twist, Mr. Meadows, for right under that leg, if anywhere for you, is now the post of honor. Can't you draw out your left leg, and plant it against the desk behind you, as Brinkly does with his right. Alas! no. Brinkly has now made a hook of *his* left, and his heel is pressing close into the cavity behind your knee. Ah! that was an unlucky move for you then, Mr. Meadows, when you let Brinkly's hair go, and thrust both of your hands at his eyes. You must have done that in a passion. But you are raking him some now, that is certain. But see there, now! he has released his grasp at your shirt-collar, and thrown his left arm over you. Good morning to you now, Mr. Meadows!

In the instant that Mr. Meadows had released his hold upon his hair, Brinkly, though he was being gouged terribly, released his hold upon his collar, threw his arm over his neck, and pushing with all his might with his right leg against the desk, and making a corresponding pull with his left, he succeeded in getting fully upon him; then, springing up quick as lightning, as Mr. Meadows, panting, his eyes gleaming with the fury of an enraged tigress, was attempting to rise, he dealt him a blow in the face with his fist which sent him back bleeding like a butchered beast. Once more the master attempted to rise, and those

who saw it will never forget that piteous spectacle of rage, and shame, and pain, and fear. Once more Brinkly struck him back. How that brave boy's face shone out with those *gaudia certaminis* which the brave always feel when in the midst of an inevitable and righteous combat! Springing upon his adversary again, and seizing his arms and pinioning them under his knees, he wound his hands in his shaggy hair, and raising his head, thrust it down several times with all his might against the floor.

"Spare me! for God's sake, spare me!" cried Mr. Meadows, in tones never before heard from him in that house.

Brinkly stopped. "Spare you!" he said, now panting himself. "Yes! you who never spared anything that you could hurt! Poor cruel coward! You loved to beat other people, and gloried in seeing them suffering, and when they begged you to spare them, you laughed—you did. Oh, how I have heard you laugh, when they asked you to spare them! And now you are beat yourself and whipped, you beg like a dog. Yes, and I will spare you," he continued, rising from him. "It would be a pity to beat any such a poor cowardly human any longer. Now go! and make them poor things there go to horsin' again, and cut 'em in two again; and then get in the circus ring, and make them others, girls and all—yes, girls and all—hold up their clothes and trot around you, and when they cry like you, and beg you to spare 'em, do you laugh again!"

He rose and turned away from him. Gathering up his books, he went to the peg whereon his hat was hanging, and was in the act of taking it down, when a sudden revulsion of feeling came over him, and he sat down and wept.

Oh, the feelings in that poor boy's breast! The recollection of the cruel wrongs which he had suffered; of the motives, so full of pious duty, which had made him endure them; the thought of how mistaken had been the wish of his mother that he should endure them; and then of how terribly they had been avenged. These all meeting at once in his gentle but untaught spirit, overcame it, and broke it into weeping.

Meanwhile, other things were going on. Mr. Meadows, haggard, bruised, bleeding, covered with dirt, slunk off towards the fireplace, sat down in his chair, and buried his face in his hands. The pupils had been in the highest states of alternate alarm and astonishment. They were now all standing about their seats, looking alternately at Brinkly and Mr. Meadows, but at the latter mostly. Their countenances plainly indicated that this was a sight which, in their minds, had never before been vouchsafed to mortal vision. A schoolmaster whipped! beat! choked! his head bumped! and that by one of his pupils! And that schoolmaster, Mr. Meadows!—Mr. Meadows, who, ten minutes before, had been in the exercise of sovereign and despotic authority. And then to hear him beg! A schoolmaster!—Mr. Meadows!—to hear him actually beg Brinkly to spare him! These poor children actually began to feel not only pity, but some resentment at what had been done. They were terrified, and to some extent miserable at the sight of so much power, so much authority, so much royalty dishonored and laid low. Brinkly seemed to them to have been transformed. He was a

murderer! a REGICIDE!! Talk of the divine right of kings! There was never more reverence felt for it than the children in country schools felt for the kingly dignity of the schoolmaster of fifty years agone.

## CHAPTER VII.

ALLEN THIGPEN was the only one of the pupils who did not entirely lose his wits while the events of the last few minutes were taking place. While the contest was even between the combatants, he stood gazing down upon them with the most intense interest. His body was bent down slightly, and his arms were extended in a semicircle, as if to exclude the rest of the world from a scene which he considered all his own. When Mr. Meadows called for quarter, Allen folded his arms across his breast, and to a tune which was meant for 'Auld Lang Syne,' and which sounded indeed more like that than any other, he sang as he turned off,

"Jerusalem, my happy home."

When Mr. Meadows had taken his seat, he looked at him for a moment or two as if hesitating what to do. He then walked slowly to him and delivered the following oration:

"It's come to it at last, jest as I said. I seen it from the fust; you ought to a seen it yourself, but you wouldn't, ur you couldn't, and I don't know which, and it makes no odds which you didn't. I did, and now it's come, and sich a beatin', Jerusalem! But don't you be too much took aback by it. You warn't goin' to keep school here no longern to-day, nohow. Now, I had laid off in my mind to have gin you a duckin' this very day; and I'll tell you for why. Not as I've got anything particklar agin you, myself; you have not said one word out of the way to me this whole term. But, in the fust place, it's not my opinion, nor haint been for some time, that you are fitten to be a schoolmaster. Thar's them sums in intrust — intrust is the very thing and the onliest thing I wanted to learn — I say, thar's them sums in intrust, which I can't work and which you can't show me how to work, or haint yit, though I've been cypherin' in it now two months. And thar's Mely Jones, that's in the same, and she haint learnt 'em neither, and dinged if I believe all the fault's in me and her, and in course it can't be in the book. But that aint the main thing; its your imposin' disposition. If this here schoolhouse," he continued, looking around, "if this here schoolhouse haint seen more unmerciful beatin' than any other schoolhouse in this country, then I say it's a pity that thar's any sich a thing as education. And if the way things has been car'd on in this here schoolhouse sense you've been in it is the onliest way of getting of a education, then I say again it's a pity thar's sich a thing. It haint worth while for me to name over all the ways you've had of tormentin' o' these children. You know 'em; I know 'em; everybody about this here schoolhouse knows 'em. Now, as I said before, I had laid off to a gin you a duckin' this very day, and this morning I was going to let Brinkly into it, tell I found that the time I seen was a comin' in him was done come; and I knowed he wouldn't jine in duckin' you on account of his

mother. Now I've been thinking o' this for more'n two weeks, bekase—now listen to me; didn't you say you was from South Calliner?"

Pausing for, but not receiving an answer, he continued:

"Yes, that's what you said. Well, now I've heern a man—a travelin' man—who staid all night at our house on his way to Fluriday, say he knowed you. You aint from South Calliner; I wish you was, but you aint; you're from Georgy, and I'm ashamed to say it. He ast me, seein' me a studyin', who I went to school to, and when I told him," (Mr. Meadows appearing to be listening) 'Meadows,' says he, 'what Meadows?' 'Iserl,' says I. 'Iserl Meadows a schoolmaster?' says he, and he laughed, he did; he laughed fit to kill hisself. Well, he told me whar you was raised, and *who you was*. But you needn't be too bad skeered. I aint told it to the fust human, and I aint going to, tell you leave. Now, I had laid off, as I told you, to gin you a duckin', but I hadn't the heart to do it, and you in the fix you are now at the present. Nuff sed, as I seed in a bar-room in Augusty on a piece of pasteboard, under the words 'No credit,' when I was thar. Wonder if thar's going to be much more schoolin' here?"

Saying which, Allen puckered up his mouth as if for a whistle, and stalked back to his seat.

Mr. Meadows, during the last few sentences of this harangue, had exhibited evidences of a new emotion. When Allen told him what the traveller had said, he looked up with a countenance full of terror, and on Allen assuring him that he had not mentioned it, he had again buried his face in his hands. When Allen went back to his seat, he rose, and beckoning to him imploringly, they went out of the house together a few steps and stopped.

"I never done you any harm," said Mr. Meadows.

"You never did, certin, shore," answered Allen, "nor no particklar good. But that's neither here nor thar; what do you want?"

"Don't tell what you heard tell I git away."

"Didn't I say I wouldn't? But you must leave toler'ble soon. I can't keep it long. I fairly eech to tell it now."

The schoolmaster stood a moment, turning his hat in his hands, as if hesitating what sort of leave to take. He timidly offered Allen his hand.

"I'd ruther not," said Allen, and for the first time seemed a little embarrassed. Suddenly the man hauled his hat on his head, and walked away. He had just entered the path in the thicket, and turning unobserved, he paused, and looked back at the schoolhouse. And oh, the anger, the impotent rage, the chagrin and shame which were depicted on his bloodshot face! No exiled monarch ever felt more grief and misery than he felt at that moment. He paused but for a moment; then raising both his hands, and shaking them towards the house, without saying a word, he turned again and almost ran along the path.

After he had gone, and not until he had gotten out of sight, Allen, to whom all eyes were turned (except Brinkly's, who yet sat with his head hidden in his hands on the bench), took Mr. Meadows' chair, and crossing his legs, said:

"Well, boys and gals, the Goosepond, it seem, are a broke-up school. The schoolmaster have, so to speak, absquatulated. Thar's to be no

more horsin' here, and the circus are clean shot up. And the only thing I hates about it is, that it's Brinkly that's done it and not me. But he wouldn't give me a chance. No," he continued, sorrowfully and as if speaking to himself, "he wouldn't give me a chance. Nary single word could I ever git him to say to me out of the way. I have misted lessons; 'deed I never said none. I never kept nary single rule in his school, and he wouldn't say nothin' to me."

Then rising and going to Brinkly, he put his hand upon his shoulder.

"No, its jest as it ought to a bin; you was the one to do it; and in the name of all that's jest, Brinkly Glisson, what *is* you been cryin' about? Git up, boy, and go and wash your face. I would rather have done what you've done than to a bin the man that fooled the tory in the Revolutionary War, and stoled his horse in the Life of Marion. Come along and wash that face and hands."

And he almost dragged Brinkly to the pail, and poured water while he washed.

The children, recovering from the consternation into which they had been thrown by the combat and its result, now began to walk about the house, picking up their books and laying them down again. They would go to the door and look out towards Mr. Meadows' path, as if expecting, and, indeed, half-way hoping, half-way fearing that he would return; and then they would stand around Allen and Brinkly, as the latter was washing and drying himself. But they spoke not a word. Suddenly, Allen, mimicking the tone of Mr. Meadows, cried out:

"Asa Boatright and Sam Pate, go to horsin'!"

In a moment they all burst into shouts of laughter. Asa mounted upon Sam's back, and Sam pranced about and neighed, oh, so gaily. Allen got a switch and made as if he would strike Asa, and that young gentleman, for the first time in the performance of this interesting exercise, screamed with delight instead of pain.

"Let Asa be the schoolmaster," shouted Allen. "Good morning, Mr. Boatright," said he with mock humility. "Mr. Boatright, may I go out?" asked timidly, half a dozen boys.

Asa dismounted, and seizing a hickory, he stood up in the middle of the floor, and the others formed the circus around him. Here they came and went, jumping over his switch, and crying out and stooping to rub their legs, and begging him to stop, "for God's sake, Mr. Boatright, stop."

Suddenly an idea struck Mr. Boatright. Disbanding the circus, he cried out:

"You, Is'rl Meadows, come up here, sir. Been a fighten, have you, sir? come up, sir. Oh, here you are."

Mr. Boatright fell upon the teacher's chair, and of all the floggings which a harmless piece of furniture ever did receive, that unlucky chair did then and there receive the worst. Mr. Boatright called it names; he dragged it over the floor; he threatened to burn it up; he shook it violently; he knocked it against the wall; one of its rounds falling out, he beat it most unmercifully with that; and at last, exhausted by the exercise and satisfied with his revenge, he indignantly kicked it out of doors, amid the screams and shouts of his schoolfellows.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"*FAR* you well!" said Allen, solemnly, to the fallen chair.

They had all gathered up their books and slates, and hats and bonnets, and started off for their several homes. Those who went the same way with Brinkly, listened with the most respectful attention as he talked with Allen on the way, and showed how bitterly he had suffered from the cruelty of Mr. Meadows. They had already lost their resentment at the dishonor of that monarch's royalty, and were evidently regarding Brinkly with the devotion with which mankind always regard rebels who are successful. Each one strove to get the nearest him as he walked. One little fellow, after trying several times to slip in by his side, got ahead, and walked backwards as he looked at Brinkly and listened. He was so far gone under the old régime that he felt no relief from what had happened. He had evidently not understood anything at all about it. He seemed to be trying to do so, and to make out for certain whether that was Brinkly or not. The voice of those young republicans, had Brinkly been ambitious, would have made him dictator of the Goosepond. Even Allen felt a consideration for Brinkly which was altogether new. He had always expected that Brinkly would at some day resist the master, but he did not dream of the chivalrous spirit of the lad, nor that the resistance when it should come would be so terrible and disastrous. He had always regarded Brinkly as his inferior; he was now quite satisfied to consider him as no more than his equal. How we all, brave men and cowards, do honor the brave! And Brinkly had just given, in the opinion of his schoolfellows, the most brilliant illustration of courage which the world had ever seen.

But Brinkly was not ambitious nor vain; he felt no triumph in his victory. On the contrary, he was sad; he wished it could have been avoided. He said to Allen that he wished he could have stood it a little longer.

"Name o' God, Brinkly Glisson, what for? It is the astonishenist thing I ever heerd of, for you to be sorry for maulin' a rascal who beat you like a dog, and that for nothin'. What for, I say again?"

"On mother's account."

Allen stopped — they had gotten to the road that turned off to his home.

"You tell your mother that when she knows as much about the villian as I do, she will be proud of you for maulin' him. Look here, Brinkly, I promised him I wouldn't tell on him tell he had collected his schoolin' account and was off. But you tell your mother that if she gets hurt with you for thrashin' him, she will 'get worse hurt with herself when she knows what I do."

Saying this, Allen shook hands with him and the others, and went off, merrily singing '*Jerusalem, my happy home.*' Soon all the rest had diverged by byroads to their own homes, and Brinkly pursued his way alone.

It was about twelve o'clock when he reached home. The widow's house was a single log-tenement, with a small shed-room behind. A

kitchen, a meat-house, a dairy, a crib with two stalls in the rear, one for the horse the other for the cow, were the out-buildings. Homely and poor as this little homestead was, it wore an air of much neatness and comfort. The yard looked clean; the floors of both mansion and kitchen were clean, and the little dairy looked as if it knew it was clean, but that was nothing new or strange. Several large rose-bushes stood on either side of the little gate, ranged along the yard-paling. Two rows of pinks and narcissus hedged the walk from the gate to the door, where, on blocks of oak, rested two boxes of the geranium.

The widow was in the act of sitting down to her dinner, when hearing the gate open and shut, she advanced to the door to see who might be there. Slowly and sadly Brinkly advanced to the door.

"Lord have mercy upon my soul and body, Brinkly, what is the matter with you? and what *have* you been a doing, and what *made* you come from the schoolhouse this time o' day?" was the greeting he met.

"Don't be scared, mother; it isn't much that's the matter with me. Let us sit down by the fire here, and I'll tell you all about it."

They sat down, and the mother looked upon the son, and the son upon the mother.

"I was afraid it would come to it, mother. God knows how I have tried to keep from doing what I have had to do at last."

"Brinkly, have you been and gone and fought with Mr. Meadows?"

"Yes, mother."

"And so ruined yourself, and me, too."

"I hope not, mother."

"Yes, here have I worked and denied myself; day and night I have pinched to give you an education, and this is the way you pay me for it," and she fell straight to crying.

"Mother, do listen to me before you cry and fret any more, and I believe you will think I have not done wrong. Please, mother, listen to me," he entreated as she continued to weep, and rocked herself, in order, as it seemed, to give encouragement and keep time to her weeping. But she wept and rocked. Brinkly turned from her and seemed doggedly hopeless.

"Say on what you're going to say — say on what you're going to say. If you've got anything to say, say it."

"I can't tell you anything while you keep crying so. Please don't cry, mother; I don't believe you will blame me when I tell you what I have been through." His manner was so humble and beseeching that his mother sat still, and in a less fretful tone, again bade him go on.

"Mother, as I said before, God knows that I've tried to keep from it, and could not. You don't know, mother, how that man has treated me."

"How has he treated you?" she inquired, looking at her son for the first time since she had been sitting.

"You were so anxious for me to learn, and I was so anxious myself to learn, that I have never told you of hardly any of his treatment. Oh, mother, he has beat me worse than anybody ought to beat the meanest dog. He has called me and you poor, and made fun of us because we were poor. He has called me a scoundrel, a beggar, a

fool. When I told him that you wanted me to quit geography, he said you was a fool and had a fool for a son, and that he had no doubt that my father was a fool before me."

The widow dried her face with her handkerchief, settled herself in her chair, and said :

"When he said them things he told a — what's not so ; I'll say it if he is schoolmaster." And she looked as if she was aware that the responsibility of that bold observation was large.

"He said," continued Brinkly, "that I should study it, and if I didn't git the lessons, he'd beat me as long as he could find a hickory to beat me with. I stood it all because it was my only chance to git any schoolin'. But I told him then — that is when he called you a fool, and father one, too — that it wasn't so, and that he ought not to say so. Well, yesterday, you know you sent me by Mr. Norris' to pay back the meal we borrowed, and I didn't get to the schoolhouse quite in time. But he wasn't more than a hundred yards ahead of me, and when he saw me, he hurried just to keep me from being in time. When I told him how you had sent me by Mr. Norris', he only laughed and called me a liar, and then — look at my shoulder, mother."

He took off his coat, unbuttoned his shirt, and exposed his shoulder and back, blackened with hideous bruises.

"Oh, my son, my poor son," was all that mother could say.

She had not, in fact, known a tenth of the cruelties and insults which Brinkly had borne. He had frequently importuned her to let him quit the school. But she supposed that it was because of the difficulties of learning his lessons which got for him an occasional punishment, and such as was incident to the life of every schoolboy, bad and good, idle and industrious. These thoughts combining with her ardent desire that he should have some learning, even at the risk of receiving some harsh and even unjust punishment, made her persist in keeping him there. Seeing her anxiety, and to avoid making her unhappy, Brinkly had concealed from her the greater part of the wrongs which he had suffered. But when she heard how he had been abused, and saw the stripes and bruises upon his body, her mother's heart could not restrain itself, and she wept sorely.

"Well, mother, I stood this too, but last night I couldn't sleep. I thought about all he had said and all he had done to me, and I made up my mind to quit him anyhow. But this morning, before day, I thought for your sake I would try it once more. So I got up and studied my lesson here and all the way to the schoolhouse ; and I did know it, mother, or I thought I did, for he wouldn't tell me how to pronounce the words, but Allen Thigpen did, and I pronounced them just like Allen told me. When I told him that, he called me a liar, and afterwards I begged him not to strike me, but to let me go home. But he would strike me, and I fought him."

"And you done right. Oh, my son, my poor Brinkly ! Yes, you are poor, the poor son of a poor widow ; but I am proud that you have got the heart to fight when you are abused and insulted. If I'd known half of what you have had to bear, you should have quit his school long ago ; you should, Brinkly, my darling, that you should. But how could you expect to fight him and not be beat to death ? Why didn't

you run away from him and come to me? He wouldn't have beat you so where I was." And she looked as if she felt herself to be quite sufficient for the protection of her young.

"Mother, I didn't want to run; I *couldn't* run from such a man as he is. Once I thought I would take my hat and books and come away; but I could not do that without running, and I *couldn't* run; you wouldn't want me to run, would you, mother?" The widow looked puzzled.

"No; but he is so much bigger than you, that it wouldn't a looked exactly like you was a coward; and then he has hurt you so bad. My poor Brinkly, you don't know how your face is scratched."

"I hurt him worse than he hurt me, mother."

"What?"

"I hurt him worse than he hurt me; I got the best of it."

"Glory!" shouted Mrs. Glisson.

"In fact, I whipped him."

"Glory! glory!"

"When I had him down —"

"Brinkly, did you have him down, my son?"

"Yes, and he begged me to spare him."

"Glory be to — glory be to — but you did not do it, did you?"

"Yes, mother, as soon as he give up and begged me to stop, I let him alone."

"I wouldn't a done it, certin, shore!"

"Yes you would, mother; if you had seen how he was hurt, and how bad he looked, you would a spared him, I know you would."

"Well, maybe I might; I suppose it was right, as he was a man grown, and schoolmaster to boot. Maybe it was best — maybe it was best — maybe I might a done it too, but it aint quite certin."

She had risen from the chair and was pacing the floor. This new view of Brinkly's relation to his tyrant was one on which she required time for reflection. She evidently felt, however, that as Brinkly had so often been at the bottom in the combat, now when he had risen to the top, there was no great harm in staying there a little longer. "But maybe it was best; I reckon now he won't be quite so brash with his other scholars."

"He will never have another chance."

"What?"

"Allen has found out all about him, and where he came from, and says he's a man of bad character. He begged Allen not to say anything about it until he got his money and could git away. So he is quit, and the school is broke up."

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!" shouted again and sung the mother.

Let her shout and sing. Sing away and shout, thou bereaved, at this one little triumph of thine only beloved! Infinite Justice! pardon her for singing and shouting now, when her only child, though poor and an orphan, though bruised and torn, seems to her overflowing eyes to be grand and beautiful, as if he were a royal hero's son, and the inheritor of his crown.

## THE SOUL.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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A LORDLY castle fell to me :  
The sloping beams of early suns  
Illume its chambers royally ;

Hard by, a tranquil river runs,  
In shadow, to the sea.

Long years ago, ere moss and rime  
And storm had blackened roof and walls,  
A maid abode within those halls,  
In woman's dreamy wooing-time.

The maiden's birth was half divine :  
Her sire had walked among the stars ;  
The king, long heir of names and wars,  
Could boast no higher line.

And troops of suitors from afar,  
To whom this thing was told,  
Some clad in vestments silken, rare,  
And some in shining gold,  
Came, singing, to the radiant gates,—  
“Go tell the maid what suitor waits  
To breathe the olden story ;  
Around her life, a wedded wife,  
Shall dawn an added glory.”

But still the warder from within  
Made answer as the wooers came,—  
“Who weds my charge must be of kin  
To deathless gods, or bear a name  
Of new renown or ancient fame.”

And worthy lovers, day by day,  
Withdrew with humbled pride ;  
Each, grieved and silent, turned away,  
To seek a willing bride.  
But now, when winter hours are long,  
No footfall breaks the snow,  
Not one of all the vanished throng  
Returns to woo.

Unmated, hopeless, desolate,  
 The faded damsel rules her own,  
 And, scowling, by the castle gate  
 The baffled warder sits alone.  
 This legend shows in stone:—  
*"When strangers knock give prompt response,  
 Unbar the door;  
 For guests forbade to enter once  
 Return no more."*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHARLES W. HILLS.

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## CONSIDERATIONS UPON MEN WHOSE HAIR PARTS IN THE MIDDLE.

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THE Ethiopians, it is reported, paint the devil white; in doing which, they simply obey a principle of universal scope over human nature: that same principle which gives genuineness to the Switzer's nostalgia, and enables John Bull to feel an honest preference for his fog and his sea-coal fire over the balmiest sunshine of Provence. Who has not, in his time, listened to a chorus pitched to a key accordant with that of the Birds in Aristophanes: "Come now, ye men, in nature darkling, like to the race of leaves, of puny might, figures of clay, shadowy feeble tribes, wingless creatures of a day, miserable mortals, dreamlike men, give your attention to us, the immortals, the ever-existing, the ethereal, the ageless, who meditate eternal counsels," etc.?

Man or bird, we are equally prone to oil our pinions from the sebaceous glands of our self-sufficiency ere we essay a flight; and the present writer, advancing "Considerations upon men whose hair parts in the middle," makes no secret of the fact that that singularity is indigenous to his own scalp, otherwise this essay had not been written.

I once knew an old lady who used to describe in graphic language the relief and elevation of soul she experienced when, at the age of sixteen, after having grown up with the impression that she was irredeemably and preternaturally ugly, a kind negro woman startled her by genuine and unaffected admiration of her "beautiful black eyes." To be convinced that she possessed in reality one saving trait, one passable feature, was in fact an endowment to her for life. It opened the way for at least one ray of sunshine, the touch of which, light as it would have been for those rejoicing in the "garish day," came to her

benighted soul fraught with a whole immortality of refreshment. It was like the flower in "*Picciola*"—all things, because the one thing.

Not so intense, but yet similar, was my enlightenment in childhood with respect to my hair, after having been painfully exercised upon the subject. I had so often been teased and laughed at; I had so often been called "sissy" and "girl-boy" (epithets than which none can be more opprobrious to the aspirant after trowsers, who has always a most exalted opinion of the superior rank and higher caste of his own sex); I had so often detected, or fancied I could detect, ascriptions of myself in play to positions and parts such as the stern and impartial discrimination of boyhood allots only to weakness or incapacity, that I had almost come to believe myself actually deformed. I had never met (or never noticed) a boy-child with the same peculiarity; hence I fancied that I was alone in being so marked—alone, set apart, an anomaly, one inferior to his sex, an associate for girls, and a child whose sphere was to be limited by the length of an apron-string.

This was not by any means a wholesome consciousness, and it was of great advantage to me that, before the morbid constituents of character had been too deeply stirred, I made a discovery which sufficed to restore my moral liver to healthful action. Looking over a series of national portraits, I happened upon that of Thomas Jefferson, and found that his hair, like mine, "parted in the middle."

Of course, infant as I was, I had scant acquaintance with Jefferson's history, but still I knew him to have been a great man and one of the Presidents—and to have been a President, I then thought, was to be a great man. Washington, whom I worshipped, had been President: Henry Clay, whom I adored, aspired to become President.

From the date of this discovery, therefore, a great load was removed from my breast. If so great a man as Jefferson, a President, and the author of the politician's litany, was a "girl-boy," surely I might rest tranquil. There was "corn in Egypt" still. Speedily, upon reflection, and with childhood's foible for swift generalizations, I was led to consider my sincipital singularity rather a badge of honor than a disgrace, a mark of distinction instead of proof of defect, an ornament rather than a blemish; and as such I was proud of it, and fed my soul upon its instigations.

It was to be half-way to greatness to bear the sign of it above my forehead. It was destiny. I was one of the elect; and I began to map out for occupation large territory in the enchanted islands of the future! Alas for those blissful visions, those dreams of never-cloying sweetness! How sad a thing is knowledge! How cruel a foe is fashion! How destructive to genius are the barbers! John Leech's pencil first opened my unwilling eyes, and now I know that snobs as well as Jeffersons "wear their hair parted in the middle!"

This discovery, however, was beneficial to me in one respect: it made me a physiognomist. My chief passion in childhood was for pictures; my earliest and most intense instincts were artistic. Now I studied portraits with renewed ardor, for in addition to the pleasure the simple picture gave me, I had a specific object to pursue, and was ever seeking in the faces before me the distinguishing traits of character by which the originals of those faces had been enabled to "make

their mark." The habit thus acquired has dwelt with me, and has been a source of varied entertainment, as well as of much speculation.

The considerations I have to advance, however, with respect to men whose hair parts in the middle, is not so much the development of a theory, as a series of observations, conducted from a specific standpoint, and carried forward to the proof of a conviction long entertained.

As soon as my attention was directed to the subject, I found that Jefferson did not stand alone. He had abundance of reputable and distinguished company, men of fame, of prowess, of genius. And I discovered also, that the higher I ascended towards the regions of pure genius, the greater became the proportion of the men whose hair parted in the centre of the forehead, "after the manner of the Nazarenes," as it is expressed in that celebrated forgery, the letter of Lentulus to the senate of Rome concerning Christ.

In effect, the final result of my observations in this matter has been to enable me, with some degree of certainty, to enunciate the following syllabus of the *rapport* existing between the genius of men and the coronal division of their hair:

1. Take men collectively (I refer to the Caucasian races only), and not more than *one-fifth* — probably not more than a tenth of them have the hair naturally parted in the centre of the forehead.

2. Take *great* men collectively, and fully *one-third* of them have the hair so parted.

3. Take men great intellectually, men less of action than of thought, and nearly *one-half* are so characterized.

4. And the more strictly we define genius, the more closely we exclude from our list all those who do not possess an essential glow of that ineffable, divine spark, the larger becomes the proportion, to the whole number, of those whose hair parts in the middle.

5. In fact, this singularity seems, in the final analysis, to become in some sort the *type* of a genuine and distinctive species of greatness:— not that well-ordered might of the prudent, careful, yet forceful statesman, ruler, or suchlike, who works by middle courses, builds square and firm upon experience, profits by weakness, and with an unswerving step pursues the golden mean. Not this is it, but the generous and royal greatness of those who transcend, of those who soar, of those whose wings are plumed for the cliffs and the pure blue mountain air. It is the greatness of those at whose ear a daimon, golden-tongued as the daimon of Socrates, is ever present to murmur divinest instigations. It is the greatness of Homer, of Socrates, of Plato. It is the greatness of Alexander, of Hannibal, of Cromwell, of Napoleon. It is the greatness of Demosthenes, of Lorenzo di Medici, of Richelieu; it is the greatness of Bacon, of Newton, of Locke; it is the greatness of Blake, and Raleigh, and Nelson; it is the greatness of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Boccace; of Raphael, of Lionardo, of Titian; of Handel and Mozart; and it is also the greatness of Wesley, and Oberlin, and John Howard, and Isaac Watts.

That the reader may see at a glance how many and what sort of arguments I can adduce in favor of my position, I subjoin in a note the names of some great men whose hair has parted, or does part in

the middle.\* Many more could be enumerated, but my portrait gallery is a meagre one, and I have not gone outside of it in quest of instances. Yet what a glorious galaxy it is, of bright alpha stars, and from every corner of the firmament of genius! Behold them, the "cloud of witnesses," seeming to rehearse Barry's picture of Elysium—what an array of warriors, statesmen, deep readers in the volume of nature, "God's prophets of the Beautiful,"—behold them standing there, with all their

"Divine significance of mouth  
And foreheads royal with the truth"—

behold them well, and note how in each, as in the Adam of Milton, the testimony of his genius is substantiated by the locks (whether hyacinthine or not) that "round from his parted forelock manly hang!"

Such faces I call *Epic faces*, in the sense which Schlegel has given to the word Epic†; for if there be any characteristic more peculiarly the property of this order of genius, it is that calm grasp of faculties, that placid consciousness of capacity, that divinely confident faith in self and reliance upon self, which combine to mark such men as belonging to a class by themselves, and as having in these respects only a very faint *rapport* with their fellow-mortals. "I can truly say," remarks one of these self-possessed spirits, and a most divine one—Robert Burns—"I can truly say that, poor and unknown as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favor."

But are these "Epic faces" merely accidental coincidences in nature, or is their characteristic contour in accordance with the recognised laws of physiognomy? It may help us to the solution of this question, and may also corroborate the general argument, if we notice in this place the circumstance that artists, of all classes and at all times, have indicated genius, the daimonic element, the Epic nature of man, by this very sign of the hair parted in the middle. I think it can be shown that this is a *principle* of art-representation, a canon as clearly laid down as any in Winckelmann or Lessing. Throughout the whole series of Christian art the operations of this principle are universally observable, and in the case of the works of all first-class artists it is seen to work with a strictness of discrimination which forbids us to ascribe it to chance. A few instances will suffice to give this point emphatic illustration.

1. As all know, this division of the hair is universal in the pictures of Christ, whether he be portrayed (according to Didron's classification) as "beautiful" (divine), or as "ugly" (human). It is scrupulously observed as much in the first sculptures on Christian tombs, the

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\* Alexander the Great, Cromwell, Admiral Blake, Turenne, Nelson, Napoleon (in youth), Massena, Ney, Murat, Lorenzo di Medici, Lord Somers, Richelieu, William of Orange, Paul Jones, etc., etc. J. C. Calhoun, Alex. Hamilton, Jefferson, John Jay, R. R. Livingston, Jno. Randolph, etc., etc. Plato, Virgil, Shakspeare, Boccace, Goethe, Locke, Bunyan, Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Newton, Lessing, La Fontaine, Molière, Balzac, Piron, La Ramée, Chaucer, Melancthon, Tasso, Rousseau, Addison, Watts, Campbell, Carlyle, Bishop Percy, Galileo, Linnaeus, Jenner, Chas. Buchanan, Audubon, Brockton Brown, W. E. Channing, Prescott, Hawthorne, C. F. Hoffmann, J. R. Lowell, etc., etc.

† Titian, Raphael, Mozart, Handel, etc., etc. Wesley, Jno. Howard, Mareshesbes, Oberlin, Abbé de l'Épée, George Herbert, Man of Ross, etc., etc.

† "The spirit of Epic poetry, as we recognise it in its father, Homer, is clear *self-possession*."—A. W. VON SCHLEGEL. *Dramatic Literature*.

rude early Greek mosaics, the Veronicas, the pictures attributed to Saint Luke's pencil, and the miraculous *acheiropoetes* of the sixth and seventh centuries, as in the saintly imaginings of Bartolomeo and Angelico, and the transcendent conceptions of Raphael and Lionardo. Whether the image be a Gnostic Abraxas or a golden fresco of Giotto; whether it be a bas-relief of the catacombs, or the "*Rex tremendæ magistatis*" of the Pisan Campo Santo; whether it be a sacristy prodigy of Fra Lippo Lippi, or a main-sail canvas of Benjamin West,—whatever the period or the circumstances of the representation, Christ is always depicted as prescribed in the letter of Lentulus: "*Pili capitis ejus . . . . . bifido vertice dispositi in morem Nazaræorum*"—a description which is confirmed by a hundred legends, and which, we may suppose, would answer so far forth for the persons of Samson, Samuel, and Daniel—"Nazarites, and vowed to God from their youth."

2. The *Angels*, in Christian art, are also painted with Epic faces in nearly every instance, and particularly so when they are represented as embarked upon any divine mission of love or mercy. The exceptions, though not numerous, are sufficient to show that the practice is not so much a simple recognition of their divine attributes, as an appreciation of something *Christlike* in their offices, a sense of their mission such as Spenser felt when he wrote:

—"blessed angels He sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!  
And all for love, and nothing for reward."

Therein exists a proper affinity between the angel and genius of a high order, which in proportion to its greatness overlooks temporal things, yearns only for the highest, works only for great ends (*componere magna*), seeks to develop the universal, and disregards entirely the little home-bred self for whose advantage common men are content to strive. But, to return: it is the *office* of the angel which determines the mode in which his hair is represented as worn. For instance, the Seraphim, absorbed in love and adoration, having charge

"Of all those acts which Deity supreme  
Doth case its heart of love in"—

are always painted in the Nazarite fashion, while there is no strict rule with respect to the infantile face of the Cherubs. In the case of the three great archangels, Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel, in advanced periods of Christian art, the relations between their functions and the manner of representing them is so strictly observed that we would be able, almost without the assistance of other symbols, to recognise the individual and his peculiar mission by means of the fashion of his hair in the picture. In Greek mosaics, to be sure, this symbolism is not strictly preserved, and we find all three of the archangels pictured as Nazarites. But in the matured art of Italy it is different. For example, Michael, the warrior, is as a general rule not invested with an Epic face. Angelico, it is true, has so depicted him, as also has Raphael Sanzio, in *one* painting.\* But in both cases this departure from the

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\* That of Michael slaying the dragon, painted for Francis the First of France.

rule was to serve the purpose of a specific symbolism, and the archangel bore a *special* character as the *guardian* of the Church militant, not its *champion*, and also more remotely as the type of heroic beauty. Gabriel, who "stands in the presence of God," is a Seraph, and is represented with an Epic face, especially in all pictures where he appears (as he most frequently does) as "l'angelo annunziatore," the angel of the annunciation. There is a painting by Van Eyck of the Annunciation, wherein the angel is *not* represented as a Nazarite; but this is only a further corroboration of our theory, since the matter announced is not the Virgin's conception, but her approaching *death*, and the messenger consequently is not Gabriel, but Michael. Finally,

"The affable archangel  
Raphael; the sociable spirit that deigned  
To travel with Tobias, and secured  
His marriage with the seven-times wedded maid"—

this Raphael, the messenger to Adam, and his guardian, distinguished by his sympathy for man, his benignity, his eloquence, his mild and social converse," is always depicted as a Nazarite, and generally like a youth in pilgrim garb. Only the daring pencil of Rembrandt has departed from this rule, in his famous painting in the Louvre, where Raphael, here the type of power solely, is seen taking his magnificent flight heavenward on extended wings, having discharged his mission to Tobit.

3. Precisely the same principle of characterization prevails with respect to the representations of apostles, evangelists, saints and martyrs, throughout the whole system of Christian art. Wherever the attributes of the individual are Christlike, wherever love predominates over power, wherever force is subservient to charity, wherever genius soars above mortality, there we find the Epic face, and there only. The rugged Peter, parent of the Church militant, is never so painted; John, the Eagle,\* is always so painted. In Raphael's cartoon of "Paul preaching at Lystra," this principle of characterization is carefully preserved, and the contrast in the appearance of Paul and Barnabas very distinctly shows forth the differences of their genius, and of their functions under it. Did time and space permit, the observance of this principle throughout the whole cycle of Christian pictorial representation could be conclusively traced. But there is no need; it will suffice to call the reader's attention to one sole picture, familiar to every one in a thousand engravings: the "Last Supper" of Lionardo da Vinci. Lionardo, completely versed as he was in symbolism and in legendary requirements, was yet an artist after quite another pattern from Bartolomeo and Angelico. He suffered himself to be trammelled by no bigot's rules; he was most eminently a student of character, eager to peruse "the mind's construction in the face." "Beneath his eyes, the countenance becomes the soul's confessional." He was, besides, a proficient in anatomy, and scientific physiognomist. Hence, any testimony that this great artist (himself a sublime genius, and bearing the distinctive mark of it in the most Epic of faces) can bring to the sup-

\* This symbolizing John under the type of the Eagle was, doubtless, adopted into Christian art *via* Alexandria, from that of the Egyptians, who thus typified their deity Osiris; a divinity, by the way, who, when represented under human form and countenance, was always portrayed with the Epic characteristics.

port of our theory, must have a value that cannot be too highly appreciated. Let the reader then turn to his engraving, or recall to his recollection the original *Cenacolo* of Lionardo, and analyse it with reference to the matter under discussion, and he will find that, exactly as the attributes of the persons represented require or reject the Epic face, so have they been depicted. Jesus is of course painted as a Nazarite, and so also are those whom legend calls his kinsmen, Jude and the two James — though James the Great, warrior-saint though he was, is always represented with his hair parted in the middle, in accordance with the tradition which makes him a Nazarite from infancy. But observe how John's genius is made to contrast with Peter's force and vigor, as the two heads are brought together, as it were in the same frame. And notice also how Thomas and Matthew are made to relieve and set off the Nazarite character of Philip, who, with hand on his breast and earnest eyes, protests his truth, his love, his devotion ; it is the portrait of one fitted to be the first missionary, and by faith to cast out devils with a single touch of his cross.

But, some will say, you are here putting effect for cause. This peculiarity in Christian art does not spring from the *motif* you have assigned. The Christian artists did not recognise in the Nazarite type an especial efficiency of representation of the attributes to which they sought to give form ; the fact of their having painted certain persons with the hair parted in the middle does not prove that in such a style of representation they found an outward and visible sign of the qualities for which these persons were distinguished. Setting aside the circumstance that the Creator has always been pictured with hair parted in the middle, and that artist-faith, knowing Him to have made man "in His own image," would seek to picture most like Him those who were especially divine in attributes (since we cannot determine whence was derived the idea of representing the Creator himself under that form\*), we can readily find other grounds upon which such a system of representation may be supposed to have been founded. Artists simply trod a beaten path, laid out for them of old ; they acted in obedience to the voice of tradition, to the ordinances of legendary convention. Besides the fact of this Nazarite fashion being explicitly defined, it chanced that the apocryphal portraits of Jesus by Luke, Nicodemus, and Veronica ; the clearly defined description contained in the letter of Lentulus, which, though spurious, is of great antiquity ; the pictures in use among the Gnostics, and which they pretended could be traced back to an original painted by command of Pontius Pilate himself ; the images especially of the Carpocratians ; the portraits current when Eusebius wrote ; the statue said to have been erected in Paneas by the woman cured of the bloody issue ; the portrait sent to Abgarus, King of Edessa, and said to have been produced by no less a hand than that of our Lord himself ; the pictures made for the Emperor Constantine ; the visions of Saint Anschaire of Hamburg, and the minute and copious pen-delineations of Saint John Damascenus ; — it chanced that all these combined to fix and establish a rule of representation of Christ from which there could be no departure without a flagrant violation of that symbolism which underlies all religious art. The Son, all legends said,

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\* Didron. *Iconographie Chrétienne*.

all tradition made unquestionable, in taking upon himself, as the embodied Logos, the mould and person of Adam, assumed features exactly reproductive of those of his Virgin Mother, through whose being alone he became incarnate. A type once established firmly for Jesus, it is only rational to conclude that the artists would seek, by the easy process of outward and formal resemblance, to set forth the similarity and affinity of attribute to Him in those whose character supposed it.

Upon such grounds, if at all, is our hypothesis to be set aside as being *non-essential* to a valid explanation of the facts. But, as has already been hinted, the greater artists, and especially Lionardo and Michael Angelo, did not confine themselves within the limits of legendary prescripts. They painted according to *character*; they sought to embody the soul in form, and by the image to represent the being's idea. In this way Lionardo depicted Philip according to his legendary *character*, not as he had been usually painted in obedience to legendary *convention*. Similarly, Michael Angelo represented the prophet Jeremiah as a Nazarite, not because he was a member of that sect, but to convey an idea of the genius that informed his spirit.

4. Aside, however, from all these secondary considerations, the argument to the contrary falls to the ground, and the principle of representation of genius and its congenital qualities, among artists, by the even division of the hair over the middle of the forehead, is clearly established when we come to recognise the fact that this style of representation is not confined to Christian art, but is universal in *all* systems of art. It has already been remarked that the Egyptians represented Osiris with his hair parted in the middle. They did similarly with their winged images or genii, typical of the soul, or embodying ideas of divine power. And Diodorus describes the statue of Osymandyas, the magnificent monarch, who cried to posterity :

" My name is Osymandyas, King of Kings ;  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair ! "

as showing our symbol of genius plainly written above his forehead.\* The male Sphinxes, also, which are so frequently to be met with in the remains of Egyptian art, bear a similar testimony to their supernatural character. We encounter the same type in the wondrous winged figures unearthed at Nimroud ; we trace it in the images of Adonis, before which the women of Syria, delirious with the sense of his beauty and frantic in the recollection of his woe, were wont to tear their garments and pour out their blood ; it meets us again where Zendic Zoroaster reveals to us his forehead sealed with theurgic wisdom ; and in the mystic shrines of India we discover it in the mighty lineaments of Parabrahma and the *fainéant* loveliness of Krishna, though Brahma himself has it not, nor fearful Siva, the destroyer.

But the Greeks ? These were artists by birth and by instinct, and theirs was an art in which truth was the paramount law of beauty, and in which equally beauty was the sole object of representation. No monsters here ; no distorted symbolism ; simply and always the idealization of the actual. Sphinx came to Greece from Egypt, her mystic forehead wrinkled with the weight and pressure of sacred and recondite

\* Diod. Sic. i. 47.

enigmas ; but Œdipus bent his clear eyes upon her, and responded to her dark sayings in such luminous and transparent accents, that in despair she dashed her head against the rocks. Thus perished mystery among the Grecians, never again to be revived until, in Egypt once more, Philo and Plotinus and Iamblichus fed themselves with the old Nilotic leaven and babbled forth what there will never come a Champollion to interpret. The Greeks, pursuing their genius, which was for the statuesque, *subdued* their types, because repose was essential to their notions of beauty ; but they never denied those types, nor perverted them. Their heroes, as Schiller has remarked, are not at all like the heroes in Corneille and Voltaire, who never forget their rank nor lay aside their periwigs. On the contrary, "the Greek is never ashamed of nature ; he allows to sensuousness its full rights, and yet is always secure from being overcome by it." The testimony, therefore, of these divine disciples of a realism subdued into obedience to a refined code of beauty, must be of the most decisive importance in a question such as the one under discussion.

That testimony is directly and unmistakably to the point of our argument. Wherever there was to be represented a god of a character peculiarly divine, or beneficent, or of attributes superior to the crowd of Olympians ; wherever there was to be represented a hero of transcendent genius or of glorious and scintillant reputation, or of disinterested devotedness to the welfare of his race, that god or that hero was *invariably* represented with the Epic face — with his hair "parted after the manner of the Nazarenes." The law is universal : there are positively no exceptions to it. Its operations are as infallible as the good taste of the Greeks was perfect. In evidence we have but to refer you to the whole series of Greek sculpture : the instances are so numerous that it is not possible, as it is scarcely necessary, to make a selection, and moreover, to give emphasis to the illustrations would require too copious a reference to the spirit of the correspondent mythology. It may be noticed, however, and every reader will understand the reasons for such a discrimination, that Saturn and Prometheus alone of the Titans were represented as Nazarites, for they alone were mythically entitled to bear the mark (for Hyperion does not exist in Greek art, his individuality being merged in that of Phoibos Apollo) ; that Neptune, the mild patron, wears his hair parted in the middle, while Oceanus, his old-world predecessor, does not ; that Zeus, and Phoibos, and Hermes were so portrayed, while Hephaistos was not, nor Persephone's grim ravisher, nor Pan ; that Bacchus, the regenerator, wore an Epic face, while Bacchus the destroyer was otherwise depicted ; and that Hector, and Achilles, and Perseus, and Theseus were ever imaged with the stamp of genius over their brows, while Ulysses, and Thersites, and Diomedes, and that selfish Samson of the twelve labors bore but few marks to distinguish them from common men. It is also to be observed in this connection that, with their usual unerring sense of fitness recognising a subtle principle of affinity, the Greeks also represented as Nazarites the higher class of that priesthood whose office it was to minister at the altars of the Epic divinities, such priests for instance as Calchas and Laocoön ; and again, upon the stage, all the *tragic masks*, being intended almost exclusively for the imitation of

heroic personages of the Epic character, were distinctly marked with this characteristic feature, which is not found in any of the *comic* masks.

Now we contend that all these circumstances in Greek art mean something more than mere coincidence. We contend that a principle underlies them all: a principle upon which the Greeks acted, unconsciously, it may be, and guided to it solely by their exquisite æsthetic feeling, but implicitly, constantly, and with no departure from it, no disobedience to it as a canon of art. That the same principle has pervaded Christian art also, furnishes only additional testimony to the catholic quality of all true laws of taste, while it is not necessary to assume that the younger art had it from the elder, as it had its legends and pictures of Michael and George and the Dragon and suchlike from the corresponding Greek legends and representations of Perseus and the sea-monster, or Bellerophon and Chimaera.

Beauty, as we have said, is the aim and the end of Grecian art. How to achieve the beautiful in art was their study. Sculpture was the vehicle in which they sought to embody their ideas of beauty, because it afforded them at once the most perfect outline and the most imperishable material. They found repose essential to beautiful expression in marble, and repose is a law of their sculpture. We see it even in the Laocoön, desperately struggling, yet as composed in his gestures as he had been urgent in his fateful predications. We see it especially in the Phidian Jove, where the transcendent calm and serene majesty of the central figure is set off and infinitely heightened by the tempestuous character of the bas-reliefs sculptured at the base of his throne.\* The Greeks found, as Schelling has acutely remarked, that sculpture could only arrive at its summit of excellence "by the representation of those natures in whose constitution it is implied that they actually embody all that is contained in their idea or soul; thus, only in divine natures;" and consequently, in the periods when the art was still uncorrupted, they sculptured only images of their gods, their mythic heroes, and those actual heroes of their poetic life who, in art, in philosophy, in the drama, and in the grand arena, had gained the victor's crown and taught the people new ideas of beauty. Gods and heroes! worthy were they of the art, and worthy was the art of them! Such gods and such heroes! "The highest form that floated before Greek imagination was Achilles, the son of the Poet, the Homeric youth of the Trojan war. Homer is the element in which the Greek world lives, as man does in the air. The Greek life is a truly youthful achievement. Achilles, the ideal youth of *poetry*, commenced it; Alexander, the ideal youth of *reality*, concluded it."† How then could these gods and heroes be most worthily represented? Such was the question which the Greek artist undertook to solve — this Greek artist, who, as I have said, was disciple of a realism subdued in obedience to a refined code of beauty. What was beauty by that code? "The sensible representation of moral and physical perfection," as their Plato learned in stadium and market-place, and taught at academe. And so likewise these realists of art who have reached the highest ideal, wishing most perfectly to represent their gods and heroes as the most perfect objects of representation, and the worthiest for Grecians, turned as Plato did to the

\* Winckelmann.

† Hegel. *Philosophy of History*.

stadium and the agora, the theatre and the course, sought out their worthiest, and so reproduced their gods and heroes worthily, to the admiration of all time. And hence it happened that so many of these gods and heroes are given Epic faces, and wear their hair parted in the middle. For the Greek realist, I repeat it, *went to Nature*, consulted her faithfully, followed her devoutly, obeyed her implicitly, reproduced her intelligently, and was rewarded with initiation into her weightiest secrets. The chisel that could accurately turn the curves and convolutions of the shell-like ear, acquired unconsciously power to give accurate expression to the loftiest sublimity of the idealized thought.

The Greek saw that his best men, his divinest geniuses, possessed the Epic face. He mastered the law we have announced by faithful study of nature, and having mastered it, he applied it. He saw this Epic trait in Plato, and Sophocles, and Phocion, and Pericles, and Demosthenes, and Alcibiades, and Alexander; and he consequently felt it to be his duty, as an artist of the beautiful and a follower of nature, to reproduce it in Zeus, and Phoibos, and Achilles, and Ganymede. This is the gist of the whole matter. Was not the Greek right? Had not that artist reason, who, seeing before him the sublime life and history of *one* poet, Sophocles, a man and a life of so divine a stamp that, "to speak in the spirit of the ancient religion, it seems that a beneficent Providence wished in this individual to evince to the human race the dignity and blessedness of its lot, by endowing him with every divine gift, with all that can adorn and elevate the mind and heart, and crowning him with every imaginable blessing of this life" \*—seeing such a man and such a life before him, had not the artist reason, when, in seeking to recall in marble the features of a sweeter singer still,—the features in fact of that "blind man who dwells in Chios, whose songs excel all that can ever be sung,"—he gave the Epic traits of the great poet whom he knew to the greater poet of whom he dreamed, and so from the *real* Sophocles, with his serene beauty and his Epic face, sprang that majestic fillet-bound image of the tranquil sublime which we know as the ideal bust of Homer?

Such, reader, briefly limned, is our theory, and we have that faith in it which it is proper a sponsor should have. To-day is not an agreeable hour in which to start such a theory, for fashion has ordained that what was erewhile a rare and infrequent grace should, by force of bear's grease, become a ridiculously common practice; and it is clumsy going to battle when, as was the case with Napoleon's army at the battle of the Pyramids, the *savans* and the asses crowd together in the centre of the square. Still, there's something in it. Even though it has never obtained as a principle one glimpse of recognition from artists, heathen or Christian; even though your author, gifted as he unquestionably is in this one particular, never signalize himself sufficiently in other respects to accurately determine whether his proper place should be among the *savans* or among the asses, there is still something in it. There must be something in this which is a characteristic, a peculiar mark, a singularity in fact, possessed by such men as Alexander and Cromwell and Napoleon; by such men as Raphael and Chaucer and Milton, and Locke and Newton, and Burns and Shelley.

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\* Schlegel.

So fully persuaded am I of the universal power of this principle that, did space permit, I am confident I could demonstrate that the reason why there was such a dearth of genius during the predominance of full-bottomed wigs was because men wore no hair of their own at all, and consequently could not part it at any angle whatsoever, much less across the centre of the cranium.

Has it ever been the reader's fortune to meet with a genius of this order of the Epic face — one of these "world-historical men," as Hegel styles them? They are not very good company. They seek counsel exclusively within the precincts of their own bosoms. They conjoin to an infinite charity a selfishness (or self-ism, rather) equally infinite. They have an unpleasant fashion of running over people who may chance to be in their way; and they are sure to be always busy, and busy in a fashion productive of as much discomfort to those around them as Mrs. Mac Stinger's industry was to her unfortunate lodger. They work faithfully, terrifically in fact, and without giving a thought to the matter of compensation, while the quantity of work they do is little short of miraculous. And what power they have among men, and how despotically they use it. How the crowd follows them, worships them, and bends down its implicit neck to receive their feet and their miscellaneous impedimenta! It is their willingness to become martyrs, I suppose, which fits them to be leaders.

Such men are not happy. They are not fitted for happiness. They have no private life, for they are only wedded to ideas. They cannot taste enjoyment, because they never experience calm. They never rest but with both hands full of tools and their loins girded for immediate exodus. They dwell in tabernacles, and for provent expect the shower of quails and the manna from heaven. When the skies are churlish, they are prone to starve. They die young, burning the taper at both ends; and if they threaten to tarry long amongst us, our conservative mother earth is quick to contrive subtle ways for their taking off, for "provision has been made that the trees do not grow into the sky."

What is the connection between the fact of genius and the circumstance of the hair parting in the middle? Is not thus symbolized the presence in the man's character of another element — the *feminine* element? If it be true, as Lavater has said, that "man, singly, is but half-man; at least but half human, a king without a kingdom; nor is man what he may and ought to be but in conjunction with woman" — then the perfect man is this genius to whose imaginative manhood is conjoined woman's affluent, teeming, unstinted heart. This position has been reached by others, upon different premises. It is not to be understood, of course, that man loses any of his manliness in this condition of things; he is in fact endowed with a *double* nature, embracing within his own manhood the virtues of womanhood, just as the womanly fashion of hair surmounts the front of Jove: he has *added* to himself something of the woman's sensitiveness, affection, soul, passion, and impulse.

Assuming this position to be the fact — for there is no way either to prove or disprove it — what a grand and touching significance does it give to the circumstance of Jesus being represented as having his hair

parted in the middle after the manner of the Nazarenes ; as being, in fact, so far forth as he was man, one of these geniuses, these (by the hypothesis) perfected specimens of humanity ! Not only was he a man, "such as you," but he was also a man of genius ; a man having a grand, calm, far-reaching intellect, capable of overtopping the plans of common men, and (still as a man) reading the pages of the future by the light of the past ; a man having a sensuous nature, warm, deep, stout-muscled, fine-fibred, so that there was no human passion but he could comprehend it in its length and breadth, and thus be able to *legislate* for it with intelligence and firmness, yet with compassionate and sympathetic tenderness ; a man having a soul, deep, true, warm, affectionate ; and withal, superadded to this wealth of attributes, we find that quality of which his even-parted hair was the peculiar symbol, that womanly Self, replete with delicately fibred, æsthetically toned elements, susceptibility, sympathy, love ! Such he must have been, humanly considered, and as such, worthy to be the "Saviour of men ;" even if no more, fit to become the founder of a system of morals that, based equitably upon profound world-wisdom, universal consciousness, comprehension of the LAW (*natura naturans naturataque*), and an exquisite sense of the love of God (which came to him through the ineffable feminine qualities of his being), could not fail to accomplish the work it was meant to effect, the physical and moral, and (through these) the mental Palingenesis of the human race.

There are two or three corollaries which seem to follow naturally upon the demonstration of the proposition I set out with, and to which it is proper I should briefly refer.

1. The intellectual woman (she, I mean, who is emphatically and characteristically "strong-minded") is measurably *une femme incomprise*. She lacks somewhat of that which we feel to be the womanly part of woman, and so far forth she is imperfect, defective. An angel she may be, but wingless, and being such, no regular flight can be predicated for her. This, perhaps, is the reason why such women repel us. We suspect deformity, and however much pity intercedes, deformity 'is always repulsive. Besides, they are palpably "out of their sphere," and when stars leave their sphere, do they not always *fall*?

2. A second matter for consideration in connection with this doctrine of the Epic face, is the wide, indeed almost boundless possibility it seems to open up for a presumed science of Physiognomy. If by the accurate analysis of a single trait in the human countenance we are able to trace up so many lineaments of the soul, what may we not achieve by the careful study of *all* the traits, collectively, and with due regard to their relative importance ? Says Charles Kingsley in one of his essays, speaking of the supreme beauty that strikes us in the faces of Shakspeare, Raphael, Goethe, and Burns — "One would expect it to be so ; for the mind makes the body, not the body the mind ; and the inward beauty seldom fails to express itself in the outward, as a visible sign of the invisible grace or disgrace of the wearer." What, indeed, is to prevent the artist, after a careful study of the physiognomy of a man, in all its details and minutiae (of course superadding a knowledge of the outside influences that have tended to mould those features), from arriving at a standard by which to estimate and account

for the facts in that man's life, and even to predict a future for him? This has been done, and memorably in the case of a person whose portrait was painted by the great Gilbert Stuart, who, without any previous knowledge of his sitter, from mere study of his lineaments, truthfully predicted the approach of the dark cloud of insanity. And if this study of features could only be properly systematized, biography would eventually be converted into a perfect science, and the biographer would accomplish more than the individual could whose history he was narrating, for he would be able to tell why and how his subject had succeeded here and failed there, why this defect, why that superiority, whence this excellence and that blemish. More than this, knowing exactly the man's extent and capacity, his shallows and his depths, we can not only account for his actual performances, but we may be able to pronounce what he ought to have been, what he should have accomplished, and so to set forth his possible future equally well with his actual past. But who has mind enough to analyse Shakspeare after this fashion, and, having reconstructed the myriad functions of his mighty understanding, to announce a synthesis reaching forward over that infinity of space?

3. Finally, the consideration of this subject strikes me as throwing important light upon a very curious problem in human nature, viz: the *marriages of Genius*, which, anomaly as it is, I am inclined to think is rationally explicable upon the basis of this same feminine element assumed to pervade characters within the higher orders of genius. For it is notorious that your man with the Epic face is not in the habit of marrying well. His matches are either ill-sorted, or else positively unhappy. From Anne Hathaway down to "Mrs. Clennam," how has biography abused the poor women, who, taking Pegasus "for better for worse," have presumed to feed him with common oats, to put him in vulgar harness, and sometimes to curry him with accepted curry-combs, and then, when his recalcitrant soul has been roused and he has kicked himself free of the traces and bounded away to "fresh woods and pastures new," have made their bewildered moan and claimed sympathy for their unaccountable wrongs! Why is this?

"Common men," in marrying, generally do well, because the fact of marriage usually supplies them with just what they lack of being perfect: the womanly element, with its love-lights, its companionship, its sympathy, its refinements. They do not possess these things in themselves, they feel the void occasioned by their absence, the act of marriage supplies this void, and so they are made happy. But the man of genius *has* no such void. It is already filled, and by a finer spirit of the womanly than your best exertions could supply, my dear madame. His soul is company for itself, and dwells in a Paradise that does not require to be embellished by any Eve, howsoever lovely. You marry him, my dear Madame or Miss (you *will* marry him, in spite of all the advice given you upon the subject), for it is your nature to be a hero-worshipper. If you are intellectual, he is more so, and your wills conflict. If you are not intellectual, he moves in another sphere from yours, shut in, and only comes down to you for material comfort; so you become his slave, and he must despise you so far forth as he feels that the fetters tie you down and degrade you. And your homely

cares chafe him ; he does not comprehend anything of them save their essential homeliness. The jar becomes more severe also, because, being finer strung, more sensitive than others, he has a nicer and more poignant sense of your defects and your shortcomings.

So, poor Eve that you are, the gates of Paradise are closed upon you, and it is "your fault," because you ate the apple, intending to endow the object of your affections with an infinite beyond his own infinity. Don't marry him, whatever you do. What he *really* needs, and what alone he is able to "put up with," is simply some one with a beautiful person, with no "mind" worth mentioning, with a sufficient delicacy of feeling, and possessed of a serene capacity for pursuing the even tenor of a quiet life. He needs some one to love and caress him, to submit to him implicitly, to superintend his house and take care of him. She must be a woman who can *purr* around him ; one who is a child as regards his intellect, yet can give him wherewith to lavish his love upon ; one who can be warm, loving, eager ; one who can bask in his smile and grow happy under his touch ; one who, never glaring, nor *prononcée*, has yet power to restore to serenity his unequal spirits, and soothe him continually with the sweet incense of domestic affection. Such a woman, treating him and providing for him as if he were only "my dear," and by no means "the great So-and-so," will be able not only to bring him perfect content and perfect happiness, lengthening his days and forbidding his wrinkles, but she can also be perfectly happy herself, and moreover, can do that which is a joy to every female instinct : lead him by the nose wheresoever and howsoever she may list !

But, don't *you* marry him, my dear madame.

EDWARD SPENCER.

## PRAYER IN ANTICIPATION OF A BATTLE

BEFORE RICHMOND, MAY 25TH, 1862.\*

**O** FATHER, hear !  
 Down to the depths from which our cries ascend (Ps. cxxx : 1),  
 From heaven, Thy dwelling-place (1 Kings viii : 30), in mercy bend,  
 Incline Thine ear (Ps. xvii : 6).

Down in the dust (Ps. xlv : 25),  
 Prostrate before Thy throne of grace (Heb. iv : 16), we fall.  
 O be not deaf unto our suppliant call !  
 Thou art our trust (Ps. lxxi : 5).

\* Written impromptu on Sunday morning before service.

Make bare Thine arm (Isa. lii : 10) ;  
Lead Thou our hosts (Ps. xxxi : 3) upon the battle-field ;  
Gird on Thy glittering sword (Ps. xlv : 3. Deut. xxxii : 41), and be our  
shield (Gen. xv : 1)  
From every harm (Ps. cv : 15).

Plead Thou our cause (Ps. xxxv : 1) ;  
Turn back our enemies (Ps. lvi : 9), restrain their rage (Ps. lxxvi : 10) ;  
And give us faithfulness (1 Cor. vii : 25), from age to age  
To keep Thy laws.

O swear that oath  
Which Thou didst swear to faithful Abraham,  
And blessing bless us (Gen. xxii : 17). Gracious, great I AM  
Of Sabaoth,

Defend the land (Isa. xxxvii : 35) ;  
Bid angel legions (Matt. xxvi : 53), as a living wall  
Around the hills (2 Kings vi : 7) of our dear capital,  
Unshaken stand.

Be Thou our ward ;  
And when our foes draw nigh with bitter taunt,  
Despise their image (Ps. lxxiii : 20) : to Thy covenant,  
Lord ! have regard (Ps. lxxiv : 20).

In chariots some,  
In horses some (Ps. xx : 7), but we in God alone  
Put all our trust, and humbly to Thy throne  
In faith we come.

Make haste to save (Ps. xxxviii : 22) ;  
Fight Thou against them that against us fight (Ps. xxxv : 1).  
Jesus ! that overcamest (Rev. iii : 21) in Thy might  
Death and the grave,

Give victory !  
Give peace, thou God of Peace (Rom. xvi : 20). Thy Spirit breathe  
The life of love o'er all that dwell beneath  
Thy peaceful sky.

Redeem and bless,  
And let this rescued people ever talk  
Of all Thy wondrous works (1 Chron. xvi : 9), and ever walk  
In holiness.

## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.\*

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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SO exhaustive have been the reviews of Mr. Forster's biography, so thoroughly has the turbulent and varied life of the "Author of *Gebir*" (for as such mainly is he known to the uncritical reading world in general) been reproduced *in little* for the benefit of those who are content with the skimmed cream of quarterlies and monthlies, that anything further upon the topic seems rather superfluous. Yet the period covered by the eighty-nine years of the life of this remarkable man is the richest and most important in the era of English literature; and no one article can essay to give even the merest bird's-eye view of it. Almost every name which has risen to importance in the world of letters during the entire century appears upon these pages; and while we may not approve of the limner whose extravagances and prejudices render him often a caricaturist rather than a painter of true portraits, still we recognise "the mallet-hand" of genius even in the lightest and most grotesque of Landor's chisellings.

With many persons the name of Walter Savage Landor is but a synonym for every species of outlawry, eccentricity, and ill-temper, which could possibly concentrate itself in the character of a single individual. Happily, Mr. Forster does not feel himself called upon, in the rôle of special friend and apologist, to attempt to deny or even vindicate him from these charges. He deals truthfully at all times with the facts of the case, and where he cannot commend, regretfully condemns. Yet one great value of the biography is the new phases of character and conduct with which it presents us, whereby we are enabled to modify and correct many false impressions with which we have allowed our minds to become overlaid, and to arrive at a standard of judgment hitherto hidden from us. The entire effect of the book is to beget within us a love and reverence for the whilom reckless, bitter, self-exiled enthusiast of Llanthony, such as otherwise we should never have conceived possible. Landor's own intense consciousness of the strange idiosyncrasies of his nature, and his pathetic confessions of his helpless inability to control "the worst temper with which a man was even cursed," as he himself styles it, disarm all our condemnation, or at least fill us with a kindly pity which stifles everything like harsh judgment. A writer in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* eloquently remarks that, "Nowhere in the range of the English language are the glory and happiness of moderation of mind more nobly preached and powerfully illustrated than in the writings of this most intemperate man; nowhere is the sacredness of the placid life more hallowed and honored than in the utterances of this tossed and troubled spirit; nowhere are heroism and self-sacrifice and forgiveness more adored than by this intense and fierce individuality."

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\* *Walter Savage Landor. A Biography.* By John Forster. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Landor had not only a praiseworthy pride in being well-born, but like everything relating to himself, he exaggerated it into a laughable weakness. He named his eldest son after a certain Sir Arnold Savage, Speaker of the House of Commons in the time of Henry VII., who, he averred, was one of his ancestors, though there exists no proof whatever beyond the mere accident of the name. And it was amusingly characteristic of the man, that he could with difficulty be restrained from sending a challenge to Lord John Russell because he once spoke slightly of this imaginary ancestor!

The majority of readers are familiar with the outlines of Landor's life;—his early days at Rugby; his expulsion thence in consequence of a quarrel about the quantity of a Latin syllable;—his experiences at Trinity College, Oxford; his vehement Jacobinism, which rendered him extremely unpopular in those fearful days of '93 and '94—except with a few such kindred spirits as Robert Southey, who, strange to say, though a student at Balliol at the same time, never sought him out. "His Jacobinism would have attracted me, but I was repelled by his eccentricity," Southey wrote, long after. His life of cloistered study in Wales was not without its results, as his first published work, *Gebir* (or *Gebirus*, as it was indifferently called, being written both in English and Latin), abundantly testified. The criticisms which this poem drew forth gave him his first taste of the sweet and the bitter of authorship; for it was as vehemently lauded by some as it was rasped by others. Let the reader turn to Cuthbert Southey's charming *Life of the Laureate*, and find there how much enthusiasm greeted the youthful poetic aspirant: the correspondence of Southey gives us few more delightful letters than those addressed in his early days to the author of *Gebir*. There is nothing more exquisite in its simple pathos in the whole range of the poetry of the author of *Thalaba*, than the passage in a letter to Landor in which he describes his grief at the death of a darling child.

He says Gifford had sent him "*Gebir* with a parcel of other poems which he was to kill off;" but instead of doing the bidding of his *chief*, he lifted it into fame, and we find him writing to his friend Bedford: "I have met with the man of all others whom I was most desirous of meeting—the only man living of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me. You will be curious to know who this could be: Savage Landor, the author of *Gebir*." This is as extravagant as anything Landor himself could have uttered. Again he says, "I have often said I learned *how to see*, for the purposes of poetry, from *Gebir*." And years after this we hear him still avowing: "I look upon *Gebir* as I do upon Dante's long poem in the Italian, not as a good poem, but as containing the finest poetry in the language."

Landor declared that if ten men could be found in England to applaud his poem, he would be content. The notice of it in the *Monthly Review* (one of the principal literary organs of that day) is quite such a piece of criticism as appears in every issue of our literary journals: the author is styled "unpractised;" his "abruptness" is noted, but he is allowed to possess "some talent occasionally for description;" and he is dismissed with the promise that if he will "labor hard," and delay a few years, "he *may* produce," etc., etc.,—in a word, it is stamped all over with the professed critic's trade-mark. No wonder he used to

amuse himself in later years by referring to this prophetic venture ; likening the reviewer to a carp in a pool, hiding his head "in comfortable mud."

When about thirty years old, Landor came into possession of the paternal estate, and was accounted a man of great wealth. He resided for some time at Bath (where he seems to have led somewhat of a gay life) previous to his wild scheme of serving as a volunteer in Spain during the Peninsular campaign. He fitted out a troop at his own expense ; but from various circumstances, his military experiences terminated without any satisfactory results. After his return from Spain, he again applied himself assiduously to literary work, and in the short period of three weeks boasts of having conceived and executed to its final line his tragedy of *Count Julian*. Upon the refusal of Longman, the London publisher, to bring it out even at the author's own expense, Landor was so incensed, that with his usual vehement impetuosity he flung another drama which he had just completed into the fire, declaring that he had done with literature forever.

This reckless yielding to the irrational impulse of the moment, before judgment had time to lay a finger upon the reins, was the cause of much—we may be safe in saying *all* of the misery of Landor's life. But for it, apparently, his marriage would have secured to him the domestic peace which he sought, for it seems to have been a pure love-match, unambitious and unmercenary: the lady being as he declares "without a sixpence." We all know the troubled history of his life at his estate of Llanthony ; his great outlay of money ; his vast plantation of a million of trees ; his quarrels with his stewards and his tenantry ; his failure to enact the part of comfortable country squire ; his general unpopularity ; his endless annoyances ; his legal difficulties and his final disgust, which led to his abandonment of not only his home, but his country, for many long years.

His life abroad, at Milan, Pisa, and Florence, was more tranquil and happy, and the birth of a son and daughter enhanced the promise of domestic joy. "Among my few blessings," he writes, "I have always reckoned this: that *every child in the world loves me*." No more reliable proof of the real kindness of heart lying at the bottom of all Landor's fiercest outbursts can be adduced than this. His tender, almost womanly devotion to his own children was extreme ; he could not sleep when separated from them, and there are pretty, playful letters in the Biography, addressed to his little boy, that give the reader deep insight into this singular, turbulent nature. He occupied himself much during his Continental residence with politics, concerning which he held views so revolutionary and extravagant as to lay himself open to the charge of insanity. His abhorrence of tyranny and absolutism was of the intensest description, and yet, as Mr. Fosters says, "He had as little disposition to kill a king as to kill a mouse"—absurdly as he advocated regicide.

His most characteristic and important literary work, and the one by which he will continue to be best known, was begun during this first residence abroad, and owed its inception, in a measure, to the suggestion of his life-long friend, Southey. The *Imaginary Conversations* are the repository of his opinions upon every conceivable topic, and contain,

as he avers in one of his letters, "as forcible writing as exists on earth,"—in which sentiment not a few of his ablest critics coincided. About this time began his friendship with the brothers, Julius and Francis Hare, which proved the comfort and solace of many weary years. Southey, alluding to the enthusiasm of his intimacy with them, calls him "Hare-brained."

But we are lingering much longer than we intended over these earlier days of the poet, and have consequently left ourselves little room for the later, and perhaps the less important and effective portion of his life. He passed some happy years at Fiesole, a villa near Florence, built by Michael Angelo, occupied with his literary pursuits, the education of his children, and the entertainment of his friends. In due time, however, difficulties of such a character occurred as determined him to return to England, where he spent some twenty years, residing mainly at Bath, the city which reminded him more than any other of his beautiful Florence. From this time, his separation from his wife seems to be complete. During the last period of Landor's residence abroad, covering the six closing years of his life, he was brought into intimate relations with the Brownings, and received at their hands such tokens of kindness as made the old man's heart overflow with gratitude. His appreciation of both husband and wife was of the highest order. Speaking of *Aurora Leigh*, he says: "I had no idea that any one in this age was capable of so much poetry. I am half drunk with it. Never did I think I should have such a draught of poetry again: the distemper has got into the vineyard that produced it." And the admiration was mutual; for Mrs. Browning was accustomed to say that, "Were it not for the necessity of getting through a book, there were whole pages of Landor's too delicious to turn over." To Mr. Browning was Landor indebted for the home of his latest years, for his means seem to have dwindled until he was fain to avail himself of the help of sympathizing friends in England and Florence. He experienced most considerate kindness, also, from the American sculptor, Story, to whose family he formed a warm attachment which ended only with his life.

There are a thousand pleasant anecdotes, bits of literary gossip, charming glimpses into the inner life of poets, and most trenchant pieces of criticism scattered through this biography of Mr. Forster, of which we would like to avail ourselves. We can, however, only refer the reader to the volume itself, which deserves to take its place beside Cuthbert Southey's *Life* of his father, and Lewes' *Life of Goethe*.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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## A RELIC OF THE FIRST REVOLUTION.

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*Editors* NEW ECLECTIC:

The recent proposal to establish an association of the officers and soldiers of the late Confederate armies cannot but command the respectful attention of those most immediately concerned, and I trust that when formed it will prove a valuable auxiliary to the cause of truth, honor, and patriotism, and to the accuracy and integrity of history. The fame of the true soldier is precious; his "lofty deeds and daring high," his abnegation of self and his humane care for his comrades and dependents, his magnanimity towards his enemies,—these are the traits which ennoble the profession of arms, and excite the admiration of posterity.

The war of the second great rebellion in America closed more than four years ago, resulting most lamentably for the hopes of civil order and constitutional liberty. It is full time for organized associations to take charge of the history of those fields of blood and fire and famine and flood, and to eliminate whatever lessons it unfolds of unselfishness, but especially whatever lessons of truth and honor and gallantry and heroism and magnanimity. Nor do we at all assent to the doctrine avowed by some that the truth should, when involving scandal, be withheld. If ever Confederate stars or epaulettes sparked on the shoulders of a man who insulted the feeble sex, or recklessly destroyed a family mansion or a planted field of friend or foe, or closed the houses of Almighty God from worship, or maltreated his prisoners or non-combatants, or insulted the graves of the dead,—truth and justice demand the exposure of such a miscreant. On the other hand the true soldier will be proud to do justice to his opponents; and we trust that from these associations will come to light many a yet untold story of the humanity and gallantry of our brave Northern foemen.

Not inapposite to the subject of the above comments, and really introduced to my mind by it, is an old relic of the first great rebellion in America; nothing but a letter, an old-fashioned familiar family-epistle of a gentleman and a soldier of the eighteenth century, of a Southern gentleman and soldier, one who poured out his blood like water in defence of Northern homes and firesides, but who in his domestic relations seems (by this letter) to have been of the gentlest character. This was General Francis Nash, of North Carolina, who fell at Germantown, on October 6, 1777, a few months after the date of his letter, never returning to his "dear Sally and his dear little girls, crowned with victory, to spend in peace and domestic happiness the remainder of a life which without them would not be worth possessing." In close and reverent attendance until the last ebbing of life was a faithful negro slave, who returned home to his family. As a matter of course, all of the descendants of General Nash who drew the sword at all in the late struggle for independence, drew it for their own native land. Federalist was the family in the days of Washington, and attached to its traditions, but "blood is thicker than water." So, one great grandson directed the course of a cruiser along the pathless waters, gallant and brave commander of the *Shenandoah*, whose name is fame; and another, through many a field of shell and grape, made formidable the name of "Waddell's Battery." Not a little remarkable is the fact that the negro servant who also attended faithfully the commander of the battery, was the lineal descendant of the negro above mentioned who soothed the last moments of the General; but their fates were reversed. Marcellus, follower of the battery, returned home

early in the war only to die of consumption, contracted or accelerated among the hills of Virginia, ever pining after the camp scenes he had left behind him. Not that Marcellus was a hero, as his name and his own family record might have warranted.

But to my Revolutionary relic. The original of the enclosed copy-letter was, at my request, loaned to me a year or two ago by a grandson of General Nash, and I copied it as accurately as possible for me, even to the casual misspelling. It is written in a free, graceful, but unstudied hand. I abhor the idea of endeavoring to make a relic more elegant than its owner left it. Of all literary criminals, I recollect the pleasant and amiable, and Reverend Mr. Sparks with the most unfeigned indignation. Just to think of the orthography and prosody, and even perhaps the syntax of the greatest of rebel leaders and insurrectionary chieftians of one century being reduced to the rules of orthodoxy by a *littérateur* and divine of the next. But I fear to enlarge on this point, further than to say that memorials of this kind are chiefly valuable in so far as they give us living and vivid pictures of past men and manners.

If you think this simple letter worth preserving, please print it. I shall also be gratified by your publishing this poem to it, though the setting be not worthy of the picture.

Respectfully yours,

HISTORICUS.

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[*Copy of General Nash's Letter.*]

TRENTOWN (*New Jersey*) July 25<sup>th</sup> 1777

MY DEAR SALLY

I have almost lost all hopes of hearing from you—consider my dear Sally, the anxiety I must feel when I have now been almost three months absent from you, without ever hearing whether you were alive; surely some strange fatallity has attended your Letters, for I cannot persuade myself you have been so neglectful of me as to suffer all this time to elaps without writing.—I flattered myself I should now and then get a line from some other of my friends in Carolina, (especially my friend Alfred), however in that I have also been disappointed—I have wrote him twice or thrice which I hope he hath received.—I have now very little to write you my Dear Sally, except that I am in very good health—when I left Philadelphia, which was a week or ten days ago, I expected we should have proceeded directly to Head quarters, however I received a Letter from General Washington, directing me to remain at this place until further Orders, under a supposition that the late movements of the enemy might probably be only a feint in order to draw our Army as far to the North as possible, I then by a forced march endeavour to gain Philadelphia, before the necessary succours could be afforded, in which case, this being directly in their rout, we should probably have it in our power to retard their progress, until our army could get up with their Rear—however, from some accounts received this morning, (to wit, that a considerable part of the Fleet, had been discovered moving up the North river) I think there cannot remain a doubt, that their operations are intended against that quarter. General Washington, in consequence of this intelligence has moved with his whole Army within 20 miles of

Fishkiln, about 100 miles from hence where he means to remain until the designs of the enemy are reduced to a Certainty. I have been re-inforced since I came here by one Regim<sup>t</sup> of Virginians and an Artillery corps with six brass field pieces, making the strength of my Brigade in the whole about two thousand. We have made a bad hand of it in Canada — Ticonderoga with all the Artillery stores &c has been abandoned by our people, and is in the hands of the Enemy — there are various conjectures and opinions with respect to this matter and will I suppose produce an enquiry — as to its effects on our affairs at large I am persuaded it will have very little, indeed I think it is to be wished that we had never sent an Army into that Country at all — it is rather too much for us to manage & Canada must eventually stand or fall with the States. the loss of that post is however to be lamented inasmuch as it will give at least a plausible appearance of success to their arms and will assist for a moment in reviving the draping spirits of their Soldiery.

This morning for the first time I have seen a General return of the State of our Army and it is with pleasure I inform you we have now on the field of Continental Troops effective, upwards of Twenty thousand exclusive of those in Canada which I suppose amount to between 4 & 5 thousand more; add to this a most admirable train of Artillery & seven hundred Light Horse equal at least to those of the Enemy in discipline, equipage and everything else.— is it possible with such an Army and a *Washington* at their head, that America can have any thing to fear? No my Dear Sally, I now feel the fullest assurance that can be founded on human events, that nothing less than the immediate interposition of providence (which I will not suppose to be excited in favor of Tyranny and oppression) can prevent us from the invaluable blessings of Liberty Freedom & Independence — and with those assurances I rest satisfied with the blessing of Heaven, of returning to you ere long Crowned with Victory, to spend in peace & domestick happiness the remainder of a life which without you would not be worth possessing.— I dont know where this will find you. I have however inclosed it to my Brother and sincerely wish it may find you and our Dear little Girls in good Health. We are very comfortably situated here for notwithstanding all the cruel and barbarrus ravages of the Enemy it is the most delightful country I ever beheld.— I am however in hourly expectation of receiving marching orders.

Be assured my Dear I will omit no good opportunity of writing to you and in return I must entreat of you to let me hear from you as often as you can — I would advise you to enclose your letters under cover to M<sup>r</sup> John Penn one of our Delegates in Congress who has promised me to pay particular attention to them

I am hopeful you are by this time at Newbern, as you will be more in the way of writing & hearing from me there, and also because I think you will be very happy with our good sister & Brother to whom pray remember me in the most affectionate manner. if you should however be at Cape Fear remember my love to cousin Polly & her good man, Betsey and our good Brother Alfred, with whom however I have a considerable quarrel for not writing to me — my most respectful compliments wait on your Mamma & my much esteemed friend M<sup>rs</sup>

James Moore also Cousin Hall—Love to my dear Nancy & Sarah whom I long to see & be lieve me my Dear Sally—

Your ever affectionate Husband

F. NASH

26<sup>th</sup> of July—I have this moment received an express from General Washington ordering me w<sup>th</sup> my Brigade to Philadelphia w<sup>th</sup> all possible dispatch and our whole Army are on their march this way. I have only time to add that Major General Prescott is a prisoner in our hands & I hope we shall get Gen<sup>l</sup> Lee exchanged for him.

Adieu, F. NASH

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## THE NEWEST OF OUR RELIGIONS.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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Man has the exclusive privilege of forming general theorems. But this privilege is alloyed by another: that is, by the privilege of absurdity, to which no living creature is subject but man only; and of men, those are of all most subject to it that profess philosophy.—*Hobbes*.

Ici l'absurdité se pose comme methode fondamentale.—*Dr. Ott*.

Spiritualism — ultra Ritualism and liturgy of Dead Sea apes.—*Carlyle*.

WHEN the indignant Gaul shook the last American dust from his feet, with an anathema upon a people “who had fifty religions and only one gravy,” the expression was the sarcasm of a *gourmand*; after sixty years, it is the apophthegm of a philosopher. Continued experience has invested the witticism of an epicure who dreaded dyspepsia more than perdition, with the admiration due to the sagacity of a careful and profound observer, who had already discerned the principles to be developed into the character of a coming nation, and prophesied in scientific vision the now demonstrated psychological or political truth, that it is inherent in Americans to produce religions, and inconsistent with their nature to invent gravies. The capacity for the one and incapacity for the other are now laws, by the method of induction. They are plainly organic.

Since the days of Talleyrand we have produced some religions that beyond all doubt are incomparable in that class of manufacture, and would have been unimaginable in that delirious time when even intoxicated France conceived nothing more absurd than old Rosicrucian follies, or the splendid new one of worshipping Reason in the person of a Lorette. Mormonism and Ghost-ism only are enough to establish our superiority, even without the evangelical patriotism that,

"Whilst one hand was red  
With murder, feigned to stretch the other out  
In brotherhood and peace."

"Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum,  
Lanigeræ comitantur oves; ea sola voluptas  
Solamenque mali."

As to our deficiency in gravy-culture every man is witness, with hand on attesting umbilicus, who has pondered our culinary condition in post-prandial rumination of the baked meats of a *table d'hôte*. Every one who has got through the process with conservation of a sound mind will testify to the lone supremacy of the one primeval gravy that revolted against human digestion before that glorious era from which we inherit our indefeasible liberties and singular exemption from tea-duties and excises. We commend this remarkable problem of the unity of gravy to our serious neighbor, the Quarterly.

*Gravi jam dudum Saucia cura vulnus alit venis.*

We may therefore reasonably expect a smooth Bledsonean exposition of the essential relations between the ephemeral forms of our modern republic and the more permanent principles that gave durability to that ancient *Grease*, whose

"Wondrous alchemy still rules  
Our spirits from its urus."

It is the much easier task for us to find why we are so prolific in religions, if we regard as a new religion every new exhibition of the influence of the supernatural upon the mind and heart of man, able to acquire a social form. Here, religion is little checked by opinion, and altogether unrestrained by law. People may be as wise or foolish as they please in this respect, without fear of authority or social reprehension. Now, religion is a moral cast of a man, which represents to the precision of a wart or wrinkle the exact form of his inward life; hence religions are as numerous as men. In most other countries the individuality of religion is repressed, dwarfed, inconsidered, or forbidden. The individual himself ignores its existence. The church absorbs it, satisfies it, or paralyses it. There is no life for it, no sphere for it, no room to take outward form and develop attractive force and grow into social recognition. The natural buds of the soul's life perish or are rubbed off, and religion is propagated only by professional grafting on young scions, and making their life to flow into the ancient sap-channels and produce approved orthodox fruit. Here, everything goes to seed and into the soil, to bring forth what it can of variety, to improve or degenerate as its powers and opportunities may determine. The crop of religious thoughts is immeasurable, but happily they almost all perish without germination. They are rejected as worthless by the mind that produces them; or some better, that is more destructive, mind (for the principal use of big minds as of big animals is to destroy the exuberant spawn of little ones) encounters them; most commonly they are never noticed at all. Sometimes they take root in shallow places, and go through the history of Jonah's gourd; sometimes they prove

poisonous mushrooms, deadly as unsubstantial ; sometimes mere fruitless weeds, mind-exhausters ; sometimes, once in an age, a really good variety of fruit-bearing religion. But in this country, when a man gets an idea, or gets rid of one ; when thought produces truth, or incapacity to think attains presumption ; when honest intellect gets wisdom, or knavish stupidity loses what it had of it, the way is open to organize the possession or exclusion, the *fas aut nefas*. A money capital of ten dollars (currency) will put a society of reformers on its legs, and an intellectual capital of much less relative value will put talking and running members on theirs. The way is open and easy for learning and conscience to exercise upon the interesting subjects of the soul ; to throw out conclusions into objective forms, and contend openly for place among other religious thoughts, that, once unclothed as their own, have in one way or another worked into substance and got themselves known as things. The way is equally open and yet more easy for ignorance and self-conceit, and the wonderful word-worship of multitudes whose crude superstitions and cruder atheisms lie hidden in the unlighted caverns of unexplored hearts, waiting until the pipe of some serpent-charmer draw them out.

The cream of all truth, skimmed long ago to the nicety of a philosophical definition ; filtered through theological dialectics ; washed from all impurities by diverse baptisms, even of blood ; hardened by time ; weighed in the balance of legitimate sanctuaries ; salted with pious memories ; moulded in agreeable forms ; stamped *Orthodox* ; if this be Religion, then if somebody venture to milk for himself the ever-patient cow, and do his own skimming and squeezing and patting ; and if, as is very human indeed, he think his own butter the nicest, why, here he may put his own name on it, his own image if he will, or any other name or image, even the awful monogram of the Eternal ; and he may go boldly into the market and hawk his wares, and find customers too, even though by mistake or design he may have milked the old Goat of Gehenna. Time will harden his pat, too, and make it respectable and venerable ; unless it be too exiguous to bear necessary waste of transportation, or too loose to endure our sun ; or, we were about to say, too rancid for human palates, but no such degree of rankness is conceivable. Even when stamped with Satanic hoof and horn, and smelling of soul-death and sulphur, it will be taken by them for whom it is ordained in their suitable moral and mental conditions.

True, knowledge is increased ; but in the religious direction, the multitude have had little positive advantage of it. They have gained nothing in faith, and lost much in reverence. The first appearance of knowledge is as an indignant rioter with an iconoclastic club. The old reverence is turned into contempt. Men soon learn that they have been cheated by old pretensions, but singularly enough the discovery does not make them wiser about new ones. After manifesting great indignation against its old idol, the mind is easily induced to accept another ; even a worse. "The Devil may be cast out and the room garnished," but the question of the new tenant is not settled. Quite possibly, it will be the old one with a new coat and a pleasant alias. It is among the cant maxims of the day, that revolutions do not go backward ; but they do. Indeed, it is the nature of them to recede, for

society no more than individuals can live up to a paroxysm. The going backward of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz was a sign of renewed life to Hezekiah ; and nations and men have often lengthened their days by retrogressions.

Knowledge finds men ignorantly, though it may be to a great extent rightly, religious. They have been educated in a creed and worship that made no effort to base themselves on knowledge ; and when the mind wakes up to its rights, it goes immediately to enquire into the claims of the spiritual authority established in its realm. If the answer be neither intellectually intelligible nor superstitiously compulsive, it confirms doubt and provokes hostility. The result of the ensuing struggle depends upon circumstances determining the relative strength of the two mental forces in the particular case. It may be rejection, modification, or scientific confirmation of the old faith. It may be substitution of a new, or it may be utter, though only half conscious, scepticism — belief in nothing that addresses reason, credulity towards everything that proposes to the understanding ; absolute paralysis of the higher faculties of the soul, and a morbid sensitiveness in the regions of sentient life. The creeds themselves, and the forms of ecclesiasticism and ritual that have come to be veritable creeds, are weak for defence because they have been received as perfect and absolute, and are questioned upon that presumption, not upon their right to exist as earthly vessels bearing precious ethereal essence, and valuable only as they contain and preserve it. The iconoclast makes no distinction, because none has been made to him, and his club goes down on the containing symbol, smashing the antique pottery without thought for the precious life-water it has kept for him. He has never heard of a difference between *his* religion and Religion ; between the perfect bread of God and such crumb and preparation of it as has fallen to his share. Now, in this very time, there is a widely-spread, unrecognised scepticism of this sort, which, though discerned to be only a loss of faith in churches and creeds, is to a much greater extent than is feared, deep distrust of religion itself, which the multitude do not separate in any practical sense from the creeds and forms through which only they know it. Common schools have given to the multitude a peep, and little more than a peep, into science, and the effect is just what was foreseen by My Lord Bacon, who said : “ A little natural philosophy and the first entrance into it, doth dispose the opinion to atheism ; but on the other side, much natural philosophy and wading deep into it, will bring about men’s minds to religion ; wherefore, atheism every way seems to be combined with folly and ignorance.” That is to say, “ A little natural philosophy ” only brings into action man’s folly and ignorance, and arrays them against the spiritual truth. Now it is our boast that pre-eminently we are giving a smattering of all “ philosophy ” to the multitude ; “ fourteen weeks’ course of it ” to all comers ; and in our faith and works “ the schoolhouse ” has taken the place of the church, and “ a little natural philosophy ” the place of the Bible. We tax ourselves to nervous if not sanguineous exhaustion to “ dispose the opinion to atheism,” and verily we have had considerable success in that way. Now what is the manner of its development ? Men do

not avow to themselves that they doubt the existence of God. Very few of the Greek atheists, or any other, did that. But atheism robs God of his personality, and makes him a thought, a presumption, a mere name for existence. It compounds him with the universe, drowns him in the sea, buries him in the earth, diffuses him through the air. It leaves him no place in the moral world. It rationalizes him; and German rationalism is only Greek atheism in high Dutch, and Theodore Parkerism is only Hegelism in the New England drawl. It is what all efforts to found religion on science necessarily come to. The mind or reason cannot create a God greater than the materials out of which it has to construct him. Given the universe to extract God from it — what better essence can be got out of it than the universe exiguated to nonentity, and a God whose name is the abstraction for universal nonsense. But the form of atheism is always the pretence of a necessity to vindicate God from wrong conceptions of his being and character. Men always war against God in his own name, as the House of Commons made war on the throne in the name of the king; which also was noticed by Lord Bacon. "For all anti-christianity worketh in a mystery that is under the shadow of good; and it is this, to free and deliver the will of God from all imputation and aspersion of evil." Nothing is so zealous for God as atheism, as nothing is so clamorous for liberty as tyranny.

That scepticism exists among the people to a most serious extent is unquestionably true; but it is a scepticism that is not willing to confess itself antichristian. It does not give up the Bible; it yet clings to its hopes, but it refuses obedience to its authority; it will not receive its ordinary interpretations. It is objectively passive, subjectively hostile towards the truth. "It pervades the great mass of society. Its baneful influence is insinuated into the hearts of the high and the low, the wise and the unwise alike. It fills our chapels every first day of the week with crowds of its respectful and respected votaries. In all sections of the country, among all classes, conditions, professions, and occupations, there is exhibited this quiet, unobtrusive, inactive want of faith; a scepticism of the most hopeless kind, which places men in that state in which 'it is impossible to please God,' but which is likely to be altogether pleasing to the flesh. And thus infidelity has taken refuge in a fortress built by the church. Our divisions, contentions, and differences have given birth to and builded the stronghold of a scepticism the most pernicious and insinuating, which prevails as widely as Christendom, which is giving life and support to all manner of false religions."\* Now atheism practically is, as Hare defines it, "living without God;" and theoretically, it is having no faith in Him. Atheism is in its nature always superstitious and credulous: superstitious, because getting rid of God lets loose the imagination to fill the void in the spiritual world — now, itself a God without thought, feeling, or knowledge; credulous, because there is now no limit to the possibilities of material evolutions, and no check upon the nature "in which we live and move and have our being." Credulity, indeed, can hardly be distinguished from superstition. Unbounded belief in the powers of nature cannot

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\* *Biblical Interpretation*, by J. S. Lamar. Lippincott: 1860. A book much less known than it deserves to be, and well worth reading by all who love the truth in earnestness.

be limited to the visible world, and much less by our experience of it ; and credulity projected into the spiritual world is superstition. A man who now knows the powers of the telegraph, knows what the experience of nature a few years ago would have declared to be impossible. What right has present experience, then, to limit the powers that remain unknown? If nature has produced thought, or spirit, in the body, why may she not extend the production of spirit beyond it? Why may there not be an invisible nature? And as the world behind us is a record of dreadful shapes and horrid catastrophes, why may not the time into which the world is moving be filled with other things frightful to imagine? Philosophy leads to superstition as necessarily as to atheism ; for atheism is letting loose the forces of nature upon the soul, and the soul cannot grapple with them alone. It will seek aid against the world of which it knows nothing positive, and fears everything possible. The ghosts of the dead have in all ages been sought as helpers to the living. When Saul lost God, he went to a witch. That the scepticism of the people should give birth to and sustain an atheistical superstition under the name of Christianity, is natural. In fact, a good and guardian God is the only security against the possible products of that nature which has already produced monsters of beasts and men, and horrors insufferable by soul and body. Even Bayle, himself a sceptic, admits the strong tendency of atheism to superstition (*Dic'y.* vol. iii. 471). "The principles of philosophy are not sufficient to rid a man of the fear of apparitions ; for to reason consequentially, there are no philosophers who have less right to reject magic and sorcery than the atheists." He says Hobbes, so boldly infidel in his writings, was always tormented with fear of ghosts, and would not sleep without a light in his room.

Though opposition to truth is essentially the same, its forms are indefinitely many, and are necessarily determined by the forms of truth itself. For error, in this great matter of religion, is not only the mistake of the mind, but the contradiction of the heart. The truth not only asks assent, but assumes authority ; and when its authority is refused, its existence as truth is denied, informally or formally, according to the temper and other conditions of the recusant. So the wrong keeps up with the right, runs parallel with it through the generations, perverts its ideas, abuses its terms, denies and forges its revelations, substitutes, travesties it, passes itself off for it as a counterfeit note imitates and circulates along side of the genuine, keeping up with all its new issues. As shadows measure the position and movement of the sun, we may discern the relation of the truth to any society by the extent and depth of the counter religions we observe darkening its surface. Moses and Aaron determined the false miracles of Jannes and Jambres ; and these exhibit the position of the truth to the Egyptian mind. So all along the Jewish history, the prophets of God called out prophets of lies in exact proportion to the mental and moral darkness of the times. Micaiah brought out Zedekiah, with his symbolic horns and ready fist. Isaiah raised a swarm of necromancers and ventriloquists and wizards. Manasseh dealt with familiar spirits, and arrayed pretenders to supernatural knowledge against "the servants of the Lord." The incarnation was travestied by Simon

Magus and the Gnostics, and the Holy Spirit himself has been superseded in all ages by lying oracles and miracles, and assumptions of inspiration and ecclesiastical prerogative to sit in the place of God, or by intimations from self-styled supernatural or extra-natural beings of truths not revealed by God, or of contradictions to his revelations.

The multiplication of false prophets, wizards, ghost-dealers, professed burglars of the spiritual world who claim to have got in by some other way than the "door," and to have opened communication with truer spirits than "the Holy Spirit," with wiser beings than "the wisdom of God;" the number of all these worst parasites of morbid man is in proportion to the square of the distance of a community from the true God. Read heathen and Jewish and Christian history, and you will see that wickedness and wilful ignorance of spiritual truth naturally take refuge from God in the pretensions of dealers in supernatural lies, and you will find the degree of the apostacy of any king or age accurately measured by the extent of the dealing with the soothsayers and necromancers of the time. Manasseh was as much more wicked than Saul, as his host of magicians and wizards outnumbered the solitary woman of Endor, who frightened the half-maddened king to his death by her experiment upon his shattered nerves.

No infidelity can maintain its place against revelation but by allying itself to counter revelation. No denial of the inspiration of God can exist but by accepting a lower form of communication with the invisible world. Irreligion can only tranquillize itself by false religion. Scepticism is a transition stage between a saving faith and a destroying superstition. Men who deny the prophets believe in jugglers; too wise to accept the testimony to miracles, they become foolish enough to believe the pretensions of supernatural mountebanks and inspired peddlars; refusing the glorious gospel of the Son of God, they receive for eternal truth the jargon invented by men without brains, for ghosts without souls.

In considering the causes of the absurd forms that religion has taken among us, we must not fall into the common and serious error, only less serious than atheism, that the ultimate agents in the awful struggle are only *principles*, not persons. A contest of principles is in fact only a contest of men; the struggle in which we are involved requires the existence of God and the Devil. It is idle to pooh! Satan in a world utterly unintelligible without him: reason must create him if revelation be rejected. But to the man who receives the Bible, a personal Devil is as clear a revelation as a personal God. We must seek in the malice of that strange being whose existence is so true and so incomprehensible, the origin and conduct of otherwise unaccountable successful perversions of moral sense and religious faith, whose composition is so absurd and whose adaptation so marvellously wise, that what we laugh at as folly, we come to tremble before as deadly and wide-spread delusion. The jawbone of an ass was contemptible, but none laughed at it in the hands of Sampson.

To all the conditions and influences to infidelity we have mentioned, not forgetting the personal agency of Satan, we must look for the explanation of the existence among us of a form of anti-truth so barbarous and grotesque that we must search the oldest records of man's

delusions to find their origin in the first follies of the infant world. Infidelity seems to have exhausted forms, and is actually parading in the nineteenth century in the baby-clothes of the earliest superstitions. Yet thousands are gravely following the old atheism tricked out with the relics of the most primitive delusions, and are using their Bibles to cry Hosanna to him who cometh, not in the name but in the place of Jehovah! "*The master of superstitions is the people, and in all superstitions wise men follow fools.*" Bacon again, and true again — witness Spiritism, or Spiritualism, as it is absurdly called, seeing it is a carnalism of the very idea of spirit — a religion of ghosts, spooks, goblins, of the meanest possible conception and quality, for the first time in necromancy presented as the highest forms of intelligences, the only spirits between man and God, who is a nothing in all things. This lowest of all sorceries possible to a civilized people, to any people a half degree above fetiches and medicine-bags, is the religion of a multitude, and "wise men follow the fools." The Fox girls are followed by philosophers, statesmen, heads of nations, literary men, and *proh! pudor!* Christian divines. All these, legions of them, believe in ghosts! in ghosts revealing the highest truths; in ghosts supplanting the religion of Almighty God. And such wretched ghosts! The manner in which they communicate with men is ruder, awkward, more unintelligible than ever devised by the wizards that "peeped and muttered" to the disgust of Isaiah. Muttering is oratory to it; hieroglyphics are plain to it; mumbo-jumbo is lucidity compared to it; dumb men talk better; children at school communicate better across the experienced spectacles of the vigilant master; blind men write far more distinctly; even dogs make more intelligible signs with their tails, than these, the only interpreters of the mysteries of life and death and eternity! For beings whose highest physical achievement is claimed to be a rap on a table or on an empty head with a tambourine; whose loftiest miracle, the untying a rope in the dark with the assistance of two practised knaves; whose religious revelations are broken echoes of Theodore Parker, and fins and tails of vulgar Yankee infidelity; for these spiritual guides hundreds and thousands have abandoned God; and have given up the glorious gospel of his Son for superstitious surmises of a ghost-gospel, bodiless, soulless, brainless, helpless, as the wretched phantasm of a ghost that brings it out of the open grave of vulgar paganism. For there is positively nothing new in all the revelations of the so-called spirits. Lilly, the astrologer, who, by-the-bye, is claimed by the Spiritists as a true "medium," said that the spirits talked to him with an Irish brogue. The ghosts of the Spiritists manifest their earthly provincialisms quite as decidedly. Certainly, all the ghosts who are reported weekly for the *Banner of Light* are infidels and scoffers at vital religion. Demission of the flesh has not blessed them with an idea upon religious subjects, nor an expression nor an explanation that is not common as dirt in every infidel circle in New England. According to "the Spirits," the Yankees had already become perfect in theology before the Fox girls took the kingdom of spirits by storm, by comprehending for the first time what is meant by its mysteries being opened to every one that "knocketh" — not *on* the knees, as the churches have erroneously taught, but *with* them, as the spirits say to

the churches. The weak things of the other world can find nothing but imbecility to add to the weakness of this. The religion that has perished brings back to that which is ready to perish nothing but assent to Biblical interpretations that "take 'not' out of the commandments and put it into the creed." The long-continued stimulation of the time has produced in feeble people a form of intellectual *delirium tremens*, in which the natural foolishness appears in phantasies, and all latent stupidities become active. Like frogs in oxygen, they do not improve by the exhilaration, but frisk and frog themselves to death. We declare that in all our search in the catacombs where the relics of dead mind lie mouldering; in scientific museums where antique shams stripped of their false outsides grin in honest but uncomely skeleton truth, showing the things that men ignorantly worshipped; in all our walks in the defiled Walhallas of dethroned heroism, where the scorners of to-day jeer at the follies of their fathers, and pull them off their pedestals to make room for their own, which their sons will pull down to-morrow; in all our explorations of old sewers of Pagan life, and searches into the recoveries of German *chiffoniers* among the rags of old vanities,—nowhere have we met with anything called religion or philosophy so fully absurd, so curiously compounded of incompatibles, so utterly impossible to be, and yet so full of every vulgar force of vital expansion, as this Spiritism. It is at once the most absurd, unnatural, feeble, contemptible, and formidable of antichristian developments. When Paul wrote to Timothy that "*goetes* (*γόητες*) would wax worse and worse," it may have seemed a hard saying, and we do not wonder that our translators hesitated to unveil the prediction, and covered up *conjurers* or *necromancers* under the more general name of "Seducers." But Paul was right. The human mind has its tether, which cannot be much stretched. In certain relations it had got its full length before Christianity, and no progress of the times gives it any additional powers to deal with God. Over nature it is sovereign; before God it is nothing. Cut loose from God, the human mind, though ever learning, comes to no knowledge of the spiritual truth and can invent no new errors. It must be saved by the new way, or cheated by the old. The old serpent is sufficient for all times. The rapidity of the spread of Spiritism since it was spawned twenty years ago, when the "Fox girls" began to play their stupid little tricks, is simply marvellous. There is no record of so rapid and permanent a delusion in Christendom. Stranger still, the little foxes have spoiled grapes of the first hot-house quality, and on the highest branches of the social vine. The rulers and the Pharisees have with wonderful readiness received this fantastical gospel from the coffin and the shroud. The emancipated pulpit of the North, the pulpit of great moral ideas and of a refined and decorous salvation, the pulpit of the new Messiah, the New England conscience, that redeemer, king, and tax-gatherer for the underman; the American Pharisee (of the right Zion type, with abstraction of the Abrahamic faith in God and Mosaic zeal for the Law) is in open league with the Fox girls, and the highest culture of the New England mind is giving its sanction to Spiritism. As to the rulers, they seem largely to have anticipated their common destiny, and become before their time the "portion of foxes." Queen Victoria communes with

ghosts; Louis Napoleon condescends to *séances*, and like Wallenstein, seeks oracles of wizards to contradict the eternal oracle that pronounces "what a man soweth he shall also reap." Abraham Lincoln and his cabinet are claimed by Spiritists for believers and practical meddlers with the accursed thing. William Howitt writes to the *Dunfermline Press*:

\* \* \* \* "SIR—Who are the men who have in every country embraced Spiritualism? The rabble? the ignorant? the fanatic? By no means. But the most intelligent and able men of all classes. When such is the case, surely it becomes the 'majority of the reflecting men,' to use the words of your editor, to reflect on these facts. Let numbers go for nothing; but, when the numbers add also first-rate position, pre-eminent abilities, largest experience of men and their doings, weight of moral, religious, scientific, and political character, then the man who does not look into what these declare to be truth, is not a reflecting, but a very foolish and prejudiced man. Now, it is very remarkable that, when we proceed to enumerate the leading men who have embraced modern Spiritualism, we begin also to enumerate the pre-eminent intellects and characters of the age. In America you justly say that the shrewd and honest Abraham Lincoln was a Spiritualist. He was a devoted one. So also were, and are, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen and Judge Edmonds; so was Professor Hare. You are right in all these particulars. In fact, almost every eminent man in the American Government is a Spiritualist. Garrison, whom the anti-Spiritualists were so lately and enthusiastically fêting in England, for his zealous services in the extinction of negro slavery, is an avowed Spiritualist. Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York *Tribune*, a man whose masterly political reasoning has done more than any man to direct the course of American politics, is a Spiritualist. Longfellow, the poet, now in England, and just treated with the highest honors by the University of Cambridge, and about to be fêted by the whole literary world of England, is, and has long and openly been, a Spiritualist. But I might run over the majority of the great names in America. Turn to France. The shrewd Emperor, the illustrious Victor Hugo, the sage and able statesman Guizot, one of the most powerful champions of Christianity, are Spiritualists. So is Garibaldi, in Italy. In England, you might name a very long and distinguished list of men and women, of all classes, Spiritualists. If you had the authority you might mention names which would startle no little those who affect to sneer at Spiritualism. It is confidently said that a Spiritualist sits on the throne of these realms, as we know that such do sit on those of the greatest nations of Europe. We know that the members of some of the chief ducal houses of Scotland, and of the noble houses of Ireland and England, are Spiritualists. Are all these people likely to plunge their heads and their reputations into an unpopular cause without first looking well into it? But then, say the opponents, the scientific don't affect it. They must greatly qualify this assertion, for many and eminent scientific men have had the sense and the courage to look into it, and have found it a great truth. The editor of the *Dunfermline Press* remarks on your observations regarding Robert Chambers, that *Chambers' Journal* of the 13th of May last, has a certain article not flattering to Spiritualism. True, but not the less is Robert Chambers an avowed *Spiritualist*, and boldly came forward on the Home and Lyon trial, to express his faith in Mr. Home. The editor might quote articles in the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Star*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, against Spiritualism, yet it is a well-known fact that on all these journals some of their ablest writers are Spiritualists; but it is not always prudent for a man to say what he is. This is not an age in love with martyrdom.

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 "Numbers of scientific men have embraced Spiritualism. Dr. Hare, mentioned by you, was a great electrician, rated by the Americans little, if any, inferior to Faraday. He did exactly what people now want scientific men to do. He thought Spiritualism a humbug, and went regularly into an inquiry in order to expose it. But it did—as it has done in every case that I have heard of, where scientific men have gone candidly and fairly into the examination—after two years of testing and proving, convince him of its truth. Dr. Elliotson, a very scientific man, and for years violently opposed to Spiritualism, so soon as he was willing to inquire, became convinced, and now blesses God for the knowledge of it. Dr. Ashburner, his fellow-editor of the *Zoist*, has also long been an avowed Spiritualist. Mr. Alfred Wallace, a scientific man and excellent naturalist, who was on the Amazon with Mr. Bates, has published his

conviction of its truth. Sir Charles Wheatstone, some time ago, on seeing some remarkable phenomena in his own house, declared them real. And just now, on the Home and Lyon trial, the public have seen Mr. Varley, a man of first-rate science, the electrician to the Electric and International and the Atlantic Telegraph Companies, come forward and make affidavit of his having investigated the facts of Spiritualism, and found them real. Now, after such cases, why this continual cry out for examination by scientific men? Scientific men of the first stamp *have* examined and reported that it is a great fact. Scientific men by the hundred and the thousand have done it, and yet the crowd go on crying for a scientific man. Why? Simply because it is much easier to open their mouths and bleat as sheep do in a flock than exert their minds and their senses. It is time that all this folly had an end. There are now more Spiritualists than would populate Scotland seven times over at its present scale of population; and surely the testimony of such a multitude, including statesmen, philosophers, historians, and scientific men, too, is as absolutely decisive as any mortal matter can be. And pray, my good friend, don't trouble yourself that your neighbors call you mad. You are mad in most excellent company. All the great men of all ages who have introduced or accepted new ideas were mad in the eyes of their contemporaries. As I have said, Socrates and Christ and St. Paul were mad; Galileo was mad; De Caus was mad; Thomas Gray, who first advocated railways, was declared by the *Edinburgh Review* mad as a March hare. They are the illustrious tribe of madmen by whom the world is propelled, widened as by Columbus, and enlightened as by Bacon, Newton, Des Cartes, and the rest of them, who were all declared mad in their turn. And don't be anxious about Spiritualism. From the first moment of its appearance to this, it has moved on totally unconcerned and unharmed amidst every species of opposition, misrepresentation, lying, and obstruction, and yet has daily and hourly grown, and spread, and strengthened, as if no such evil influences were assailing it. Like the sun, it has travelled on its course unconscious of the clouds beneath it. Like the ocean, it has rolled in billows over the slimy creatures at its bottom, and dashed its majestic waves over every proud man who dared to tread within its limits. And whence comes this? Obviously, from the hand which is behind it—the hand of the Great Ruler of the Universe. For my part, having long perceived this great fact, I have ceased to care what people say or do against Spiritualism; to care who believes or does not believe; who comes into it or stays out; certain that it is as much a part of God's economy of the universe as the light of the sun, and will, therefore, go on and do its work."

The *N. Y. Herald* says:

"The movement is a growing one, strictly democratic, popular in its character and revolutionary in its nature, and defiant towards the popular theology of the age. Its influence is felt in the jury box, the ballot box, the bench, the press, the platform, the pulpit, and even our national council halls. It presents the strange anomaly of meetings without a ministry, worship without churches, conventions without delegates, halls and fluent speakers that they pay for, and yet without churches, edifices, funded property or real estate, without ordinations, convents, colleges, or creeds, written or implied. Spiritualists as a body act together, and even now have become a great power in the country."

The *Scientific American* says:

"The phenomena of table-tipping, spirit-rapping (so called), and the various manifestations which many have claimed to be the effect of other wills acting upon and through the medium of their persons, are exerting an immense influence, good or bad, throughout the civilised world."

Hundreds of lecturers, male and female, are living on the demand for their prelections; hundreds, perhaps thousands of "mediums" are required to meet the demand of seekers of necromantic information; many newspapers and periodicals are already sustained by the believers; hundreds of volumes are already issued in the name of the Spirits. Lyceums are formed or forming all over the country; Sunday schools are largely established; the system that dispenses with churches and is

free from the burden of a regularly employed ministry, is the best possible for expansion. Only the cleverest lecturers succeed ; dull ones subside. Rented halls require interested audiences, and compel interesting exercises. All the free talent is available, and is entirely free to teach what it pleases. The ministry is all missionary, and takes care of itself by taking care to suit itself to the tastes and conditions of the people it addresses. "The locusts" of the Revelations were not more qualified to spread themselves over the earth and hurt all "who had not the seal of God in their foreheads." Because the new religion shows no strength in churches and other visible machinery of Christianity, we have almost overlooked its existence. But the truth may as well be confessed that our system of converting the millions by erecting costly churches and organizing expensive Sunday worship, and withal domiciling our religion in pews, is the most unreasonable ever attempted by men who set themselves to diffuse unwelcome opinions. It is purely and rigidly conservative ; it has not even the appearance of invading the world. It is a mere war of posts, and leaves the field open to be overrun by any who may desire to take possession. The churches know nothing about it, except that a confused sound comes to them from the outside of the fold — a noise of wild-beast concernment only ; and the churches will receive them when their nature shall undergo revolution, and bring them to the altar tamed and bridled. The ministers know nothing about it : the officer's place is the inside of a square. They see no tables tipped, no minds tipped either, no weak faith knocked over with invisible knuckles. But even the converted and the apparent convertibles that are inside are not there like picked fruit, securely canned and sealed, and ready for transportation whenever the death-angel shall call for them. One who knew them said, they are "as lambs in the midst of wolves." Unhappily our present system puts the shepherd in the midst of the flock, where he never sees a wolf until a lamb is missed. "The reason," says one\* who has thought much on this subject, "why scepticism has wrought such fearful ravages at various stages during the career of the church, has been the tardiness of the church in watching the sure and steady approach, and then in understanding the real strength of the adversary." No doubt of it ; but the fault is not with the ministry, but with the system. The Spiritists have all the advantage of working under the original plan of Christianity, when it overran the world without fine churches or pews. It is the natural system which is necessarily developed when men set themselves to spread opinions. It was the system of apostolic Christianity, and of apostolic Methodism, and of many things neither apostolic nor even religious that have done great work upon the minds of men ; a system without system, a doing it without considering how. Among Spiritists every one is free to work, and is restrained only by incapacity to do anything. He who can draw an audience and fill a hall may do so ; he who cannot must abandon the effort. The laborer gets his hire if he can earn it. Talent is kept busy and flourishes, incompetency is left behind and finds the employment for which it is fitted. We run the race with them as men with baskets on their feet against unencum-

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\* Hirst. *Hist. Ration.*

bered competitors. They have the system of the apostolic churches when they overran the world ; we, the system of the imperial churches when the world overran them. But our limits do not permit us to do more than allude to this relation. Suffice it to say that, to meet popular delusions which run like fire among stubble, we must come off our stilts and descend to the common plane. Religion must consent to be *vulgar* in the original sense of the word, and we are not afraid to say, in a sense too in which the word is too freely used in highly scented church circles. We must let loose the powers we have sealed up with our Solomon's seal of wise repression. We must let loose the church upon the world, and trusting little to money, and less to cathedrals and pompous institutions, we must let Christian fervor and talent and combativeness have free course and be glorified. We must meet the rising delusion at the beginning ; not wait for Mormonism to gather into a great State, or Spiritism confront us with a great apostacy. We must meet error everywhere, where it challenges us, and beware of despising it. In literature, in philosophy, in public discussion, in the parlor and workshop and highway, we must meet assertion with contradiction, sophistry with argument, folly with ridicule. We must teach our people how to think, how to detect shams, above all to hate them with a perfect necine abhorrence. Our children should be taught to understand the Scriptures, of which the most of them understand very little except some protrusive precepts ; and we must minister rebuke, contempt, anything lawfully punitive and reformatory, to the intolerable stupidity that says, "Oh ! let the little wolves alone, you only make them grow by knocking them on the head !" If anything could exhaust infinite patience, it would have long since given way before the intolerable provocation to sweep from the midst of this scene of fearful and glorious activities the selfish little animals, conscious of a soul, and "gossiping about God," who bask in the presence of the world's Redeemer like lazzaroni in the sun of Naples, and oppose their stupid, narrow, ignorant inertia, like heavy, tideless dead-sea waters, to everything that strives to move with sail or fin or oar.

The theology of Spiritism, though not formally determined by an œcumenical council of Catholic ghosts, is proclaimed with singular unanimity in the many accredited publications of believers. The whole testimony of the dead, as far as we have been favored with it, however differently expressed in style and grammar, is negatively unanimous. Every ghost that communicates with men in the weekly columns of the *Banner of Light*, which is their regular organ, and who gives any opinion upon religion, invariably scoffs at what we know by that name. In a number before us, Theodore Parker holds a *séance*, and letters of inquiry are answered on his behalf by William Berry. Among the ghosts who communicate is Arthur C. Starkey, who relates that at the time of his death he was seventeen years and two months old. He was killed in the army. He writes to his father, an unbeliever in a future existence : "I don't know as that will make any very great difference in his happiness hereafter whether he believes it or not." Jennie Edwards writes that her grandfather, who was a minister, sends word that he used to preach "death and the resurrection," but now he would preach "life and perpetual resurrection." He says : "Mother used to think

he was very holy, but he tells her she had better think more of the religious wisdom of her day and less of what he gave." Theodore Parker is made to review a sermon by Rev. Dr. Warren, and in his review undertakes to show that the Christian's God is "stamped with caprice and folly on every lineament." We spare the readers of *The New Eclectic* the scurrilous blasphemy put into the invisible lips of Mr. Parker's ghost, against God and the "artificial spurious Christianity that belongs to the churches of the day." It is as unsubstantial as the ghost it represents, and as false as the sorcerer who forges and dispenses the infernal nonsense. The positive religion avowed by this "medium," between folly and sin, is summed up in the declaration that "the volume of nature is God's scriptural volume: the writers of the Bible were inspired in a certain degree *as all other writers are*: Christ taught only a natural religion, and Christianity has it not." His reply to questions about the atonement and Christ is that "the ideas of both were common to the ancients; that the Christian Saviour and atonement are nothing newer or better than exist in heathen religions." But enough of this. We might fill *The New Eclectic* with the same infidel stuff, but we can only add that what we have quoted is a sample taken at random of what is the common staple of Spiritist teachings. From a volume of formal doctrine before us, *Seers of the Ages*, by J. M. Peebles, we ascertain of Spiritists that, "Ignoring the fetich gods of Africa, the repenting jealous God of Judea, the changing angry-getting God of Catholicism, the partial malicious God of Calvinism, the masculine miracle making God of Universalism, we find infinitely higher conception of Deity in the definitions of Plato, Proclus, Jesus, John, Mahomet, Parker, and Davis." "Rejecting the human-shaped, prayer-idolized, personal God of evangelical theologians (because personality logically implies locality, and whatever becomes localized in space is necessarily limited and imperfect), *to us* God is the infinite spirit, soul of all things, the incarnate life-principle of the universe; impersonal, incomprehensible, undefinable, and yet immanent in dewdrops that glitter and shells that shine, in stars that sail through silver seas, and angels. Physical nature is the mother-God, Spirit the father-God, out of which are created 'cells, worlds, systems, and conscious spirits.'" "The basis of man's immortality is deific substance. Having in spirit neither a beginning nor ending, he is eternally past and eternally future, ever living an eternal life. Man is the drop, God the eternal father." Our readers will see that the old atheism against which Plato wrote, the old expression of the fool's heart that there is no God, has entered into the body of a vile, vulgar superstition, and made it a devils' gospel. Spiritism admits no angels nor other spiritual personalities, but the ghosts of dead men, who remain just as they are in the other world, only with fuller swing to their tastes and appetites. Good and evil have no positive nor legal meaning. Everything is good. Crime is only natural effects and self-corrective demonstrations. God has no law. There will be no judgment. Man will never find any authority superior to himself. The Bible is only a record of mediums, like the *Banner of Light*. John Baptist was a medium; so was Jesus; the Holy Ghost was only some human ghost. This is the compound of atheism and superstition which forms now one of the most popular delusions of the

time, and which is yet considered by the sober mind of the country only a broad but innocent comedy, which good people may go to see and pay for the acting without danger or sin.

It follows, of course, from such doctrines that prayer to God is useless, except as a spiritual exercise to develop powers of abstraction and reflection. Forms of prayer or "invocations to father-God and mother-God" are abundant, and unless the terms be understood, readers might suppose that something like Christian prayer is intended; but the prayers of a heathen or nature-worshipper under any conception, can easily be made to conform to Christian language, if only Christ the Redeemer be left out. In one case we notice an alteration in the Lord's Prayer remarkable for its loyalty. The Spiritists have got ahead of "the established church," by praying "*Thy Republic come.*" Of the hymnology, we are only able to give one quotation which throws any light upon the enjoyments of the saints in the happy world:

"Love communes in gentle glances,  
Feet responsive glide in dances,  
Over there;  
Orange-buds and pure white flowers  
Lattice the hymeneal bowers,  
Over there."

This is not Mahometanism; for Mahomet did not permit "feet responsive" to "glide in dances" *over there*. But Mahomet believed in "a personal God," and recognised eternal distinction between right and wrong, and believed in stringent matrimony too — though excessively. The rationalism of Germany, or atheism as it really is, was a dragon without wings; yet because of its presentation in philosophical forms and learned circles, it was immediately perceived and met as a formidable enemy. When Schelling announced, "There is but one substance, essence, or Being, ultimately, and this Being is both cause and effect, agent and patient, in all evil and all good both physical and moral;" when he made the Venerable and Awful Name a mere abstraction like "man," having practically no more to do with human actions; and when Fichte and Hegel and the rest reëchoed this old atheism in impracticable forms of dead words, the world took alarm. But the people were in no danger; the dragon could not get at them. They *will* believe in a future world, and believe about it only on authoritative revelation. Willing enough to be emancipated from the wholesome fear of God, whose great presence presses in spite of them upon their rampant appetites, yet they could not take incomprehensible German as security against a possible God and judgment and hell. But now unbelief presents itself as a faith based upon more immediate revelations from better-known sources; and what only is sufficient to confound conscience, and make irreligion and sin entirely comfortable, is afforded by the direct revelation from friends known on earth, who, having learned the great secret, come back to tell that fear of death is nonsense: that the hereafter is like this world, but better: that men there, good or bad, can do as they please and suit their own tastes: that there is no moral obligation but to follow nature, or reason, which is only another name for it. The dragon now has the wings of the evening pestilence. No wonder it is popular, for it brings together the natural opponents, re-

ligion, superstition, and sin, and makes religion minister to the grossest materiality or sanction the wildest fancy. Of the Saviour of the world the spirits reveal: "The accepted Saviour of Christian nations to-day is the *theologic* Christ: a strange Hebraic hybrid, half God, half man: a church monster, shapen by the old ecclesiastic fathers and Roman bishops from the cast-off droppings of Pagan traditions." "Jesus' merits saved himself, none else." "Your merits must save you." "God," we are told "is man." "Jesus taught no new truths." "Abraham, a dissatisfied, ambitious Brahmin (!), inaugurated the worship of a unitive masculine God; Moses built upon the same rock; hence, his masculine, blood-thirsty, retaliatory laws, founded upon 'Thus saith the Lord;' and the popular Pauline Christianity is Judaism only sparingly galvanized." It is clear that there are no lunatic asylums "over there;" and we are prepared for the conclusion that there is "masculinity and femininity in God," viz., "spirit and matter;" and we are not startled by learning that, "In man are focalized the refined and sublimated ultimates pertaining to the whole," though we may be when, if ever, we shall have learned what it means. So far, we *have* learned that in Spiritism are focalized all the refined atheistical metaphysics and all the animal ultimates pertaining to the whole revolt of soul and body against virtue, reason, and God. "Spiritualists have no authoritative book, oracles, nor petrified apostle creeds, to be interpreted by cowed priests or mitred pontiffs. They bow to no kingly master, Khrishna, Jesus, nor John. All these brave souls—Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, Confucius, Jesus—were helps, not our masters, not infallible guides. Wisdom did not die with them, and therefore they must not talk to us authoritatively." "What need of Hebrew bounty, styled revelation? God speaks to us just as frequently. Robes may have been well for Aaron, fox-chasing for Sampson, grazing for Nebuchadnezzar, tent-making for Paul; but give us our daily bread, that is, daily truths and principles from the mansioned homes of the angels. Give us the baptism of the Holy Spirit, or *the descending afflatus from celestial hosts*." "What moanings from the pulpits over 'bleeding Zion!' what efforts to make special engagements with God during winter seasons of revivals! Oh, what a dry, fleshless, marvellously lifeless, soulless skeleton is Orthodoxy!!" Mr. Peebles' idea of life is evidently derived from contemplating a piece of flagrant cheese active with skippers. We will add only the following summary in the words of a prominent speaker in the sixth annual convention of Spiritists, lately held in Buffalo: "The God, the Christ, the atonement, the sanctification, the salvation, of the old evangelical religion, are all changed, all made new."

We have exhibited the religion of the Spiritists. It will be idle for any of them to deny it. For it is undeniably what "the Spirits" teach, and their teaching is either falsehood, delusion, and imposture of the most audacious and villanous type, or it is the true religion. What can any poor benighted Christian Spiritist know of the matter? We will array a hundred ghosts and mediums against him!

Such is the religion of Spiritists; the bottom of the pit covered by an innocent table baited with rude forms of conjuration. This is where *séances* settle to. When God forbade any indulgence of curiosity or

superstition in the way of consulting pretended wizards or dealers with the dead, and marked it as one of the most daring and wicked of sins, the prohibition proceeded from a perfect knowledge of the human mind. As soon as we recognise any revealer but God, we abandon God and become the abject prey of Satan, who is always the real anti-God thus adopted, and who has only to secure the assent of the will to receive his revelations as true, in order to lead mind and soul captive at *his will*. To pretend to give out revelations in the name of the spirits of the dead, and to attribute to them the words of the Holy Spirit, comes about as near to the Unpardonable Sin as reason can conclude. It is striking at the last cable that holds man to God; it is introducing the poison of perdition into the channel that brings life to the world. It is inconceivable how Christian people with Bibles in their hands can tamper with sorceries. No wonder that those who do are so often "given over to delusion and believe a lie" upon the most absurd pretensions ever offered as evidence.

The science taught by the spirits is not a whit more novel than their theology. As a general thing the spirits, that is the mediums, are chary of exhibiting knowledge of a kind that can be examined. Of the appearance, business, manner of life, of all social, civil, domestic, or personal details concerning the other world, too, they are singularly reticent. When they do speak, however, their utterances are exquisitely earthly. They show exactly where the mediums have attained in mundane knowledge, and furnish the most conclusive internal evidence of the naturalness of the sources of inspiration. We have an amusing example of this in the *Banner of Light* (Sept. 25, 1869), where Anna Cora Wilson, a correspondent of that paper from ghost-land, gives a long account of a pleasure-trip made by herself, with a party of two hundred disembodied folks, "*to the Moon and Mars.*" No traveller to a strange country on earth ever came home with so utterly barren a report of what he encountered and saw. The trip to Washington from Baltimore furnishes more incident and novelty. The only thought of the medium seems to have been to keep from committing herself by fatal blunders, yet after all she did not succeed. We are told in general terms that the party encountered at first some difficulty on account of "cross-currents" met with after leaving the atmosphere of the earth, which occasioned some of the party to turn back in despair, but some of the others who had made the journey before "laughed heartily," and the more enterprising got through, and after a "series of mistakes" natural enough when travelling without a compass or road through the dark abysses, they reached "*the atmosphere of the moon,*" for which as the discoverers they have a right to ask a patent. Once there, they were met by some polite "moon-spirits," or Lunatics, who did the honors of the pale satellite with commendable civility. This is all the medium has to say about the voyage, evidently considering that "the least said is soonest mended." But our readers will observe the stupid blunder about the "cross-currents," which, if they existed, would only have been prevented from making ghosts of all mankind, through obstructing the earth's orbit and fatally changing "times and seasons," by the previous necessity of blowing us all out into the abysses with "cross-currents" of a thousand-cyclone power. "The moon's atmosphere," too,

is not to be accepted without explanation of the phenomena that contradict its existence. But as the medium made two assertions concerning physical facts, it is not surprising that she made two blunders. Once arrived on the moon, they found things singularly like they are here, only not so far advanced. "The eastern side" is densely populated, and everything was very familiar. One of the party was much pleased to see "a mowing machine or something that very nearly resembled it." There were large cities, temples, and forts. "*The climate was very mild, neither too cold nor too hot.*" Besides these observations, the party "saw many things entirely new;" but of these, singularly enough, Mrs. Wilson tells us nothing at all. The single assertion that comes within the range of scientific contradiction is again absurdly wrong. The climate of the moon cannot be *very* mild, alternating as it does every two weeks with hyper-hyperborean cold and a degree of heat that at full moon or midsummer might boil the blood in human veins and blow a man up with his own sanguineous steam. The difference of weight on the moon's surface is not referred to; though that and the climate one would suppose must "strike a stranger." The coupling the Moon and Mars as neighbors to be called on at the same trip, is amusing. The planet is never nearer to the moon than fifty, and is sometimes some two hundred and fifty millions of miles distant. As the spirits require food and other human conveniences "over there," it would have been interesting to learn how the immense gulf was crossed; but Mrs. Cora talks as if they had easily straddled it. Their observations on Mars are quite as striking and satisfactory as their information about the moon. We are not even told why his light is red. Notwithstanding the immense number of communications made by "spirits," not a single item has been added to the stock of human knowledge; and we are compelled to think that of all acquaintances the spirits are the most stupid and unprofitable.

Into the thaumaturgic part of this widely-spread imposture we do not think it necessary to make any inquisition, for the performers have yet produced nothing not already classified among the meaner grades of jugglery. They have done nothing yet at all to be compared to the impostures exposed by Lucian, and are thousands of years behind Jannes and Jambres.

"Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus inciderit."

*Never make a God (nor Devil) appear but for a business that requires one.* When Spiritists produce something wonderful, it will be time enough to test the quality of their wonders. Science will not descend to the mystery of untying knots in a dark room, or accounting for noises made under a table. To all good people, however, who will take "the unknown for the wonderful," but who fear God and believe the Bible, we earnestly repeat the counsel of the beloved Apostle: "Try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God; and this is that spirit of antichrist whereof ye have heard that it should come, and even now already is it in the world." "The spirits," that is the "mediums" who profess to be inspired by them, do not speak according to the oracles of God; on

the contrary, they usurp the place of Jehovah to countermand his laws, dismiss his threatenings, abolish his promises, unseat his authority, and reduce religion to a groveling superstition which debases the understanding while it takes away all faith and fear in a supreme and holy governor of the world. Clearly, then, these are the *lying* spirits against whom the Holy Ghost has warned his people. To tamper with this abomination ; to admit for a moment that it and not God is true, is to place ourselves in the jeopardy of creatures who insult their Creator. For to believe these spirits is plainly to call God a liar, as they boldly do. This kind of argument is not *scientific* ; but religion is quite as true as science, and quite as good a foundation for argument. Necromancy does not address itself to science. The pretensions of the ghost-seers and hearers would not stand a moment before truly scientific investigation ; but these seducers appeal to the religious instincts of our nature, the sense of the supernatural, the hopes and fears of eternity, the relations of conscience to the anticipated judgment. They proffer to the soul of man the gratification of a curiosity which God has refused, the relief from restraints which he has imposed. They repeat the fatal contradiction to God by which Satan won his first human prey, and say, 'The soul that sinneth shall not die. It is not the philosopher but the Antichrist that is spreading this dreadful delusion. Science cannot arrest a movement that works far beneath its reach among the elementary instincts of the soul. Religion must be opposed to false religion, Christ to false prophets, the Word of the Lord to the profane babble of impostors sane and crazy who are deluding the people by professing to speak as inspired by ghosts.

The moral consequences of the newest American religion may be fairly judged by its principles. If the tree be known by its fruit, it is equally true that the fruit is known by the tree. With all the fear of God, with all the convictions of a coming judgment and retribution, with all the assent of the mind to the righteousness of the Bible precepts, we know how hard the struggle is between the natural desire for selfish gratifications and the resistance of conscience. Take conscience away ; persuade men, and they are easily persuaded, that there is no personal God who rewards righteousness and punishes sin ; reveal to them that death has no terrors more than life to the wicked ; that the fears of judgment are idle, the moral laws of God only revelations from human ghosts or priestly inventions ; give man free rein to do as he thinks best, and the consequences are known without a chronicle. It is idle to say in bar of the inevitable conclusion, that certain Spiritists lead correct lives. Unquestionably they do. So do certain people everywhere. All men do not prefer to divorce their wives, nor all women to form "spiritual" relations of extra-matrimonial criminality. The habit of morality will often last long after the faith of it is abandoned. Social and civil obligations remain after conscience is dead. Atheists are not all bad men : Spinoza lived above reproach. But does anybody doubt what would be the communal morality of an atheistic population ? Was it not plainly reasonable for the French deist to say : "If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent one." For without one, appetite would inevitably be God. Plato, in his argument against certain

in his day who had what he called "the disease of atheism" in some of its forms, said that by making man or *sensations* the measure of all things they swept away all morality, all law, all religion, all the foundations, civil or religious. Yet he admits that individuals may escape the full consequences of their creed. He divides atheists into classes. The first and most harmless is the man who talks atheism, yet has a dislike for wrongdoing, resulting from natural or accidental disposition and considerations. Another class he describes as concealing their atheism only to turn to their own account the superstitions of mankind. "Having none of that fear of the invisible which would deter ordinary men, he resolves upon playing a bold game in the assumed character of fanatic, magician, conjuror, fortune-teller, oracle-monger (a character quite common among the Athenians), sophist, public lecturer, or whatever may best suit his unholy purposes."\* These characters are among us just as described by Plato; and many other varieties or idiosyncrasies might be specified, but even the natural understanding of Plato perceived that the result of godlessness is ungodliness. The moral condition of the parts of the country where Spiritism prevails is, however, no secret. We need not force upon our readers the disgusting specifications. Lot was not the specimen fruit of Sodom, but a righteous mind too weak to leave the abominable place. There are Lots in Spiritism, no doubt, and the sooner they get out the better.

As for ourselves we are much of the way of thinking of old Ennius :

Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,  
 Non vicarios aruspices, non de circo astrologos,  
 Non Isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium ;  
 Non enim sunt ii aut scientia aut arte divini,  
 Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,  
 Aut inertes aut insani aut quibus egestas imperat,  
 Qui sibi quæstus causa, fictas suscitant sententias ;  
 Qui sibi semitam non sapiens, alteri monstrant viam :  
 Quibus divitias pollicentur ab iis drachmam petunt.  
 De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.

ENNIUS.

Which we translate freely —

Tricky tribe of base designers,  
 Priests of Isis, or diviners,  
 Fortune-tellers of the village,  
 Circus-prowlers after pillage,  
 False interpreters for dreamers,  
 Dark confederates of schemers,  
 Spouting scientific gammon,  
 Worshipping no God but Mammon :  
 Wretches, are ye stupid ? crazy ?  
 Are ye needy ? cunning ? lazy ?  
 Finding for yourselves no byway,  
 Guide you others to a highway !  
*Make me rich !* You ask a shilling !  
 Certainly, you scamps ! I'm willing.  
 Keep your proportion, pay me mine,  
 And I'll believe you art divine.

THOMAS E. BOND.

\* *Platonic Theology*, by Taylor Lewis.

## BROWNING'S POEMS.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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BEFORE attempting any critical investigation of Browning's poems, we must pause for a moment to examine a question which it may seem surprising that any one should ever raise, and which has yet been raised by persons wanting neither in intelligence, taste nor judgment — the question, Is Browning really a poet at all? The answer, naturally, depends upon that to another question — What is a poet? And it certainly is a misfortune that to the word *poet* there has as yet been no definition given sufficiently terse, clear and comprehensive, so that the public, not liking the words "rhymester," "versifier," etc., which carry with them a sense of disparagement rather than precision, finds itself in the predicament of having but the one title for Pindar and Tupper, for Dante and Saxe.

We can not presume to remedy this misfortune by a satisfactory and universal definition of poetry; and even an attempt towards it would occupy more space than is at our disposal; but we think, with regard to Browning, we can throw some light upon the matter from data which will be conceded without argument.

No one, we presume, will deny that for a genuine poet three qualifying faculties are necessary:—Imagination; Capacity of noble emotion; Adequate power of expression. Without the first, he is prosaic; without the second, frigid; without the third, weak: in either case a fatal defect. But a closer investigation of that wonderfully subtle faculty we call Imagination, shows that it may be resolved into two forms—if these be not, indeed, as we strongly suspect, two entirely distinct faculties. For want of better names we will call them—remembering the fable of Pygmalion—Plastic Imagination and Vivifying Imagination.

Plastic Imagination is the faculty which supplies the poet—not by a process of thought, but by instantaneous suggestion—with new forms, combinations, persons or incidents, from which stock he takes what seems fit, and moulds it into his work as a sculptor moulds his clay, the artist remaining all the time outside of and distinct from his work, and fashioning it at his pleasure. To this there responds a receptive faculty in the reader, which reproduces the images to his mental vision for his enjoyment. For example:—

“ — Against a sky  
Of delicate purple, snow-bright courts and halls  
Touched with light silvery green, gleaming across,  
Fronted by pillars vast, cloud-capitalled,  
With shafts of changeful pearl, all reared upon  
An isle of clear ærial gold, came floating;  
And in the centre, clad in fleecy white,  
With lucid lilies in her golden hair,  
Eos, sweet Goddess of the Morning, stood.”

Here a faculty in the reader (also called imagination, so imperfect is language) reproduces, form by form and tint by tint, the whole scene, from the pale purple background of morning sky, to the radiant figure of Eos in the centre, and he feels it to be lovely. We need not give any further examples of what is so well understood.

But Vivifying Imagination, as we have called it, is a much subtler and stranger thing, and very difficult to analyse. It seems to be a power by which the poet, instead of standing outside of his work, enters into it or coalesces with it, so that it becomes alive. We can hardly reason why it is so, but only feel that it is so. The entrance of this new power is frequently felt by the reader as a sudden flash: or perhaps we can best compare it to that sensation experienced when, while looking into a person's eyes, we suddenly see that they are conscious of us — an instantaneous establishment of vital relations. A few examples will perhaps illustrate what it is impossible to define.

“ — all godlike exercise  
Of influence benign on planets pale,  
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,  
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,  
And all those acts which Deity supreme  
Doth ease its heart of love in.”

“ — ye paths that stray  
E'en as ye list; what odours and what sighs  
Tend your sweet silence through the star-showered night!”

“ As the bare green hill,  
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain,  
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny water  
To the unpavilioned sky.”

“ — daffodils  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.”

The pleasure that we receive from passages such as these is not only more exquisite but different from that afforded by plastic imagination, however rich. It may be that to enjoy them a peculiar faculty is required, and that this faculty may be denied to minds otherwise of high intelligence, as persons of acute vision are sometimes incapable of distinguishing colors. We can only define the effect by saying that a life seems to have passed into the thing imagined which brings it into a mysterious relation to our own life.

But when this vivifying imagination has for its subject a human soul, the result is a living being. The plastic imagination may furnish the mould and form of the character — may shape the statue — but this is the divine touch that quickens it with life. In a word, this is what is sometimes called the “creative faculty.”

But it may be objected here: since no one will dispute the poetic character of these citations, how is it that Browning, to whom we assign a large measure of this rare faculty, has yet had his poetship questioned?

There are two gifts bestowed upon great poets, rarely in equal measure: the gift of power and the gift of beauty. The gift of beauty

is by far the more common ; just as the sensibility to beauty is more common than the sensibility to power. There will be a thousand who can enjoy a rose for one who can feel all the grandeur of a mountain or a stormy sea. The passages we have quoted are all beautiful, and those will feel their beauty who are unconscious of their peculiar power. Now in Browning the gift of power is transcendent and that of beauty secondary. A poet with a sense of beauty equal to his power would not if he could, have written *Mr. Sludge*, *Caliban*, *Count Guido*, and other pieces that offend against beauty ; nor a multitude of pieces and passages which are not in themselves beautiful. Shakspeare draws Miranda and Caliban with equal power ; but Dante, in whom also power is preponderant, is more powerful in his Hell than in his Paradise. For this reason also much of Browning's verse is rugged and unmelodious, intense expression being with him the main object, melody and harmony being always secondary, and often intentionally avoided.

We therefore, finding in Browning transcendent imagination, perfect susceptibility to noble emotion, and always adequate expression, have no hesitation in pronouncing him not a poet merely, but a great poet.

Young poets, even those destined to become great, are usually found imitating the style of language or mode of thought of some master, until they have obtained full control of their own powers, and have wrought out for themselves their own vehicle of expression. But this was not the case with Browning. In *Paracelsus*, his first work, he is as distinctly original, both in matter and in handling, as in his latest. His style may not be so peculiar, nor does he allow himself the licenses that he indulges in later ; but it is as thoroughly his own. Instead of trying, as many do, various fields of poetry until they find that in which they succeed the best, he knew from the first the gift bestowed upon him and the task allotted. In 1863 he writes, speaking of "the incidents in the development of a soul,"—"little else is worth study. I, at least, always thought so." And so he thought when he wrote *Paracelsus*.

*Paracelsus* has been compared to *Faust*, but the resemblance is scarcely more than superficial. Faust is the type of the human race ; not this man or that, but Man, filled with vague desires for unattainable happiness, which he blindly gropes after in manifold ways. Paracelsus is an individual man, who starts on his career full of youthful enthusiasm, and with boundless aspirations after knowledge. He believes himself chosen and set apart for this work ; that to him all that man can know will be revealed ; or at least, that through him such an increase of knowledge will be poured out upon mankind that they will be raised almost to the threshold of heaven, which shall then receive —

"Creatures whom no unwonted splendors blind,  
But ardent to confront the unclouded blaze  
Whose beams not seldom blessed their pilgrimage,  
Not seldom glorified their life before."

Nor is his faith less than his ambition. He "sees his way as birds their trackless way." He hears God's voice breathing to him,—

“ ‘Be happy, my good soldier ; I am by thee,  
Be sure, even to the end !’ I answered not,  
Knowing Him.”

Strong in this supernal guidance, he rejects the labors of all who have gone before, choosing, like the bird, “a trackless way.” In the pride of his intellectual isolation, he will not admit the idea of any gain or honors to accrue to himself, haughtily saying,—“I never will be served by those I serve.”

So gallantly and gloriously he starts forth. Years pass, and we find him wise and full of strange lore, but all his knowledge proves but barren fruit. The trackless way leads nowhither : of the grand staircase by which humanity was to mount to the angels, the first step has not been laid : his early faith has grown dim. He learns that he has frustrated life by excluding love, and that merely self-conscious intellectual power does not avail him. He lowers his high mark a little, and condescends to teach what he knows : he becomes the physician, the popular and honored lecturer. Again he fails, having misjudged mankind as he had misjudged himself before. His lecture-room is filled, but his hearers make no start on their triumphant ascent. The grand life that was to do so much, is fast fleeting and nothing done. Too late he tries to seize some enjoyment at least — degrading pleasures which he despises, yet all that are left, for even his honors have now forsaken him. Thus he drives on, no longer keeping a steadfast course with his eye upon the star ; a drifting hulk, but still grand in its ruin. Finally he attains. But it is in a hospital cell, upon his death-bed, with life subsiding and eternity opening. He reviews his old life with new powers of vision, and the life he is about to enter reveals itself to him. In passionate eloquence he sums up his career. He failed of his aims because they were impossible, and marred his life because he was imperfect ; but failure in what he strove to do may none the less have been the accomplishment of what God meant to be done by him. Meanwhile he has striven for the good and against the evil, and the strife will be counted to him for victory. “Where’er I look,” he says,—

“ ‘Where’er I look is fire, where’er I listen  
Music, and where I tend, bliss evermore.”

Thus his spirit “goes joyous back to God.”

Browning’s next important poem, *Sordello*, may be considered a complement to *Paracelsus*. As in the former we have the life and aspirations of a student or man of knowledge, in the latter we have those of a poet or man of art. Paracelsus at the first renounced enjoyment : Sordello is one of those finely formed natures that live in an atmosphere of beauty, and inhale enjoyment at every pore. His radiant fancy creates for him an ideal world, while the actual world without is full of furious strife in Guelf and Ghibelline wars, forming a stormy background to the story. But Sordello can not be satisfied with his art alone, any more than Paracelsus with his knowledge : he craves human sympathies. It is not enough to show men visions of beauty, he must serve them — but in his own way ; he will teach and lead them — but in song. In vain : it can not be done. Half minstrel,

half statesman, he is nothing ; at discord with himself and all the world. Serve them their own way then — be a popular leader and inaugurate a new grand republic like old Rome. Rome is a theme worthy a poet's enthusiasm : bring back free Consular Rome again ! All in vain : he can not lift them to his level, so must descend to theirs, baffled every way. Of the two great factions, he leans toward the Guelf as tending most to popular liberty, but the chance is offered him of being a Ghibelline leader. Pondering upon this and upon his past life with its successes and failures, and upon the whole problem of human existence, he dies, a new life ready to begin, and his choice not made.

The defects of *Sordello* are, first, the narrative form which is unsuited to Browning's genius ; and secondly, the excessive condensation of thought, and the intricacy of the language. It abounds in breaks where the thought is dropped and taken up again paragraphs or pages afterwards, in ellipses of grammar and ellipses of thought where the idea is just hinted at by a word or two, as if it were familiar to the reader as a matter of course. This gives the poem so enigmatical a character, that anything like an adequate comprehension of it can only be obtained by very close study.

On the other hand it is rich in beauties ; especially in glowing bits of description scattered like handfuls of jewels ; and in periods of majestic music like the cadence of a trumpet. Both these are exemplified in the passage which couples *Sordello* and Dante, and the description of the Castle of Goito which immediately follows — both too long for quotation here. But mark the vivid painting of this bit of Italian landscape :—

“ — only pass  
O'er yon damp mound and its exhausted grass,  
Under that brake where sun-dawn feeds the stalks  
Of withered fern with gold, into those walks  
Of pine, and take her ! Buoyantly he went.  
Again his stooping forehead was besprent  
With dew-drops from the skirting ferns. Then wide  
Opened the great morass, *shot every side*  
*With flashing water through and through ; a-shine,*  
*Thick-steaming, all alive.* Whose shape divine  
Quivered in the farthest rainbow-vapour, glanced  
Athwart the flying herons ? He advanced,  
But warily ; though Mincio leaped no more,  
*Each footfull burst up in the marish floor*  
*A diamond jet ;* and if he stopped to pick  
Rose-lichen, or molest the leeches quick,  
And circling blood-worms, minnow, newt or loach,  
*A sudden pond would silently encroach*  
*This way and that.”*

Or the portrait of the old soldier Salinguerra :—

“ — agile, quick  
And graceful turned the head on the broad chest  
Encased in pliant steel, his constant vest,  
*Whence split the sun off in a spray of fire*  
*Across the room ;* and loosened of its tire  
Of steel, that head let see the comely brown  
Large massive locks discolored as if a crown

Encircled them, so frayed the basnet where  
A sharp white line divided clean the hair ;  
Glossy above, glossy below, it swept  
Curling and fine about the brow.

“Square-faced,  
No lion more ; two vivid eyes enchased  
In hollows filled with many a shade and streak  
Settling from the bold nose and bearded cheek.”

Just as if he had stepped out of an ancient picture-frame. But no painting could give that reflection of sunlight from the polished and damascened corslet. The poet here challenges the painter on his own ground and vanquishes him.

How far the poetic development of *Sordello's* mind is to be considered a reflection of the poet's own, we can not say. We note one point, however : in *Sordello* he plainly repudiates the doctrine of Art for Art's sake ; and in all his later poems we can not recall one which can be classed as a piece of pure Art, unless it be the quite exceptional fancy-piece, *Childe Roland*. Such poems as *Cavalier Lyrics*, or *How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, spirited and vigorous as they are, are rather the musician's prelude, trying the powers of his instrument. The intense consciousness of his own gift, and that it is a gift bestowed upon him for a purpose, makes Browning the most earnest of poets. The *Spieltrieb* theory of Art would find no acceptance with him : let German critics analyze as they may, it is with no sportive impulse that he takes up his pen. *Fra Lippo* is as serious and purposeful with him, as *Rabbi Ben Ezra* ; as with the ancient prophets the vision of the basket of summer fruit was as solemn, if not as majestic, as that of the living creatures and the terrible wheels. It may indeed be questioned whether he considers himself an artist at all, in the strict sense of the word. For art implies an ideal, a deliberate choice of material, and a more or less elaborate treatment : Browning's poems on the contrary are like organic growths, carrying each in itself the law of its development. It is only in this way that we can understand such a phenomenon as his minute portrait of a creature so ineffably vile and disgusting as *Mr. Sludge the Medium*. Piqued a little, perhaps, by a parcel of shameless falsehoods that a notorious member of the crew promulgated in reference to himself, he may have thought : “I know what the believers in these things are ; the type is abundantly common : but I am curious to understand what kind of vermin a *medium* may be.” And *Sludge* grew in his mind ; where those that have a like curiosity may find an ample answer.

Next, in increasing order of power, after *Paracelsus* and *Sordello*, come his Dramas, and here we find his genius displaying its full energy. We scarcely know where to find the parallel of these dramas, for vividness of expression, for intensity of passion, for vitality of character and profound psychology. The poignant pathos of *A Blot in the 'Scutchcon*, the grand simplicity of *Luria*, and the life and energy of *The Return of the Druses*, place them at once among the master-pieces of genius. If to the first of these tragedies it might be objected on ethical grounds that the tragic ending is brought about not as the inevitable, inexorable result of the sin, but partly by chance, through the forester's discovery, but for which the marriage which was to repair all

would have taken place ; and again, that the deaths result from the sudden intensity of Thorold's wrath which will not allow him to listen until it is too late, and that the poet should not make his catastrophe depend upon frequency or slackness of the pulse, or greater or less tension of the nerves ; and that when Thorold says,— "*Mertoun,—haste and anger have undone us,*" he destroys the lesson of the tragedy ; —still it gains perhaps in pathos what it loses in grandeur. Inexpressibly sweet and pitiful is the scene between the lovers, with their alternations of love and sorrow, fear and hope, while destiny already has them in her net.

In *Luria* the tragic motive springs from the incompatibility of the simple, confident, ardent nature of the hero with the keen, cold, intellectual Florentines. Luria has a woman's heart in a hero's frame ; his nature is essentially feminine. He can not understand how it is that he can neither win their love nor trust, though they are as lavish of praises as he is of services. While he wins battles for them, they are watching suspiciously every movement, and even deliberating on his removal, perhaps his death, lest he should use his victorious army to seize the supreme power ; so little do they understand his simple devotion. When the discovery comes, Braccio, whom he deemed his friend, frankly admits that he thought precautions against him necessary ; and Puccio, his trusted second in command, confesses that he has been playing the spy and informer on his actions ; and Domizia, who he thought loved him, only cared for him, he finds, as a possible instrument of her revenge. The wound is too deep, and having nothing more to live for, he proves his good faith by his death.

In the third of the tragedies we have mentioned, the action is more complicated. There is a colony of Druses in an island in the *Ægæan*, grievously oppressed by their masters, the Knights of Rhodes. Djabal, a Druse who as a child had witnessed the massacre of his family, and has since travelled much in Western lands, conceives the design of rescuing his people, and leading them to their ancient home on Lebanon. To this end he weaves a subtle net of intrigue : persuades the young knight Loys of Dreux that they are Christians and his kinsmen, that he may aspire to and obtain the prefecture of the isle ; and he also intrigues with the Venetians to give up the island to them, if they will furnish a safe escort to the departing Druses. Thus he deals with the Franks ; but to acquire the necessary power and leadership of his people, he is obliged to feign that he is *Hakeem* — a sort of god or divine incarnation their traditions have led them to expect — and promises to manifest his glory to them on the day of their liberation. Thus his designs, originally pure but impracticable, are smutched with fraud ere they can be made to yield any result. Nor are his motives entirely free from selfishness : he loves Anael, a beautiful enthusiastic maiden of his tribe, who loves him in return, not as the mere man Djabal, but as Hakeem the more than mortal. Once involved in this web of falsehood, he can not escape. Anael, thinking she is doing the will of heaven, kills the Prefect whom Djabal had marked for destruction. Djabal owns his deception to her. But if he be mere man, where is her divine betrothed ? what is she but a murderess ? Will he throw off his mask and accept the consequences ? No : the

Venetians are at hand and he must play his part to the end. Anael kills herself. In the depth of his despair the thought seizes him that he *is* Hakeem, the promised liberator, after all. The Venetian galleys are here, the Druses are free — all that Hakeem was to do he has done — and it now only remains for him to complete the prediction and exalt himself — by a self-inflicted death.

The poem is full of touching passages ; perhaps none more so than the supplication of Khalil, Anael's brother, that Djabal will restore her to life :—

“ — Save her for my sake !  
 She was already thine — she would have shared  
 To-day thine exaltation — think ! this day  
 Her hair was plaited thus because of thee —  
 Yes, feel the soft bright hair — feel !  
 “ See I kiss — how I kiss thy garment's hem  
 For her ! She kisses it — Oh, take her deed  
 In mine ! — Thou dost believe now, Anael ? — See  
 She smiles ! Were her lips open o'er the teeth  
 So, when I spoke first ? She believes in thee !  
 Go not without her to the Cedars, Lord !  
 Or leave us both — I can not go alone ! ”

What imparts a peculiar sadness to these dramas, is that these passionate exuberant lives, thus tragically cut short, are failures after all. There is no great wrong redressed, no good cause made triumphant by them. Prometheus looks forward to a coming victory ; Clytæmnestra and Orestes expiate unnatural crime ; the death of the Veronese lovers heals an ancient blood-feud ; that of Macbeth inaugurates a new era for Scotland. The thick darkness at the end does not leave us without a promise of the dawning of a new day. But here the end of all the fierce passion, the struggle and the strife, as in *Paracelsus* and *Sordello*, is failure ; and we are tempted to ask in his own words :—

“ Is this your moral of Life ?  
 Such a web, simple and subtle,  
 Weave we on earth here in impotent strife,  
 Backward and forward each throwing his shuttle,  
 Death ending all with a knife ? ”

We may find some answer to this question before we have done.

But to our mind, more wonderful than these is that series of poems which we may group under the apt title the poet has given to a part of them, *Dramatic Lyrics*, as lyrical in form but dramatic in principle. Browning's genius is essentially and entirely dramatic, and more perfectly so than that of any other recent writer whom we know. He does not stand aloof upon a post of observation and depict a character as it appears from his point of view : he enters into it, becomes it for the time, thinks its thought and speaks its speech. We pass along that wondrous gallery, not of dead faces but of living souls, with ever increasing marvel. Nothing seems too high for him, nothing too low, from David rapt in prophetic vision, to Caliban propounding his conceptions of Setebos ; nothing too spiritual or too gross, from the dying Apostle, his soul already more than half within the veil, to the muck-worm Sludge, disgorging his grovelling confession. The painter in colors or words who reproduces or re-arranges what he has seen, the

philosopher ascending from steep to steep the height of his lofty thoughts, the passionate lyrist venting his emotions in burning words, these we can comprehend while we admire ; but this creative gift — this power of becoming another soul — is something not merely wonderful, not merely mysterious, but awful and divine. We may apply more forcibly to it the words of the poet's own musician, marvelling at the mysteries of harmony : Had he translated his emotions by painting, he says, it would be less worthy of wonder ;—

“ Had I written the same, made verse — still effect proceeds from cause ;  
 Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told ;  
 It is ail triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws ;  
 Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled :  
 But here is the finger of God, a *flash of the will that can,*  
*Existent behind all laws,* that made them, and lo, they are !  
 And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,  
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.”

Out of a poet's experiences and emotions, not a differentiated Shakespeare or Browning, but a Miranda, a Falstaff, a Mildred, a Count Guido, a Pope Innocent. “ Not a fourth sound, but a star.”

One of the grandest poems in this series is *Saul*. The evil spirit — that is, a paroxysm of black and utter despair — has come upon the Hebrew king, and the young David is summoned to console and cheer him with minstrelsy. One by one he tries his songs, blithe pastoral ditties, “ the tune all our sheep know,” “ the help-tune of our reapers,” a marriage chant, a triumphant march, a hymn “ intoned as the Levites go up to the altar ;” but none of these can reach the King's anguish. Then he praises the joy of life, the triumph of having done the work appointed to each to do, and how to the King has been allotted the chief task and the chief triumph. At this Saul becomes “ released and aware,” but his despair still remains. All comfort that life can give has been brought before him, and it avails him not. “ Life is good,” his soul admits, but it has no good for him. Then David sings of an old age full of happy memories, of the reverence and love of a people for their monarch, of wide-spread fame. And when the King dies, a magnificent tomb, “ a gray mountain of marble,” shall mark his resting place, and the traditions of the people, the records of history and the songs of bards, all praising “ the great First King,” shall perpetuate his memory. But Saul's despair arises from the knowledge that he has incurred the wrath of God, and none of these things can console him. David can not speak of a reconciliation with the Almighty, nor has he any knowledge of immortality ; but while he sings, new visions press upon him ; exceeding love and pity bring revelation : he seizes the unknown thought of God's infinite love. May not Saul, the failure, the ruin, be filled with another life and restored to God's favor once more ? For, now he sees :—

“ Would I fain, in my impotent yearning, do all for this man,  
 And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet alone can ?”  
 “ — 'tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what he Would do !  
 See the King — I would help him but can not, the wishes fall through.  
 Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,  
 To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would — knowing which,  
 I know that my service is perfect. — Oh speak through me now !  
 Would I suffer for him that I love ? So wilt Thou — so wilt Thou !

O Saul it shall be

A Face like my face that receives thee : a Man like to me  
 Thou shalt love and be loved by forever ! a Hand like this hand  
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See the CHRIST stand !"

To appreciate the full compass of the poet's power, we pass at once to the opposite extreme, to the theology of *Caliban upon Setebos*. Caliban, sprawling while the day's heat is at its greatest,—

" Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire "—

instead of doing his work, begins to speculate upon the nature of "his dam's god, Setebos." He opines that he made the isle and all upon it, partly from fidgety restlessness, and partly to have something he could vent his spite upon.

" Put case, unable to be what I wish,  
 I yet could make a live bird out of clay :  
 Would I not take clay, pinch my Caliban  
 Able to fly ? — for, there, see he hath wings,  
 And great comb like the hoopoe's to admire,  
 And there a sting to do his foes offence,  
 There, and I will that he begin to live,  
 Fly to yon rock-top, nip me off the horns  
 Of grigs high up that make their merry din,  
 Saucy through their veined wings, and mind me not."

If it broke its leg in the feat, he might, as the fancy took him, give it three legs for one, or snap off the other.

" Were this no pleasure, lying in the thyme,  
 Drinking the mash, with brain become alive,  
 Making and marring clay at will ? So, He."  
 " Thinketh such shows nor right nor wrong in Him,  
 Nor kind nor cruel : He is strong and Lord."

He himself tyrannises over the soldier-crabs, bruising one and feeding another, out of mere waywardness :—

" As it likes me each time, I do : so He."

Moreover the created things possess some faculties that their creator does not possess, but woe to them if they pride themselves thereon. He has sometimes made a bird-call of elder,—

" That blown through gives exact the scream of the jay  
 When from her wing you twitch the feathers blue : "  
 " Put case such pipe could prattle and boast and say  
 ' I catch the birds : I am the crafty thing :  
 I make the cry my maker can not make  
 With his great round mouth ; he must blow through mine ! '  
 Would I not smash it with my foot ? So He."

He infers that because created things are liable to suffering, Setebos made them so that he might plague them for his pleasure :—

" Who made them weak, meant weakness he might vex "—  
 " Also, it pleaseth Setebos to work,  
 Use all his hands, and exercise much craft,  
 By no means for the love of what is worked "—

as he himself often for his amusement

"Falls to make something : 'piled yon pile of turfs,  
And squared and stuck there squares of soft white chalk,  
And with a fish-tooth scratched a moon on each,  
And set up endwise certain spikes of tree,  
And crowned the whole with a sloth's skull a-top,  
Found dead i' the woods, too hard for one to kill.  
No use at all i' the work, for work's sole sake :  
'Shall some day knock it down again : so He."

"Meanwhile, the best way to escape his ire  
Is, not to seem too happy. 'Sees, himself,  
Yonder two flies with purple films and pink,  
Bask on the pompion-bell above : kills both.  
'Sees two black painful beetles roll their ball  
On head and tail as if to save their lives :  
Moves them the stick away they strive to clear."

"Even so, 'would have Him misconceive, suppose  
This Caliban strives hard and ails no less,  
And always, above all else, envies Him.  
Wherefore he mainly dances on dark nights,  
Moans in the sun, gets under holes to laugh,  
And never speaks his mind save housed as now :  
Outside, groans, curses. If He caught me here,  
O'erheard this speech, and asked 'What chuckle at ?'"

he would perform certain acts of deprecatory sacrifice.

"What, what ? A curtain o'er the world at once !  
Crickets stop hissing ; not a bird — or, yes,  
There scuds His raven that hath told Him all !  
It was fool's play, this prattling ! Ha ! The wind  
Shoulders the pillared dust, death's house o' the move,  
And fast invading fires begin ! White blaze —  
A tree's head snaps — and, there, there, there, there,  
His thunder follows ! Fool to gibe at Him !  
Lo ! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos !  
'Maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip,  
Will let those quails fly, will not eat this month  
One little mess of wheiks, so he may scape !"

The drift of this piece is obvious enough ; but this interests us far less than the conception of the poet. Compare it with another piece of good work — say Tennyson's *Simcon Stylites* — and see the difference between the narrative and the dramatic poet. We see at once the process by which the poet, taking certain qualities which he conceives to belong to the character, composes his Simeon ; but where did Browning find his Caliban ?

But leaving these exceptional personages, let us see how he renders thoughts and feelings belonging to the ordinary levels of humanity. In *James Lee* we have the tragedy of a heart that watches the slow inevitable waning of love in the one it had trusted and given itself to ; but none of the circumstances or details are told us : we read them all in the varying moods of one soul. This is Browning's mode carried perhaps to excess. It is demanding too much of the reader's synthetic power, to say to him :—"This and this were the successive states of feeling of a certain soul. You can fill in for yourself the conditions that brought them about : it is not worth my while to do it." Many of his shorter poems make this demand or suppose this faculty in the reader ; a faculty far inferior, we admit, to the poet's own, but still sufficiently rare to partially justify the criticism that "Browning is a poet for poets."

However, we are all poets enough to understand the truth and beauty of *Any Wife to any Husband*. A wife, whose husband's love for her is true and deep, knows yet that after her death he will love again. She will not blame him for this ; and yet how different is her love for him ! "It cannot change the love still kept for Her," he will argue to himself—

"So must I see, from where I sit and watch,  
My own self sell myself, my hand attach  
Its warrant to the very thefts from me—  
Thy singleness of soul that made me proud,  
Thy purity of heart I loved aloud,  
Thy man's truth I was bold to bid God see !

Love so, then, if thou wilt ! Give all thou canst  
Away to the new faces—disentranced—

(Say it and think it) obdurate no more,  
Re-issue looks and words from the old mint,  
Pass them afresh, no matter whose the print  
Image and superscription once they bore !

Re-coin thyself and give it them to spend—  
It all comes to the same thing at the end,  
Since mine thou wast, mine art, and mine shalt be,  
Faithful or faithless, sealing up the sum  
Or lavish of my treasure, thou must come  
Back to the heart's place here I keep for thee !

Only, why should it be with stain at all ?  
Why must I, 'twixt the leaves of coronal,  
Put any kiss of pardon on thy brow ?  
Why need the other women know so much,  
And talk together,— 'Such the look, and such  
The smile he used to love with, then as now !'

*Might I die last and show thee !"*

This is the very depth of a woman's heart, entered, possessed, lived in by the same spirit that has drawn *Fra Lippo*, *Bishop Blougram*, and *Cleon*.

In his latest poem, *The Ring and the Book*, he tries to offer us some explanation of the process by which these things are done, but it is much like one telling a blind man how men see :—We open our eyes— that he understands— and look ; but how look ? Even as God made man, he tells us, so man

"Repeats God's process in man's due degree,  
Attaining man's proportionate result,—  
Creates, no, but resuscitates, perhaps."

"No less, man, bounded, yearning to be free,  
May so project his surplusage of soul  
In search of body, so add self to self  
By owning what lay ownerless before,—  
So find, so fill full, so appropriate forms—  
That something dead may get to live again."

Even as Elisha,

"Who bade them lay his staff on a corpse-face :  
There was no voice, no hearing : he went in  
Therefore, and shut the door upon them twain  
And prayed unto the Lord : and he went up

And lay upon the corpse, dead on the couch,  
And put his mouth upon its mouth, his eyes  
Upon its eyes, his hands upon its hands,  
And stretched him on the flesh : the flesh waxed warm.  
And he returned, walked to and fro the house,  
And went up, stretched him on the flesh again,  
And the eyes opened. 'Tis a credible feat  
With the right man and way."

That is, if we understand his parable aright, mere study and intellectual evolution of the character would be but the ineffectual laying on of the staff. This we concede: these corpses duly labelled and each with a staff across its face, make a perfect Morgue of modern literature. But the life-giving process is to lay his soul upon them, as he elsewhere expresses it,—

"I fused my live soul and that inert stuff"—

and they arise and live. It is so: the miracle is worked: and we can only say with the *Abt Vogler*,—

"There, ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!"

To an age of faith, and an age of derisive mockery, has succeeded an age of mere despair. Science admits that she knows and can know nothing but phenomena, of which man himself is but one; Philosophy is letting go her hold upon her grand postulate. So with the poets: Tennyson feebly "trusts that somehow Good may be the final goal of Ill," because he feels that without such trust life were intolerable; but he confesses himself to be, at best, but —

"An infant crying in the night;  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

Arnold melodiously laments that whereas some centuries ago faith would have been possible to him, it is now possible no longer; the sweet, clear, Greek-souled Morris has a sad minor undertone of hopelessness running through all his poetry; Swinburne rushes in desperation to passion, as sinking sailors burst open the spirit-room, and Baudelaire stands white in frank despair. Has this poet any better tidings for us than these?

We have already called attention to the number of these poems that tell a story of failure, purposes unaccomplished, love wasted, lives thrown away; and this question:—What is success and what failure, and what is the ultimate result of man's brief and painful existence?—comes up more than once for solution, receiving several answers, which are in truth but parts of one answer. David replies to the question,—what success may spring from these failures, what victory from these defeats?—that man is exalted not by the achievement but the will; and a defeat may be counted to him for a victory. *Rabbi Ben Ezra* answers that it is not for us to say what is success and what failure:—

"Not on the vulgar mass  
Called 'work,' must sentence pass  
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;

O'er which, from level stand,  
The low world laid its hand,  
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice :

But all the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main account ;  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount :

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;  
All I could never be,  
All, men ignored in me,  
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

"Fool ! All that is, at all,  
Lasts ever, past recall ;  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :  
What entered into thee,  
That was, is, and shall be :  
Time's wheel runs back or stops : Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee midst this dance  
Of plastic circumstance,  
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :  
Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed."

"Look not thou down, but up !  
To uses of a cup,  
The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's peal,  
The new wine's foaming flow,  
The Master's lips aglow —  
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel ?"

And the *Abt Vogler* answers : —

"There shall never be one lost good ! What was shall live as before ;  
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound :  
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more :  
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven a perfect round."

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence  
For the fulness of the days ? Have we withered or agonized ?  
Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing might issue thence ?  
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized ?"

But *Pope Innocent* gives the fullest and firmest answer. Pondering on the problems : — God made man ; is man, such as we see him, such as we feel ourselves to be, the Master's handiwork ? God undertook to save man —

"Well, is the thing we see salvation ? I  
Put no such dreadful question to myself,  
Within whose circle of experience burns  
The central truth, Power, Wisdom, Goodness — God :  
I must outlive a thing ere know it dead :  
When I outlive the faith there is a sun,  
When I lie, ashes to the very soul, —

Some one, not I must wait above the heap,  
 'He died in dark whence never more arose.'  
 While I see day succeed the deepest night —  
 How can I speak but as I know? — my speech  
 Must be, throughout the darkness, 'It will end :  
 The light that did burn, will burn !' Clouds obscure —  
 But for which obscurity all were bright ?  
 Too hastily concluded ! Sun-suffused,  
 A cloud may soothe the eye made blind by blaze,—  
 Better the very clarity of heaven :  
 The soft streaks are the beautiful and dear."  
 "And that which men think weakness within strength,  
 But angels know for strength and stronger yet —  
 What were it else but the first things made new,  
 But repetition of the miracle,  
 The divine instance of self-sacrifice  
 That never ends and aye begins for man ?  
 So never I miss footing in the maze ;  
 No,— I have light nor fear the dark at all."

Doubtless there are many who declare that they have light ; but we doubt their declaration, perceiving that they are palpably with us in the thick of the shadow, nor gifted, that we can discover, with faculties superior to our own. But here is this our brother with keener vision than ours, and placed upon a height from which he sees much that we can not see ; do his eyes detect any gray lines in the east, any cheerful prophecy of the dawning? And his answer comes back to us clear and unfaltering from his mountain top :—

"I have light nor fear the dark at all !"

WM. HAND BROWNE.

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## CAPE FIFTY.

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FOR THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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SOME maritime gentleman of whom I have read, said "he had weathered Cape Fifty," in answer to an inquiry relating to his age. Albeit unused to naval nomenclature, the idea conveyed to my mind included the thought of deliverance from personal evil: as if Fifty, jutting into the ocean of Time, were a dangerous promontory, whereon the barques of humanity might be wrecked ; to be approached with doubt and dread, and to be passed—weathered—with careful circumspection, as the vessel glided into the smoother seas beyond. As I have recently weathered this Cape, sundry musings upon the

general subject have had possession of me, and tyrannical habit impels me to this present occupation. So it may happen that these vagrant and desultory meditations will fall into shape, and through the pages of *The New Eclectic* reach and entertain the many friends I count among its readers.

From my standpoint, the land seems to slope either way. And the retrospective glance is inevitable. Cape Fifty is favorably situated for bird's-eye views. One looks backward with great composure from this table-land, where the air is pure, though there be mists "adown the slope." How many footprints are visible, and how uncertain and straggling some of them appear! Although the memory does not hold the entire record with the tenacity of younger years, yet the track is there, mapped out and recorded. Men talk and write of the retrospect of a well-spent life; but such talkers and writers are on the wrong side of Cape Fifty, I fancy, because this rare atmosphere clears the purblind vision of immature days, and one can see beneficent providences in most of the hindrances and disappointments of the long past. Moreover, if one has been well instructed, he will discover how the Provider and Deliverer won renown in places where the ineffaceable track is most erratic, and where the epitaphs of failure are thickest. The record of the best spent life is but the story of numberless lapses, and he who can look back with complacent approval of his own doings through the struggles of fifty years, has climbed the steep in vain.

Perhaps the most incredible fact which the thinker on Cape Fifty has to deal with is that he was once a Boy. This is certainly the foundation of the doctrine of Pythagoras. No authentic example of metempsychosis can compare with the established transmigration of the Boy-soul into the body of the Man, and the known fact that thenceforward this being is amenable to law and possessed of the discourse of reason. If you have reached this Cape, try to identify yourself with the creature you remember who bore your name thirty-five or forty years ago. If your memory is weak you may refresh it with little trouble, by catching any colt of the human family and putting him through his native paces. The salient points will appear, for the animal is the same in all ages and conditions. If you happen to own one of these treasures, when he bursts into your house at eventide with the gentleness of a locomotive and nineteen laden freight-cars under full headway, you can fancy how your affectionate parents used to rejoice at *your* appearance. Do you remember the size of the boots you wore at fifteen? Do you remember your ravenous longing for food, just after you had eaten a dinner that might have stalled a yoke of oxen? Do you remember how you lay awake at night, after getting through your religious duties, compressed into the brief sentence, "Now I lay me," and wondering how you could abolish soap and water? Do you remember *purlowing* a cigar from your big brother, who had locked the box in a bureau-drawer, by taking out the drawer above, while you anathematized his meanness and chuckled over his stupidity? Do you remember *abstracting* a coal from the kitchen fire, when the cook's back was turned, and carrying it between two chips (there were no friction matches in those days), and getting to the street by the back alley? Do you remember recounting the exploit to half-a-score of

kindred spirits, while you sat upon a cellar-door and tried to look as though you liked it? Ah! do you not remember your subsequent experience, as you were led home, limp and flexible, while you concocted an improbable tale to account for the odor in your hair and the blueness of your gills?

“Happy, happy days of childhood”—

the poet sings; but my deliberate opinion is, that the admiration with which the invisible imps of darkness undoubtedly regard their congeners on the surface is tinged with envy, as they see daily manifestations of superior capacities, and more brilliant versatility and genius, in the he-human in his nonage, or rather his *imp*age.

From this altitude, many objects come into view which were hidden during the strife and struggle of the ascent. Some of them, like the mile-stones on ordinary roads, are marks of progress. Some of these way-marks have little green mounds beside them, and then they indicate the spots where your conflict was hardest, and your deepest heart-scars were won. It is noticeable that the scars do not heal even on the hill-top; and the calm philosophy that may be found on Cape Fifty, in so far as it is founded on merely human wisdom and experience, is little worth. What ghastly mockery is the world's best consolation in times of bereavement! How attenuated and empty seems human sympathy, when measured by the memory of these old wounds! But the Healer does not intend the chastisement to be presently joyous, but rather grievous, and with wise precaution He maintains the integrity of the scars; keeping you from callous indifference one one hand, and from fainting under His rebuke on the other.

Haply, there are footprints close beside one's own, marking all the long trail, from the time when one first walked with the stride of a man, to the attainment of this peaceful elevation. In such a case, what wondrous lessons of wisdom may the wayfarer learn, even in his brief rest upon the summit of the Cape! For the inexorable logic of the retrospect demonstrates the feebleness of one's labored deductions, when compared with *her* intuitions. Younger men can afford to smile with generous forbearance at their wives' swift decisions of complicated questions. But the Benedict who pauses on our Cape, smiles at the remembrance of his own folly in resisting or doubting her superior intelligence. Because, mark you, women do not arrive at their conclusions by the process that men call ratiocinative. They are possessed of superior powers, they employ far higher faculties, whereby they prove their nearer kinship to the angelic intelligences. Very probably these keen perceptions are not developed, except in cases where the wonderful goodness of God has united a true woman to a true man. Very probably such unions are rare; but in them, and only in them, has God found the earthly type of the oneness subsisting betwixt the Bridegroom and the Bride, which, after all, is the sum and substance of His marvellous revelation. In such a case, however, the identity of interest has secured identity of suffering, and the pilgrims have twin scars. Behold, O wise Philosopher, the perfection of human sympathy! You may compass sea and land; you may probe to the depths of all human emotions, but in no other earthly relation-

ship shall you discover the fulness of the Bridegroom's sympathy: "He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, because He hath been tried in all points, like as we are."

One more glance in retrospection, or more accurately, at the present surroundings. It is hardly credible that any unmated wretch of a Bachelor has lived to reach the Cape. It is entirely incredible that such a one has read these desultory reflections thus far. Therefore, the slight hints herein set down, touching the condition of the man who has so far fulfilled his destiny as to link another life with his own, are addressed only to the heads of families. There is a pleasant legal fiction, according with the vague conception of outside barbarians, which gives this headship to the male occupant of the throne. The delusion is harmless, but this discussion has nothing to do with the question of ultimate authority. Aside from and independently of this, the influence exerted by the father who has reached Cape Fifty through a tolerably decorous life, is far beyond any other example of moral suasion. His will is law, absolute and despotic. There is no appeal from his decisions; and so, if he be wise, he rarely asserts his prerogatives. And if he also happen to be endowed with the wisdom that cometh down from above, he apprehends the awful fact that he stands to his household in the place of God. No priesthood compares with his, except that which is after the power of an endless life. He who can master all that is included in this suggestion, may conceive something of the responsibility that rests upon him, as the guide, the instructor, the exemplar of his children.

Let no man, however, include his son and heir in this category, if he is in the adolescent or transition state. It is possible to teach a boy about two lessons, by tireless application, to wit: to avoid lying, and to refrain from setting the family domicile afire. The writer has compressed his moral suasion into these two short prohibitions, as applied to the boy-creature, and he is contented and thankful that his teaching has not been in vain. It is not wise to run counter to nature, who is beneficent with her law of compensation. If your boy gets astride the topmost chimney, provided with a basket of stones, wherewith to pelt unwary travellers in the street, do not interfere with his healthful recreation. He won't slip. Or if he borrows your powder-horn (without the useless formality of asking your consent), and blows himself up fifteen or twenty yards, behind the stable, do not bother him with unnecessary questions when he comes in with singed eyebrows and begrimed visage. It will not hurt him materially, and the eyebrows will grow out again. Remember that he comes of an evil stock, and cultivate the grace of patience. If you take him out for a short walk, and purchase for his sole use and benefit, from the contents of six or eight fruit-stands, in as many minutes, pears, peaches, caramels, bananas, candy, and pea-nuts, do not be surprised if he clutches your coat-tail with sticky claws, and implores you at the end of the promenade to get him some food. Probably he has not eaten more than half a barrellful, and the child is growing.

Many of the assailants with whom the pilgrim has contended most fiercely hitherto, will strike more feebly henceforward. It is not necessary to particularize. Each wayfarer has his own special foes, and if

he has kept up the warfare, and prevented the formation of evil habits thus far, he may be hopeful for the future. There are highlands in sight, upon which his eyes have been fixed for weary years. There is Point Fame, it may be ; but from Cape Fifty, the darksome caverns that tunnel its sides return but hollow echoes. Or, more likely, there is Mount Mammon, its terraced slopes adorned with princely mansions and redolent gardens, and always desirable because it enables its inhabitants to dispense princely charities to the dwellers in less favored localities. Beware, however, of its seductive promise of inglorious ease, for this is the most attractive lure visible from our Cape.

Addressing himself to the remainder of his journey, mercifully hidden in the "viewless, fated future," the pilgrim may travel the entire distance through the pleasant Vale of Content. Probably there are conflicts ahead, but the warrior has obtained his panoply on Cape Fifty—or never. Henceforward he does not beat the air. He ought to be a soldier whose prowess has been proven, and he should march with the confident stride of a veteran. Some ancient fighter said, when he bared his weapon his arm became steel to the shoulder, and his sword became sensitive flesh to the point. While other faculties are dulled, his hearing has become more acute, and he can distinguish the voice of his Captain amid the din of the hardest fray. It is a grand attainment set before poor humanity, but it is possible to spend the remainder of his allotted time in promoting the welfare of others, and above all, in laboring, enduring, and hoping for the honor and endless enjoyment of the Master.

ALCIBIADES JONES.

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*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## THE BOATMAN.

By PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

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### I.

HALF sleeping still, I stand among  
 The silvery, trembling sedges,  
 And hear the river rolling strong,  
 Through mists that veil its edges.  
 "Up, Boatman, up ! the moments flee  
 As on the bank I shiver ;  
 And thou must row me towards the sea  
 Along this length of river."

The Boatman rose and stretched his hand —  
 “Come in — thou hast far to go ;”  
 And through the drowsy reeds from land  
 The boat went soft and slow ;  
     Stealing and stilly, and soft and slow.

And the Boatman looked in my face and smiled :  
 “Thy lids are yet heavy ; sleep on, poor child !  
     Lulled by the drip  
     Of the oars I dip,  
 Measured and musical, sure and steady —  
     Sleep by my side  
     While from home we glide.”  
 And I dreamily murmur, “From home already !”

## II.

I awake with a start — on my sight flashes day.  
 “So late, and so little advanced on the way ;  
 Arouse thee, old laggard, and row me faster,  
     Or never a stiver thou’lt get from me.”  
 “When the voyage is over, my pert young master,  
     Be sure the grey Boatman will earn his fee.  
 But whether I seem to thee fast or slow,  
 There is but one speed for the boat I row ;  
 I measure my movements by no man’s taste,  
 Whether he ask me to halt or haste.  
     Plish, plash, drop upon drop,  
     On without hurry, but on without stop ;  
 The clock on yon turret is not so steady.”  
 “If crawl we must at this snail-like pace,  
     Ere the river flow curved to the curving shore,  
 Let me take a last look at my native place,  
     And the green of the sedges — one last look more.  
     Where the home of my birth ?  
     Is it blotted from earth ?  
 Just left, and now lost to my sight already !”

Tauntingly answered the Boatman grey :  
     “Not a moment ago  
     Didst thou call me slow ;  
 But already’s a word thou wilt often say.  
     ’Tis the change of the shore  
     Proves the speed of the oar,  
 Stealing the banks away, stealthy, steady.”

## III.

“See from the buds of the almond bough  
 A beautiful fairy rise ;

Now it skims o'er the glass of the wave, and now  
It soars to its kindred skies :  
Follow its flight,  
Or, lost to sight,  
It will vanish amid the skies !"

"My boat cannot flee as thy fairy flees ;  
Ten thousand things with brighter wings  
Disport in the sun, and, one by one,  
Are scattered before the breeze.  
But only the earliest seen, as now,  
Can dazzle deluded eyes ;  
And never again from the almond bough  
For thee will a fairy rise !  
Already the insect is drowned in the wave  
Which I cut with my careless oar ;  
Already thine eye has forgotten its grave,  
Allured by the roses on shore.  
Though I measure my movements by no man's taste,  
Whether he ask me to halt or haste,  
Yet I time my way to the best of my power,  
That the fairest place hath the fairest hour ;  
Behold, in the moment most golden of day,  
Air and wave take the hues of the rose-garden bay,  
While my boat glides as softly as if it could stop,  
The oars on the smoothness so languidly drop,  
Softer and softer,  
Softer and softer,  
Softer and softer, though never less steady.  
Interfused on the stream  
Both the rose and the beam,  
Lo, the arms of the bay close around thee already !"  
"Rising out from the stream,  
As from slumber a dream —  
Is it Eden that closes around me already ?

## IV.

"Oh, land and leave me ! take my gold ;  
My course is closed before the sea.  
Fair on the garden mount, behold  
An angel form that becks to me !  
With her to rest, as rests the river,  
In airs which rose-hues flush for ever."

"Thou bad'st me follow a fairy, when  
An insect rose from the almond bough ;  
I did not follow thy fairy then,  
I may not halt for thine angel now.

Never the fare whom I once receive,  
 Till the voyage be over, I land or leave.  
 But I'm not such a churl as I seem to be,  
 And the angel may sit in my boat with thee."

Tinkle, tinkle — "What means that bell?"

"Thine angel is coming thyself to tell.

See her stand on the margin by which we shall glide —  
 Open thine arms and she springs to thy side."

"Close, close to my side,

O angel! O bride!

A fresh sun on the universe dawns from thine eyes,

To shine evermore

Through each change on the shore,

And undimmed by each cloud that flits over the skies."

Side by side thus we whisper — "Who loves, loves for ever,

As wave upon wave to the sea runs the river,

And the oar on the smoothness drops noiseless and steady,

Till we start with a sigh,

Was it she — was it I —

Who first turned to look back on the way we had made?

Who first saw the soft tints of the garden-land fade?

Who first sighed — "See the rose-hue is fading already?"

V.

"Boatman, look at the blackening cloud;

Put into yon sheltered creek,

For the lightning is bursting its ghastly shroud,

And hark how the thunders break!"

"No storm on this river outlasts its hour;

As I stayed not for sun, so I stay not for shower.

Is thy mantle too scanty to cover thy bride?

Or are two not as one, if they cling side to side?"

I gather my mantle around her form,

And as on one bosom descends the storm.

"Look up," said the Boatman; "the storm is spent:

No storm on this river outlasts its hour;

And the glories that colour the world are blent

In the cloud which gave birth to the thunder-shower."

The heaven is glad with the iris-beams,

The earth with the sparkling dew;

And fresher and brighter creation seems,

For the rain that has pierced me through.

There's a change in myself, and the change is chill;

There's a change, O my bride, in thee.

Is it the shade from the snow-capt hill,

Which nears as we near the sea?

But gone from her eye is the tender light,  
From her lip the enchanting play ;  
And all of the angel that blest my sight  
Has passed from my bride away ;—  
Like the fairy that dazzled my earlier sight,  
The angel has passed away.

Muttered the Boatman —“ So like them all ;  
They mark the change in the earth and sky,  
Yet marvel that change should themselves befall,  
And that hearts should change with the changing eye ;  
They swear ‘ for ever ’ to sigh ‘ already ! ’  
Within from the bosom, without on the stream,  
Flit shadow and light as a dream flits on dream ;  
But never to hurry, and never to stop,  
Plish, plash, drop upon drop,  
My oars, through all changes, move constant and steady.”

Down the stream still we glide,  
Still we sit side by side —  
Side by side, feeling lonely, and sighing “ already ! ”

## VI.

Bustle and clatter, and dissonant roar !  
The mart of a mighty town,  
From the cloudy height to the stony shore,  
Wearily lengthening down.  
And here and there, and everywhere,  
Are gamesters at eager play —  
The poor and the rich, none can guess which is which,  
So motlily mixed are they.  
Not a man but his part in the gaming takes,  
Wherever the dice from the dice-box fall ;  
Beggars or prince in the lottery stakes —  
The beggar his crust, and the prince his all.  
And the prizes the winners most loudly boast,  
Even more than the gems and gold,  
Are the toys which an infant esteems the most,  
Ere he come to be five years old.  
A coral of bells, or a trumpet of tin,  
Or a ribbon for dolls to wear —  
The greybeard who treasures like these may win,  
The crowd on their shoulders bear.  
There’s a spell in the strife  
Of this gambling life,  
The strong and the feeble, the fickle, the steady,  
To its pastime it draws,  
As the whirlpool that, sportive, sucks into its eddy  
The fleets and the straws.

"Hold, Boatman ! I can bear no more  
 The sameness of the unsocial wave,  
 And thou shalt land me on the shore,  
 Or in the stream I'll find my grave.  
 For the sport of man's strife  
 Gives the zest to man's life ;  
 Without it, his manhood dies.  
 Be it jewel or toy, not the prize gives the joy,  
 But the striving to win the prize."

"Never the fare whom I once receive,  
 Till the voyage be over, I land or leave ;  
 But if thou wouldst gamble for toy or dross,  
 I am not such a churl as thy wish to cross."

Tinkle, tinkle—"What means that bell ?"  
 "The gamesters are coming thyself to tell.  
 Both the angel and gamester are equally free  
 To sit by thy side till we come to the sea."

Clatter and clamour, tumult and din !  
 As the boat skims the jetty, they scramble in ;  
     Foemen or friend,  
     Welcome the same ;  
     Ere we come to the end  
     Of the changeful game,  
     The foe may be friend,  
     And the friend may be foe ;  
 Out of hazards in common alliances grow.  
 The stranger who stakes on my side is my friend—  
 Against me, a brother my foe.

Jangle and wrangle, and babel and brawl,  
 As down from the loud box, the dumb dies fall :  
 A hoot for the loser, a shout for the winner ;  
 He who wins is the saint—he who loses, the sinner.

Scared away from my side, as they press round the dies,  
     Still my bride has her part in my life ;  
 For it charms her to share in the gauds of the prize,  
     Though she shrinks from the rage of the strife.  
     Plish, plash, drop upon drop,  
     Never we hurry, and never we stop !  
 With our eyes on the cast, and our souls in the game,  
 While the shores that slip by us seem always the same.

Jangle and wrangle, and tumult and brawl,  
 And hurrah for the victor who bubbles us all !  
 And the prize of the victor I've wellnigh won,  
 When all of a sudden drops down the sun.

One throw, and thy favours, O Fortune, I crown !  
Hurrah for the victor !— I start with a frown,  
For all of a sudden the sun drops down.

“ I see not the die —

Is it cloud fleeting by ?

Or is it — it cannot be — night already ? ”

“ The sun,” said a voice, as black shadows descend,

“ Has sunk in the sea where the river shall end ;

Unheeded the lapse of the stream and the light ;

Warns as vainly the sea heard distinct through the night ?

Hark ! the whispers that creep

From the World of the Deep,

Which I hear with the oars, sounding solemn and steady.”

“ I hear but the winds that caressingly creep

Through the ever-green laurels remote from the deep ;

Though the sunlight is gone, soon the planets will rise.”

From the boatman, then, turning, I gaze on the skies,

And watch for Orion — to light up the dies.

“ What gleams from the shore ?

Hold, but one moment more ;

Rest under yon light, shining down from the height.

Hurrah for the victor !— but one throw more !

“ No rest on the river — that’s past for thee ;

The beacon but shines as a guide to the sea.

One chime of the oar, ere it halt evermore,

Muffled and dirgelike, and sternly steady ;

And the beacon illuming the last of the shore

Shall flash on the sea to thy murmur — ‘ Already ! ’ ”

Then seems there to float

Down the length of the way,—

From the sedges remote —

From the rose-garden bay—

From the town and the mart—

From the river’s deep heart—

From the heart of the land—

From the lips of the bride,

Through the darkness again

Stealing close to my side,

With her hand in my hand—

From the gamesters in vain

Staking odds on the main

Of invisible dies,—

An echo that wails with my wailing and sighs,

As I murmur, “ The ocean already ! ”—“ ALREADY ! ”

One glimmer of light

From the beacon’s lone height,

One look at the shore, and one stroke of the oar,

And the river is lost in the ocean already !

## MOSAIC.

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“**I**N the Scripture ideal of holiness, and in that sublime embodiment of it which is presented in the character and history of Jesus Christ, the soul, when brought face to face with it, recognises a something which comes home to its inner consciousness with all the painful reality of a lost and abandoned good. If the life of Christ were an ideal of excellence altogether foreign to us, the shame of the convicted conscience would lose half its bitterness. Did we perceive in it only a vague grandeur, which, out of the sphere of our consciousness, could be only half understood by it, we should feel no more shame in falling short of that ideal than the worm in that it cannot cope with the eagle’s flight, or the stammering child in that he possesses not the wisdom and the eloquence of the sage. But the latent element that lends sharpness to the stings of self-accusation in the mind aroused by the manifestation of the truth, is the involuntary recognition in Christ of a dignity we have lost, an inheritance we have wasted, a perfection for which the spirit of man was formed, but which it has basely disowned. Repentance is the recognition by the fallen self of its true self in Christ. As the touched and troubled heart listens to the story of that beauteous life ; as there rises before the spirit’s quickened eye the vision of a Perfect Innocence in human form — of a sublime purity with which no alloy of sternness mingles, a mental and moral elevation in which no trace of self-consciousness can be detected, a piety rapt as an angel’s combined with the unassuming simplicity of a child ; as we ponder the narrative of a life of holiest fellowship with God, maintained amidst incessant toil and intercourse with men, a life of persistent self-sacrifice, undimmed by one thought of personal ease or one act of selfish indulgence — a life in which love, tender as a mother’s, grew more fervent amidst ingratitude, waxed stronger and deeper amidst insults and wrongs received at the very hands of its objects ; — in one word, as inspiration summons up to the awakened mind the spectacle of a perfectly holy human life, the deepest instincts of our nature are stirred to discern herein its own lost ideal — the type of excellence after which it may have vaguely groped, but which it never realised till now. ‘Here’ — is the soul’s involuntary conviction — ‘Here is that conception which haunted me ever in my sinfulness, yet which I never fully discerned till now ; here is that Light to which my darkened conscience was vainly struggling, that standard to which my dim sense of a Right I was abusing, a Purity I was sullying, a home of my spirit’s peace and innocence I was forsaking, ever unconsciously pointed. And in this my vague and shadowy Ideal now become the Real, in this which gives to the fantasy of my weak and wavering imagination correctness, condensation, reality, — in this truth of life in Christ Jesus there is that which commends itself to my conscience in the sight of God.’”

"DOES not the very uncertainty and seeming fitfulness of nature's influences act as a stimulus to the exertions of man? The fair wind that has long been waited for, and may speedily die away; the spring-tide that comes only at distant intervals, and must be taken at the flood; the balmy season propitious to the husbandman's toils; the bright moments favorable to intellectual exertion, when thought flows quick, and the spirits are high, and winged fancies come in precious visitations upon the soul: is there not something in the very uncertainty and evanescence of these happy influences and golden opportunities that tends mightily to quicken watchfulness and stimulate effort? And should it not be so in spiritual things too? If, explain it as we may, there is any similar variableness in the times and seasons of religious influence, how urgent the motive thus presented to Christian vigilance in waiting for every favorable opportunity, and to diligence in improving it. It is not for us, indeed, always to know the times and seasons which God hath put in His own power; but there are, perhaps, none of us who do not know from personal experience that ever and anon there come to the soul times of visitation—hours of softened feeling and deepened thoughtfulness, when the things of time lose their hold upon us, and the eternal world rolls nearer, with all its grand realities, to the spirit's eye. And are not these the spring-tides of the soul, the seasons propitious to the spiritual husbandry, every moment of which gathers round it the importance of that eternal harvest to which the rapid hours are bringing us? Are not these, in one word, the times when the spiritual gales blow freshest and fairest from the heavens, and the soul, instinct with life, feels every expanded energy yielding to the almost sensible impulses of the Spirit of Truth and Love? How precious such moments! Who that reflects on their worth would not long and pray and watch for their coming, and, while they continue, strain every energy to catch to the last breath the blessing which they bring?"

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"IN eastern poetry they tell of a wondrous tree, on which grew golden apples and silver bells; and every time the breeze went by and tossed the fragrant branches, a shower of these golden apples fell, and the living bells chimed and tinkled forth their airy ravishment. On the Gospel tree there grows melodious blossoms, sweeter bells than those which mingled with the pomegranates on Aaron's vest—holy feelings, heaven-taught joys; and when the wind, blowing where he listeth, the South wind waking—when the Holy Spirit breathes upon the evangelized soul, there is the shaking down of mellow fruits, and the flow of healthy odors all around, and the gush of sweetest music, whose gentle tones and joyful echoings are wafted through all the recesses of the soul."

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"IN his old age Carsten Niebuhr, the great traveller, was blind; but as he lay on his bed or reposed in his easy-chair, his face would be often luminous with an inward joy. He was meditating on the splendid scenes which he had so often viewed in the sunny Eastern land; and as its glowing landscapes and its brilliant starry vault rose again from the depths of his memory, he feared for them no eclipse, and no

missed the flat marshes of Holstein. And so, my friend, should God open your eyes to the wonders of his Word, you will not be resourceless though all other joys are cut off, and the visions of God will eclipse all the pageants of time."

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"THE sayings of Jesus, and the silent charm of his recorded actions, are an influence doing good in the world every day; and no one can come beneath the tree of life, but straightway his mind is better. Is he carking and careworn, afraid lest his supplies be cut off, and he be left without a competency? Then at his feet he gathers a leaf inscribed, 'Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.' 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' and 'take no thought for the morrow.' Is he lonely? mourning for friends estranged or buried? Then amid a musical whisper overhead, there falls flickering into his bosom a leaf which says, 'If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' Is he vexed and angry? fuming at some offence, vowing vengeance for some indignity? Then, like a rose-petal, soft and fragrant, there glides down some memorial of Calvary, or the fifth petition in a well-remembered prayer; and as it lies upon his heart so calm, his angry spirit cools, and he gets grace to cry, 'Father, forgive.'"

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"No state of mind can be conceived more distressing than that of a man who, voluntarily or involuntarily, is falling below his own ideal. To have within me the conception of a high and noble standard with which my own performances are in miserable contrast, the vision of a beauty and excellence which I admire and honor, but which, in all that I am and all that I do, I practically disown: this is a condition the painfulness of which no mind can long endure. For a man's own comfort, he must either forget his ideal or strive to realise it; banish from his mind the thought of his lost purity and happiness, or set himself to regain it."

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"THERE are few men who do not know a little of themselves; multitudes whom that little so disturbs that they refuse to know any more. Ever and anon, even in the most careless life, the veil of custom drops, and the soul catches a glimpse of its own deep inward wretchedness; but the glimpse so terrifies that few will look again. The heart of a sinful man, laid bare in all its nakedness to its own inspection, is a sight on which it would be terrible to look long; and most men prefer the delusive tranquillity of ignorance to the wholesome pain of a thorough self-revelation."

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## REVIEWS.

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*New Tracks in North America.* By William A. Bell, M. B. 2 vols.  
London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.

THIS is an interesting book of travel and adventure in a country as yet little known, but destined to future celebrity. Dr. Bell is an English gentleman who accompanied an expedition sent out in 1867 to survey the most southern of the routes proposed for a new Pacific Railway. He travelled through a region remarkable both in itself and as the borderland between the several races which are struggling for possession of the Western continent. The Anglo Saxons, as they choose to call themselves—or, in other words, the mixed hordes of Americans, Germans, Irishmen, Englishmen, and other citizens of the great Republic—are gradually advancing their lines into the wilderness, and crowding out the feebler races. But as yet they are still moving slowly, and at peril of their lives, and afford a considerable harvest of scalps to the noble savage in his last strongholds. The native Indian races who once possessed the country, and have left very considerable architectural remains, have shrunk into a few villages, in some of which it is said that the sacred fire of their ancestors is still kept alight, and the American intruder regarded as the prophetic avenger of their race upon their Spanish oppressors. The descendants indeed of their conquerors appear to be expiating their crimes by utter decay; they cannot even hold their own against the savage Apaches, and much of the country which they once possessed has sunk back into a wilderness. Dr. Bell's route lay through the debateable ground in which these various races are shifting and struggling with various prospects of success. He was protected during most of the journey by an escort of United States cavalry, but had several sharp brushes with the natives. At one time he took part in something like a pitched battle, and, even when unseen, the savages were constantly prowling round, ready to add another scalp to their extensive collections. Such a state of things is rather trying to the temper, and we can understand his looking forwards with some complacency to the day when the Indians will be exterminated, and Mexico provided with a sufficient English-speaking population to insist upon annexation. The same circumstances must have diminished his interest in the natural features of the country. Taking photographs, too, with the consciousness that you may be all the time an unconscious target for Indian arrows, is apt to strain the nerves, and the danger adds rather too keen a flavour to the natural wildness of the scenery. Still Dr. Bell managed to secure a good many striking pictures, and in particular has well described some of those extraordinary cañons which are amongst the greatest curiosities of the American continent.

The solid part of his book consists chiefly of information as to the various railroad lines across the continent; and a reviewer with a very

lofty sense of duty would perhaps indulge in a dissertation as to the merits of the rival routes. We shall venture to refrain from this, and simply to refer intending shareholders or emigrants to Mr. Bell's short account of this remarkable enterprise. At the best, such statements are apt to be unpleasantly like the prospectus set forth by the disinterested directors of a new scheme for making everybody's fortune, and require more statistics than can be easily crammed into a couple of columns. On the whole, a fight with Indians forms a more exciting subject than a calculation of railroad profits; and Dr. Bell appears to have been remarkably fortunate, if his object was to see something of such warfare. At the beginning of his journey he came in for a severe skirmish at Fort Wallace, on the western borders of Kansas. Seven of the garrison were killed in this action; and of one of them Dr. Bell has reproduced a ghastly photograph. He was an Englishman, educated at Eton, who had fallen into misfortune, and finally enlisted in the United States army. He lies on the ground, in the picture, pierced with seven arrows and covered with wounds, each of which had, it seems, its symbolical meaning. Many tribes had combined in the expedition, and each left its mark on the dead body; the Cheyenne, for example, hacked the right arm, the Arapahoe slit the nose, and the Sioux cut the throat. Dr. Bell says, as we can easily believe, that he turned giddy and faint at the corpses thus hideously mangled by the enemy; and it is easy to draw another moral. Warfare carried on in the spirit thus indicated is pretty certain only to stop in one way—that is, by the total extirpation of one party. It does not much matter who was originally in fault; but when gentlemen express their resentment by rambling about scalping, mutilating, and torturing their enemies, there is little chance that they will be peaceably absorbed, however much right they may have had to resentment originally. Dr. Bell's story of Fort Bowie, in the most dangerous district of all, illustrates both sides of the case. The natives had been on friendly terms with the white population until a certain Federal officer was sent, during the war, who accused them of having kidnapped a Mexican boy. He arrested six of the Apaches who came to talk the matter over whilst an American volunteered to go as ambassador to the tribe. The American was detained as hostage, but sent back word that he did not believe the boy to have been stolen. The officer immediately swore that if the boy was not returned that night, he would hang his six prisoners; and he kept his word. The Indians retorted by hanging their hostage on the opposite hill, and proceeded thenceforwards to massacre every white man they could find. On the day of Dr. Bell's arrival one of the officers of the fort rode out with a mail-carrier and did not return. Dr. Bell went out with a party to look for them, and was relieved by finding their dead bodies; for otherwise it would have been certain that they were being slowly tortured to death. The mail-carriers along this road are paid 40% a month; and a year never passes without one or more of them being "jumped," in the pleasant local phrase. There were three officers at the fort who had not seen a visitor for months, and Dr. Bell's party escorted a lady to it who was going to live with her husband in this delectable place. The soldiers would not, we presume, have scalped or tortured a redskin who had fallen

into their hands, but a quick death would have been his only mercy. An experienced fighter confessed to Dr. Bell that the more you had to do with Indian warfare the less you liked it. "Men may be very brave at first, but the continual anxiety soon takes the dash out of them." It is easy to condemn the cruelties exercised upon the Indians, and still more the faithlessness which has often given them at first just cause of quarrel; but it is not surprising that this wearing and relentless warfare against such a race soon leads the average Western man to think of them merely as so many vermin to be "wiped out." And though the Apaches still hold out in their mountain fastness, there is only one possible end to their dismal story.

The account which Dr. Bell gives of many of the Mexican Indians is more curious and hopeful. The Pima Indians, for example, in the valley of the Gila, are a fine and industrious race. They grow maize, wheat, and cotton, and have a small quantity of cattle. They manufacture pottery and very ingenious basket-work, and are said to have a very keen sense of the value of money. According to an American officer, they "surpass many of the Christian nations in agriculture, are little behind them in useful arts, and immeasurably before them in honesty and virtue." They have lately increased in numbers, and the whole valley is said to swarm with children "as full of fun as they can be." The Papagos again are a fine tribe; Dr. Bell met five of them at a rancho, not one of whom measured less than six feet two in height. They travel great distances for trading purposes, and they effectually keep the Apaches and such marauding tribes at bay. A similar account is given of the Indians of Zuñi, and of the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande valley. Dr. Bell gives some interesting notices of the legends by which these people connect themselves with the ancient Mexicans; of the many Aztec ruins which give token of the large population that must have filled the country before the Spanish conquest; and he quotes various accounts of the early explorers in the sixteenth century. We cannot here follow his discussions as to their origin and history; but it is pleasing to hear that there are some natives who give promise of successfully meeting the flood of American emigration, and who indeed seem to be in many respects superior to the degenerate descendants of the old Spanish population. Their numbers are small, but they may, he thinks, probably survive; unless, indeed, they take to whisky. How far they are capable of encountering that greatest of dangers is indeed a problem on which speculation must at present be thrown away.

This brief notice will be sufficient to show that there is much interesting matter in Dr. Bell's book. He does not profess to be a skilful writer, and we have no doubt that a traveller of the sensational school might have made more of such promising materials. He has even the courage to say little about the Mormons, and that little is decidedly discouraging. Incredible as it may seem, he disapproves of polygamy, and does not follow Captain Burton or Messrs. Dixon and Dilke in enthusiastic admiration of the great prophet of Salt Lake City. There is, however, enough adventure in the book to be interesting, even when simply told; and we may especially refer to a chapter in which he repeats (not, unfortunately, at first hand) the marvellous passage of the

great cañon of the Colorado by James White. Mr. White, if his story be true (and the evidence seems to be satisfactory, in spite of some natural scepticism), floated on a raft through whirlpools and eddies down 500 miles of that extraordinary valley, where the rocks are said to rise perpendicularly to a height of 6,000 feet, with scarcely a gap for the whole distance, and came out just alive, after several days' absolute starvation at the finish. The narrative is rather florid, and the picture of the rocks manifestly imaginary, but the main incidents of the story seem to be authentic, and strongly illustrate the strange features of a scenery which must be almost unique. This great cañon is only the chief amongst the many deep trenches cut out by streams through the plateaux near the Colorado, which will for a long period act as impassable barriers to its colonization, and, together with the Indians in the neighbouring mountains, will probably make this the last habitable corner within the United States territory to be peacefully settled. Yet railways work wonders, and a few more years will see a vast change.—*The Saturday Review*.

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*Faith's Battles and Victories; or, Thoughts for Troublous Times.* By Rev. John S. Grasty. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

"WITHOUT faith it is impossible to please God," is an inspired dogma. Without faith it is impossible to do anything, is, in another sense, a maxim deduced from the experience of the world. Never was it more important than at present to inculcate this truth in both senses; for the world seems to have no strong faith in anything. In ages past, men held many errors, but they were possessed by strong convictions; at the present time, men know many truths unknown before, and are at the same time reviving many old errors and originating new ones, but are sceptical alike as to truth and error. In all departments of human concern, uncertainty is distracting men. In government, we find in America, writers and speakers flouting at principles which a short time ago seemed just not inspired. England distrusts her constitutional monarchy; France is awaiting the hour of a dying Emperor to plunge into chaos; Spain lies on a dark and tossing sea, a wreck without compass, sail, or helm. The more autocratic governments of Europe are attempting to under-gird themselves, now by concessions, and now by restrictions. And even Oriental despotisms are instinctively disturbed, and are sending embassies abroad to ask what to do. Nobody seems to be at all certain whether social life, as well as government, has not been reposing, up to this time, upon rotten pillars, that are now giving way; whether it is to be deemed an institution composed of properly ordained parts, or whether it is a chance medley of ill-assorted contrarieties—male and female, high and low, white and black, ravenous wolves and silly sheep.

In the matter of religion men are crying "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" "*Ecce Homo—Ecce Deus—Ecce Deus-Homo!*" Men and women are writing and talking about positivism, rationalism, civilisation, and many such like and unlike things; writing and talking might and main, yet not inducing anybody to believe, but causing many to doubt—seemingly not believing themselves. Even Rome, of all hierarchies

the most unhesitating, is calling a world-council (the first for three hundred years) to know what to believe.

Now, precisely what the world wants is *faith*. It needs to be taught what to believe, and to believe earnestly what it *does* believe. For this, the Church is the only teacher, and the Bible the only text-book. Some writers are defending the faith once delivered to the saints, and are sounding the infidel philosophies of the day, and showing how shallow they are ; as, for a conspicuous example, the author of *Dogmatic Faith*. Others are strengthening and warming the languid faith of believers, by showing us what manner of men these saints were to whom was once delivered the faith which we are now to keep, and how this faith worked in them, and how they kept the sacred trust.

Mr. Grasty has come up seasonably and ably to fill an important rank among these latter writers. As one reads his graphic account and just analysis of the lives and characters of Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Paul, and Stephen, a quick zeal might well animate the breast to imitate them in our humble measure, and fervent gratitude that it is permitted to all by faith to share a fellowship so noble. Mr. Grasty's exposition is eminently Scriptural. He offers to the reader no teachings but those that are revealed, and not striving to astound us by originality, he wins our confidence by his scrupulousness, and enlists our sympathies by his earnestness and tenderness. His style, which is vigorous, clear, and animated, not without ornament, but never obtrusive and always thoroughly English, suits remarkably well the topics he handles. Altogether the volume is admirable, and as has been already said, has a special significance in these doubting days. It is one that can be heartily commended without any drawbacks. P.

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*The Mystery of Life and its Arts.* By J. Ruskin. New York: John Wiley & Son.

NEARLY thirty years ago, when twenty-three, the great art-critic of England issued the first volume of his "Modern Painters." He was at that time in the freshness of his youth, enthusiastic and full of hope. Since then he has devoted himself and his fortune, with a directness and steadfastness of purpose equalled by few, to the cause of what he believed the right — first, in the art of painting, next in architecture, then in the general bettering of the condition of the people ; now, lastly, as to life, this and the next. His views have always been peculiarly his own — sometimes, as in most of what he has written on Political Economy, such as his most earnest admirers must concede to be the vagaries of a man versed subjectively rather than objectively ; but more often such as opened new and far-reaching vistas of truth to the appreciative learner. He has seen in these thirty years many of the dreams of his youth fade away, many of his cherished plans and aspirations fail, many of his idols broken ; but while he has been a disappointed, he has never become a despairing man. Rather, his experience seems to have given him a stronger and higher faith, and a better and more abiding hope. Always remarkable for the beauty and grace of his language, his later writings, too, have happily lacked the mistiness and vagueness of his earlier works. So that, with Ruskin,

the latter years and latter works — if, indeed, as we trust not, these be latter years and latter works — though more modest in plan, are by far the greatest and most fruitful of good.

These thoughts have presented themselves with peculiar force in connection with his late beautiful essay, "The Queen of the Air," and the lecture on "The Mystery of Life and its Arts," which is now before us. This latter was one of a number delivered by prominent English scholars in the course of "Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art," before a Dublin audience in 1867 and 1868, at the theatre of the Royal College of Science in that city. The Messrs. Wiley, who keep a commendably sharp eye always on the lookout for stray works of Ruskin, found the lecture printed with the others in an English work, and have just added it to their excellent complete edition of this author. We don't know in what other book so much good reading is to be found for sixty cents.

This lecture, which is comprised within the limits of forty-five duodecimo pages, is an exposition drawn from his own rich experience, of the false vanities and true strongholds of human life. We might, indeed, call it a secular sermon, were we not afraid of frightening away readers. It is wonderful for its simple eloquence of language, its clearness of statement, and its beauty of thought. We cannot forbear placing large quotations from it before our readers, advising each that they cannot better spend the small amount necessary than in buying the book and keeping the lecture by them in all its wholeness and completeness.

He begins by telling frankly to his audience his fears that they have come to hear him for his prettiness of speech rather than for belief in what he says:

"Happily, therefore, the power of using such pleasant language — if indeed it ever were mine — is passing away from me; and whatever I am now able to say at all, I find myself forced to say with great plainness. For my thoughts have changed also, as my words have; and whereas in earlier life, what little influence I obtained was due, perhaps, chiefly to the enthusiasm with which I was able to dwell on the beauty of the physical clouds, and of their colors in the sky; so all the influence I now desire to retain must be due to the earnestness with which I am endeavoring to trace the form and beauty of another kind of cloud than those; the bright cloud, of which it is written: —

"What is your life? It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

"I suppose few people reach the middle or later period of their age, without having at some moment of change or disappointment felt the truth of those bitter words; and been startled by the fading of the sunshine from the cloud of their life into the sudden agony of the knowledge that the fabric of it was as fragile as a dream, and the endurance of it as transient as the dew. But it is not always that, even at such times of melancholy surprise, we can enter into any true perception that this human life shares, in the nature of it, not only the evanescence, but the mystery of the cloud; that its avenues are wreathed in darkness, and its forms and courses no less fantastic than spectral and obscure; so that not only in the vanity which we cannot grasp, but in the shadow which we cannot pierce, it is true of this cloudy life of ours, that 'man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.'

"And least of all, whatever may have been the eagerness of our passions, or the height of our pride, are we unable to understand in its depth the third and most solemn character in which our life is like those clouds of heaven; that to it belongs not only their transience, not only their mystery, but also their power; that in the end of the human soul there is a fire stronger than the lightning, and a grace more precious than the rain; and that though of the good and evil it shall one day be said

alike, that the place that knew them knows them no more, there is an infinite separation between those whose brief presence had there been a blessing like the mist of Eden that went up from the earth to water the garden, and those whose place knew them only as a drifting and changeful shade, of whom the heavenly sentence is, that they are 'wells without water; clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved forever.'"

He goes on to tell of his own failures; how when he had acquired literary success, he found that no one came to his Turner gallery; how his architectural "castles in the air" vanished; how he "could tell of failure on failure repeated as years went on. Now," he says:

"Let me more deliberately tell you its results. You know there is a tendency in the minds of many men when they are heavily disappointed in the main purposes of their life, to feel, and, perhaps in warning, perhaps in mockery, to declare that life itself is a vanity. Because it has disappointed them, they think its nature is of disappointment always, or at best, of pleasure that can be grasped in imagination only; that the cloud of it has no strength nor fire within; but is a painted cloud only, to be delighted in, yet despised.

"But the effect of failure upon my own mind has been just the reverse of this. The more that my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me. It seemed contrarily to Pope's saying, that the vanity of it was indeed given in vain; but that there was something behind the veil of it, which was not vanity. It became to me not a painted cloud, but a terrible and impenetrable one: not a mirage, which vanished as I drew near, but a pillar of darkness, to which I was forbidden to draw near. For I saw that both my own failure, and such success in petty things as in its various triumph seemed to me worse than failure, came from the want of sufficient earnest effort to understand the whole law and meaning of existence, and to bring it to noble and due end; as, on the other hand, I saw more and more clearly that all enduring success in the arts, or in any other occupation, had come from the ruling of lower purposes, not by a conviction of their nothingness, but by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature, or in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part of it would one day be swallowed up in immortality; and that, indeed, the arts themselves never had reached any vital strength or honor but in the effort to proclaim this immortality, and in the service either of great and just religion, or of some unselfish patriotism, and law of such national life as must be the foundation of religion. Nothing that I have ever said is more true or necessary — nothing has been more misunderstood or misapplied — than my strong assertion that the arts can never be right themselves, unless their motive is right. It is misunderstood this way: weak painters, who have never learned their business, and cannot lay a true line, continually come to me crying: 'Look at this picture of mine; it *must* be good, I had such a lovely motive. I have put my whole heart into it, and taken years to think over its treatment.' Well, the only answer for these people is — if one had the cruelty to make it — 'Sir, you cannot think over *anything* any number of years — you haven't the head to do it; and though you had fine motives, strong enough to make you burn yourself in a slow fire, if only first you could paint a picture, you can't paint one, nor half an inch of one; you haven't the hand to do it.'

"But, far more decisively we have to say to the men who do know their business, or may know if they choose — 'Sir, you have this gift, and a mighty one; see that you serve your nation faithfully with it. It is a greater trust than ships and armies; you might cast them away, if you were their captain, with less treason to your people than in casting your own glorious powers away, and serving the devil with it instead of men.'"

Then he preaches this little sermon — a sermon better than one can often read — on the apathy of men, "lest they should see with their eyes, and understand with their hearts, and be healed," which he calls the first great mystery of life:

"That the occupations or pastimes of life should have no motive, is understandable; but that life itself should have no motive — that we neither care to find out

what it may lead to, nor to guard against its being forever taken away from us—here is a mystery indeed. For just suppose I were able to call at this moment to any one in this audience by name, and to tell him positively that I knew a large estate had been lately left to him on some curious conditions; but that, though I knew it was large, I did not know how large, nor even where it was—whether in the East Indies or the West, or in England, or at the Antipodes. I only knew it was a vast estate, and that there was a chance of his losing it altogether if he did not soon find out on what terms it had been left to him. Suppose I were able to say this positively to any single man in this audience, and he knew that I did not speak without warrant, do you think that he would rest content with that vague knowledge, if it were anywise possible to obtain more? Would he not give every energy to find some trace of the facts, and never rest till he had ascertained where this place was, and what it was like? And suppose he were a young man, and all he could discover by his best endeavor was, that the estate was never to be his at all, unless he persevered during certain years of probation in an orderly and industrious life; but that, according to the circumspection of his conduct, the portion of the estate assigned to him would be greater or less, so that it literally depended on his behavior from day to day whether he got ten thousand a year, or thirty thousand a year, or nothing whatever—would you not think it strange if the youth never troubled himself to satisfy the conditions in any way, nor even to know what was required of him, but lived exactly as he chose, and never inquired whether his chances of the estate were increasing or passing away? Well, you know that this is actually and literally so with the greater number of the educated persons now living in Christian countries. Certainly, nearly every man and woman, in any company such as this, outwardly professes to believe—and a large number unquestionably think they believe—much more than this; not only that a quite unlimitated estate is in prospect for them if they please the Holder of it, but that the infinite contrary of such a possession—an estate of perpetual misery, is in store for them if they displease this great Land-Holder, this great Heaven-Holder. And yet there is not one in a thousand of these human souls that cares to think, for ten minutes of the day, where this estate is, or how beautiful it is, or what kind of life they are to lead in it, or what kind of life they must lead to obtain it. You fancy that you care to know this; so little do you care that, probably, at this moment many of you are displeased with me for talking of the matter! You came to hear about the art of this world, not about the life of the next, and you are provoked with me for talking of what you can hear any Sunday in church. But do not be afraid. I will tell you something before you go about pictures and carvings and pottery, and what else you would like better to hear of than the other world. Nay, perhaps you say we want you to talk of pictures and pottery, because we are sure that you know something of them, and you know nothing of the other world. Well, I don't. That is quite true. But the very strangeness and mystery of which I urge you to take notice is in this—that I do not, nor you either. Can you answer a single bold question unflinchingly about that other world—are you sure there is a heaven? Sure there is a hell? Sure that men are dropping before your faces through the pavements of these streets into eternal fire, or sure that they are not? Sure that at your own death you are going to be delivered from all sorrow, to be endowed with all virtue, to be gifted with all felicity, and raised into perpetual companionship with a King, compared to whom the kings of the earth are as grasshoppers and the nations as the dust of His feet? Are you sure of this? or, if not sure, do any of us so much as care to make it sure? and, if not, how can anything that we do be right—how can anything we think be wise; what honor can there be in the arts that amuse us, or what profit in the possessions that please?

“Is not this a mystery of life?”

After interrogating scholars and “practical” men and workers as to this great mystery of life, he says:

“And now, returning to the broader question, what these arts and labors of life have to teach us of its mystery, this is the first of their lessons—that the more beautiful the art the more it is essentially the work of people who feel themselves wrong—who are striving for the fulfilment of the law and the realisation of a loveliness which they have not yet attained, which they feel even farther and farther from attaining, the more they strive for it. And yet, in still deeper sense, it is the work of people who know also that they are right—and that this very sense of inevitable error from their purpose marks the perfectness of that purpose, and the manifold

sense of failure arises from the opening of the eyes more clearly to all the sacredest laws of truth.

"This is one lesson. The second is a very plain and greatly precious one, namely : that whenever the arts and labors of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing all we have to do, honorably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness as much as seems possible to the nature of man. In all other paths by which that happiness is pursued, there is disappointment or destruction ; for ambition and for passion there is no rest — no fruition ; the fairest pleasures of youth perish in a darkness greater than their past light ; and the loftiest and purest love too often does but inflame the cloud of life with endless fire of pain. But, ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry worthily followed, gives peace."

Of the littleness of human endeavor, he says :

"Six thousand years of weaving, and we have learned to weave ? Might not every naked wall have been purple with tapestry, and every feeble breast fenced with sweet colors from the cold ? What have we done ? Our fingers are too few, it seems, to twist together some poor covering for our bodies. We set our streams to work for us, and choke the air with fire, to turn our spinning-wheels — and, are we yet clothed ? Are not the streets of the capitals of Europe foul with sale of cast clouts and rotten rags ? Is not the beauty of your sweet children left in wretchedness of disgrace, while with better honor, nature clothes the brood of the bird in its nest, and the suckling of the wolf in her den. And does not every winter's snow robe what you have not robbed, and shroud what you have not shrouded ; and every winter's wind bear up to heaven its wasted souls, to witness against you hereafter, by the voice of their Christ — 'I was naked, and ye clothed me not.'"

He asks :

"Must it be always thus ? Is our life for ever to be without profit — without possession ? Shall the strength of its generations be as barren as death ; or cast away their labor, as the wild fig-tree casts her untimely figs ? Is it all a dream then — the desire of the eyes and the pride of life — or, if it be, might we not live in nobler dreams than these ? The poets and prophets, the wise men and the scribes, though they have told us nothing about a life to come, have told us much about the life that is now. They have had — they also — their dreams, and we laughed at them. They have dreamed of mercy, and of justice ; they have dreamed of peace and good-will ; they have dreamed of labor undisappointed and of rest undisturbed ; they have dreamed of fulness in harvest, and overflowing in store ; they have dreamed of wisdom in council, and of providence in law ; of gladness of parents, and strength of children, and glory of gray hairs. And at these visions of theirs we have mocked, and held them for idle and vain, unreal and unaccomplishable. What have we accomplished with our realities ? Is this what has come of our worldly wisdom, tried against their folly ? this, our mightiest possible, against their impotent ideal ? or, have we only wandered among the spectra of a baser felicity and chased phantoms of the tombs, instead of visions of the Almighty ; and walked after the imaginations of our evil hearts, instead of after the counsels of Eternity, until our lives — not in the likeness of the cloud of heaven, but of the smoke of hell — have become 'even as a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.'"

"Does it vanish then ? Are you sure of that ? — sure that the nothingness of the grave will be a rest from this troubled nothingness ; and that the coiled shadow, which disquieteth itself in vain, cannot change into the smoke of the torment that ascends forever ? Will any answer that they *are* sure of it, and that there is no fear, nor hope, nor desire, nor labor, whither they go ? Be it so ; will you not, then, make us sure of the life that now is, as you are of the death that is to come ? Your hearts are wholly in this world — will you not give them to it wisely as well as perfectly ? And see, first of all, that you *have* hearts, and sound hearts, too, to give. Because you have no heaven to look for, is that any reason that you should remain ignorant of this wonderful and infinite earth which is surely and instantly given you in possession ? Although your days are numbered, and the following darkness sure, is it necessary that you should share the degradation of the brute because you are condemned to its mortality ; or live the life of the moth, and of the worm, because you are to companion with them in the dust ? Not so ; we may have but a few thousands of days to spend,

perhaps hundreds only — perhaps tens ; nay, the longest of our time and best, looked back on, will be but as a moment, as the twinkling of an eye ; but yet we are men, not insects ; we are living spirits, not passing clouds. He maketh the winds his angels ; the flaming fire his ministers. And shall we do less than these ? Let us do the work of men while we bear the form of them ; and as we snatch our narrow portion of time out of Eternity, snatch also our narrow but glorious inheritance of passion out of Immortality — even though our lives be as a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.

“ But there are some of you who believe not this — who think this cloud of life has no such close — that it is to float, revealed and illumined, upon the floor of heaven in the day when He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him. Some day, you believe, within these five or ten or twenty years, for every one of us the judgment will be set, and the books opened. If that be true, far more than that must be true. Is there but one day of judgment ? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment — every day is a *Dies Iræ*, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of the west. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened. It waits at the doors of your houses — it waits at the corners of your streets ; we are in the midst of judgment — the creatures whom we crush are our judges — the moments we fret away are our judges — the elements that feed us judge as they minister — and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of Men while we bear the Form of them, since those lives are *Not* as a vapor, and do *Not* vanish away.”

This is the “conclusion of the whole matter” :

“ The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe ! for there is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure : forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil’s power. That is the essence of the Pharisee’s thanksgiving — ‘ Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are.’ At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them ; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good (and who but fools couldn’t ?), then do it ; push at it together ; you can’t quarrel in a side-by-side push ; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it’s all over. I will not speak of the crimes which in past times have been committed in the name of Christ, nor of the follies which are at this hour held to be consistent with obedience to Him ; but I will speak of the morbid corruption and waste of vital power in religious sentiment, by which the pure strength of that which should be the guiding soul of every nation, the splendor of its youthful manhood, and spotless light of its maidenhood, is averted or cast away. You may continually see girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly ; who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account, nor prepare a medicine, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride ; you will find girls like these, when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed ; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common serviceable life would have either solved for them in an instant, or kept out of their way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn, and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.

“ So with our youths. We once taught them to make Latin verses, and called them educated ; now we teach them to leap and to row, and to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated. Can they plough, can they sow, can they plant at the right time, or build with a steady hand ? Is it the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed ? Indeed it is, with some, nay with many, and the strength of England is in them, and the hope ; but we have to turn their courage from the toil of war to the toil of mercy ; and their intellect from dis-

pute of words to discernment of things; and their knighthood from the errantry of adventure to the state of fidelity of kingiy power. And then, indeed, shall abide for them and for us an incorruptible felicity, and an infallible religion; shall abide for us Faith, no more to be assailed by temptation, no more to be defended by wrath and by fear;—shall abide with us Hope, no more to be quenched by the years that overwhelm, or made ashamed by the shadows that betray;—shall abide for us, and with us, the greatest of these—the abiding will—the abiding name of our Father—for the greatest of these is Charity.”

Mr. Ruskin has written nothing more tender, more touching, or more truthful than this. We would that the work could go into every home in the land!—*New York Evening Mail*.

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*The Woman who Dared.* By Epes Sargent. Roberts Brothers. Boston: 1870.

THE book is a monument to daring upon which indignant decency and insulted taste will score many epitaphs. The publishers dared considerably when they ventured to print one of the lower class of sensation stories on fine tinted paper, and spread the composition in lines of unequal inches, to counterfeit blank verse. It required no little bibliopolic nerve to attempt to smuggle into poetry such vulgar prose at this:

“One day, as I was crossing an obscure street, I saw a crowd of workmen gathered around a man upon the ground; a rafter from a half-built house had fallen, and he was badly injured. Seeing none to act with promptness in the case, I hailed a cab, and had him driven to my house. Finding he was a fellow-countryman, I gave him one of my spare rooms, and sent for the best surgeon near. His report was the wound was nothing serious, but there was over-action of the brain, quite independent, which might lead to danger unless reduced in season; and the patient should have the best of watching and attendance, and not be left to brood on any trouble, but be kept cheerful. Then with some directions for diet, sedatives and laxatives, the doctor bowed, received his fee, and left. The guest lay sad and silent for a while, then turned to me and said my name is Kenrick”—

about the only sensible thing reported of him.

In the book, this very plain extract from the local column of a newspaper is chopped up and distributed in this way:

“One day, as I was crossing  
An obscure street, I saw a crowd of workmen  
Gathered around a man upon the ground.

A rafter from a half-built house had fallen,  
And he was badly injured. Seeing none  
To act with promptness in the case, I hailed  
A cab, and had him driven to my house,” etc.

There is nothing to indicate whether the author checked off his syllables in this curious fashion, or left it to the discretion of the printer to array the types in columns of attack upon common usage, with sufficient difference in the length of the lines to prevent monotony.

The story is detestably bad, both in nature and art. Linda, “the woman who dared,” is an ambi-sexed creature, whom we cannot love as a woman, and must despise as a man; a *lusus Bostoniensis*, for whom no place was prepared by God, or is allowed by men; what the

showman described to Peter Simple as "an amphibilious animal what couldn't live on the land and died in the water." The father was deliberately married, with malice prepense, by a strong-minded, Tartarously constituted female, and then made a fool of, divorced and ejected, leaving one-half his personal worth behind him in the form of extorted alimony to Mrs. Percival, and quasi-paternal provision for her infant. We do not understand the policy of introducing the just Mrs. Percival in this unlovely aspect, seeing that she too was "a woman who dared," if not to pop the question as Linda did, yet to compel the reluctant Percival to pop it; which was a higher feat of feminine audacity.

"We will be married, Anna, when you please.  
And so she had her way, and we were married."

And nothing but plague, shame, trouble, and sin came of letting the woman have her way, and swoop a man up like an enterprising hen-hawk carries off a lubberly male pigeon. Out-generalled in the divorce, and not freed from the *vinculum* with the *peculium uxoris*, the forlorn and deplumed pigeon went to London to find a solitary and recuperative roost. But a sentimental dove on a dead tree is rarely long solitary. Another victim of connubial atrocity, "a millionaire from Chicago," arrived in London in chase of a fugitive wife, and while running miscellaneous about the city, with antiquated fustigacious dispositions, is fortunately knocked down. "A rafter from a half-built house had fallen" (an accident which was not occasioned by deficient length, as it was a half foot over measure *by the line*); which would certainly have crushed any skull of only normal thickness; but Herrick's was equal to the occasion. Percival finds the Chicago millionaire, after matrimony had thus brought "a house down upon his head," and takes him to Percival's own hermitage, where luckily he had some "spare rooms," in the absence of his spare and floating rib. In the meantime, a very proper woman, Mary Merivale by name, hereafter to be Mary's mother without customary charge of patronymic, has been in preparation for this very emergency. She was a young lady belonging to a mercantile fashionable family, but of eight-daughter power of maternal mainspring. To dispose of them matrimonially was the one business of this devoted woman. In her turn, Mary was brought out for inspection, and was offered husbands most worthy and desirable. But Mary had been blessed at school with an under-teacher in French and German, who "took a journal called *The Good Time Coming*, filled with pleadings for reform of many kinds, in education physical and mental, marriage, the rights of women," etc. A young lady who had enjoyed the privilege of reading this journal was not to be disposed of on common matrimonial principles; and Miss Mary defended her rejection of all her suitors, who approached her in the old reverential fashion, by such an uncommon display of interest in future generations, that the old-fashioned mother was shocked almost to hysterics, as Miss Mary coolly tells us,

"If I had put a pistol at her head,  
My lady mother would not so have started."

Indeed, the poor lady's fright and wrath were very natural. But

daughter Mary was too much "of the good time coming" to be concerned about the fifth commandment. Indeed, Miss Mary's life exhibited great indifference to the whole ten; that old code being about to perish among other shadows of "the good time coming." So she left the house, took to independent dress-making, and bad stitching, and infra-social friendship, and was far advanced towards the philosophical conclusion of woman's right to starve apart from masculine interference, when the broken-hearted Mr. Percival advertised for a nurse for the broken-headed Mr. Herrick, and Miss Mary soon found herself installed in the delicate and maidenly office, so proper for a young girl, of nurse to one young grass-widower in the apartments of another. She liked it very well, nevertheless. *Nihil humani alienum*. Indeed, she kept the place rather longer than necessity of being nursed kept Mr. Herrick under the hands of young femininity. After he was able to "drive a span" through London, his attentive young nurse accompanied him in his drives. In consequence of this omnipresent and persistent delicacy of attention, Herrick courted Miss Mary (his former wife not yet obliterated by the Chicago sponge); but Miss Mary being just then courting Percival, Herrick was rejected. Percival, made aware of Miss Mary's intentions toward him, returned to America to get rid of Mrs. P. and make room for Miss Mary; but Percival did not get a divorce, and came back to London sorrowing, to give Mary her *congé*, as he could not have two wives. But the young lady had progressed too far for this. She promptly waived the ceremony and the legal covenant, and married herself to Percival in an open polygamous fashion; and had a daughter Linda, to whom father Percival and mother Merivale tell this pretty story on her seventeenth birthday. We will not follow Linda's subsequent history, as she paints pictures and pistols men, and does exploits in rowing and law-suits. Suffice it to say, that after various adventures she meets with "Charles," runs him down with great expense of money and the muscle of a woman-beagle, and finally asks herself to be his wife with a vigor that takes away his breath, and leaves him helpless at her feet; thus earning for herself the title, "The Woman who Dared." Married people are introduced in various places, but always as victims of law and custom. Free-love and shockingly free manners are the panacea for all matrimonial troubles. The book will sell. It is good for nothing else. The hope of the country is in its pure domestic virtue. Is it *the good time going*? We sincerely hope not. But it becomes all who love and value the family, to rush between the living and the dead, and stay the plague.

THOMAS E. BOND.

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## NEW BOOKS.

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- German Tales.* By Berthold Auerbach. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.
- The Woman who Dared: a Poem.* By E. Sargent. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.
- Letters of a Traveller.* By W. C. Bryant. \$2.00. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.
- Kaulbach's Female Characters of Goethe.* By G. H. Lewes. New York: Theodore Stroefer.
- Art Thoughts.* By J. J. Jarves. \$2.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
- The Mystery of Life and its Arts.* By J. Ruskin. New York: John Wiley & Son.
- A Greek Grammar for Beginners.* By Prof. W. H. Waddell. New York: Harper & Bros.
- A Chapter of Erie.* By C. F. Adams, Jr. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.
- Curiosities of the Pulpit.* By Rev. T. Jackson. New York: Virtue & Yorston.
- Tales of Old Travel.* By H. Kingsley. \$2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.
- History of England.* By J. A. Froude. Popular Ed., Vols. I., II. \$2.50. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.
- Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States.* By Henry Lee. A new edition, with revisions and a biography of the author, by Robert E. Lee. New York and Baltimore: University Publishing Co.
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PROFESSOR R. PUMPELLY, of Harvard, has nearly ready for publication, through Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, what will be one of the most important, if not the most important, of the recent contributions to our knowledge of Western America and Eastern Asia. His volume is entitled *Across America and Asia*. It will be published in a royal octavo, amply illustrated. The wood-cuts are by Linton.

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## MISCELLANY.

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**P**ERE HYACINTHE.—One of the Paris papers gives some interesting particulars respecting the first appearance of Father Hyacinthe. It appears that the free-thinking tendencies of the ecclesi-

astic do not date from yesterday. It was in the year 1862 that Father Hyacinthe, on the invitation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, for the first time ascended the pulpit of the church of St. Nizier, at Lyons, as substitute for Father Hermann, who enjoyed considerable fame as a preacher, but was then attacked by illness. Father Hyacinthe confined himself at first entirely within the limits of the instructions given him by his superiors; the commencement of his discourse was cold and unimpassioned, and failed to excite any enthusiasm in his audience; suddenly, however, he followed his own inspiration, and uttered an eloquent apostrophe on the want of brotherly love in the present assembly and in the Church, and on the universal selfishness which prevailed in its place. This latter portion of his discourse caused no little surprise, and was the subject of much comment. In a second sermon he announced quite plainly a preference for morality over dogma. "I have wandered over the world," he said, "and have everywhere found only germs of intelligence, and atoms of understanding. I have entered the cloister and have there only met with abortive saints." The Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal Bonald, heard this sermon preached, and was highly offended at it. In the first burst of his indignation he sent for Father Hyacinthe and forbade him to preach in any church of his diocese. The urgent representations of the highest society in Lyons induced him to withdraw this prohibition. He again sent for Father Hyacinthe, and in a mild and uncommonly forbearing manner put before him the harm he would do to the Church if he went on with his violent attacks upon it. Father Hyacinthe could not resist this friendly address, and promised to control himself in future. It was not until lately that he found himself unable to keep this promise any longer.

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A CURE FOR STOMACH-ACHE.—A correspondent of the *Lancet*, signing himself "Rusticus," asks whether any one can suggest a remedy for internal pains suffered by a gentleman who is a patient of his. He has already administered without effect several preparations of opium, belladonna, cannabis indica, ipecacuanha, assafoetida, valerian, chloric ether, chloroform vapor, bromide of potassium, quinine, beherine, iron, zinc, hydrocyanic acid, bismuth, antacids, pepsine, pancreatine, hot drinks, and other remedies. He has also tried galvanic currents, hot fomentations and cold cloths, hot baths, mustard poultices, croton oil, and small blisters externally; also subcutaneous injections of morphia, atropine, strychnia, and caffeine. "Rusticus" certainly appears to have done his best, but if we may be allowed to make a non-medical suggestion, we would recommend that the sufferer be let alone, at all events for a time: it would be rather surprising if he were not uncomfortable at present. His cure if left to himself is all the more hopeful, because he is evidently blessed with great powers of endurance, a strong constitution, and a most good-natured disposition, otherwise he would have succumbed altogether, or become uncontrollably violent long ago.

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ANTHROPOPHAGY.—Professor Huxley has expressed an opinion that in the earliest ages of the world the first impulse of man was not to

love his neighbor, but to eat him ; and at a recent meeting of the Archæological Society of Copenhagen the savants assembled from all parts of Europe, including such well-known names as Worsaae, Hildebrand, and the celebrated Belgian professor, M. Sprieg, unanimously agreed that cannibalism prevailed among the primitive inhabitants of the globe. On one point, however, opinions are divided, some holding that man-eating was a matter of taste, while others are inclined to look on it as a religious, or rather superstitious, observance. As late as the year 785 Charlemagne issued a decree sentencing to death any individual convicted of having eaten a witch in order to destroy her spells. Witch-eating can hardly have been a matter of taste, as even "those who were fond of the flesh could not have been partial to bones." Buckle quotes comparatively recent instances of anthropophagy connected with religious feelings, in Germany during the Thirty Years' War, and in Scotland at about the same period. Among the most curious documents produced at the meeting was a manuscript of St. Hieronymus, who asserts, on the authority of a native of Great Britain, that children were a staple article of food in that country.

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A MILTONIC NOTE.—What is the true interpretation of these two musical lines, familiar to us all, in Milton's *Penseroso* ?

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.

I believe a great many persons have, like myself, frequently read and repeated these ear-pleasing syllables without ever troubling themselves to find out their meaning. During the last full moon an observant friend, with whom I happened to be walking in a forest, pointed out, that while we watched the moon in the open she seemed, as Wordsworth describes it, to "sail across the sky," the fleeting clouds lending to the bright orb the appearance of rapid motion. But when, as at that moment resting under a tree, we looked up at her through a space between two of the branches, she appeared absolutely stationary. Of course, if we had stayed long enough the motion of the earth would have carried the moon out of the field of vision, but for a few minutes this was the effect most happily described as a *gentle checking* of her steeds. The "accustomed oak" I suppose to be one under which the poet was wont to sit while he watched the beautiful satellite. Can any lover of Milton give us a better explanation?

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GREAT MEN'S WIVES.—Brilliant men are said to be fond of marrying unintellectual wives. Madame de Talleyrand was no exception to the rule. She was very pretty, but by no means clever. A certain Sir George Robinson, who had travelled in the East, being invited to dine at the minister's house, Talleyrand said to his wife, "I will leave a book for you, my dear, on my study-table ; please to read it, and then you will be able to talk to Sir George when he comes to dine." Talleyrand forgot to leave out the intended book, but his wife, anxious to comply with his instructions, hunted about the study, and finding "*The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*," at once jumped to the conclusion that the author was their expected guest (the French usually drop the

word "Crusoe," and speak of "Robinson"). She read the book diligently, and astonished Sir George, on his entering the drawing room, by instantly questioning him concerning "that darling Friday" (*ce cher Vendredi*).

APROPOS OF PEABODY.—In noticing, in a recent number, the uncovering of the statue erected in the City to perpetuate the memory of the good deeds done there by that princely American philanthropist, George Peabody, we quoted the epitaph on the "good Earl of Devon" thus: "*What I spent, that I had; what I saved, that I lost; that which I gave away remains with me.*" We are now indebted to many correspondents for some further information respecting this Earl's epitaph. This is another version of it:—

What I spent, I had;  
What I lent, I lost;  
What I gave, I have.

The following lines, which may be new to our readers, may serve to illustrate, quaintly enough, the meaning of the second line in the above triplet:—

I had both money and a friend; of neither I set store.  
I lent my money to my friend, and took his word therefore.  
I asked my money of my friend, but nought but words I got.  
I lost my money and my friend, for sue him I would not.

MORAL.

If I'd my money and my friend, as I had once before,  
I'd keep my money and my friend, and play the fool no more.

Here is another epitaph, said to be on a tomb, in Beverley Minster, which is so like the "good Earl's" in sentiment and language, that one must have been the original of the other; but which is the older we cannot say:—

"Ho! whom have we here?"  
"I, Robin of Doncastere,  
And Margaret my fere.  
What I spent, that I had;  
What I gave, that I have;  
What I saved, that I lost."

Thus it will be seen the "good Earl of Devon's" epitaph and Robin's, of Doncastere, are almost identical, and if they are not taken one from the other, this forms one of the most remarkable coincidences of thought and language to be found in the curiosities of literature. Our readers will, doubtless, think with us that one is the prototype to the other.

A LA CHESTERFIELD.—A story is told to the following effect in illustration of the free and easy manners prevailing in the Great Western Republic:—An English traveller, who had passed the night at a backwoods hotel, was thus accosted after breakfast by a rough-looking fellow: "Are you the man that slept here last night?" "Yes." "Then I'm the gentleman that cleaned yer boots." My own experience can supply a companion anecdote from monarchical Britain. Some fifteen years, I was staying in Edinburgh, and went with my aunt

to see a Moving Panorama of the Ganges. My relative was of a thrifty turn, so we contentedly took our places in the back seats, to which the admission was threepence. Presently a young fellow came in, dressed in working clothes, and accompanied by a couple of bare-headed and bare-footed lassies. "Tell the auld woman," said he to me peremptorily, "to move higher up, and let these *two young leddies* sit doon."

AN ECCENTRIC BUTCHER.—I wonder if there is any inhabitant of Romford yet alive who is able to remember Mr. Wilson of that town, a famous butcher, and a very eccentric character. He was a great proficient in psalmody, and on a Sunday, before the service began, used to amuse himself and the congregation with singing psalms by himself, till the minister came into the desk. On the last fast-day, while all the congregation were taking refreshment between the morning and evening service, he never quitted the church, but repeated the Lord's Prayer, and sang appropriate psalms from pew to pew, till he had performed these devotions in every pew in the church. Mr. Wilson was as singular in the mode of taking his meals as the late President Lincoln, who, as an eye-witness informed me, declined on one occasion to sit down with the other members of the Cabinet, but wandered round the table, sticking a fork into a chicken or anything else that took his fancy, and laughingly saying, "I'm kinder browsing round." Wilson used to take a shoulder of lamb in his hand, a quantity of salt in the bend of the arm in which he carried the joint, and with a small loaf and a large knife would sally through the town, and never return till he had eaten the whole of his provision. He was the most corpulent man in Romford, so perhaps he took his meals in this peripatetic fashion for sanitary reasons. As a penman he was unrivalled. His bills were exquisitely written, but whimsical to a degree. The top line, perhaps, German text, the second, print; "beef" in one hand, "mutton" in another, "lamb" in another, and all written in various colors. But apart from his singularities, he deserves to be remembered as a most upright and amiable man.

SEDATIVE EXTRAORDINARY.—If we will but make an effort, how easy it is to restrain our emotion! A lady was one evening present at the performance of Voltaire's "Mérope," and to the surprise of every one did not shed a tear. Perceiving which, she said—"I could indeed have wept, but I am going out to-night to supper."

THE THREE R'S.—The old nurse told Romeo that R is "the dog's name: R is for dog." I wonder what "dog" invented the phrase "the three R's?" Was he "a good dog and a fair dog," like Justice Shallow's, or one of those "gentleman-like dogs" with whom Launce's *Crab* consorted? Of course, when I speak of the three R's I refer to the common phrase used to denote the phonetic way of spelling the triple basis of a rudimentary education—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. Sydney Smith, quoting a French saying, averred that there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen. To which of the three sexes do we owe the phrase of the three R's? Let it be credited to the first sex—a man (unknown). Then, to a distinguished member

of the second sex, we can assign an addition and improvement to the phrase: for Miss Nightingale has said (and Dr. Froude reminded us of it in his Aberdeen address) that, if no industrial training has gone along with those three R's, they are apt to produce a fourth R—Rascaldom. There remains the third sex, the clergymen or preachers (what were Fluellen's words: "Up to the preachings, you rascals! will you not up to the preachings?"), of whom a notable one, the Rev. Rowland Hill, said, "Mind, no sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three R's—Ruin (by the Fall), Redemption, and Regeneration." So that parson, as well as pupil, should mind his three R's.

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EPITAPHS.—The recent case of a gentleman who quarrelled with the authorities of a suburban cemetery for not allowing him to record on an epitaph that his child had died from the effects of vaccination has had its counterpart in Paris, where some people have been complaining lately that there is an individual attached to every cemetery with the special mission of amending the epitaphs according to his own views of good taste and good grammar. As people are usually very touchy in all that concerns their literary productions, one is not surprised to learn that the authors of rejected epitaphs have protested in vigorous terms against the want of appreciativeness displayed by these censors. This has induced one of the gentlemen assailed to come forward and state his experiences, which appear, from an editorial point of view, to be harrowing. He declares that out of two thousand and odd epitaphs submitted to him yearly five or six hundred are ill-spelt, as many more ungrammatical, and a hundred or so "perfectly grotesque." In the latter category he places the following, which he suffered to pass, and which, he says, sufficiently prove his indulgence:—

Here lies Mdme Adeline C——, a good wife. She would have done for her husband what the pelican does for its young.

Mdlle. Marie Louise E——. She was an angel upon earth. What will she be in heaven!!!! (The four points of exclamation are in the original).

M. F. H——, aged forty, deeply regretted by his widow and by his brother, who is a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Emile G——, aged three years and a half. His life was one of self-denial and sacrifice.

Amongst the rejected are these:—

Auguste C——, aged ten. "Ohé Maman! Ohé Ma'ame Joubert!" were his last words.

M. Anatole R——, épiciier; sa mort a plongé le quartier de Popincourt dans un deuil éternel.

The censor explains, in conclusion, that he never refuses an epitaph of his own sole authority, but refers it to the Prefect of Police, who alone has power to reject decisively.

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FERTILITY OF AMERICAN GENIUS.—Fourteen thousand patents will, it is estimated, be granted by the United States office this year; and two applications are rejected for every one granted. Over forty

thousand specifications lodged in a year ; and this in the States only ; take up the patent journals of any country in the world, and you will find a good percentage of inventions of American origin. In that country of geniuses everybody invents. Said the patent commissioner, the other day, "Our merchants invent, our schoolmasters invent, our soldiers and sailors invent, our professional men invent, aye, even our women and children invent." True : and wonderful schemes some of these amateurs propound. One man claimed protection for the application of the Lord's Prayer, repeated in a loud voice, to cure stammering : another applied for the envied parchment, on behalf of a new and useful attachment of a weight to a cow's tail, to prevent her switching it during the milking operation : another proposed to cure worms by fishing for them with a delicate line and tiny hook baited with a seductive pill ; while a lady patented a hair-crimping pin, which she specified might also be used as a paper cutter, as a skirt supporter, a child's pin, a bouquet holder, a shawl fastener, or as a book mark. These were cases cited by Mr. Fisher, the commissioner aforesaid, in a recent address to the American Institute. Since this was delivered, I have read of patents for a "horse-refresher" (a hollow bit, perforated with holes, and connected by a flexible tube with a water reservoir in the vehicle, so that the driver can give his animal a drink without stopping), and a luxurious contrivance called "The Snorer's Friend,"—a device to be attached to church pew backs, to form a comfortable head rest, enabling the owner to sleep through the dullest sermon in peace and quietness.

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REMEMBERED.

Have you forgotten it ? I never can !  
 One blessed night in June,  
 How bright the sky, how pale your face,  
 In the wan light of the moon.  
 Do you remember it ? For, oh, I do !—  
 The scent of flowers there ;  
 Was it the buds upon the trees,  
 Or the great rose in your hair ?

Have you forgotten it ? I never can !  
 Something I risked that night ;  
 Something I scarcely dared to speak,  
 Though my heart said I was right.  
 Do you remember it ? For, oh, I do !—  
 The first, the sweetest kiss ;  
 Lift up your face, look in my eyes,  
 It was such as this — and this !

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A FIGHTING ARCHBISHOP.—Dr. Launcelot Blackburne, Archbishop of York in the reign of George the First, began his clerical life as chaplain to a frigate. On a voyage to the West Indies he was perpetually at variance with the first lieutenant, a most important viceroy. At a certain time, being in his full canonicals, and engaged in the re-

ligious duties of a Christian Sabbath, the sea officer, in an angry moment, said to him, "If it were not for your gown, I would give you a good dressing." Some improper behavior of the men during worship had been the subject of dispute. "The moment the service is concluded," said the parson, "that impediment shall be removed."

The clergyman, having dismissed his congregation, retired to his berth, stripped off gown, coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and returning in a few minutes, presented himself to the lieutenant, with the following words: "Now, sir, I am your man." The sailors, delighted with the idea of a pugilistic parson, formed a ring, to see fair play, and to prevent either combatant from falling overboard. A long, obstinate, and well-fought battle ensued. The priest, to use a nautical phrase, gave the layman so severe a *drubbing* that he was obliged to give in and ask pardon for the gross impropriety of his conduct. They then shook hands, *more Britannico*, and were sworn brothers to the end of the voyage. It was afterwards remarked that the sailors deported themselves with all proper decorum during service, performed their devotions with regularity, and respected the man of peace more than the man of war. We are not sufficiently versed in the secret ecclesiastical history of those days to follow the exact steps by which this intrepid member of the Church Militant ascended the ladder of promotion to the lofty eminence of the archbishopric of York, but the fact is beyond dispute.

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MEDICAL.—An anecdote is told of Frederick the Great, that just before the battle of Rosbach he said to one of his generals, who was on very intimate terms with him, "If I lose the battle I shall retire to Venice, and there practise physic." "Ah," replied the general, "tous-jours assassin, toujours assassin!"—"always a murderer, always a murderer."

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THE AMERICAN YOUNG LADY OF THE PERIOD.—The *Daily News* is credited with a particular and intimate knowledge of American affairs and the American people. And this is what one of its writers has to say about the American young lady:—

This is the country where women first agitated for their rights, although what right an American young lady does not already possess I am at a loss to conceive. When she marries she commits a species of social suicide, but before that "happy despatch" she has everything pretty much her own way. Her father pays for her Parisian toilettes without repining, her mother is her humble servant. From the age of ten to the day of her marriage she indulges in one long flirtation, although the object of it frequently changes. She neither reads, nor works, nor walks; her whole existence is passed in flirting, dressing, driving, and dancing. Her life at a watering-place is, I should imagine, somewhat a monotonous one, although she seems thoroughly to enjoy it. She gets up at about ten o'clock, and after a breakfast which would give a London drayman an indigestion, she flirts on a verandah until two o'clock, then she dresses, at three she dines, after dinner she goes out driving with some favored swain; when she returns she dresses again for tea, and from eight to twelve o'clock she dances. To all intents and purposes she is without a chaperone, but she is well able to take care of herself. Occasionally, but rarely, she marries for love, but, as a general rule, she knows to a dollar what every admirer has, and aspires to a house in Fifth-avenue, a carriage, and to be arrayed in silks and fine linen. "I had an offer from a man with 20,000 dollars a year and a growing business," said an ethereal being of sixteen to me, "but I shall fill out more in a year or two, when I think I can do better."

West Point, one of the prettiest of watering-places, is the most favorite field for flirtation, because it is close to the Military Academy:—

The fortunate youths at this establishment are much in vogue with the fair sex—indeed a flirtation with one of these budding warriors forms an essential part of a thorough fashionable education. These sentimentalities are, I believe, of the most innocent character. At the end of the season the future hero cuts off a button from his coat and gives it to the object of his affections, who treasures the trophy as an Indian does a scalp.

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ETIQUETTE.—It is curious to notice in the usage of words how far some seem to have diverged from their original meaning. The radical signification of *étiquette* is a *ticket*. But as an adopted English word it means, I suppose, the code or rule of good manners. The explanation of this is, that formerly, on cards of invitation, rules or instructions were given as to how the persons invited were expected to behave; or, in other words, they were furnished with a programme of the proceedings. From this custom it is said that the word has come to bear its present acceptation.

Old Boyer's rendering is "a ticket or note upon a bag," and he gives under it the proverb, "*Juger sur l'étiquette du sac*"—to judge slightly, or without perfect knowledge; *i. e.* to judge of the contents of the bag alone by the description given on the ticket.

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LA DERNIERE SCIE.—Our neighbors the French, the wittiest people in the universe, often bear witness to Napoleon's proverb, "*Il n'y a rien de si bête qu'un homme d'esprit*." Every now and then the Parisians get hold of a word or a phrase, which they convert into what they term "une scie," presumably because they saw each other's ears with it until it becomes a torture. A few years ago it was the cry "*Et ta sœur?*" which obtained the same vogue as the humorous English query, "Who stole the donkey?" Next came the exclamation, "*Ohé Lambert!*" which was one morning forbidden by the police, who fancied they could detect a treasonable allusion in it. Nothing daunted, however, the Parisians soon after took up with the cry "*As tu vu Badinquet?*" and then with the catch phrase, "*Vlan! encore un carreau de cassé!*" which was introduced with idiotic persistency into every possible form of conversation. The last new *scie* has been raging for about ten days, and consists in the question, "*Irez-vous voir le kalig?*" which is the more provoking as not one person out of a hundred knows what the "kalig" is. For the instruction of Englishmen who may be greeted by their French friends with the mystifying inquiry, it may be a kindness to explain that the kalig is a dyke erected to hold in the waters of the Nile until they have risen high enough to flood the plains of the Delta. The annual cutting of the kalig is the occasion of great festivities among the Egyptians; and as this ceremony will take place in a few days' time, the question, "*Irez-vous voir le kalig?*" may be associated with the Empress's voyage, and be interpreted to mean simply, "Are you going to Egypt?"

## THE GREEN TABLE.

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THE country is flooded with translations from the German, so that one well-known New York firm keeps on hand a printed letter, in which the services of translators are respectfully declined. The talent of the translator, once rare, has become astonishingly common. "Spirited, faithful, idiomatic, graceful"—such are the adjectives which a critical press showers upon the work of all interpreters alike: of the veteran scholar, to whom the original is a second vernacular; of the school-girl novice, fresh from Ahu's Method and hardly able to make out the connection of a sentence with the help of Adler's Dictionary; of the man who has carefully sounded the capacities of both languages and knows the range of either idiom; of the slovenly transcriber, who is satisfied with any crude approximation to sense, utterly regardless of any claims which his author may possess to genius, to art. Well! with a recent critic, we ourselves are inclined to doubt whether the value of many of the modern German novels is not factitious, and we do not care much whether Mrs. Mühlbach is murdered literally or literarily, nor how many points of Heckeppennig's exciting romance are broken off; but Gustav Freytag is an artist of a high order, and deserves better treatment than he has recently received at the hands of one Mrs. Malcolm, whose translation, "spirited, faithful, idiomatic, and graceful" as it is, shows two slight defects—an ignorance of German and an incapacity for handling English. We have not the original before us, and content ourselves with pointing out a few of the blunders and awkwardnesses that forced themselves more distinctly on our notice as we glanced over the pages of Mrs. Malcolm's translation of the *Lost Manuscript*. Perhaps this brief list may serve as a warning to young ladies and young gentlemen who imagine that they have a vocation for translating from one of the shyest of European idioms into one of the stiffest.

Certainly Mrs. Malcolm's literalities must be very puzzling to the non-German reader. How is he to know that "Spanish cane" is the German for a "cane" proper as contradistinguished from a walking-stick? What dim ethnological problems will rise before his mind when he learns that Herr Hummel had an "old Franconian aspect!" Who is to tell him that "old Franconian" (*alt-fränkisch*) is the German-English for "old-fashioned"? What strange physiological questions press themselves on his attention when he is told that one of the characters has "hair on his teeth"—an every-day phrase which means that the person spoken of has cut his eye-teeth, his wisdom-teeth, in short is no novice, as Mrs. Malcolm seems to be in the matter of German. "Water-boots" may possibly convey the idea of "jack-boots," and "gummy shoes" of India-rubbers; but what is the English reader to make of the "galoon-trimmed hats of the servants"? *Galone* means gold or silver lace, and in no wise what we call now-a-days "galloon." In this version the "dean" of the faculty is called "deacon," a "bottle" of champagne a "flask," a "proxy" a "procurist," "school-boyish" is "scholar-like," and a britzka is said to have a leather head. We sometimes call a man a gay bird, a loose fish, a wag—never, that we are aware, "a lively bird." We say "St. Augustin," and not "the holy Augustine;" a "tinker-woman," and not a "tinkering" woman, unless indeed when the woman tinkers at German. And oh! ye that have ever chanced to witness a duel at a German university, what think ye of translating the ponderous, padded gauntlet, the *stülphandschuh*, by the harmless mitten? But Mrs. Malcolm's gentle nature

evidently shrinks from such scenes of blood, and she has contrived to obscure the effect of Freytag's spirited description as much as possible, so that we have no heart to criticise the duel chapter, and the word of command "Are they prepared? Los!" which means "Are you ready? Go!"

With such specimens before us, we can hardly expect any idiomatic rendering of the more conversational parts. *Treten sie näher* is "approach nearer." "A girl" is always "a maiden" ("When I was a maiden"), a "scholar" is always a "learned man," "little Franz" is invariably "the little Franz." If a girl is as pretty as a picture, she is said to be "as pretty as a red-tail," a term of comparison unknown to the English tongue. The tune known as "Old Dessauer" appears as "the melody of the old Dessauers," as one should say, "he hummed the melody of the Old Hundreds." A "sedative" is a "calmant," and a "worshipful" magistrate is "a strict (*gestreng*) town-councillor." Many indigestible bits of German vocabulary the fair translator has left in all their native crudity, such as *zither*, *rentier*, *tertianer*. How is the English reader to know that a *zither*—literally *cithern*—is a Tyrolese musical instrument; that the *rentier* is a man who lives on his interest-money or his rents, and that the *tertianer* belongs to the third class from the top in the German gymnasium? But even that failure to assimilate is better than the invention of such a word as "tabaret" for *taburet* (Fr. *tabouret*).

Of classical culture our lady interpreter has little or none, and the hero of the novel is a philologist. Hence we read of Demodokus and the Phaaken (Phæaciens). An augur is an "augurer," and the corps of the Marcomanni is the "corps of Marcomann."

But the drollest mistake occurs on page 219, and we cannot forbear giving the whole passage:

"In desperate cases, when everything totters in the world, the child should go back to her father. His faithfulness remains; she is twenty years old before that of the husband begins"—

*She?* What *she?* Why, the father's faithfulness of course, not the translator's, which is not born yet.

But such work hardly deserves criticism; for, if we may judge by these specimens, the whole book must be honey-combed by minuter errors. Against Mrs. Malcolm we have no spite of any sort. She may be writing for her bread or for ribbon-money. And in fact we are very sorry for Mrs. Malcolm; but we are far sorrier for Gustav Freytag. G.

On the sixth of last month the signs of public mourning were simultaneously displayed in the chief cities of England and the United States; and it is worthy of remark that there was but one man whose loss could have been felt as a public calamity by two nations, and whose memory both would thus combine to honor.

Public manifestations of grief are usually formal and often insincere, but in the death of GEORGE PEABODY every American and every Englishman may feel that he has lost a friend and a benefactor, for in his noble bounty wisely applied to the relief of poverty and ignorance among the lowly, and the diffusion of knowledge among all, he became the benefactor not merely of the immediate recipients of his favors, but of the entire community.

Fortunes as large as Mr. Peabody's are rare but not unexampled; benevolence as warm is perhaps even more frequently met with; but the combination in one person of the generous heart with ample means to carry out to their widest extent its noble impulses, is a phenomenon which we are not likely to behold again, and can only be grateful that it has happened in our day and we have seen it.

THE affair of the Pascal-Newton letter has been partially cleared up by M. Chasles (Michel, not Philarète) making a clean breast of it before the

Academy of Sciences. In 1861, he said, an individual designating himself as a *palaographic archivist* called upon him and offered him for sale an original series of letters between Pascal and Newton. Now we should have supposed that if any man presented himself to his fellow-being with such a word as "palaographic archivist" in his mouth, the first thing the latter would do would be to hand him over to the police; but it appears that such a title is actually conferred in France by a diploma of the *Ecole des Chartes*.

Probably every species of predatory creatures has its peculiar power of entrapping its peculiar prey: the spider spins its web for flies; the ant-lion digs its funnel for ants; and the palaographic archivist, with some sheets of yellow paper and a bottle of brown ink, catches antiquaries. M. Chasles bought these letters, and then others: his appetite grew with eating, and his purveyor's stock was inexhaustible as the liver of Prometheus. He had finally acquired, at the moderate average price of about *one dollar apiece*, no less than 20,000 "original" letters and papers of distinguished men, from the Emperor Tiberius down to Madame de Sévigné.

Among the rest are about a hundred letters from Shakspeare, addressed to Montaigne, Galileo, and others, all in French, and abounding in the grossest anachronisms. For instance he incloses a packet of papers (also included in the collection) confided to him by *Mary Queen of Scots*, to secure them from her husband Darnley, who was murdered in 1567 when Shakspeare was not three years old! There are also a few slips of paper containing jests and anecdotes, and signed "W. Shakspeare." Here is a specimen of the style:—"A cavalier that had a very fine woman in his eye, could not forbear telling her that she was wonderfully pretty," etc. Ahem! Shakspeare!

Some of the papers attribute the trick to a certain Libri, who was expelled the Academy some years ago for forgery. It will be remembered that a good many years ago the literary world was excited by the discovery of thirty-eight manuscript books (*calhiers*) and other papers, written by Napoleon I. in his youth. Among the rest there was a note-book on geography, not finished, and terminating—wonderful coincidence!—with the words "*Sainte-Hélène, petite île*." The critical *Revue des Deux Mondes* was completely taken in, with all the rest of the world, and to this day the "wonderful coincidence" reappears from time to time in some newspaper. The whole was a forgery of M. le comte Guillaume-Brutus-Timoléon Libri-Carucci, member of the Academy of Sciences, Titular Professor of mathematical analysis at the Sorbonne, Inspector-General of the libraries of France, editor of the *Journal des Savants* and the *Journal des Débats*, chevalier of the Legion of Honor and of other foreign orders, member of various learned Societies, and (evidently) palaographic archivist.

The forger of the Chasles MSS., however, proves to be a man named Vrain Lucas, who has been arrested. At his lodgings were found tracing-paper, brown ink, and a supply of old fly-leaves from books of the seventeenth century. At the moment of his arrest Lucas was preparing a paper dated some time in the reign of Louis XIV., and having reference to the invention of the *velocipede*.

WE often see complaints of the lack of dignity and decorum in the House of Representatives, where it has grown the fashion for personal or political adversaries to attack each other, not with keen sarcasm or indignant invective, but with coarse abuse, of which the dull obtuseness is the most afflictive part. It is sometimes suggested that this state of things is in great part due to the decline of the duello, the foul tongue no longer needing to be backed by the firm nerve. To the enemies of duelling therefore, the following anecdote will be acceptable, as showing that the consciousness of personal responsibility was not in all cases an efficient bridle upon the unruly member in legislative bodies.

"Mr. Martin of Connemara, having once occasion to attack the Ministerial

leader in the Irish House of Commons, whose sister, Miss A., an elderly maiden lady, was in the gallery, used the following language :—‘These A.’s, Mr. Speaker, are the curse of my country, plunderers and traitors, personal and political prostitutes, from the toothless hag who is grinning in the gallery, to the white-livered scoundrel who is shivering on the floor!’ When the consequent duel was over, in answer to an inquiry how he happened to know that Miss A. was in the gallery, Mr. Martin answered,—‘Sure, and didn’t I walk down to the House with A., and didn’t he tell me his sister would be there?’”

SOME of our Maryland friends may perhaps have seen the verses which follow, in manuscript. They were written by a gentleman of this State (since dead) not long after the death of the lady to whom he was betrothed. Their beauty and pathos need no commendation from us.

The lady of my love, she waits for me  
 At our lone trysting-place : the sinking sun  
 Spreads tinted woof and golden broidery  
 The sombre sward upon.  
 Beyond the eastern slope of the far height  
 The vanward shadows of the twilight wait ;  
 Does not my lady say —“ Delay, O Night,  
 My plighted one is late ! ”  
 The clouds that troop around the sunset gate  
 Play out their gorgeous masque,  
 And the day dieth : from the hollows creep  
 Night’s weird and ghostly husbandmen to sow  
 The darkness on the upland and the steep —  
 She does not turn to go.  
 Patient she is and calm ; she does not speak,  
 But tranquil, as with inward peace composed,  
 With long dark lashes, drooping on her cheek,  
 And soft brown eyes fast closed,  
 My dedicated maiden meekly waits,  
 Yet why he lingers, still forbears to ask.  
 Alone she waits, when hour succeeds to hour,  
 Nor any movement on the stillness breaks  
 Save when at her feet the wind-bowed flower  
 Its quaint obeisance makes.  
 So keep thy tryst, nor grieve that he delays  
 Whose years of lingering appointed be :  
 His course may lie through many branching ways,  
 Yet all the rivers find at last the sea ;  
 And I am faring through this tangled maze  
 To keep my tryst with thee.

FROM an old forgotten miscellany we extract the following absurd burlesque of the Johnsonian style of composition :—

“While I was admiring the fantastical ramifications of some unbelliferous plants that hung over the margin of the Liffey, the fallacious bank, imperceptibly corroded by the moist tooth of the fluid, yielded beneath my feet, and I was suddenly submerged to some fathoms of profundity. Presence of mind, in constitutions not naturally timorous, is usually in proportion to the imminence of the peril : having never learned to move through the water in horizontal progression, had I desponded, I had perished ; but being for a moment elevated above the element by my struggles or by some felicitous casualty, I was sensible of the danger and instantly embraced the means of extrication : a cow, simultaneously with my lapse, had entered the stream,

and being in the act of transverse navigation to seek the pasture of the opposite bank, and within the distance of a protruded arm, I laid hold of that part of the animal which is loosely pendant behind, and is formed by a continuation of the vertebræ: in this manner I was safely conveyed to a fordable passage, not without some delectation from the sense of progress without effort on my part, and the exhilarating approximation of more than problematical deliverance. Though in some respects I resembled the pilot of Gyas —

jam senior, madidaque fluens in veste,—

yet my companions, unlike the barbarous Phrygian spectators, forbore to acerbitate the uncouthness of embarrassment by the contumely of derision: shrieks of complorance testified compassion at my submersion, and subsequent safety was made more pleasant by the felicitations of sympathy. As the danger was over, I took no umbrage at a little risibility excited by the feculency of my visage, upon which, during the transmutation, the instrument of my preservation had dejected the residuum of gramineous concoction in a very ludicrous abundance: about this time the bell summoned us to dinner, and as the cutaneous contact of irrigated garments is neither pleasant nor salubrious, I was easily persuaded by the ladies to divest myself of mine: Colonel M. obligingly accommodated me with a loose covering of camlet; I found it commodious and more agreeable than the many compressive ligatures of modern drapery. That there might be no violation of decorum, I took care to have the loose robe fastened close with small cylindrical wires, which the delicate fingers of the ladies removed from their own dresses and inserted into mine at such proper intervals as to leave no aperture to suffuse the cheek of modesty or provoke the cackinnations of levity."

MARSHAL PELISSIER, when minister to England, was dining in a company where a military gentleman felt it convenient to distinguish himself. As soon as coffee was brought in, he turned the conversation upon battles, and said, "For my part, a battle is most delightful. I always go in with a cigar in my mouth." "So much the worse for you," said the Marshal, who had been impatiently biting his lips; "the secret of true courage is to be afraid without letting anybody see it."

AMONG the numerous prelates whom the Council will assemble, probably no one will attract more attention by his personal appearance than Bishop Louis Faurie, Apostolic Vicar of Kōng-Tcheou in China. Bishop Faurie, during his long residence in China, has adopted the Chinese costume, over which he wears his episcopal cross. His hair is plaited into the long queue so affected by the Celestials, and he wears long drooping mustaches and a small chin-tuft; so that he will present quite a singular contrast to the other dignitaries of the Church.

The Bishop has the reputation of being a most excellent, wise, and charitable prelate. He has founded in China, at his own expense, an asylum for orphans, to obtain funds for which purpose he has organised an umbrella-factory which employs a large number of workmen, and the whole profit of which is devoted to his benevolent enterprise.

THERE is a common opinion current that *gouging* is an accomplishment peculiar, or nearly so, to the inhabitants of our Western States, but a recent occurrence shows that one Frenchman at least has acquired no despicable skill in the art. A young man was rather rudely jostled by a stranger, on a street in Paris, and uttered an impatient exclamation, when without a word the stranger turned upon him, gouged out (*arracha* the reporter expresses it, the French language not possessing the exact equivalent) one of his eyes, and had vanished before the by-standers knew what was done.

But in truth the noble art of gouging is peculiar to no age or clime. Could there be a description of the process at once more complete and more terse than this of Plautus?—

*Messenio.* Eripe oculum isti, ab humero qui te tenet, here, te obsecro.  
*Menæchmus.* Teneo ego huic oculum.  
*Messenio.* Face ut oculi locus in capite appareat. [Menæchmei v. 7.]

That is to say :—

Master, I beseech thee tear out the eye of that man who holds thee by the shoulder.  
 I have hold of his eye.  
 Make the socket appear in his head.

Could the immortal Croquet, superintending the first free-fight of a novice, have given him clearer instruction ?

WHILE Plautus is before us, we will inquire if any one has noticed the curious alliterations in these lines (*Asinaria* iii. 1.) :—

Ubi piem Pietatem, si isto more moratam tibi  
 Postulem placere, mater, mihi quo pacto præcipis?

BUSSY-RABUTIN says :—"Love is like the small-pox : the later in life we catch it, the more dangerous it is."

AN improvement in hackney-coaches has been introduced in Paris. Two dial-plates, inside the carriage and connected with the wheels, register the distance traversed and the amount due. Thus the passenger at any moment knows what he has to pay, and the owner of the vehicle can tell whether the driver is cheating him. The drivers protest vehemently against them as "swindling machines," a title which we thought properly belonged to gas-meters.

A GERMAN weekly contains the following eccentric announcement of a death by a bereaved husband :—

"To-day red, to-morrow dead," so it was with my wife, who only eight days ago was jumping over tables and chairs, yesterday all that was mortal of her was interred. She was during her marriage a lively woman, with whom one had to mind one's P's and Q's ; therefore my sorrow may be imagined. So young, so festive, and already buried ! What is human life, said I repeatedly to myself all these days and again yesterday in the churchyard, when I paid the sexton, who will keep the grave in order. I shall certainly never find so cheerful a wife again ; therefore my sorrow is just. I wish Heaven may keep every one from so sad a fate, and I thank for the floral decorations, as also the choir-master for the funeral chant which went through and through me, but was very well performed."

A COUPLE of young fellows walking, were overtaken by a hearse driven by a grave-digger. "Hallo, old Cross-bones," said one, "will you take a passenger ?" "You laugh at death because you are young and healthy," the old man replied ; "but let me tell you I have buried many a young fellow that was in better health than you."

A YOUNG man who had recently obtained a clerkship in the establishment of the great Money-King, was congratulated by a friend, who said he was "a lucky dog to get a place in the banking-house of Baron Rothschild." "Yes," he answered, "but I would be a luckier dog if Baron Rothschild had a place in mine !"

As there has lately been talk of a Regency in the event of the death or abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, a brief historical note of the twenty-one previous Regencies recorded in French history may not be uninteresting.

1. 593-613. Regency of the Queen Brunhilda during the minority of Chlothar II.
2. 888-898. Regency of Odo or Eudes, during the minority of Charles the Simple. Eudes took advantage of his position and caused himself to be proclaimed king.
3. 1060-1068. Regency of Baldwin, Count of Flanders, appointed by Henry I. guardian to his son Philip.
4. 1147-1149. Regency of Suger, abbot of St. Denis, during the crusade of Louis VII.
5. 1191-1192. Regency of Alix of Champagne and of Cardinal Guillaume, the King's uncle, during the crusade of Philip Augustus.
6. 1226-1236. Regency of Blanche of Castille during the minority of St. Louis.
7. 1248-1254. Second Regency of Blanche during the first crusade of St. Louis.
8. 1270. Regency of Mathieu de Vendôme and Simon de Nesle during the second crusade of St. Louis.
9. 1316. Regency of Philip (afterwards Philip V.), brother of Louis le Hutin, during the pregnancy of the Queen Clémence.
10. 1328. Regency of Philip of Valois during the pregnancy of the widow of Charles IV.
11. 1356-1360. Regency of the Dauphin, afterwards Charles V. (the Wise), during the captivity of John the Good, taken prisoner by the Black Prince at Poitiers.
12. 1380-1384. Regency of the Duke of Anjou during the minority of Charles VI.
13. 1415. Regency of the Dauphin Louis, on account of the madness of Charles VI.
14. 1483-1488. Regency of Anne of Beaujeu during the disability of Charles VIII.
15. 1524-1526. Regency of Louise of Savoy, queen-mother, during the captivity of Francis I.
16. 1552. Regency of the queen Catherine de' Medici during the German campaign of Henry II.
17. 1560-1564. Second Regency of Catherine during the minority of Charles IX.
18. 1574. Third Regency of Catherine from the death of Charles IX. to the return of Henry III. from Poland.
19. 1610-1614. Regency of Marie de' Medici from the death of Henry IV. to the majority of Louis XIII.
20. 1643-1651. Regency of Anne of Austria from the death of Louis XIII. to the majority of Louis XIV.
21. 1715-1723. Regency of the Duke of Orleans during the minority of Louis XV.

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IN looking over Carlyle's *French Revolution* the other day, we lighted upon two small errors, which we note, though scarcely worth noting. Describing the night of the 9th of August, just before the massacre of the Swiss, he says:—"the night is beautiful and calm, Orion and the Pleiades glitter down quite serene." It would have required remarkable powers of vision to see constellations that were not above the horizon.

The second is more curious, considering the author's constant and minute study of Goethe. Speaking of the disconsolate plight of the French *émigrés* with the Duke of Brunswick's army, he says:—"Our very friends insult us; we are wounded in the house of our friends: 'His Majesty of Prussia had a

greatcoat when the rain came, and (contrary to all known laws) he put it on, though our two French Princes, the hope of their country, had none !” To this he appends the reference from Goethe. This certainly looks like very singular etiquette and very remarkable destitution. But on referring to the passage in Goethe, we find an *émigré* of his acquaintance complaining of the *cruelty* of the King of Prussia, “who, notwithstanding the most frightful rain, *would not* put on his greatcoat nor wrap himself in his cloak, and therefore [by rule of etiquette] the royal Princes *were obliged to deny* themselves the protection of similar garments ; and our Marquis had seen with grief these illustrious persons lightly clad and wet to the skin.” Carlyle perhaps mistook *keinen* (Ueberrock angezogen) for *seinen*.

CARLYLE speaks very contemptuously of Marat’s attainments in natural science, which he had most probably never examined, but involved in the detestation which Marat’s moral character inspired. The Friend-of-the-People’s attainments, in optics at least, were far from contemptible. Goethe, in the historical part of his *Farbenlehre*, mentions with praise three works of Marat’s, on *Fire, Light, and Optics*. After giving a summary of the mode of investigation pursued, and views advanced, he says that Marat possessed great acuteness and a fine gift of observation, and that he “carried the doctrine of colors produced by refraction and inflexion to a very delicate point, well worthy of further investigation.” But of all investigators who ever explored the peaceful and innocent field of chromatics, Marat assuredly was the strangest.

A CORRECTION.—The author requests us to say that the motto upon the Golden Horse-shoe of Spotswood’s knighthood was *Sic jurat transcendere montes*, and not *Sic juvat*. *Jurat* refers to the good knight’s oath to his monarch.

THE present number closes the second year and the fifth volume of THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE: at such a time it is fitting that we should say a few words in public acknowledgment of the kindness which we have received at all hands during the short term of its life ; both from private individuals whose names even are unknown to us, and from distinguished citizens and authors who are respected in every home ; and also from the secular and religious Press, in both the Northern and the Southern States. Amid the many difficulties and discouragements that always beset such an enterprise as ours, it is a cause of no little gratification to obtain, as we have done, the commendation, the sympathy and the active support of those whose judgment is most valuable and whose influence is most extensive ; and to have undoubted assurance that even in these times, which our elders are wont to stigmatize as degenerate, and which the youngest of us do not praise over-much, an honest purpose and patient diligence will receive honorable recognition and substantial reward. Thus it has been with us in the past, and so it will be, we doubt not, in the future.

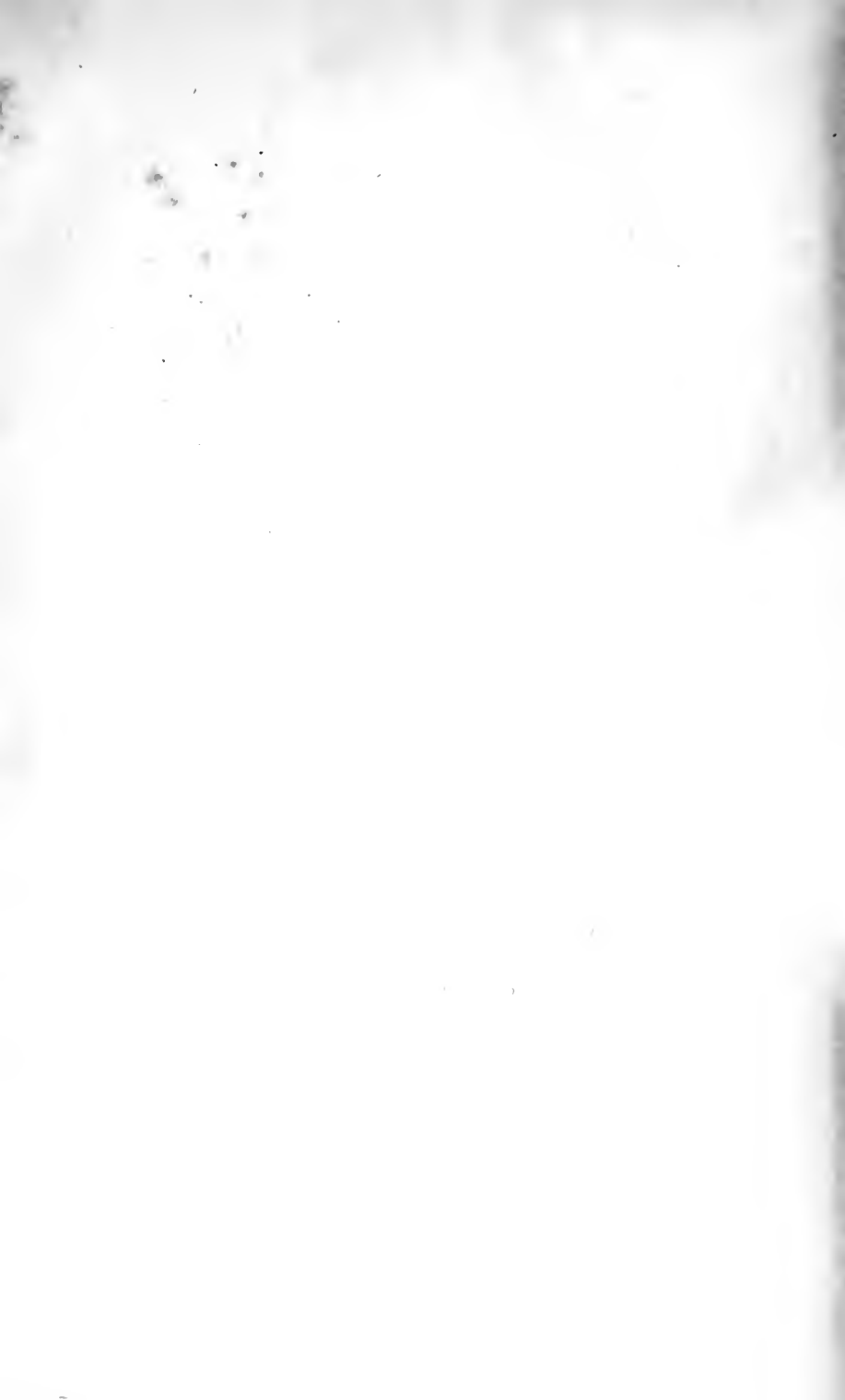
With the returning wealth and prosperity of the South, we discover with much satisfaction an increasing disposition to care zealously for all that pertains to the moral and intellectual development of our people. It is our ambition to be in the van of every movement in this direction, and to co-operate with those wise spirits who, laying to heart the past, are with cheerfulness and intelligent industry endeavoring to reconstruct our shattered institutions on a broader and more enduring basis. And it is not altogether the natural buoyancy which belongs to youth that leads us to predict for our generation a career of happiness and beneficent influence which the most sanguine did not dream of in the past.

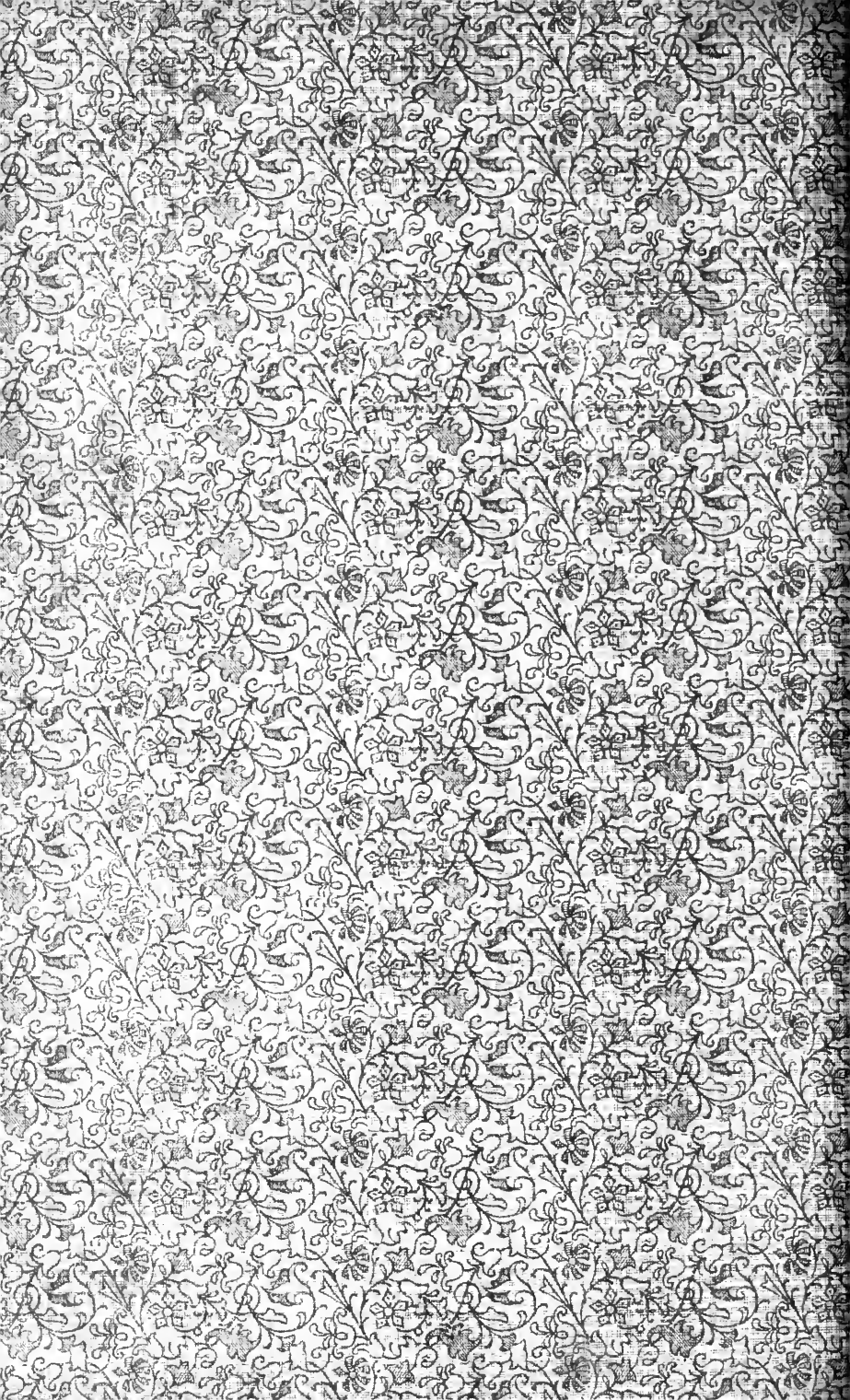


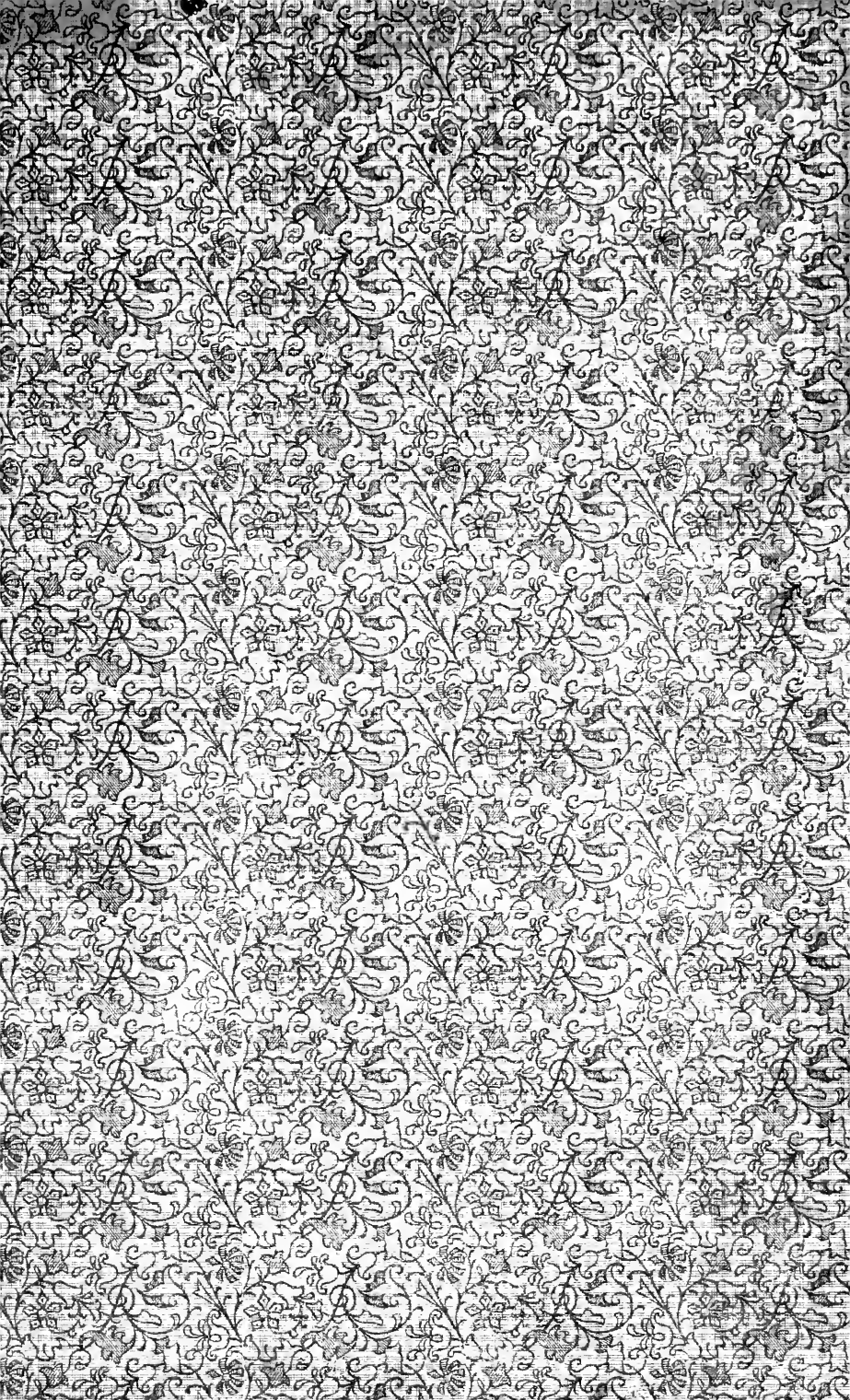












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